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Sept 16. 1915

It is to be regretted that Dr. Anna Shaw, telling the story of her life, did not veil the account of her first proposal in a more romantic tissue. We now know that this wooer, a likely youth nigh twenty-one, wore on the night that he plucked up courage a pair of trousers made of flour bags. One leg bore the words "A. & A. Green" and on the seat was the legend "Ninety-six pounds."

Ah, never despise a man because his trousers are queer! Never judge a man by his "pants." Great statesmen, philanthropists, captains of industry have worn "pants"—we use the horrid word advisedly—which bagged at the knees. Masters of music, as Cesar Franck and Johannes Brahms have sported "pants" at inglorious half mast. Many an honest heart beats behind a shabby—coat.

The wooer simply remarked when he was rejected: "That's darned disappointing to a fellow," a saying that deserves to stand by the memorable words of Greeks and Romans collected by the admiring Plutarch. No doubt, the youth quickly forgot the school teacher Miss Shaw, married a hearty, corn-fed girl, prospered and was happy. In spite of his "pants" Dr. Anna Shaw, we firmly believe, has still a tender memory of him. He paid her the the greatest compliment within his power. Had she married him, she might have led him upward—from "pants" to ready-made trousers—from ready-made trousers to fashionably cut and politely creased pantaloons. Nor need she have felt untrue to the cause for which she still fights. With a light heart and a thin pair of breeches they could have gone through the world.

Another Centenary.

It is true that trousers were worn before 1815, but they were looked on sourly by the arbiters of fashion. The Duke of Wellington was not allowed to enter Almack's in 1814, for he wore black trousers and silk stockings. Not till 1815 did Almack's acknowledge that trousers could be donned by gentlemen. In parts of Germany trousers were held to be revolutionary. The Daily Chronicle cites the famous case of the Elector of Hesse-Cassel, who dressed in trousers convicts laboring as highway sweepers to show his own contempt for the nether garments and to inspire disgust in the breasts of spectators. Prussian officials were obliged to wear knee breeches until 1848. Trousers were considered "unbecoming to the dignity and gravity of any holder of an official position."

An "Undesirable."

Much was said at the time about the sending out of England Miss Natalie Janotha, who had once been named court pianist to the Emperor William. It has never been made quite clear whether she was deported as a pianist or as a too violent sympathizer with Germany, possibly a German spy. But we have seen nothing in American newspapers about Mme. Bertha Trost, who, as an "undesirable alien," has been forced to leave London. Her life in that city could best be told by M. Abel Hermant, after the manner of his "Confiances d'une Biche."

The entrance of Mme. Trost in London was sudden. She never referred to earlier years, but it was rumored that the police in Vienna, solicitous for her health, recommended the climate of England. She was then about 55, but it was easy to see that she had been ravishingly beautiful and she was still a fine figure of a woman. There was no lack of money. She started her career in London as a high class manicurist and "beauty specialist." People soon wondered at her extravagant costumes, her eccentric self-advertisement.

Driving from her home in Queen's Gardens through the park and Picadilly to her shop (if so vulgar a word can be used in connection with her art) she was arrayed in an early Victorian gown, crinoline, poke bonnet and all. About a year ago she moved to a house at Marlborough gate, where she kept seven servants, and a butler more dignified than any bishop not to be shaken in his views of apostolic succession. There was no more talk of manicuring or of restoring beauty; she was "Bertha Trost, dealer in antiques." The ironist rejoiced in the transformation. Furniture and hangings in the new home were most elaborate; the decorations were of a rich pink; girl guests dressed in rich robes of the Louis XVI. period conducted paying guests from room to room. Mme. Trost paraded as Marie Antoinette. To several she confided that she was the re-incarnation of the Queen. Perhaps she was. Who knows? She may have whispered with Cagliostro and Jacques Casanova.

Dressed as Marie Antoinette, in a silk gown, an exact copy of one worn by the Queen, she would drive in the streets, now with Shetland ponies, now with a pair of irreproachable greys.

In an upper room, hung with black, stood on trestles a coffin of polished rosewood with solid silver mountings. A plate bore her name. She gave receptions—"to view my mascot." The guests were informed that thus she reconciled herself to the idea of death. Alas, in this she was not original.

Yet the name Bertha Trost is to be added to the list of noble dames that one would gladly have known or, at least, seen. Was it worth while to deport her? Did she add spying to her other accomplishments? And was it purely mercenary or heroically patriotic? We could easily spare Miss Janotha. But Mme. Trost! Let us hope that she will think it worth while to write her memoirs, or tell them to the sympathetic M. Abel Hermant.

Sept 17. 1915

Rhasis enjoins continual conference to such melancholy men, perpetual discourse of some history, tale, poem, news, etc., which feeds the mind as meat and drink doth the body, and pleaseth as much.

Two Queries.

As the World Wags:

Two queries suggest themselves by reason of vacation experiences.

(1) In Thoreau's "Cape Cod" the following quotation: "At Pond Village we saw a pond three-eighths of a mile long, densely filled with cat-tail flags seven feet high—enough for all the coopers in New England."

Why should coopers want cat-tail flags, and what would they do with them after they got them?

(2) In certain parts of Maine they use the expression "as still as Dutton," as in the sentence: "The children kept as still as Dutton."

Who was Dutton? J. C. B.

Boston, Sept. 13.

1. We put this question to a native Cape Codder, not living far from the summer cottage of Mr. Herkimer Johnson, the earnest student of sociology. The Cape Codder said that coopers in old times used the flags in the making of rush-bottom chairs. Query: Did coopers throughout New England make such chairs?

2. Dutton, Dutton, who's got the Dutton? We have known several Duttons, all of them an honor to their sex. For example, there was S. T. Dutton of Yale College, in the class of '73, a tenor on the College Glee Club, afterwards highly esteemed in Brookline and Boston for his educational work. But who was this particularly mum Dutton in the district of Maine?—Ed.

Verbal Offences.

As the World Wags:

Slang is a pungent antithesis which is sometimes genuinely expressive or epigrammatic, and is then gathered into the welcoming arms of our generous mother-tongue; no self-sufficient virgin guarded by an academic cincture! Otherwise in repetition it becomes stale, flat, unprofitable, and finally absolutely nauseous; all the perfume gone, and only the odor of the fusel oil left. These decayed objects are only fit to be buried deep, yet they are thrown out by the cheap writer when in lack of matter, as offensively as the ejection recommended in similar case by Rosalind.

Oh, could we never see again "Of sorts." (What did the phrase ever mean?) "Kid," with all its modifications applied to human youth; "Fed up with;" "What?", as an interjection; "Search me;" "Some," as an adjective of superlative; "I should worry;" "I should smile;" "Got my goat!" The hack novelists, and the vaudevillists are the chief offenders.

By the by, is not the cigarette, rather a tiring feature in book and play, now that it is no longer "real devilish," but is in everybody's mouth? Is taking a bath sensational and unusual in the society of authors and their readers that it is so continually mentioned as an important incident? Perhaps in a lower sphere the penny author similarly records as exciting events when the hero or heroine wash their faces or trim their nails. THE OLD 'UN

Boston, Sept. 14.

Top-Hatted Statues.

As the World Wags:

At the entrance of Prospect Park, Brooklyn, N. Y., there is a bronze statue of Lincoln, not crowned, but in his hand is his inseparable top-hat.

FRANK H. MARCH.

Wakefield, Sept. 12.

"Quiz."

As the World Wags:

In the 21 August issue of the Literary Digest is reprinted an interesting and "true" account of the origin of the word "quiz." In this article the word is attributed to a nameless college professor in the United States; but Webster's Collegiate Dictionary (1912) records that it is "said to have been coined by Daly, the manager of a Dublin playhouse, on a wager that a new word of no meaning should be the common talk and puzzle of the city in 24 hours."

I have no way here of finding out the explanation of the origin of "quiz" in the New English Dictionary—nor the earliest known date of its use. I do not know the date of Daly, nor when the Literary Digest's college professor flourished. The word occurs in the following passage taken from "The Manufacturers," one of Maria Edgeworth's "Popular Tales," which first appeared—so the preface of my edition informs the reader—in 1804: "I should be very glad to have it otherwise, I promise you, if I could; for it is not very pleasant to a man like me to be quizzed by half the young men of fashion in town, for having married a woman old enough to be my mother."

Here, it is true, the sense is rather that of "being teased" than "being examined"; but in a living language it is a common phenomenon to find words undergoing a change of meaning.

When we recall Miss Edgeworth's Irish connection, this passage suggests Daly—if he antedated 1804—and his "new word of no meaning"; at any rate, the "true story" told by the author cited in the Literary Digest needs modification, if Webster does not need correction. R. W.

Little Compton, R. I., Sept. 7.

Miss Edgeworth's man used the verb "quiz" with the meaning "to make sport of," or "to look at with a mocking air." The verb "quiz" meaning (1) to examine in exercises conducted by questions, or (2) to examine a witness in court is a colloquial Americanism. The "nameless college professor" undoubtedly used the verb with the first of these two meanings.—(Ed.

Sept. 8 1915

According to the books this is the death-day of Reaumur, who invented the thermometer that bears his name. Whether he died of shock from consulting it is not stated.

To Be Revived.

At Whitby—which the Germans "mistook" for a fortified town—a town associated with the name of John Paul Jones—there is talk of reviving the jet industry. Whitby, situated on a remarkably rich seam of jet, had been the centre of this industry until imitations "made in Germany" injured the business. It is to be hoped that jet jewellery will not reappear. To say the least it was depressing, funereal, even when worn by maidens exulting in their youth and beauty. Yet jet has its uses, if the ancients are to be believed. The smell of it drives snakes away. Boiled in wine, jet relieves the toothache and is a remedy in cases of scrofula and cold humors. Sorcerers of high standing used it with maleficent success.

A Light Luncheon.

Mr. Eugene Golightly informed us yesterday that even in hot weather, whenever pork chops were on the luncheon bill-of-fare at the Porphyry, nine men out of ten took them in preference to a presumably lighter and cooler dish. They made the same remark in an apologetic manner: "I am not allowed to eat them at home. They are thought to be vulgar and unwholesome." Yet a story is told of Harriet Martineau, who lacked the sense of taste. "Once in her life and once only she did taste. She was eating pork chops, of all things, when for one brief and glorious moment the sense of taste was vouchsafed her. She raised her eyes ecstatically, exclaiming: 'This is heaven.'" Fuseli ate pork chops late at night that he might dream strange dreams and thus fire his imagination as a painter.

An Aid to Devotion.

During the sermon at British Brigade Headquarters at the front the congregation of soldiers was permitted to smoke cigarettes. "What is more, the cigarettes were handed round by the chaplain himself, who requested the men to smoke as they sat on the grass listening to his words. The concession was highly appreciated." But smoking in church itself would be nothing new. In Holland it was often seen, according to travellers of long ago. It must have been a common practice in Scotland of the 18th century, for Sir Walter Scott in "The Heart of Midlothian" tells us that when Duncan of Knockdunder went to church, "he produced a short tobacco pipe made of iron so soon as the congregation were seated after prayers and the clergyman had read his text, . . . lighted it with the assistance of his pistol-flint, and smoked with infinite composure during the whole of the sermon. At the end of the discourse he knocked the ashes out of his pipe and joined in the prayer with decency and attention."

Come and Buy.

What has become of the old tobacco signs, wooden Indians, male and female, or Highlanders, calling the attention of the passer-by to the wares within? We remember seeing Macbeth thus recommending snuff. The Indian women in some instances must have shocked Mr. Comstock, but perhaps they disappeared in New York before his day. The Pall Mall Gazette informs us that now in the Strand a tourist agency has outside its doorway a Norwegian girl, 5 feet 6 inches high and about half an inch thick, to convince those in the street of the delight to be taken in Scandinavian holidays. The tobacco wooden women were of more equable proportions, though they were, as a rule, heavy below the waist.

Literary Exhumations.

The Daily Chronicle does not approve the practice of exhuming words for present use. "It was but a few years ago that 'obsess' came into constant use by the literary. And now 'intrigue' is a corpse dug up from the past and in constant use. 'It intrigues me' is the phrase. And in our dictionaries the sense of 'intriguing' to 'embarrass' is marked as obsolete. It's most embarrassingly alive."

There are pet phrases and formulas that are also annoying. Some years ago a fluent writer of letters on all subjects to the newspapers could not close without the introduction of "It's a far cry from." Another phrase that annoyed many was So-and-so or this or that thing "bulks large." Writing on any topic, one might with safety cut out the "moreovers" and "howevers."

Yours for Health.

Girls returning from the country and the shore bring to mind the speech of Lady Waterford when she was entertaining Augustus Hare in 1873: "My grandmother used to say that beauty went out with open carriages. 'Why, you are just like men, my dear, with your brown necks and your rough skins, and your red noses. In our days it was different; young ladies never walked, ate nothing but white meat, and never washed their faces. They covered their faces with powder, then put cold cream on, and wiped it off with a flannel. That was the way to have a good complexion.'"

For Mr. Gradgrind.

Lovers of statistics should know that according to an approximate census of animals recently compiled there are 7,850,000 cats in Great Britain, 4,000,000 in France, and only 450,000 in the German Empire.

Sept. 19. 1915

Some years ago a volume of letters written by Ivan Turgenef to the singer Pauline Viardot was published. The Herald reviewed the book at the time. In the last number of the Musical Quarterly letters written by Mme. Viardot to Julius Rietz are published.

Mme. Viardot, the daughter of the great Garcia, who introduced Italian opera in New York nearly a hundred years ago, the sister of Maria Malibran and the teacher Manuel, who lived the greater part of his life in London, was long famous in opera. After she left the theatre in 1863 she sang for a time in concert, taught and composed. A remarkable woman, she was admired by many. No one had more devoted friends. As a singer and actress she was praised by Alfred de Musset, Theophile Gautier, Berlioz, Liszt, Saint-Saens, who wrote of her: "Mme Viardot was not beautiful; worse than that. Ary Scheffer's potrait of her is the only one that does justice to this incomparable woman. No other gives an adequate idea of her strange powers of fascination. Her personality rendered her even more captivating than her talent as a singer; without doubt her personality was one of the most astonishing I have met. Speaking and writing fluently Spanish, French, Italian, English and German, she was well versed in the literature of all countries and she corresponded with all Europe."

In 1840 Pauline married Louis Viardot, impresario and art critic. She was then 19 years old. (She died in 1910.) Viardot was too proud of his wife, too sensible to be jealous. In one of her letters to Rietz she wrote that she had sent word to Viardot that she wished to visit her friend. "And I know that he will be glad to hear it—for it gives him pleasure when I choose my friends and love them. You will certainly appreciate him as an admirable, whole-souled man. He looks very cold, but he is not so. His heart is warm and good, and his mind is far superior to mine. He worships art and thoroughly appreciates the beautiful and the sublime. His sole fault is that he lacks the childlike element, the impressionable mood. But is not that splendid—to have only one fault! Perhaps in his youth he did not even have that one—I did not know him

when he was a young man—too bad I was not born then. If I were not 21 years younger, he would not be 21 years older than I. Nor was Viardot vexed by the friendship existing between Pauline and Ary Scheffer, or that between her and Turgenef. She met Scheffer at Viardot's when the latter was manager of the Theatre Italien. When Viardot asked the painter how he liked Miss Garcia, Scheffer answered "Frightfully ugly, but if I were to see her again I should fall madly in love with her." And Scheffer did fall in love with her, but never told his love until there was no danger in her knowing it. "Until the end, he was able to assume and sustain the role of a father to me—he had gained my entire confidence—he was my refuge."

Pauline became acquainted with Julius Rietz in 1858. He was a violoncellist, conductor and composer, busied chiefly at Leipsic and Dresden. About nine years older than Pauline, he was intellectual, with strong likes and dislikes, narrow in his judgments, freespoken, quick to make enemies, bitter yet sensitive, the last one apparently to attract a woman like Mme. Viardot; but, as the editor of these letters remarks: "There can be no doubt that this man fascinated Pauline Viardot-Garcia and that he stirred the depths of her soul into a passionate longing for his friendship."

She wrote to him from Weimar, asking him if she did not seem too familiar, too demonstrative to feel deeply and seriously, too southern. "You were a little afraid of me, confess' The proud, self-absorbed man resented the invasion of his life, of his lonely hallowed ego, by a foreign element—no, he would not permit his dull repose to be disturbed by what might prove an illusion—was it not so? But I recognized the good, high-souled Man behind the diffident, stiff-necked Bear, and did not allow myseelf to be discouraged—and now even he is rather glad of it!" She later said that he seemed to her like an adopted child of her heart: "For whom I feel, together with the greatest affection, an almost maternal solicitude. Yes, hitherto you have led the life of an orphan, you have woven yourself a philosophy tinged with bitterness which tends to isolate you more and more, to set you apart from others. What a mistake! You who are so good, and possess every gift of heart and mind, you repress them beneath a sullen disdain of your kind in general and of the Leipzigers in particular, and make yourself unhappy of set purpose. That is not right, it is unjust toward others and especially toward yourself, which concerns me infinitely more. I am happy in your letters—they are fraught with treasures of refreshment and affection."

Before she began to sing, Mme. Viardot was a concert pianist. Among her teachers was Liszt, whose music was not liked by Rietz, a devoted Mendelssonian. Naturally she wrote much about Liszt, seeing him at Weimar, where she was singing in opera. "Liszt assures me that he felt deeply moved"—she had appeared as Norma—"and enthusiastic—if I were sure that he is telling the truth I should be very glad. Yesterday he played for me—oh, no one can play as he does—I am perfectly carried away by his playing. I heard the Rhapsodies and the Enterrement from his harmonies—do you know the latter? it is really very interesting and in my opinion quite easy to understand. Today I was at the Altenburg again to practise my voice, and again heard something that did not particularly please me—Orpheus, arranged for two pianos. Too much noise and confusion—and yet it has form, and there is a desire of melody in it. One must admit, after all, that he is a most attractive person. It is quite impossible to be more amiable than he is with me. Toward me he is very unaffected, which renders him doubly charming—he is even childlike, and I believe it comes naturally, for he has known me since my childhood—maybe he knows that he would waste his pains, and so embraces the opportunity to find rest and relaxation with somebody from his continuous mental tension. It gives me pleasure to see him—but if I could see you again, my dear, good friend, the pleasure would be far greater. . ." (The Altenburg was the home of the Princess Wittgenstein, Liszt's friend. Probably the "enterrement" was the "Funerailles.")

She wrote again from Weimar: "Liszt is delightful toward me, but all our ideas are too different for us ever to be in complete sympathy—he has not a friend's nature, like you, for instance—he cannot attune his life to that of another, or blend his heart with another heart. His personal vanity is far too great for that. He would think it a downfall from his rank as an exceptional man, towering above all others!—I don't wish to speak ill of him, for in spite of all I am very fond of him, and I repeat, he treats me with much affection—only I believe that the flame in his heart is nothing but a straw-fire—moreover, I find a dreadful lot of ashes in that heart of his—poor devil, I think he is thoroughly unhappy. In the depths of his being there is a bitter sadness which excites my pity and augments my affection for him. Sometimes he comes to spend one or two hours quietly with me. That does him a deal of good, so he says—it renews his youth. The life he has led has aged him, outwardly—and that which he leads is totally lacking in tranquillity and refreshment. If I were in his place I should greatly fear that the Tsar of Russia might consent to his marriage with the princess, and I think that in his own mind this idea does not wear an especially alluring aspect." Pauline did not like the princess, she acted "so affectedly all the time. Do not think that I am too prudish—no, not that—I understand that a woman can and must sacrifice everything to the man she loves—I can even admire a liaison of that sort, and prefer it infinitely to the hypocritical virtue of an unfaithful wife; but good heavens! I can feel no sincerity between L. and the P., for sincerity cannot be otherwise than simple."

She assured Rietz from Paris later in the year that Liszt was infinitely better than his reputation, and his music. "One ought not to make him responsible for the absurdities that fanatics write and perpetrate. I chatted with him a long time about this matter, and he is almost right when he says: 'I deplore their stupidities; I am the victim of them, and find it unheard-of that they should be laid at my door—yet I cannot deny these young folk, whatever wrong they do me.' We parted very good friends. He has been delightful to me, I have again found him wholly the dear Liszt of earlier days. After him, it was long before I could hear any one play the piano. He is always the colossus. . . . And yet you are a trifle unjust toward him—he is really not so bad as you make him out—he does nothing low—his fanatics do not always behave as they should, but that is not altogether his fault, although he might and ought to exercise his great power over them. It is a pity, a great pity, that he does not do it, but after all that does not make him despicable. Come, come, my friend, be a bit charitable. Why throw the first stone? To that you will reply that plenty of others have already struck him. . . . Let us be generous, and pardon some great failings in consideration of certain good traits. . . . I should have neither the courage nor the will to try to tempt Liszt out of his febrile, wretched environment into a higher sphere of existence. I love him very much, and think that he rather likes me, but there is no true bond of sympathy between us. Our ways are too divergent—we have met each other, but not found each other, that is the difference."

There is an interesting account of Rossini early in 1859 at his home. "He always has a diabolical wit. His wife told us how they had received that morning the visit of a lady who lamented that she had eaten onions. 'What must one do, maestro, maestro, to rid one's self of that intolerable taste?' she asked Rossini. 'Eat garlic!' he answered. The other evening a pianist and a violinist were deciphering a piece of Rossini's, written very recently. Each went his own way, without rhythm and without measure. Carafa said to him, 'But, mio caro, do tell them to play together!' The maestro very placidly responded, 'Mon cher, I have always loved liberty!' At dinner there was a Belgian painter of some talent, Wappers, and the indispensable Carafa, whom you also doubtless know by name. He has composed some operas, which he has survived. Although he was an old friend of my father's, I never could bear him. In youth he was a libertine—at present he is 63, and is an old libertine, that is all the difference. Peugh! In the evening a great many people came—a very mixed company—some of our friends, too, such as Reber, M. Cremieux (the lawyer), M. Legouve, the author—then a crowd of dreadful little tuppenny musicians. Rosenhain played three Bagatelles after his fashion—then a deformed young person meeowed 'Voi che sapete'; after that—the mere thought makes me blush with indignation—a bad singer of comic chansonettes regaled us with the Lord knows what disgusting platitudes, intended to excite laughter. Yes, my friend, just imagine that in Paris there are people who have no other trade, who are paid for that, and who often win a larger audience and greater applause than serious artists. I felt affronted at meeting and hearing a creature like that at Rossini's! Mind you, while I was almost in tears with vexation, they were laughing and applauding frantically. Ah, it is hardly necessary to say that I felt outraged—I could not stand it any longer, and departed, so as not to witness further such an abasement of art. As for Rossini, this sort of magic lantern, all this crowd that passes through his salons as through a street, amuses him. It is my private opinion that he laughs to himself at everybody and everything—there are but very few people whom he regards with some little affection; I flatter myself that I am one; he greatly liked my father, for whom he wrote several of his principal operas, the "Barbier," "Otello," "Donna del Lago," etc.—and having known me since my childhood (he called me his 'prima donna in erba' when I was 8), he has transferred to me a portion of that affection which dates from his dearest memories of youth. I never see him kiss any one except myself. Tomorrow, or later, he wants to come to hear my organ. What shall I play for him? Bach, no doubt. But no, I think I shall do better to let him play himself; that will amuse him much better—and me, too."

The editor says that about 100 of Mme. Viardot's letters to Rietz are in the possession of Mr. Rudolph E. Schirmer. Some of them will be published in the next number of the Musical Quarterly. It is to be hoped that all of them may be published in book form with others. Busy woman as she was, busy in her profession and at home caring for her children, she found time to write voluminously, as did those indefatigable workers, Liszt, Berlioz, Wagner, Bulow. The music of Rietz is forgotten. He might well have been proud of the letters written to him by Pauline. The woman revealed herself. She found it impossible to do anything satisfactory in the Paris of the late fifties. "I should have to sing bad music prettily (I hate prettiness in art), and do other things that honorable women ought not to do. You have no idea of the baseness which rules here now in art and in every sphere of public life. I cannot see it without feeling heavy at heart. Nearly all the women singers are courtesans." Her husband, a republican, was not in favor with the ruling powers. He could not ask for favors; he held high his honor. "And so our threshold is clean."

"As I foretold you," she wrote to Rietz, "My friendship is passionate—and yet tranquil—for that reason it does me so much good. Love kills when not allowed to burst into flame. To extinguish it—oh, that is a cruel torture—doleful, dreadful, deadly. Bereft of sacred friendship I should have died long ago. By it alone have I been resurrected—like Lazarus. Without it I could not live; it is my salvation, the genial ray of my existence. And so you are now fully aware (are you not?) that a strand of my life is held in your hands. I do not shrink from the responsibility of a copartnership in other lives, for I know that I can bestow as much friendship—unwavering, self-sacrificing, unselfish, loyal, untiring friendship—as any human being can feel—I can love more than I can say. Had I been born in the North I should be a phenomenon—in my southland the sun is warmer! The strange bringing up that I had, so far to the north endowed my romantic heart with stability and constancy—I should like to tell you something, but I am afraid that you do not yet know me well enough to hear it without prejudice. Do not be alarmed—it is nothing bad, it is only characteristic, and might possibly help you to understand much in me which may sometimes appear inexplicable. Shall I tell you? . . . no, not today; and yet . . . how I should like to—well, read over the first part of "Consuelo"; I shall see if you can discover the other similarity with me."

The Kapellmeister Rietz was a thrice fortunate man. What matters it that his operas, concertos, etc., are now unknown; that his name is familiar only to students of music history and editions. Pauline Viardot poured out her heart to him.

To the Editor of The Herald:

An Old Song and an Old Singer

Mr. H. G. Hawes, Jr., is an appreciative soul, for in these days of theatrical drivel and blather, it is indeed a consolation to be allowed to reflect on the gems of yesterday, on the art of comedians that is now only a pleasant recollection. For I, too, like to think of what he refers to as the song "McCarty."

Mr. Hawes, if he makes the rounds of the music publishers will rejoice in finding his song under the title of "Enniscorthy." Then there is the sister song, "Killaloe," that often preceded or followed it.

My thoughts were never so closely allied with "Enniscorthy" as on last Monday evening at a local theatre. The comedienne assisted by the entire male chorus of the company sang "Molly, Dear, It's You I'm After," as if she "felt" the song. There was the daintiness, the tender sentiment of this or that line nicely brought out, and the male chorus did not roar out its lines, but brought out a true expression of the text. Then there was a cocky toss of the heads with a few steps that was good "business."

Thus my thoughts went back some 20 odd years to a performance by the London Gaiety Company at the old Park Theatre. Mr. E. J. Lonnen was the principal comedian, having some time previous succeeded Mr. Fred Leslie. If I remember correctly the piece was "Faust—Up-to-Date." There were choice bits of burlesque and there was an audacious Amazonian blonde! Let my friend Mr. Cheltenham Clancy describe her: "A r-r-ravishing blonde—as beauteous as the mor-r-rning sun!" Mr. Lonnen sang "Enniscorthy," the shillalah song, and for fear Mr. Hawes may not be able to procure a copy I will offer what I can recall. Perhaps some other admirer of the lines will hasten to his aid:

You may travel all through Europe,
An' thin 'round by Chisapake,
You may meet wid many warriors,
But don't make a mistake,
For th' pride iv balls an' parties
An' th' glory iv a wake,
Was Demetrius O'Flannigan McCar-r-rty!
'Twas late he wint ter breakfast,
An' 'twas late he wint ter bed,
If you took up a thermometer,
At leastways so 'twas said,
Th' mercury started bubblin'
Whin you placed it near his head,
An' th' steam was like a halo 'round
McCar-r-rty!

Chorus.

Miss Dunn said they did crowd her then,
Miss Murphy took to powdher then
Fer fear th' boys might say that she was swarthy,
An' th' sticks, they all wint whackin',
An' th' skulls, faith, they were crackin'
Whin McCarty took th' floor at Enniscorthy!

Again I see the chorus dancing nimbly, now half squatting and giving the floor a resounding whack with the shillalah, and again the sly wink and the toss of the head. And the picture of the important Mr. McCarty was conjured up before the dullest brain. Yes, "them" were the days, Alfred: "them" were the days!

T. A. RYAN.

Dorchester, Sept. 11.

Random Notes of a Personal Nature

The Palladium in London advertised among its attractions "Miss Stella Carol (who was saved from the Arabic)."

James Boydell, organist of Christ Church, Leigh, England, has just completed 50 years as organist, and is the fourth descendant of his family to fill this position. His grandfather, who was blind, was organist at Leigh for 54 years, and his great-uncle was also organist for over 50 years.

Mr. H. B. Dickin recently spoke at an "All-British" concert in London about music produced in times of national stress. "He passed briefly over the effect of the Napoleonic wars on Beethoven and the rise of the modern French school after the year 1870; and concentrated on the salient facts in British musical history, which served to show that there was a connection between warfare and musical awakening. By way of a moral, the speaker said that the native composers of the day must take care to give the public what the public wanted to hear, and not be ashamed to change a serious style for a lighter one if occasion served."

Mr. Percy A. Scholes, the editor of the Music Student (London), who was in this country last season and will revisit us this coming winter, speaks about music in two Boston churches in the September number of his magazine. He says of Emmanuel Church: "This is probably a wealthy church, for I notice that during the month of December it had raised for various objects over $23,000." Of the music heard at evening prayer he says: "Staniord in C is to mind Stanford on the dry side for once, and the Smith anthem" (David S. Smith's "The Lord Is My Shepherd") "struck me as weak and conventional. . . . Here the choir struck one as ordinarily good, the organ playing as exceptionally so. One imagines there may be a difficulty in finding sufficient music for violin, harp, and organ. For myself, I am not partial to a great deal of this combination." Mr. Scholes attended several services at Trinity Church, "a magnificent Romanesque conception." "As in so many American churches, there is a western organ, played from the same console as that at the east. Most impressing antiphonal effects can be obtained, and it should be possible to encourage congregational singing. On the occasion of my visits, however, the hymn-singing was rather feeble, on the whole. This church seems an admirable one for sound. During the offering the choir and congregation sing the Doxology—a common thing in American churches apparently, and certainly not unsuitable." Mr. Scholes thought the organ at t. Thomas's, New York, a very fine one, "much better balanced than many that are to be heard in America (they generally seem to lack—diapason—to English ears. . . . The congregation here is probably one of the wealthiest in the world. They are able to afford the best music and willing to pay for it."

Miss Lucie Johnstone reading a paper before the Society of Women Musicians in London declared that the "female contralto voice had always been a somewhat intractable organ, and Porpora deserved the thanks of all contralto singers for having discovered the importance of breath control. The bugbear of 'registers' had been responsible for many limitations in contralto singing, even when the compass of the voice had been extended, as it had since the days of Bach. The two greatest difficulties for the contralto voice which composers must remember in writing for it were diction and rhythm." Mrs. Voynich, better known here as the author of "The Gad-Fly" and other novels than as a musician, although she studied seriously in Berlin and has composed serious works, read a paper on pure polyphony.

Sir Edward Elgar, speaking at a dinner in London, referred to "some criticisms, not new, but newly expressed," concerning certain English educational institutions. "It is idle to expect," he said, "great composers and executants to be formed out of the ordinary (sometimes very ordinary) human material which term after term passes through the doors of the teaching institutions." Sir Edward, however, gave the academies the credit of "training ordinary persons to appreciate the work done by those who were more highly gifted than themselves." So the academies "help some."

The Daily Chronicle noting that Neil Forsyth of the Royal Opera left property valued at £47,699 gives a list of fortunes left in recent years by persons connected with the theatre:

R. D'Oyly Carte	£240,817
W. S. Gilbert	111,971
Arthur Sullivan	54,527
E. Moss (personal estate)	145,038
Charles Morton "The Father of the Halls"	2,078
John L. Toole	79,984
Edward Terry	44,056
Wilson Barrett	30,852
H. Irving	20,537

[illegible] Grossmith	19,6[illegible]8
W. S. Penley	15,602
H. G. Pelissier of "The Follies"	13,098
G. W. Galvin (Dan Leno)	10,994

Concerning the Theatre and Stage People

Peter—as "Peter Ibbetson" reminds us—has been of recent years a lucky name in fiction. There was "Peter's Mother," novel and play—which latter secured the honor of a Royal command, and "Peter Pan"—need one say more? How many Peters have there not been christened since Barrie wrote his fantasy? Yet Peter is not a "pretty-pretty" name; still less pretty if Americanized as "Pete." Peter has quite outdistanced the Simon it is linked with scripturally. We are partly indebted to Mr. Henry James for "Peter Ibbetson" of which a dramatic version was produced at His Majesty's. "I was out walking with Henry James," relates Du Maurier, "and he said he had great difficulty in finding plots for his stories. 'I am full of plots,' I exclaimed, and went on to tell him one. 'You yourself ought to write that story,' cried James. 'I can't write,' I said. 'If you like the plot so much you may take it.' But James said it was too valuable a present, and that I must write the story myself. On arriving home that night I set to work, and by next morning had written the first two chapters of 'Peter Ibbetson.' It seemed to flow from my pen without an effort, in a full stream. But I thought it was poor stuff, and determined to look for an omen to learn whether it would succeed. I went into the garden, and the very first thing I saw was a large wheelbarrow. That comforted me, for there is a wheelbarrow in the first chapter of 'Peter.'"—Daily Chronicle (London).

Miss Doris Keane will open in "Romance" at the Duke of York's Theatre, London, Oct. 4. The part of Bishop Armstrong will be played by Owen Nares, and A. E. Anson will take his old part, Cornelius Van Tuyl.

"Under Cover" will be brought out in London in October.

At the Comedy Theatre, London, where "Shell Out," a new revue, is seen, smoking is permitted. The allowance was made at a West End theatre for the first time Aug. 24. "There was no sign of the latitude accorded being abused. Save in a few exceptional cases gentlemen contented themselves with an after dinner cigar or a long-drawn-out cigarette. Pipes were conspicuous by their absence, although a close investigation of the gallery might have revealed one or two stray briar roots." It is said that the authors of the revue actually took the trouble to search for new ideas and original surprises. In the "stage door" episode, the disillusionment of a young girl eager to see her idols in their everyday habit is shown. "The leading man, with his luxurious auburn locks is, after all, a bald-headed individual with a penchant for a dirty old pipe, the principal lady a shabbily dressed person anxious to catch the last 'tube' home. There is a fine touch of irony, too, in the subsequent procession of scene painter, wigmaker, female dresser, and so forth, each assured that the piece is a dead failure because some little matter connected with his or her department has been neglected or ignored."

The London theatrical season of 1915-16 has opened with the production of an American play. The drama, called "Kick-In" from the United States, presented at the Vaudeville last Saturday night, proved richer in American slang than any piece we have so far seen in this country, even including "The Chorus Lady," in which, some few years ago, Miss Rose Stahl made so great a success at the same popular little theatre in the Strand. In that diverting comedy the slang phrases, like the currants in the schoolboy's dumpling, were intermittent. In "Kick-In!" they practically begin with the rising of the curtain, and do not cease until its final fall. On the whole, they are not so diverting as were those in "The Chorus Lady"—at least, to British ears. They seemed rather to amount to an almost entirely new language. For instance, in one scene, one of the characters delivered himself as follows. "No good gun can use dope or booze and get away with anything," which sounds something like "Jabberwocky." I gathered it to mean that a good shot who gives way to drugs or drink becomes unreliable. Even the title of the play seems to have puzzled so informed a student of the American stage as William Archer. I may be mistaken, but I took it to mean "Hand-Over!" At any rate, when, in the third act, Chick called on the degenerate drug-taker to hand over the necklace, he yelled "Kick-in!" at him, and the cowering creature promptly gave up the article. The play makes a most interesting linguistic study.—Mr. Walbrook in the Pall Mall Gazette, Aug. 31.

The Daily Chronicle says of "Kick-In": "They do these things better every day in America. 'Kick-In' is just the 'cutest crook' play we have had in London for years. . . . Mr. Willard Mack gives us a human problem for background to his thrills. Incidentally, he revels in a super-slang from New York's alleys that is as pungent as cayenne."

A writer in the Times, signing himself "A Neutral," describes a London kinema theatre which he visited as ignoring the work of the British army and navy, and the audience as apparently interested in nothing but "the [illegible] Charlie Chaplin." We have heard that, as a rule, Gaumont's or Pathe's pictures of the war are exhibited. On the whole, however, we fear that the writer's general contention is a just one. People say they go to the kinema to escape from the war. As a rule, it certainly enables them to do so. Whether what it substitutes is a worthy solace may be left to the opinion of those who see it.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Mr. Walbrook, speaking of Miss Irene Vanbrugh's appearance in a new Pinero part (Sept. 1), said that her last great success in London was in "The Land of Promise," by Somerset Maugham, but most of her hits were in plays by Pinero. "Yet, when I look back on her career, I can think of nothing more charming than her Bell Golightly in Barrie's 'Walker, London,' at Toole's Theatre, and nothing more witty and clever than her acting in that author's burlesque of 'Hedda Gabler' at the same house—that exquisitely droll travestie, in which Toole was so funny as Ibsen, and Mr. George Shelton funnier still as Tesman, who was always mistaking Hedda for Thea, and Thea for Hedda, and on asking one of these ladies whether there was a K in the word 'Christianity,' and being told darkly that there was 'nothing in Christianity,' snapped out his "Fancy that!" in those days Miss Irene Vanbrugh promised to be one of the most brilliant comediennes on our stage, and it is sad to think that we have seen so little of her in the classic comedy characters of Shakespeare, Sheridan or Goldsmith. Her Beatrice, Portia, Lady Teazle and Kate Hardcastle should be abiding joys. When, however, in 'The Gay Lord Quex,' she revealed such an exceptional nervous force, her path leading to the characters she played in 'Mid-Channel' and 'The Land of Promise' became immutably fixed. Such are the consequences of our not having a National Theatre in this country. On the French stage every side of a gifted player's talent is developed, with the result that a few years ago we could see a Coquelin as the villainous Tartuffe one night, as the romantic Cyrano de Bergerac another, and in one of his exquisitely funny monologues on a third. All these sides of the talent of that fine mime and great diseur had been developed in the repertory work of the Comedie Francaise, the National Theatre of France; and until we have either an equivalent of that famous house in London, a return to the old 'stock system,' or a great extension of the admirable repertory movement in the provincial cities, the full capacities of scores of our cleverest actors and actresses will remain unrevealed."

This critic regrets that not only are the classic works of the English stage, "those plays which could so supremely not only lift us out of the cares of the time, but lift us up from them—neglected, but there is no mention at present among the announcements of the coming season of new plays by Barrie, Phillpotts, Lucas, Mrs. Clifford, Hichens, A. E. W. Mason, Galsworthy, Bennett, Vincent Brown (whose novel 'A Magdalen's Husband,' should have been dramatized long ago), F. Moore, Phillips, Besier, Fagan. "If ever there was a time when it seemed desirable that the stage, like all our other institutions, should be at the highest pitch of its artistic effort, it is the present one; but the Fates seem against it. However, the theatre is immortal, and—a time will come!"

About Music, New and Old, and Musicians

The Monthly Musical Record praises three piano pieces, "Decorations," by John Ireland, describing them as the "most successful pieces of pictorial writing we have encountered since the advent of Maurice Ravel, whose style they somewhat resemble as regards technic." "The Island Spell," evokes "magic seas and fairy woods"; it conjures up "the magic music of Shakespeare's 'Tempest.'" "There is a curious compelling charm and feeling of remoteness about the 'Moon-Glade,' also written over a poem of Arthur Symonds commencing 'Why are you so sorrowful in dreams?' This piece is pure impressionism. The fading formality at the close, so like the stuff dreams are made of, is a wonderful piece of tone-artistry. The third movement, entitled, 'The Scarlet Ceremonies,' is the most striking of the set. It is founded on a quotation from Arthur Machen's, 'The House of Souls.' Against a continuously palpitating pattern in the right hand a trumpet like theme is given out by the left. The whole movement is evolved from the first twelve bars or so. The theme passes to the right hand later on, appearing over a fluttering figure of fourths in the bass. There is an original pedal-point effect at the end, and a new double glissando of white and black notes which will be responsible for many grazed fingers. Originality breathes in every bar of the 'Decorations,' and the composer evidently possesses peculiar magic powers in the world of sound." It is only fair to add that the publisher of "Decorations"—Augener Ltd.—is the publisher of the magazine for which the reviewer writes.

Messrs. Augener also publishes "The Princess's Rose-Garden," a nocturne for piano. "It is no detriment to say that this rose garden would have been impossible without the culture of the French school. There is more of the influence of Debussy than Ravel in it; but there is also a refreshing originality of melodic outlines which we rarely get in either of the French masters. Whilst Mr. Bax is entirely successful in verisimilitude of mood, he is at the same time melodious, clear in form, and, despite his highly-colored chromatic style, he never loses hold of his tonality. As for his grip of mood, so true is the music that the highly equipped pianist whom it requires would be able to play the piece quite well without the verbal indications."

Other new publications by the same house in London for the piano are Moussorgsky's "Sketch Book"; for the piano Grovlez's "Fancies" (Serenade, nocturne, Petite Valse, Fileuse, Cakewalk); Sydney Rosenbloom's Variations and Fugue on an Original Theme for two pianos—"In many places, especially in the Fugue, the composer has modelled his work on Brahms; but he has none of the great German's thickness of harmony, nor his occasional unclavierlike stretchiness." Dr. Eaglefield Hull has arranged and edited eleven pieces by Russians "most suited to the organ and particularly useful for service and recital work." The album includes Rachmaninoff's Melody in E and Prelude in C-sharp minor, Arensky's Basso Ostinato, Moussorgsky's Kieff Processional, a Prelude by Scriabin and pieces by Rebikoff and others.

The Waterside Music Publishing Company (London) has published "Studies in Organ Tone," by the Rev. Noel A. Bonavia Hunt—a practical, theoretical and aesthetic treatise on the tonal department of the organ. The reviewer for the Music Student writes: "We have been a little overdone in recent years with books which dealt with the machinery of the organ. Some of these have described in glowing terms how easy it is to make one pipe do the work of two, and what with 'extensions,' 'borrowings,' 'unit-systems,' and other tricks of mechanism, we have been in a fair way to lose sight of the primary purpose of the organ—which is to sound well. The author pre-supposes a rudimentary knowledge of the principles of voicing and of the elements of organ construction on the part of the reader. We think it possible that in this he takes for granted the existence of something which is more frequently absent in organists than present. The average player who goes to 'try' a new organ almost invariably shows his ignorance of the fundamental principles of regulation by playing in chords as if he were engaged in a display of extemporaneous playing. Your 'man who knows' is he who begins by hearing the diapasons first in single notes, and afterward in relation to one another and to their mutation ranks. To such a person Mr. Hunt's book will be a positive delight. It will reveal to him principles and possibilities which he has long been wanting to see expressed in type. But to the other kind of person—he who judges an organ by the luxuriousness of its tremulating Oboe, the author's axioms concerning tonal build will be meaningless. In fact, if the ordinary organist had Mr Hunt's knowledge of his subject, a good half of the existing instruments would never be played upon as they are. And what a revelation this book will be to the 'amateur expert.' This kind of person usually believes in one builder to the exclusion of all others. With faltering wrist and uncertain fingers he fumbles about after action defects which exist only in his own muscles. He prefers the so-and-so type of this, of that, of everything else—simply because he has one idea and usually a very small one. But the author of 'Studies in Organ Tone' takes his stand upon principles. His ideal is that of the great Schultze, and whenever he finds an organ whose diapason scheme approximates to that great master he praises it, no matter what factory it comes from. This is quite sound, for Schulze was enunciating eternal principles which will endure when all the existing mechanism in the world has perished and most existing organ pipes are melted down. Moreover, Mr. Hunt's axioms are entitled to respectful and thoughtful consideration in that he makes no claim to 'either infallibility or originality,' which will be considered a fatal confession by some newspaper correspondents." The book costs five shillings net in London.

William Reeves of London has published "The History of the Violoncello, the Viol du Gamba, their Precursors and Collateral Instruments with Biographies of all the most eminent Players of every Country," by Edmund S. J. Van der Straeten. The book is illustrated with portraits, musical examples, facsimile letters, etc. The price is 21 shillings net. There is a limited edition in two volumes with additional illustrations £1 11s 6d net. William Reeves also has published National Anthems arranged by C. Benson for the organ (Britain, France, Russia, Belgium, Servia, Japan). The arranger evidently had not anticipated the entrance of Italy into the war. Price two shillings net.

The Philadelphia Orchestra this season will perform these unfamiliar works: Schoenberg, Chamber Symphony; Delius, Danse Rhapsody; Scriabin, Symphony, "Divine Poem"; D. G. Mason, symphony in C minor (first time); Mahler's symphony No. 8 (first time in this country, 1000 performers). The solo singers will be Mmes. Sembrich, Cshier, Culp, Emilio de Gogorza, Nicholas Douty and Henri Scott; violinists, Messrs. Besekirsky, Elman, Rich, Spalding and Kathleen Parlow; 'cellists, Messrs. Kindler and Sandby; pianists, Messrs. Bauer, Gabrilowitsch, Godowsky, Grainger, Hofmann, Rosenthal, Schelling and Yolanda Mero. At the performance of Mahler's 8th symphony (March 2, 3, 4), the solo singers will be Mmes. Hinkle, Barbour, Fischer, Potter, Dercum and Messrs. Murphy, Werrenrath and Whitehill. The orchestra will number 130, the chorus 950.

Musical London in terms of streets is now composed of the men who can blow, thump, or make any rhythmical sound in front of the men who are—yes! the American song "Tramp, tramp, tramp—the boys are marching." And instead of cursing, we lean heads out of windows to greet the tramp and the tune and then turn to argue whether it was "The Men of Harlech" or "Rule Britannia." Among those who have suffered a street change "during the war" are the purveyors of casual music. You must have noticed and rejoiced at the gradual disappearance of the piano-grinder; and the band that is called German is no longer plying for coppers. So far London is more peaceful musically. But the pipes, the drums, the thump, the blow still go on—but with a very different meaning now that the sniggering twister of the handle of discord has to find another job.—Daily Chronicle.

It is to be hoped that the late Mr. Edwin Greene, whose song, "Sing Me to Sleep," sold over a million copies, reaped an equitable share of the profits. Such has not been the luck of many a composer whose work found favor with the public. "Kathleen Mavourneen" was sold for £5, and "Alice, Where Art Thou," for a few shillings, whilst Balfe parted with "Come Into the Garden, Maud," for £100; Henry Russell sold "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," for 60s., and the writer of "Tommy Atkins" disposed of it for a humble guinea. The combined profits of those five songs would probably finance the war for—well, at least a day.—Daily Chronicle (London).

According to the Rev. W. L. Stephen, M. A., who has recently visited the Y. M. C. A. centres in France, the soldiers' favorite songs are "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling," "Keep the Home Fires Burning," "Here We Are, Here We Are Again," and "A Little Child Shall Lead Them." The chorus of the latter was generally sung with peculiar heartiness by the married men. There was, he says, extraordinary talent in Kitchener's army, and there was never any difficulty in getting a pianist. At the Sunday evening services the favorite hymns sung were "Eternal Father, Strong to Save," "Rock of Ages," "O, God, Our Help in Ages Past," and "The Old Hundredth."—Pall Mall Gazette.

Mr. Legge of the Daily Telegraph (London) is disturbed because British composers are not at work on musical comedies. "At the moment we are concerned with very light music—admittedly the most lucrative form. And what does the circumstance recorded in the foregoing paragraph tend to prove? One of two things. Either that there is an extraordinary dearth of native composers able—or willing—to write a musical comedy score, or that theatre managers are strangely reluctant to give them a hearing just now. The 'intelligent foreigner' (who abounds in our midst at present) would, from the fact that one composer supplied all London's musical plays, be justified in arriving at the conclusion that he was in the enviable position of knowing no rival. It may be said that what the intelligent foreigner might happen to think in the matter is of no consequence whatever. But surely it will not be denied that what is of consequence is the fact that, while there is all this talk about the British composer's 'opportunity,' nothing very practical seems to be coming of it. And it would be a pity, to say the least, if the said foreigners should be given the inevitable impression that there is a lamentable dearth of talent in this country for the production of musical plays. Possibly they have never heard of Edward German. Yet in him this country boasts one who, in the realms of light operatic music, is the equal of any foreign composer living. When was Mr. German's name last seen on a London play-bill? Not, if we recall rightly, since the production at the Savoy of 'Fallen Fairies,' in 1909. How comes it, too, that Mr. Leslie Stuart's name, save for a revival of 'Florodora,' has been allowed to drop out of the active list of musical comedy composers? And what of Mr. Sidney Jones? Has he laid aside his facile pen from choice? And there are others whose names will readily occur to our theatregoers."

THE SYMPHONY SALE

The old order changeth, and lovers of customs, traditions, constitutional praisers of past days, complain and rebel in vain. Some, no doubt, will sigh and shake the head at the thought of no more auction sales of Symphony tickets after this year. Their regret is an evidence of the interest shown in a Boston institution, that since the triumphs in the far West and the unexampled successes in New York, Philadelphia and other eastern cities, may justly be called an American institution, a rebuke to those who insist that this country is only grossly commercial and materialistic.

When the plan of these auction sales was adopted, it was thought the fairest, the most advisable. For many years it worked well and the sales promoted generous rivalry in a common cause. Bidders rejoiced when premiums were high, for then there was full assurance for the coming season and there was the pleasant thought that Maj. Higginson's self-imposed burden would fall from his shoulders, or at least be lightly felt. The sales were of a social nature; indeed the editors of "Society Columns" characterized them as "functions." The names of prominent bidders were recorded, as in a Hall of Fame. There was agreeable excitement; there was the alluring element of the spectacular.

Of late years the bidding has fallen more and more into the hands of agents. Such a scene as that when two well-known women in outbidding ran up the premium to a preposterous figure long ago became almost legendary, and has not been repeated even on a lesser scale. Many come later and later from their country homes and find it inconvenient to attend the sale. They also wish accustomed seats from year to year.

The decision of the management is a wise one, better for all concerned. There will be subscription, as is the practice in New York and other towns. Yet the last auction sale—held this month—should be made unusually significant, historical in sentiment and importance. The season will surely be brilliant. To praise the conductor and the orchestra at this late day, when the fame of the organization is international, would be an impertinence. For those who are attracted by solo singers, violinists, pianists, the season its full of promise, but, after all, the orchestra with Dr. Muck leading it is always the one, the supreme virtuoso.

Sept 20, 1915

For some reason or other London newspapers have been paying much attention to the beneficent properties of the onion, and in an issue of Notes and Queries last month, Pliny's remarks about the bulb with concentric coats were published in the glorious translation by Philemon Holland. Is this attention due to the fact that onions in England have been extraordinarily cheap? Whatever the reason, the onion is discussed eloquently as an article of food, a medicinal remedy, useful in black and white magic, famous in country lore and superstitions. We miss, however, George Meredith's praise of the man and his wife defying the world with "mutual onion," though one writer quotes Meredith as charging the onion with the sin of class separation, for, as the nose has led man on from the cave, "the ranks of society that eat onions could not be allowed to come within friendly distance of those who do not; and thus a mere bulb divides civilized mankind." This is an insular remark, for, as the onion is sensitive to climate, in Italy, Spain and Egypt one may eat an onion as an apple, it is said, and no one, not the nearest companion, will be the worse for it; but in colder lands the bulb develops its "subtle and pervasive odor." Pervasive, yes; but "subtle" is hardly the word for the onion as we know it. Was it Mr. Hilaire Belloc who said that when Adam and Eve were expelled from Eden the only thing they tried to smuggle out with them was an onion?

With a Poet.

We spoke of Miss Harriet Martineau only tasting once in her life: when she happened to eat a pork chop and was thereby caught up to the seventh heaven. We are now told that Wordsworth, who wrote so lovingly of flowers, had no sense of smell. "I have this fact at first hand from one who, a very young poet, knew the very old poet intimately about the middle of the 19th century. Wordsworth not only had no sense of smell, but he was pleased with that state of things, because, he said, Nature passed before his eyes all the more purely as a vision." It is strange that De Quincey did not mention this infirmity in the intimate articles about Wordsworth that greatly vexed the poet and his family. But Wordsworth once smelt something. At dinner—he dined at 2 o'clock—he had a leg of mutton, which in the Lake District was customarily stuffed with onions. "It must have been keen, for the carving knife was in the poet's hand, and he made the first incision, and he smelt, once, and once only."

On the Table.

These London writers say little or nothing about the glory of the onion in cookery. There is onion soup. Properly made, it is beyond all praise. What half-famished student passing in Paris the lodge of a concierge and smelling, would not be tempted to murder for the sake of a bowl? Beefsteak smothered in onions is another dish to be coveted more than the richest kickshaws with high-sounding names in hotel French or invented by Disraeli's Leander or Thackeray's Alcide. Eating these dishes, with a relish of sliced raw onions with tomatoes dressed and chilled, who cares for the priggish note in the Daily Chronicle: "Besides uncomfortable personal consequences, the odor clings to the breath for days, whilst the skin and even the clothing reek most unpleasantly." What, pray, "reeks" pleasantly?

Secondary Virtues.

Nor does the confirmed onion-eater care a button for the medicinal properties ascribed to the onion, though he may, if hairless as to his crown, cut out this old recipe: "The juice of onyons anbynted on the bald head in the sun bringeth the haire again very speedilie." What to him is the saying, "An onion a day keeps the doctor away"? One onion a day, only one? Nor does the anecdote about a "well known northern clergyman," who never tires of praising its virtues for "lengthening the wind," strengthen his own judgment, though he is glad that he does not sit under this clergyman's preaching. When onions are set on the table they should be set down, not passed, not served by a flunky or a table-girl—he does not trouble himself to remember that during the cholera epidemic of 1849 in London all the cholera-proof houses were occupied by Italian organ grinders, who ate huge quantities of onions, which were hanging in strings from the ceilings. Nor will he cut an onion in half and leave it in a room to attract to itself all sorts of germs. Why waste a good onion?

Love and Poultices.

Mr. Thomas William Huck of London wrote to Notes and Queries that a poultice of hot onions is applied for a cold in the chest, or croup, and the juice of roasted onions is taken internally for the same complaints in the United States. "In Bustin's Island, Me., onion poultices are applied to the wrists and ankles for colds, whilst poultices of onions, baked or boiled in milk, are thought to have wonderful 'drawing' or healing virtues in Maine and Chelsea, Mass." Pliny noted the use of onion poultices in his day, but for the toothache, pricks and bites of venomous beasts, galled places, watery eyes. "And for to amend the ringing and unkind sound and noise therein (the ears), and to recover those that be hard of hearing, many have used to droppe the juice of onions together with Goose grease or els Hony." More to our pleasure is this bit of folk lore: "In buying onions always go in by one door of the shop and come out by another. Select a shop with two doorways. These onions, placed under your pillow on St. Thomas's eve, are sure to bring visions of your true love, your future husband." Miss Jenny should remember this. St. Thomas's day is Dec. 21.

Creatore and His Band, with Mme. Bernabo, Give First Concert.

The first concert of the season at Symphony Hall was given last evening by Giuseppe Creatore and his band. The program was as follows: Musso, march, "Ronca"; Goldmark, overture, "Spring"; Donizetti, "Cavatina," from "Lucia," Mme. Emilia Bernabo; Puccini, "Tosca," act 3; Marchetti, [illegible] Dance, "Mentina"; Beethoven, Adagio Cantabile from Sonata, "Pathetique"; Gounod, "Faust," Selection.

Mr. Creatore is a busy man. Conducting is, with him, not merely an art but a peripatetic, a natatorial exercise. He is himself responsible for every note played by each member of his band. It is true that his labors are rewarded, the result is often excellent, effective, stirring. His methods are familiar, his emotional exuberance and musical vitality well known. Last evening his men were responsive in the performance of a varied program.

Mme. Emilia Bernabo, soprano, a striking brunette of engaging stage presence, sang the Cavatina from "Lucia." Messrs. D'Amico, Rossi, Coco, Demitri, and De Luca were instrumental soloists. One of the most effective numbers on the program was an arrangement of the third act of Puccini's "Tosca," played by conductor and men with native fervor and dramatic contrasts.

An audience of good size was enthusiastic. What it lacked in numbers was made up by the applause and both Mr. Creatore and Mme. Bernabo lengthened the program.

The first of the regular series on Sunday afternoon concerts will be given on Oct. 17 by Mme. Melba and her concert company.

Sept 21 1915

'FOLLIES OF 1915'

By PHILIP HALE.

Colonial Theatre: Ziegfeld Follies of 1915, lines and lyrics by Channing Pollock, Rennold Wolf and Gene Buck; music by Louis Hirsch and David Stamper; scenery painted by Joseph Urban. First performance in Boston. Frank Darling, musical director. Produced at Atlantic City, June 15, 1915.

The theatre was crowded. It was announced that the audience should be seated at 8 o'clock precisely, so that it would not miss the first scene, "the greatest Mr. Ziegfeld has ever presented," but the curtain did not rise until long after the hour.

The features of the performance were the scenery painted by Mr. Urban, the scene in the Catskill mountains between Rip Van Winkle (Leon Errol), Jennings B. Ryan (Will West) and Nut Sundae (Ed Wynn), the midnight Cabaret with Mr. Wynn as Al. A. Cart and W. C. Fields as a pool player, the juggling of Mr. Fields in "The Home of the Sun" and Bert Williams as the Hall Boy in the Hallway of the Bunkem Court Apartment.

Mr. Urban is well known here by the fantastical scenery he painted for the Boston Opera House, scenery often incongruous, as his Montmartre in "Louise," his setting for the Venetian scene in "Contes d'Hoffmann," where there was no suggestion of Venice, and his curious settings for "Don Giovanni," scenery that sometimes irritated, but was always interesting, scenery that now recalled the week of Aubrey Beardsley and now the ideas of the modern Russians.

His scenery for the Follies is often charming, always a curious background for the evolutions of strikingly costumed chorus girls and the dialogue of comedians. Particularly striking was his mountain scene with hilltops covered with snow that is seldom seen in the Catskills except in the dead of winter.

The chorus girls were young, fresh, and handsomely costumed. It must be said that their evolutions were not new or original, and their dancing was of a primitive nature. In fact there was little graceful dancing in the whole performance. Nor were the songs of a taking character. Mr. Williams did his best with a lean part. He has been seen here to far greater advantage. Miss Ina Claire's song "Marie Odille" would possibly have been more appreciated if the drama had been played here. The juggling of Mr. Fields was capital. Every now and then there was an allusion to Miss Billie Burke, and one of the scenes displayed medallions of her, painted, as Mr. Wynn assured the audience, by a Chicago artist.

Mr. Darling conducted a capable orchestra with musical skill. The music itself was pleasant to hear and easily forgotten. The great audience was most applausive and immediately pleased. The finale of the first act with the introduction of European potentates and emblems of the warring nations recalled to old theatregoers Miss Jennie Engel and her song "The Flags of All Nations," who once delighted us in Tony Pastor's show.

"The Follies of 1915" is a pleasing and often gorgeous spectacle. As a dramatic entertainment it is not conspicuous for entrancing dancing, haunting singing or amusing comedy.

In the river of Panuco there is a fish like a calf, the Spanyards call it a Mallatin, hee hath a stone in his head, which the Indians use for the disease of the Collicke, in the night he commeth on land and eatheth grasse. I, Job Hortop, have eaten of it, and it eatheth not much unlike to bacon.

Unnatural History.

As the World Wags:

After I had read the letter of Mr Percival Smallweed the rather precious thought suggested itself to me that Medford is, or was in the happy days gone by, the home of New England rum. One can hardly believe that Mr. Smallweed is addicted to the use of this justly famous beverage, but the "farmer fellow" may have been. In fact he may have had a load, which would account for his having overlooked a pet or two. For instance in his accounts of the fauna of the Blue Hills he makes no mention of the spoofendill, that horrific amphibian which has so long inhabited the waters of Houghton's pond. Nor of the dreaded hecklesnifter. Mr. Smallweed will be interested to know that back in 1902 a pair of hecklesnifters escaped from the Forbes farm, where they had been kept as curiosities, and bred so rapidly that they became a serious menace to the chestnut crop. Private interests among the residents of Brush Hill road later introduced at a large expense a number of toddywods, a creature resembling the Norwegian sardine hound, to exterminate the hecklesnifters. The experiment was only a partial success.

I am informed, and Mr. Smallweed will again be interested to know, that the friction in the fish and game commission is due in a large measure to the proposal by certain members of that body to stock the Blue Hill reservation with specimens of the wampus, the catawampus and the wampus kitten, closely allied members of the same species and all natural enemies of the hecklesnifter.

I would suggest that Mr. Smallweed take another trip to the Hills and look up his farmer friend with the idea of imparting the above information. When he goes, he'd better take along at least a quart of the old familiar juice. And he'd better leave his wrist watch at home. It might get broken.

Yours in the interests of science,
HALLIDAY WITHERSPOON.
Dorchester, Sept. 18.

"Verbalist" and Others.

As the World Wags:

I note with trepidation the query of "Verbalist" as to the proper usage of such apparently equivalent adjectives as Greek and Grecian. Is not the same question possible with regard to Scotch and Scottish? Does Mr. Herkimer Johnson, when a guest at the Porphyry, answer the familiar question as to personal preferences with the laconic rejoinder, "Scottish highball?"

Also is there any rule which can be formulated as to the makeup of hyphenated names like 'Anglo-French, or Austro-German? Why not Franco-English, or Germano-Austrian? Does the thing depend on which side one personally favors as the senior partner, or is it purely a collision between euphony and cacophony?

All of which reminds me, though I know not why, that yesterday I observed in the public prints the record of a demand by certain Nevada miners that hereafter muckers be paid $4.25 a day. Is not this excessive remuneration for a mucker? ANXIOUS.
Lowell Junction, Sept. 15.

Mr. Johnson "a guest" at the Porphyry? He has long been a member in good and regular standing.

"The Scotch themselves usually prefer the form 'Scottish,' also used by the English, especially in dignified style or context, or Scots, rare in English use except in compliment to Scotch hearers." If we are not mistaken, Sir Walter Scott preferred "Scotch" to "Scottish," and seldom used the latter term. Mr. Herkimer Johnson does not drink Scotch or Scottish highballs. He well remembers the time at the Porphyry when Scotch was drunk only as "hot Scotch," and in winter. If a man ordered whiskey, he drank rye or Bourbon (pronounced Burrbun). Mr. Johnson, temperate in many and essential things, though he once confided to us that he had never had enough of Welsh rabbit (not rareolt) at one sitting, has a pardonable weakness for ale in its native pewter. After he has sipped a quart or two, he is, indeed, a fount of miscellaneous and instructive information.—(Ed.

"War Is Cruelty."

As the World Wags:

In the military biography entitled "Sherman and His Campaigns," by Col. S. M. Bowman and Lt.-Col. R. B. Irwin, published in 1865, pp. 221-225, refer particularly to the determination of Gen. Sherman to make the city of Atlanta exclusively a military post, and accordingly issued an order reading in part: "The city of Atlanta belonging exclusively for warlike purposes, it will at once be vacated by all except the armies of the United States and such civilian employes as may be retained by the proper departments of the government." Thereupon the town authorities addressed a petition to Gen. Sherman, praying the revocation of his orders and citing at length the hardships which would be undergone by the unfortunate inhabitants. To this communication Gen. Sherman replied, in full and clear terms, asserting that his military plans made it necessary for the inhabitants to go away, and, saying: "You cannot qualify war in harsher terms than I will. War is cruelty, and you cannot

[illegible] and those who brought war [illegible] our country deserve all the curses and maledictions a people can pour out."

Boston, Sept. 15. INTERESTED.

This note was suggested by "Indagator's" question published in The Herald of Sept. 15.—[Ed.

Nouns of Multitude.

Our Belgian guest may be encouraged in his ignorance of our innumerable "nouns of multitude." Let me confess that we do not know them ourselves, though it is the amusement of philologists to make a complete list of those used in special places and industries. A "flock" of sheep we all recognize; but I'm sure that one man in the street meeting another and talking of the latest porpoise incursion would not say "shoal," or any of the obscure hundreds of nouns of multitude. He would say simply, "a lot" of porpoises—and even a "lot" of aeroplanes, though experts are trying to call them a "fleet," and the Kentish villager, besides his few special collective nouns that gather in his accustomed animals, has the general word to express a collection of anything—from pain to pictures—"a mort."—London Daily Chronicle.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—San Carlo Grand Opera Company in Verdi's "Rigoletto." Mr. Guerrieri conducted.

Duca Di Mantova	Emanuel Salazar
Rigoletto	Milio Pico
Gilda	Edvige Vaccari
Sparafucile	Pietro De Biasi
Maddalena	Stella Demette
Contessa Di Ceprano and Jnana	Anna Hasse
Monterone	Natale Cervi
Conte Di Ceprano	A. Canova
Borsa	Luciano Rossini
A Page	Annette Chabot

There have been memorable performances of Verdi's opera in Boston when the casts have included such singers as Messrs. Maurel and Renaud in the part of the Jester. Mmes. Melba and Tetrazzini and, more recently, Miss Felice Lyne, have been among the distinguished Gildas.

The composer, himself, was proud of his work and, speaking of the quartet in the last act, said "I shall do nothing better." Then there is the story of the pains he took to prevent "La Donna e Mobile" from becoming public property before the first performance.

The company which appeared last evening had been heralded in a manner that recalled the late Henry Russell in his most flamboyant and expansive mood. The picturesque announcement was made that "Boston's grand opera famine would be broken." There were glowing accounts of the individual merits of the singers. All this naturally invites comment and comparison. No such pretensions were made by the company which gave a brief season last autumn at the Boston Theatre.

Expectations, however, were not realized last night nor were the preceding eulogies justified. The performance was but of a fair order and the ensemble, upon which much stress had been laid as opposed to the "star" system, was disappointing.

Mr. Pico doubtless was the most experienced singer on the stage. He is well known here and has been heard before as Rigoletto. His knowledge of the rôle, both musical and dramatic, is apparent, yet he made the mistake of playing the first act after the manner of burlesque, which changed to palsied melodrama at the close. The man beneath the Jester's tawdry costume was not revealed in this act, and not until he had changed his garb were Rigoletto's paternity or inner melancholy revealed.

Mr. Salazar, a Spaniard, was heard here for the first time. His voice is throaty and he is innocent of all but the loudest and the softest tones. His adventure with Gilda seemed rather a student's amourette than a chapter in the life of an accomplished libertine. In the first act he was a bad host, indifferent to the presence of his guests, as is sometimes the case, and wholly preoccupied with his own affairs when he was not taking the audience into his confidence.

Mme. Vaccari was a conventional Gilda. Her voice is of limited range. Her technique is not beyond question. Mr. De Biasi's voice was agreeable as Sparafucile. The chorus was presentable and the abduction scene efficient.

Much has been said in praise of Guerrieri because he conducts without a score as well as without a baton. Yet he is not lonely or incomparable in this respect for one Arturo Toscanini conducts more than 60 operas without a score, from memory, while the peripatetic Creatore is also gifted with a photographic mind.

A very large audience was evidently pleased.

The opera this evening will be "Aida." Tomorrow afternoon "The Barber of Seville" will be sung in place of "Martha."

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—The Craig Players in "The Girl in the Taxi." A farce in three acts. The cast:

Percy Peters	William P. Carleton
Frederic Smith	Theodore Friebus
Bertie Stewart	Donald Meek
John Stewart	Al Roberts
Walter Watson	Albert Berg
Dr Paul	John Cairns
Mignon	Miss Betty Barnicoat
Clara Stewart	Miss Vida Croly Sidney
Marietta	Miss Justine Adams
Mary Peters	Miss Marion Royston
Miss Irma, a Vandeville Artist,	Miss Coral Ayres
[illegible]sie, her friend, an ex-chorus lady,	Miss Grace Morse

"The Girl in the Taxi," a very funny, although somewhat daring little farce, was presented here a few years ago by A. H. Woods with Carter De Haven as the star. It played a return engagement with considerable success, and since has toured the country, reaping a fortune. Now, it is presented in Boston for the first time by stock players and at popular prices.

Unlike a number of other farces laid in the present and dealing with popular whims, it has lost none of its mirth producing qualities, as the audiences at the Castle Square yesterday laughed as heartily over its amusing situations, as did the patrons of the houses where it first appeared.

As will be remembered, the piece deals with the escapades of three men, and their efforts to keep their secret. There is plenty of witty, snappy dialogue and ludicrous situations. Much, however, depends on the work of the actors and the staging. The Craig company is equal to the opportunity.

Donald Meek in Bertie Stewart has the sort of part that he revels in. Bertie is one of those flighty little creatures, always in trouble, and always choosing the most difficult way out. Mr. Meek caught the idea splendidly.

William P. Carleton and Theodore Friebus have the parts of the more sly and crafty lovers, and are very funny in their attempt to cover their peccadillos.

The women in the cast are required only to be pretty and create the situations from which the men draw the fun, something that is harder than may appear to the audience. Miss Barnicoat played "The Girl" and was as alluring as the line describes. The others had less opportunity, but did what they had to do well.

ELABORATE VAUDEVILLE ACT SEEN AT KEITH'S

Taylor Granville and Laura Pierpont Feature in "The Yellow Streak."

"The Yellow Streak," featuring Taylor Granville and Laura Pierpont, is the headliner at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. The act is one of the most elaborate yet offered in vaudeville. There is a large assisting company and the piece is given in four scenes. The sketch reeks with the vernacular of the gutter, but not in an offensive sense. The characters have all had their day, and may be seen in all the metropolitan Tenderloins.

Briefly, the story reveals the "framing up" of a gamey young featherweight by a couple of yellow sports. The boxer is fouled by having his head banged against the ring post. The blow leaves him blind, and in a subsequent encounter with his betrayer, who has lured his girl into an office, he receives a blow that restores his sight. The final encounter between the two is a whirlwind finish that leaves the clean young featherweight the victor.

The great laughing number on the bill was the musical travesty, "Almost a Pianist," by Herbert Williams and Hilda Wolfus. Mr. Williams is now unique in that he stands alone with an act that is cleanly individualistic. One new stunt after another, that makes one wonder at this resourceful comedian, provoked one of the noisiest responses that we have ever witnessed from an audience in any theatre. His execution at the piano was not that of the mere trickster, but left one wondering at the versatility of the comedian.

Others on the bill were Kauffman Brothers, in "Tuneful Nonsense;" William Pruette, Charles Orr and company, in "A Holland Romance," a miniature opera; Sophie and Harvey Everett, in a singing and dancing act; Frederick Karr, Nell Pratt and Miss Marian Day, in "Cranberries," a comedy sketch; Sammy Weston and Sidney Clare in a singing and dancing act, Gaston Palmer, in a juggling act, and Gautier's Animated Toy Shop.

Sept 22 1915

When I am playing with my Cat, who knowes whether she have more sport in dallying with me, than I have in gaming with her? We entertaine one another with mutuall apish trickes, If I have my houre to begin or to refuse, so hath she hers.

Concerning Cats.

As the World Wags:

I was much interested in a paragraph headed "Cat Queries" published in Notes and Queries of Sept. 4, which was forwarded to me at the farm house in this delightful region. The writer, Mr. or Mrs. or Miss A. S. E. Ackermann asks the following questions:

1—Is it a fact that a cat is usually more attached to a house than to its owner, and if so, why?

2—Does the putting of butter on a cat's paws really prevent it from straying from a new home?

3—Is it true that the eating of flies by cats causes them to become thin? Or is it not simply that cats (at least Toms) become thin in the summer, and that it is merely a coincidence that there are many flies at the same time? Milk is said to correct the thinning effect of flies.

4—Are all tortoiseshell cats females? And is there any explanation for this?

5—Are all white cats deaf, and if so, why?

There is an old saying that a cat, unlike a dissipated pugilist or the demon baseball pitcher of a season or two, always comes back. A song to this effect was popular some years ago. To my personal knowledge, a cat taken from the country to an apartment house, if it strays, does not come back. Probably it has a contempt for a flat, for it is remarkably sagacious. The cat is especially attached to the door that opens into the kitchen. It is fond of lying on the back stoop.

I have never seen a cat eating flies. They are passionately fond of grasshoppers and will eat them immediately after a heavy meal. Thus they are made sick, and they grow thin; nor does milk cure them or fat them during the grasshopper season.

The other questions must remain unanswered, as far as I am concerned.

In the folk lore of Lancashire I find this statement: If the cat frisks about the house in an unusually lively manner, windy or stormy weather is approaching. This may be true in Lancashire; it is not true in New England, according to my observation. A young cat of the farmhouse here frisks at all hours, frisks wildly and grotesquely, whether the weather be warm or cool; no meteorological change is the consequence. I also read that May cats are unlucky, and will suck the breath of children. Children are sweet-breathed as a rule, not subject to ozena, and I see no reason why a May cat should thus suffer or be slain any more than a July or a November cat.

It is said that there is a prejudice against cats in Germany. I believe you published statistics showing that there were only 450,000 in that empire, as compared with 4,000,000 in France and 7,850,000 in the United Kingdom. Perhaps this prejudice comes from the popular belief that hare served in German restaurants is too often cat. At Zehlendorf cats are now taxed by the town fathers. Nevertheless the Frankfurter Zeitung published, not long ago, an article pleading for the rehabilitation of the animal. One of its arguments in favor of Puss was that kittens are fine playmates for children. The Germans are deep thinkers.

There is no cat in the natural history of the Bible. The word cat is not found in Holy Writ. The Children of Israel must have been familiar with the cat in Egypt, where the animal was so respected, loved, worshipped, buried with solemn rites at Bubastis. The Hebrew slaves may have built these tombs. That the cat was so closely associated with the Egyptian does not necessarily explain the absence of any allusion to it in the Bible, for the rebellious wanderers in the desert looked back longingly on Egypt. "We remember the fish, which we did eat in Egypt freely; the cucumbers, and the melons, and the leeks, and the onions, and the garlic." Now if old writers are to be believed, onions and garlic were reckoned among the deities of Egypt, and the people even swore by them. Why is there no cat in the Bible?

That there are unhappy persons whose hair rises, whose flesh is covered with a clammy sweat when a cat is in the room although they do not see it is known to me, and I also know that Dr. Weir Mitchell in explanation used a word derived from the Greek; but this does not lower the cat in my estimation. There are persons unpleasantly affected by the mere sight of roses, cheese, apples. The chapter of natural and curious antipathies is a long one.

I like the cat because he is frankly selfish, self-centred, the supreme egoist without shame or remorse. It is much to be honest in this world. The cat knows exactly what he wants and has no regard for others. He chooses the most comfortable chair; he comes to you when he wishes, and will not come when you urge him unless he be so inclined. He insists on being fed before others of the household. His sense of gratitude is only the lively expectation of food to come. He will scratch the hand that is caressing him. Call him not treacherous. On the contrary, he makes no pretences, he is not hypocritical.

I am happy here. There are cats, dogs, and an old-fashioned flower garden with a gate that clicks; an old-fashioned summer-house with narrow, uncomfortable seats and slugs crawling about; also an old-fashioned garden pump on wheels. Having read a singularly unpleasant novel by a Russian—a book that is described as "gripping by its realism"—I now go back to Jane Austin's "Emma."

HERKIMER JOHNSON.

Noone, N. H., Sept. 20.

BOSTON OPTRA HOUSE—San Carlo Grand Opera Company in Verdi's "Aida." The cast:

Aida	Mary Kaestner
Amneris	Carolina Zawner
Amonasro	Alessandro Modesti
Radames	Giuseppe Agostini
Ramfis	Pietro De Biasi
King of Egypt	Natale Cervi
A Messenger	Luciano Rossini

The performance last night was in the main a creditable one. To be sure, the personnel of the company is lacking in what might be described as famous singers. But the principals are all honest singers, and here we again have grand opera at popular prices, so that those of a lean purse may become acquainted with the works of the masters. With the single exception of Pietro de Biasi, who is fresh in our minds from his recent work with the Boston Theatre opera company, all of the principals were strangers.

Spectacularly, the performance was a striking one; yet this does not mean that the singing and acting were subordinate. The chorus, not so large, of course, as that of the Boston Opera Company, was adequate, and this was apparently uppermost in the mind of Mr. Guerrieri, who conducted, for the orchestration in the main was nicely subordinated. We recognized many of the old chorus of the opera house and we regretted that there was a continual disposition to giggle on the part of many during the entire performance.

The Ramfis of Pietro Di Biasi easily excelled in the manner of interpretation. Whether in what some might regard inconsequential details, or in the moments when the profound majesty of his office swept all else before it, there was always the high priest—the importance of the office. It is a pleasure to recall his glorious bass, as if from the bowels of the earth, but always musical, always a delight to the ear.

Mary Kaestner was heard as Aida. Her voice is agreeable and she takes her high notes with freedom. Dramatically her performance was for the most part excellent, though she fell into the way of subordinating herself to Amneris, of belittling herself to the latter when she should keep clearly in mind, that though a hostage of war, she was none the less a princess—the daughter of a king. On the return of Rhadames, as the latter is given the hand of Amneris by the king, her facial play was eloquent and convincing.

The Rhadames of Giuseppi Agostini was interesting both dramatically and vocally. He was discreet in not shouting "Celeste Aida," but regarded it as the beautiful romanza that it is. His return from Ethiopia was as the conquering warrior, yet always the faithful subject of his king and apprehensive only of Amneris.

The ensembles were spirited and the attacks were precise, clean cut. An audience of fair size was exceedingly demonstrative, and many of the countrymen of the singers embraced one another in the lobby in their ecstacy.

This afternoon "The Barber of Seville" will be sung, and tonight "Lucia" will be the attraction.

Sept 23 1915

We point again with pride to our correspondents. Nothing pertaining to mankind is foreign to them. Their knowledge ranges from cat-tail flags to bungholes, from statues to nice distinctions in adjectives. Let them now speak.

That Lincoln Statue.

As the World Wags:

I see in your issue of this date a statement signed by Frank H. March that a statue of Lincoln with a top-hat in his hand is located at the entrance to Prospect Park, Brooklyn, N. Y. The statue, a fine one, represents Mr. Stranahan, the father of Prospect Park. It was erected during his life. He was a fine old gentleman and the park is a blessing, as the city is built up around it now.

This is written by an old Brooklynite, who saw the park started, and before that Central Park as well, when a boy.

W. T. BRUNDAGE.

Annisquam, Sept. 17.

Cat-tails and Coopers.

As the World Wags:

It is the custom for coopers to use the dry stem and leaves of the plant usually called cat-tails to calk the joints in a barrel when necessary to make it tight. The idea is that as soon as the moisture strikes the dry "flag" (as the stalk and leaves are termed) it absorbs the moistur, swells up and fills the crevice. Loose joints in the heads are treated in the same manner. They use an iron tool called a "flagging iron." A cooper making rush bottom chairs is a joke. Probably the gentleman meant the coopers used them to "rush the can." REL.

Boston, Sept. 17.

As the World Wags:

I am credibly informed by one slightly younger than myself and much younger than either yourself or Mr. Herkimer Johnson that coopers when making mackerel kits, as they did along the

coast of Maine and, I presume, Cape Cod, used flags for calking, placing them between the staves before driving the hoops. It is fair to assume that having both flags and time on hand they occupied themselves in putting rush bottoms in chairs. B. T. W.

Portland, Me., Sept. 17.

As the World Wags:

I note your inquiry about the use of flags as referred to by Thoreau in "Cape Cod." I think the explanation is in the use by coopers of these rushes or flags in making molasses and syrup barrels. They are placed around the heads and sometimes between the staves of the barrels to make them tight. I used to see loads of them [illegible] taken to Boston to be used for this purpose. I am informed that they are still used to some extent. They were also extensively used in olden times for making the rush-bottomed chair.

Cambridge, Sept. 17. MOREY.

We are indebted for a similar explanation to Mr. Thomas H. Rogers of Cambridge, E. J. T. of Lynn, J. D. of Manchester, N. H., F. J. F. of Boston, and C. W. J. of Bedford.

Greek and Grecian.

As the World Wags:

I am asked to give a rule for the use of "Greek" and "Grecian." I am well enough satisfied with the statement in my dictionary that "Grecian" is "now rare except with reference to style of architecture and facial outline." That "Greek" is appropriate to the genuine article, "Grecian" to what is not Greek but Greekish, is recognized in the old version of the Bible with its "Greeks" and "Grecians," the latter being in the revised version, "Grecian Jews."

Apparently after the word "Grecian" was introduced into the English language there was a period during which it was quite fashionable; probably some folks thought it was a more English form, on the same basis as a callow youth is taught in Caesar class to talk about Aeduans and Sequanians, but when he grows up he finds that standard writers of English regularly call them Edui and Sequani. Very likely the slang uses of "Greek" in past centuries contributed to the popularity of "Grecian" for uses that were not slang. But now "Grecian" is nearly dead except within a limited field, and good riddance.

If we say "an Arab," "a Moor," rather than "an Arabian" (as the Bible has it) or "a Moroccan," but "a Syrian," "an Italian," "a Spaniard," not "a Syre," "an Ital," "a Hispane," this is partly due to the varying histories of the nations in question, and the differences in the histories of nations are endless.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

Ballardvale, Sept. 16.

Grammarians, Ahoy!

As the World Wags:

A society item in a New York paper informs us that Mrs. —— has "loaned" her home for the presentation of a play in aid of a charity. What has become of the good old participle "lent"? Perhaps I am exposing my ignorance of up-to-date grammar in asking this, but I have never heard an Englishman use "loaned."

Sir Samuel Evans, judge of the British prize court, is indignant because American exporters listed rubber as "gum," with evident intent to deceive the blockaders. The fame of "Gumshoe Bill" has not reached the bewigged knight.

You are, of course, reading Mr. Kipling's letters from what he calls "the frontiers of civilization." My, but he is hard on the "boches"! In a description of a French officer he says: "He was a kindly man and in speaking English had discovered, as I do when speaking French, that it is simpler to stick to one gender." Rudyard's discovery will be greeted with applaudissements unanimes et prolonges from all students of the Gallic language. Nothing like it has happened since Paddy Mullowney, cast ashore in France, aroused the enthusiastic admiration of the natives by the fluency of his request: "Lind me the loan av yer gridiron."

MICHAEL FITZGERALD.

East Brewster, Sept. 18.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—San Carlo opera company in Donizetti's "Lucia Di Lammermoor." Mr. Angelini conducted.

The cast:

Henry	Millo Picco
Lucia	Edvige Vaccari
Edgar	Emanuel Salazar
Norman	Antonio Cetti
Raymond	Pietro De Biasi
Alice	Alice Homer
Lord Arthur Bucklaw	Luciano Rossini

Donizetti's tuneful work is one of the saddest and at the same time one of the most popular of all operas. The public is always anxious to see how this or that singer behaves as the mad lady, and then there is the famous sextet.

Last evening the performance was interesting at all times. Mr. Angelini read the score discreetly, though the confidences of Alice in the first act were completely drowned out. The public and even Lucia, with her heavy heart, would be glad to hear her comforting words.

Vaccari, a coloratura soprano, was heard in the title role. She makes a physically attractive Lucia. In the mad scene she was convincing; there was a reason for the chorus shaking its head dubiously, sadly. She took her trills with ease. The staccato notes were clean. There were no ragged edges. Her lower tones, however, suffer in comparison with the middle and upper register and in recitative often she is indistinct.

Mr. Picco was excellent as Henry save for a disposition to overact. But his voice he used to good advantage, as a singer of experience.

Mr. Salazar appeared as Edgar. He was especially effective in sustained song and his voice often gave pleasure in its robustness. He should avoid the tendency in animated song to break into a semi-sob; thus often last night it appeared as though he were about to blubber.

In the afternoon Rossini's "Barber of Seville" was sung. The cast was conspicuous for the creditable performance by its masculine members. Mr. Graziani, a lyric tenor, has a voice of pleasing quality, which he uses with taste and discretion as regards its limitations. As an actor he is not without imagination and he was, on the whole, a romantic Almaorva.

Mr. Modesti's Figaro was vocally effective. The music for Don Basilio was well suited to Mr. De Biasi's noble and sonorous organ. Mr. Cervi amused as Don Bartolo. Miss Fara was a conventional Rosina.

The operas this evening will be "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci."

DR. MUCK PLANS FOR CONCERTS

Some of the Works He Intends Symphony Orchestra to Produce This Season.

Conductors of symphony orchestras are hard put to it this year to provide the usual number of "novelties" which should be a feature of each season. Not only is little new music being written in this time of war, but it is next to impossible to get new music to America. The usual repertory must be the most deeply drawn from three or four symphonies by Beethoven, two by Brahms, and at least one by Schumann and Schubert each, while Mozart, Haydn and Bach, of the 18th century, will play their usual part in the programs and the moderns will be duly represented. The season opens with the Seventh Symphony by Beethoven. Of Brahms, Dr. Muck is going to do the Third and Fourth Symphony. He has never conducted the Third Symphony in Boston. The principal revival of the season will be Liszt's "Dante" Symphony, a work of much interest and of prime importance. Another work of Liszt, and one which will appear for the first time on a Symphony program, is the symphonic poem, "Ce qu' on entend sur la montagne."

If its success in Chicago last season is any criterion, the most interesting novelty of the season will be by the American composer, John Alden Carpenter, the symphonic poem, "Adventures in a Perambulator." This is said to be truly humorous music, the theme of which is the adventures of a baby and its nurse during its daily airing.

Another novelty is a symphony in E-flat major by the Roumanian composer, Georges Enesco. The symphony has been in the library for several years, but its performance never has been reached. Still another is a theme and variations by the Italian, Bossi. Then there will be Ernest Schelling's new "Symphonic Variations" for piano and orchestra with Mr. Schelling as pianist.

Dr. Muck intends also to do some of Mahler's symphonies. Necessarily it will be one without chorus for it is impossible to employ a large chorus in Symphony Hall at a regular symphony concert. Mozart's double concerto for violin and viola will be played by Messrs. Witek and Ferir.

Announcement has been made that Richard Strauss's new "Alpine" tone poem is ready for performance. Dr. Muck would like to do this in Boston, but it is out of the question, for Strauss has gone beyond all limits in the forces he employs. It would be impossible to gather such an orchestra in Boston. Thus he demands 24 horns.

Undoubtedly, Dr. Muck does not lay specific plans for any distance in the future, and the works mentioned are the only unusual ones he desires to announce at the present time. It is possible before the whole 24 programs shall have been played that other interesting and novel works will find their places in the concerts.

Sept 24

Salome with the celebrated eyebrows was vexed by the stupidity of the sea, always new, always respectable.

Ocean and Mountains.

As the World Wags:

Having been by the ocean for three months, I am now seeing the Peterborough hills. "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help." Those hills are restful. They teach patience, endurance. And they have this advantage over Monadnock. No one, to my knowledge, has written about them any quotable verses or page of prose, while any one within sight of Monadnock feels obliged to spout Emerson.

"Do you prefer the sea to the mountains?" Which writer do you prefer, Dickens or Thackery, Dickery or Thackens? Some have been disappointed by the ocean. I read the other day in a London journal that Ada Byron, the poet's daughter, was once taken to Felixstone. The whole party wondered how the sea would strike the child of famous parentage. She simply said: "I do not like it, it is so like my governess." Coventry Patmore, who remembered his emotion:

When, in childhood, turning a dim street,
I first beheld the ocean,

took a little daughter to the beach for the first time. He anxiously waited to hear what she would say. A wave broke, and the child cried out: "Father, it looks soapy." The Atlantic did not come up to Oscar Wilde's expectations. On the other hand, there is the story told by Miss Alice Brown of the old New Englander that saw the ocean for the first time: one of the best short stories in our literature.

I understand that the seaside habit in England is of comparatively modern origin. About the middle of the 18th century Dr. Richard Russell, a physician for the upper classes, published a treatise on sea water. "Rarely has any book created so great a sensation. Deserting Bath, Tunbridge, Epsom and the rest of the favorite inland watering places, society made for the sea, and as a contemporary satirist wrote:

All with ails in heart or lungs,
In liver or in spine,
Rushed coastward to be cur'd like tongues
By dipping in the brine.

"Dr. Russell was made a Fellow of the Royal Society on account of his great discovery, and a eulogist averred:

Admiring ages Russell's fame shall know,
Till Ocean's healing waters cease to flow."

The English watering places of a century ago advertised their particular attractions in a manner that would do credit to any "publicity agent" of a modern resort or "gripping" drama. East Bourne boasted of its circulating libraries, with the "appendage of billiard tables, which serve to exercise those who have less taste for books." The bathers at Margate waited in turn for "Neptune's embrace." Cromer appealed to "bachelor or spinster travellers—yea, and with their appropriate attendants, the petit chien of one, and the petit chat of the other." Folkestone "is so strongly fortified by nature that the most enfeebled valetudinarian, while he beholds the coast of a powerful and hostile foe, may rest in perfect security." Hastings prided itself on its virtue: "Vice has not erected her standard here; the numerous tribe of professional gamblers, unhappy profligates and fashionable swindlers find employment and rapine elsewhere."

Happy are those who in turn yearly dwell by the ocean and also near the hills. This stately sentence has long pleased me: "The Kings of Persia had their summer and winter houses; in winter at Sardis, in summer at Susa; now at Persepolis, then at Pasargada." And so Cyrus, the Great Turk and the Kings of Spain had "a variety of seccessus as all princes and great men have." But I envy not the Persian show and apparatus; not the palaces of the rich with tennis courts, links, stables and garages that the passerby mistakes for the mansion itself, pergolas, pagodas and belvederes, dinners at 8 o'clock with perfunctory dressing. How do men and women have the audacity to live thus in the face of either the mocking sea or the imperturbable, everlasting hills?

Do not mistake me? I do not sigh for the old oaken, moss covered, typhoid-fever bucket. I am a friend of sanitary plumbing. I prefer butter kept on ice rather than cooled down the well. The kerosene lamp is an abomination, and candles are all right for the bedroom, but enemies of reading eyes. Yet how trifling are discomforts when one can see the lights and shadows on the mountains. There are mountains that are nightmares: as the Gothic in the Adirondacks. The bulk and height of certain popular mountains are oppressive. Give me the hills, as those now before me, or Tom and Holyoke seen from Round Hill in Northampton. Alas, the latter have houses on them, with convenient roadways inviting picnickers with whoopings, paper bags, bottles and incongruous song. The Peterborough hills are undisturbed, peacefully asleep, unconscious even of the changing foliage, careless of gorgeous dress. A farm house high up on a slope is wholly in the picture. The inmates are far from babble, strife, wars and rumors of wars, yet they no doubt are as curious concerning the daily news as the dwellers below near the postoffice. They are not contented with their coign of vantage. Something urges them to descend, to come closer to the world.

MARMADUKE IRETON.

Tarbell, N. H., Sept. 21.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—San Carlo Opera Company in Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana." The cast:

Santuzza	Mary Kaestner
Lola	Stella Demetts
Mama Lucia	Anna Hause
Turiddu	Alfredo Graziani
Alfio	Giuseppe Battistini

Followed by Leoncavallo's "I Pagliacci." The cast:

Nedda	Sophia Charlebois
Harlequin	Luciano Rossini
Canio	Emanuel Salazar
Tonio	Giuseppe Battistini
Silvio	Millo Picco

The two operas are great favorites in this city. Last evening brought out the largest audience of the present engagement. The applause and enthusiasm was hearty.

Mr. Guerrieri conducted and his reading was excellent. The intermezzo in Mascagni's opera was a credit to him and the audience demanded a repetition. The work of the chorus was noticeably tardy at times in both operas, but this could not be laid to the conductor.

Mis Kaestner was heard as Santuzza. In many respects her interpretation was more convincing than her Aida of Tuesday evening. She was in especially good voice last night. Her amorous approaches to the calloused Turiddu might have been more intensified; yet her despair was apparent, her hopelessness was well conveyed.

Mr. Graziani appeared as Turiddu. He was at his best in the sight of a pretty face; he was coldly and calculatingly sacrilegious. He tossed Santuzza aside as a toy that had lost its utility. His voice is an agreeable one and last night he was plainly at ease.

In the Leoncavallo opera Mr. Battistini was heard to advantage. His Tonio was an obtrusive, a persistent fellow. Mr. Salazar was a Canio that was an improvement over his Edgardo; Miss Charlebois as Nedda failed to create the spirit of the travelling player and her voice was often disturbingly shrill.

Tonight "Carmen" will be sung.

Sept 25, 1915

We account it a great glory for a man to have his table daily furnished with variety of meats; but hear the physician, he pulls thee by the ear as thou sittest, and telleth thee "that nothing can be more noxious to thy health than such variety and plenty."

Ink and Cookery.

An interesting experiment was made in Washington, D. C., early this month. Mr. Frank Conger said that a ham cooked in champagne did not thereby obtain a champagne flavor. To prove it he cooked a ham in ink, while Mr. Tony Richardson defended the champagne side of the question. Thus cooked the hams were tasted by about 75 persons present. (We omit the usual adjective "prominent.") No one knew which ham was served to him. All testified that they had not tasted ink. Mr. Richardson insisted that he could detect a bare flavor of champagne.

Still more interesting and of more victual importance are discussions in Collier's concerning the best "eating station" in these United States. Col. Henry Watterson had chanted in sonorous prose the glory of real potlicker, which is distilled from hog jowl and wild greens. An irreverent writer for Collier's then exclaimed: "What can a Bostonian know of food anyhow, except from travel and hearsay? Whoever yearned for the fleshpots of Memorial Hall, or made joyous pilgrimages to Washington street's beaneries or to the Women's Educational and Industrial Union opposite the Common? . . . Boston's sole contribution to the kitchen is Parker House rolls."

Now, Memorial Hall is not in Boston, nor is the Women's Educational and Industrial Union, known to the irreverent as the Women's Educational Cake and Worsted Works opposite the Common. Let us not avoid the issue by a topographical digression.

Sea-Food, Etc.

"Mr. Perry Vasseller rushed to the defence of Boston. He spoke lovingly of scrod, of an unsurpassable lobster salad at a certain hotel in town, of broiled tripe served here at another hotel, of swordfish, "so peerless that Boston forbids its sale to the rest of the country and reserves the entire catch for its exclusive use"; and even the writer for Collier's repented, had an awakening of conscience if not a stomachic turn, and admitted though grudgingly that he had heard of Boston baked beans, blueberry cake and blueberry pie. But the swordfish is to be obtained in other towns and villages, if one cares to eat it. To our mind it is a greatly overrated dish. Scrod

[illegible] refection used to be served on [illegible]edore in the years when a sailing [illegible]sel took guests from Portsmouth, [illegible]nen Kate Field and Parson Hepworth [illegible]ent rowing together, when those seated [illegible] the hotel veranda would hear the [illegible]olin of Julius Eichberg playing at Mrs. [illegible]haxter's cottage.

Kitchen Pride.

The Marylander swears that there is [illegible] eating worthy the name outside his [illegible]te. This loyalty, this kitchen-pride [illegible] found all over the world. Each [illegible]-eater would die contending that [illegible] own clay bed was the best. Mr. [illegible]kimer Johnson writes to us that [illegible] most wonderful flapjacks he ever [illegible] in all his years striving to obtain [illegible]tion and also material for his [illegible]sal work (as yet unpublished), he [illegible] early this month at Peterboro, N. H. The waffles at the Massasoit House in Springfield tempted us in boyhood days to stop over a train on our way to Thanksgiving and Christmas at home. A white-haired man at the Porphyry told us yesterday that he had never in Paris, Berlin, or New York tasted such food as was prepared at his grandmother's in Chelsea, Vt. "I do not refer only to the salt pork cut in thin slices and fried in a cream sauce, to the seed cakes, cookies and gingerbread. There was the Tunbridge tart. It stood higher than a loaf of Boston brown bread, and it was larger in circumference. Layers of doughnut stuff were separated by layers of Shaker applesauce, rich and slab. I wonder if the tart were named after Tunbridge, a village near Chelsea, or after Tunbridge, England. Is any real Shaker applesauce now to be had? The world is not what it used to be, Mr. Smithers. Will you join me? Although the rum is not what it used to be, when a pail of it stood in the grocery store, and there was a dipper handy."

Old and New.

We were reading that in the 13th century Englishmen—a hardy race—were fond of the heron, the crane, the crow, the cormorant and the bittern. Pike brought more than salmon in the market. In the late Nineties the Heron-Editor of the Boston Journal tried to awaken the farmers of New England to the importance of raising herons for the market, but he appealed to deaf ears and died, partly from grief, partly from indulgence, when his feet were wet, in baked heron and hot buttered rum. He died a martyr; yet there is no statue erected in his honor; there is not even a memorial tablet. The Journal appointed no successor to him. People still eat turkey when they should eat heron, by far the nobler bird.

Liberal-minded as we are, we cannot find pleasure in the thought of "butter powder" now advertised in newspapers of Berlin. "Four penny worth of the powder dissolved in a litre of water will produce a pound of butter. A careful housekeeper need not give this butter to the servants, but can use it for her own table." Nor should we drop a detective story to eat "the little new eroser of the common fern," now recommended in England as "very delicate." "Cut them when they are quite young and still curled up small, and compel a reluctant cook to boil them and serve them with such sauce as she bestows on asparagus." We too, would be reluctant.

In Her Bath.

As the World Wags:

"The Old Un," objecting today to the use of the cigarette by authors and playwrights to indicate devilishness and to the bath as adding tone, suggests that one more run might be had from the old props by combining them—let the heroine smoke cigarettes in her bath. OMIKRON P. ROE.

Boston, Sept. 17.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE — The San Carlo Grand Opera Company in Bizet's "Carmen." Mr. Guerrieri conducted.

Don Jose	Giuseppe Agostini
Escamillo	Millo Picco
Dancaire	Natale Cervi
Dancairo	Luciano Rossini
Zuniga	Pietro De Biasi
Morales	L. Dellemolle
Micaela	Maria Fara
Frasquita	Annette Chabot
Mercedes	Anna Hasse
Carmen	Mme. Pauline Donalda

The feature of the performance last evening was the Carmen of Mme. Donalda. Born in Montreal of Russian and Polish parents. The singer, once known as a lyric soprano, made her first appearance in Brussels in 1905. She sang in America under Oscar Hammerstein's management. Among her best parts were Violetta, Mimi, Micaela, Juliet, Zerlina, Marguerite and Manon. At Nice she created the role of Jenny in Leoncavallo's "Chatterton," while at Covent Garden, where she was for a time a favorite, she created the part of Ah-Joe in Leoni's "L'Oracolo."

There is a story of how her stage name was assumed out of gratitude to Lord Strathcona, then Sir Donald A. Smith, whose prize and scholarship she won while a student at the Royal Victoria College in Montreal.

Most arresting her impersonation was [illegible] interesting. Her voice is not [illegible] tropical, yet it has a certain richness and she knows how to color tones seductively. She was a striking figure, too, and her characterization was not lacking in vitality or abandon. Certain details of her performance might be questioned: for example she entered on the arm of a middle-aged gallant and, singing of Lillas Pastia's tavern, she winked joyfully at the audience as she observed Don Jose's growing discomfiture. The singer's phrasing was excellent, her diction admirable and it was a pleasure to see an experienced artist on the stage.

Mr. Agostini was not vocally or dramatically impressive as Don Jose. Mr. Picco's entrance song was redemanded by the audience. Others in the cast were capable. The chorus of women in the first act was effective and spirited. Mme. Donalda sang in French, the others in Italian.

The opera this afternoon will be "Tales of Hoffmann." This evening "Il Trovatore" will close the engagement.

Sept 26 1915

Some of us remember pleasantly Alexander Siloti, the pianist, known in London as Ziloti. He came to Boston without trumpet blasts of puffery and charmed and delighted us by the elegance of his performance. For "elegance," a sadly-abused word, describes his playing. He was an agreeable, well-educated gentleman, with a curiously ingenuous streak in his composition. He showed us a photograph of himself and Liszt, and said: "When this was taken I wished to sit at the feet of my master; but Liszt said: 'No, I am through; my career is at an end. It is fitting that I should be seated in a chair. You, my dear pupil, will carry on my work; you must stand.'"

Of late years, Mr. Siloti, well-to-do, has busied himself as an orchestral conductor. Not long ago, he wrote to Mr. Simpson of Edinburgh about music in Russia: "Having no 'grand concerts' (his usual series of orchestral concerts in Petrograd) I have founded free orchestral concerts for the people. Already I have given 16 of these, and the splendid idea is to be carried out again in the coming season, although then I shall have once more the 'grand concerts,' but now at the Imperial Opera, not in the Salle de la Noblesse. These will be subscription concerts, two of which will be devoted to the memory of Scriabin, in whom Russia lost a genius."

Mr. Siloti has been charged with signing a manifesto, protesting against the use of modern German music in Russia during the war. In his letter to Mr. Simpson, Siloti says: "I have never written such a thing. What I did write was entirely another affair. I wrote to Mengelberg (the eminent Dutch conductor), asking him to inform the leading German conductors that after the incident of the Lusitania it was impossible for me to play again Germany, for I could not possibly endure the applause of brigands. I will never again appear upon the platform in that country. For this reason my debut as conductor at the famous Gewandhaus in Leipsic (I rejoice in the fact) will never take place, nor will any German musician ever play again in my house, be he a Wagner among composers or an Anton Rubinstein among pianists, an Ysaye among violinists, a Casals among violoncellists. Neither Reger nor Strauss will ever be played again, only Mozart, Beethoven, Bach, Schubert and their like, for these geniuses have nothing in common with the German assassins of today! Next year I shall play two symphonies of Beethoven and Bach's 'Magnificat' and Funeral Ode. Si Dieu ou la Religion existe, ce n'est pas possible que ces assassins puissent gagner leur but d'une bete sauvage."

The London Times, speaking of orchestral concerts in London, notices changes at Queen's Hall this year. "The audiences used to be invited to purchase the scores of Beethoven and Tchaikovsky, Wagner and Weber. Now, instead of young men brandishing little yellow books before our faces, we have young women meekly offering us pink packets of chocolate and particolored packets of cigarettes. Instead of feeding our minds upon the intricacies of transposing instruments, we may feed—other parts of ourselves. The sound of crackly paper and even of crunching sweets sometimes mingles with planissimo passages of orchestration, and perhaps presently the management will add a rider to the notice about striking matches during the music, which shall read 'and not eat chocolates aloud', but then it must be made applicable to ladies as well as gentlemen. Must we infer that the cultivation of the mind is abandoned for the luxuries of the body? Perhaps in the old days the mind was too anxious to display itself. Certainly for most people it is more difficult to listen to music and read a score at the same time than it is to listen and eat a chocolate. One often had the impression that the diligent students were missing the music in their devotion to the notes of the score. The chocolate may be less distracting. The change is, however, a symptom of a certain change of attitude toward the promenades. In other ways than this the audience seems to be more passive than once it was. There is less eagerness, less decisive approbation of the things which can truly be called popular. Instead people come prepared to accept whatever is given them without much distinction or much active enthusiasm." It appears that Tchaikovsky is still the great awakener in London. "It has been a Tchaikovsky week, with 'Hamlet' on Tuesday night, the Piano Concerto and the Pathetic Symphony on Wednesday, and 'Francesca' on Thursday. These have not only drawn that sharp outburst of applause which used to greet any conspicuously fine performance of a well known work from Bach to Elgar, but have produced the alert listening, the expectation of thrills and the noting of special points in the interpretation which used to make one feel the Promenade audience to be the most living one that London can produce. But Tchaikovsky is the most insistent—one might say the most tub-thumping—of great composers, and it takes all that he and Sir Henry Wood can do together to make the audience 'sit up' both literally and figuratively. One gathers that they do not come in order to be made to sit up. They used to come to the Promenades for a bit of vivid life after the routine of a long day's work; now they come to be soothed and to forget the more strenuous activities which seem so near during the day's work, even to those who are not engaged in them. In one department our listeners have undergone little change. Queen's Hall audiences were never very strong in forming, or at any rate in expressing, a judgment upon solo performances, either vocal or instrumental. The soloist always did and still does come in for hearty applause, irrespective of the artistic quality of his performance. One would like to find an audience capable of expressing an opinion of such performance on its merits. It would be helpful and salutary to the performers, especially the singers. On the whole the solo performances have been on a distinctly higher level this year than last, but there have been a few singers who have seemed to get more than they deserved from an indulgent audience. The attitude of the audience is really important because of its effect upon the performance. The New Queen's Hall orchestra is certainly even better than the old, which was good, but there must come a danger of deterioration in the finer qualities of playing if only the most strenuous demonstrations can awaken the listeners to full sympathy."

The first program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra includes music by Beethoven, Brahms, Strauss, Liszt. There was an effort by some Frenchmen early in the war to prove that as Beethoven's ancestors lived at Louvain, he should be reckoned among the Belgian composers. We mention this fact for the sake of any one that is tempted through sympathy with the allies to protest against the "German" character of this first program. He should also bear in mind that Strauss refused to sign the preposterous statement of many German learned professors and deep thinkers. It is true that Liszt was a Hungarian by birth, a rhapsodic Hungarian, but he lived in Paris and loved it, and incidentally ran off with the wife of a French count, or rather she ran off with him. There is no excuse for Brahms: he was aggressively arrogantly German; but his "Tragic" overture was not inspired by any thought of war, and the choice of it suits the present time.

Anyone protesting against the abuse of German music should look at the second program. Enesco, a Roumanian by birth, has long lived in Paris. Ravel is now in the French army. Loeffler, an Alsatian by his birthplace, an American by adoption, is surely not in league with either Kaiser or the Turk. Dvorak was a Czech, although if some in New York, writing about his "New World" symphony, are to be believed, he was at heart and by conviction a southern Negro.

Pinero's New Play, "The Big Drum"

A head of gold; a tail of lead! It is a thousand pities that one should have to say this about a play that every one in the world of our theatre wished should be the triumph of the war season. None the less, it is all too true of "The Big Drum," produced at the St. James' last night with everything that cast, production and audience could do toward the making of a success. Not for the first time Sir Arthur Pinero's two selves seem to have been at loggerheads. On the one side there is Pinero the happy and broadly human satirist. On the other, the Pinero of "Iris" and "Letty," the patient searcher of individual temperaments. The satirist began a delightful and well deserved challenge of a familiar public foible. Then the other Pinero caught sight of a temperament. The temptation proved irresistible. So the interest narrowed and dwindled, and at the end, though there was something done, it was certainly not the thing that Sir Arthur had set out to do.

But let us look on the bright side first. "The desire of fame betrays an ambitious man into indecencies that lessen his reputation; he is still afraid lest any of his actions should be thrown away in private." With this piquant apophthegm from Addison as his text, Sir Arthur gives us a deliciously gay couple of acts in exposure of the scramble for self-advertisement in its modern forms. He shows us in Philip Mackworth (Sir George Alexander) a high-idealed but unsuccessful novelist, who is striving to win an honorable fame by just giving "the best for the highest." Amid all the West end riff-raff who gather in his friend Robert Rooper's rooms, including a puff-paragraphist—most cleverly played by Mr. Stanley Cooke, and evidently conceived as a miniature of a late well known expert—Philip Mackworth meets a certain Ottoline Comtesse de Chaumie, nee Filson (Miss Irene Vanbrugh), whom he had known and loved 10 years before in Paris. Even in those days Ottoline herself had been not untainted with the cult of the "big drum." But now she is a widow, and to some extent repentant. After an exceedingly charming little love scene they decide to get married; but only when Philip shall have proved the value of true "undrummed" worth by the success of his coming book.

Then we are introduced to the two supreme victims—or rather masters—of the art of the "big drum." They are the father and mother of the Comtesse, Sir Randle and Lady Filson (Mr. Allan Aynesworth and Miss Helen Ferrers). With them the need for notoriety is not a mere falling. To be mentioned in paragraphs is their religion, their fortune, their all. As pieces of satiric character-drawing they are as rich as anything that Sir Arthur has ever given us—above all, pompous and serene Sir Randle. He is played by Mr. Allan Aynesworth (made up in obviously accidental likeness to Sir Joseph Lyons), with a humor that would have been amazing had not Mr. Aynesworth prepared us for it with his lordly "crook" in "Ready Money." After exasperated but fruitless opposition, Sir Randle and Lady Filson agree to Philip and Ottoline's engagement, on the stipulation of the coming novel's success. So far, everything happy.

From this time forward, however, the real comedy of the "big drum" just dies away. Philip's book turns out an apparent complete success. Some 24,000 copies are sold, and he and Ottoline are to be duly married. Suddenly, through a detective employed by Ottoline's brother Bertram (Mr. Nigel Playfair), it is discovered that the supposed success is entirely due to Ottoline, who had arranged with the publisher to buy all the copies herself. For the moment, Philip's only feeling is wounded pride. He dismisses Ottoline with an icy bow of "thanks." Next morning, just as his friend Roope (Mr. Norman Forbes)—the Cayley Drummle of the play—had gone to Ottoline with a message of reconciliation, Ottoline returns to forgive Philip and be forgiven. But not to marry him. She has realized, she says, that there is an inherent vulgarity in her own character. If Philip married her he would be only her pensioner. So she goes off to marry (presumably) an Irish commercial baronet—a wholly welcome character, who had already paid us some bright visits. It was beautifully played by Mr. Leonard Boyne. Philip sits down to his desk alone, and that is the end of the play.

Despite its faults, "The Big Drum" has some pieces of acting in it that would have made it memorable if only on their own account. Miss Irene Vanbrugh has seldom been cleverer, never tenderer, certainly never more charming, than she is as this Anglo-Parisian comtesse, with her French accent that had once been pose and was now habit, her breaking into French—true enough to character in being not always flawless—at moments both of grace and stress. It was not only a fine performance, but a genuine creation, exquisite alike in its intelligence and its sincerity. The very inconsistency of the play only made the personal test and triumph greater. Sir George Alexander's Philip is excellently simple and light and unaffected—putting quite to shame the inevitable velvet coat and large-winged tie of the stage novelist that he was constrained to wear. His delivery of a great anti-boom speech in the second act is a capital bit of elocution. The reception to each of the earlier acts was one of whole-hearted joy. At the last curtain it was at least friendly, but Sir George contented himself with "the curtain of one of our allies," in announcing merely that "this play is by Sir Arthur Pinero."—Pall Mall Gazette, Sept. 2.

The Pall Mall Gazette also says: "One of the most interesting features of the production of 'The Big Drum' is the reappearance of Mr. Leonard Boyne. Although the popular Irish actor in no way reveals the fact, he is one of the veterans of the stage, for he was born in the early fifties, and commenced his professional career over 45 years ago at the age of 17. Mr. Boyne's first appearance in London was at the now vanished Globe Theatre in 1876, when he appeared in Wilkie Collins's 'Miss Gwilt,' as Ozias Midwinter, and eight years later he became well known by his creation of the title role in 'Claudian' with Wilson Barrett. Tonight's is not the first Pinero production in which he has figured, for he played Jack Allingham in 'The Benefit of the Doubt.' Mr. Boyne's last big success was with Miss Lena Ashwell in 'Leah Kleschna.'"

The Daily Telegraph said that the play as a whole is not "characteristic Pinero chiefly for the reason that it does not form a very coherent whole. It is, for its author, curiously loosely knit. It is also in places, especially in the last act, very verbose."

Mr William Archer: "'The Big Drum' is certainly one of Sir Arthur Pinero's four or five plays. It is both a play of character and a social satire . . . its technique is brilliant. If the applause at the end was less prolonged than after the earlier acts that was only because Sir Arthur had sternly forbidden the banns between two lovers for whom he had not enlisted our warm sympathies. The end was not unforeseen; it was essential to his character scheme."

The Daily Mail: "When true to himself, he (Sir Arthur Pinero) is quite inimitable and in 'The Big Drum' he is at his best. Indeed, its boom . . . will go rolling round the English-speaking world for many a day . . . The old-fashioned ending is not for them."

To the Westminster Gazette the play seems "radically too conventional to stand such an unconventional ending."

"Odd" is the word by which the Times characterizes the ending—whatever that may mean.

"Most of Sir Arthur's plays end oddly, but this ending is surely his crowning oddity. Why should Philip and Ottoline lose their chance of love and happiness because Philip has literary ambitions which Ottoline fears she might spoil? This is putting literature high."

One journal remarks that "the conventional reconciliation is not portrayed, but there are some comforting hints."

Popular Demand for Old-Fashioned Happy Endings

Sir Arthur Pinero altered the last act of "The Big Drum." The lovers are reuinted. "The comedy now ends on a happy note." His reason for bowing to the public was published in The Herald at the time. Many will regret this, thinking that the Daily Express was right in saying: "Our master dramatist is the one member of his craft who can afford to sacrifice effect for verisimilitude. The experiment is a risky one at a moment when the public is going to the theatre for laughter, not for tears. But from the point of view of art and reason, the 'unhappy ending' is inevitable;" nor will they be consoled by the remark of the Daily News that Pinero "has got rid of his acrid and hard bitterness."

The Pall Mall Gazette gossiped about some precedents for Sir Arthur's action:

"Sir Arthur Pinero has once previously altered a play after it had been written. The story is told in the Times today (Sept. 4).

"When he wrote 'The Profligate' he submitted the manuscript to Sir John Hare, who agreed to produce it on one condition: that the author—who had ended his play with the suicide of the penitent profligate at the very moment when his wife was coming back to him with pity and forgiveness in her heart—should alter it to provide a happy ending. Sir John Hare, as he frankly admitted in a letter to the newspapers, felt somewhat timorous of braving a popular prejudice in favor of theatrical happiness in the last act of new plays, and he suggested that as a matter of expediency a reconciliation should be brought about between the reformed profligate and his innocent wife.

"Sir Arthur fell in with the managerial view, and the play was amended accordingly, but at the same time he decided that when the play came to be printed the tragic note should be restored, and when Mr. William Heinemann published the play in 1891 the original text was duly given. Mr. Clement Scott and Mr. William Archer were among those who approved of Sir Arthur Pinero's decision to change the ending.

"Another and closer precedent is given by the Times, which recalls that when Mr. Dion Boucicault first produced 'The Octoroon,' at the Adelphi, in November, 1861, he aroused a theatrical storm by killing off his heroine in the last act. The Times recorded the fact that several of the audience were dissatisfied with the unfortunate end of the heroine, and Mr. Boucicault immediately wrote a letter expressing his surprise at the lukewarm reception of the last act by the public. Eventually, however, he bowed to the popular taste, and provided the necessary happy ending.

"While the controversy was raging, Punch published a poem entitled 'Saving the Octoroon,' which began:

> Upon the couch she lies so pale,
> 'Tis but a graceful swoon;
> What? Poison? Nay, 'tis sure, a tale,
> He'll never thus our hearts assail;
> And kill the Octoroon.

"But the author, according to the poem, realized the error of his ways:

> The author heard; he rubbed his chin.
> "They'll call me a poltroon.
> But if her death the houses thin
> Perhaps 'tis time I should begin
> To save the Octoroon.'

"Perhaps the most comic precedent is that of Mr. Wilson Barrett, who, after the first performance of 'The Christian King,' also at the Adelphi, in December, 1902, endeavored to please the public by acting on a suggestion to introduce a representative of King Alfred, the hero, burning the cakes.

"More recently Sir James Barrie altered, after its production, 'The Legend of Leonora,' in such a way as to make the whole incident a dream instead of, as originally intended, a delightful piece of phantasy."

But why not go back to the old production of "Romeo and Juliet" with the resuscitation of Juliet in the last act and the sound of wedding bells in the distance.

Perhaps Oscar Wilde's addition of a line in "Lady Windermere's Fan" was necessary. "Wilde had defied the convention that the audience must not be left in the dark. On the first night they were, until the very end, and resented it. The difficulty was solved by a one-line soliloquy at the edge of the first curtain: 'How can I tell her that this is her mother?' Then all was well. The audience was at once inside the plot."

A New Book About Pianists and Teachers

The following review of Miss Brower's book is by Miss Katharine Wright of The Boston Herald staff:

"Piano Mastery, Talks with Master Pianists and Teachers," by Harriette Brower, published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York, is of interest to both students and teachers.

The talks were obtained at the suggestion of the editor of Musical America and with a few exceptions have appeared in that paper. In certain cases the talks have been lengthened and elaborated, others are in their original form. Twenty-eight chapters are devoted to the discussion by as many famous pianists of their methods in playing and teaching.

There are additional chapters on "Hans von Buelow as Teacher and Interpreter," "Hints on Interpretation from Two American Teachers, William Sherwood and Dr. William Mason," and "Vital Points in Piano Playing."

Arranged in the order in which the talks were obtained, the list of artists, while an imposing one, is not exhaustive. There is a judicious mingling of youth and middle-age, the dead and the living, but some will wonder at certain selections, others marvel at omissions. Why, for instance, is there no chapter devoted to Mr. de Pachmann? It is true he is mentioned on page 296 in connection with tone color, but that is all.

Admirers of Mr. Hofmann will exclaim or pout that he too is neglected and has but scanty attention in this volume. Then, too, the elusive and mysterious Mr. Godowsky, Mme. Olga Samaroff, showy and brilliant; young Mr. Grainger, a pianist to be reckoned with, and Mr. Copeland, the Debussyan—surely these should not be missing from the collection. No doubt they might be persuaded to become talkative, and even confidential.

It is of course fitting that the first chapter should be devoted to Mr. Paderewski. Miss Brower calls him a Prince of Tones and waxes enthusiastic. "When Paderewski first came to us in the flush of his young manhood, he taught us what a noble instrument the piano really is in the hands of a consummate master."

Known as a pianist and composer, Paderewski gives few lessons. Two of his pupils, Sigismond Stojowski and Mme. Antoinette Szumowska are quoted in remarks about his teaching. Mme. Szumowska says: "My lessons with Paderewski were somewhat irregular. We worked together whenever he came to Paris. Sometimes I did not see him for several months, and then he would be in Paris for a number of weeks; at such seasons we worked together very often. Frequently these lessons were given in my cousin's house, began very late in the evening—around 10 o'clock—and lasted till midnight, or even till 1 in the morning."

Ernest Schelling was a wonder child. He played a great deal when a small boy, but from 15 to 20 did not practise as he should. He has good ideas about memorizing: "In regard to memorizing piano music, it may be said this can be accomplished in three ways, namely, with the eye, with the ear and with the hand. For example, I take a piece and read it through with the eye, just as I would read a book. I get familiar with the notes in this way and see how they look in print. I learn to know them so well that I have a mental photograph of them, and if necessary could recall any special measure or phrase so exactly that I could write it. All the time my mental ear has been hearing those notes and is familiar with them. Then the third stage arrives; I must put all this on the keyboard, my fingers must have their training; impressions must pass from the mind to the fingers; then all is complete."

Mr. Ernest Consolo, on the other hand, has no method for memorizing, in fact, does not know when the memorizing takes place. When he knows a piece technically he knows it by heart. Concentration is in his opinion the keynote of piano mastery, while another vital principal is relaxation, poise and easy adjustment in every part of the body.

Mr. Stojowski feels that the most vital thing in piano playing is to learn to think. He recommends students to read William James's "Talks on Psychology." Rudolph Ganz insists that the conserving of vital energy in piano practise is the essential. Then, too, the pianist should bring out the composer's meaning, plus his own inspiration and feeling.

Mme. Tina Lerner takes the occasion to refute the idea that she studied with Leschetizky. She has never been in Vienna. She began her music when about 4 years old by playing the Russian National Hymn on a toy piano containing eight keys. After five years of study with Rudolph Helm, a pupil of Moscheles, she entered the conservatory of Moscow, where she worked with Prof. Pabst for about six years. She then began her career in public. During Miss Lerner's periods of rest from concert work she practises a great deal, using Chopin's Etudes constantly. She considers the audience her greatest teacher, and she prefers playing in America to anywhere else, for to her there is more real appreciation and understanding here than in any other country.

Miss Ethel Leginska regards technic only as a means to an end. She is convinced of a great future for the piano and its music. To her the piano is a revealer of character. Hearing a pianist Miss Leginska knows at once whether the nature of the player is small, cramped, a slave to detail, or built on broad, generous lines. Her ambition is to become a composer.

Mrs. Thomas Tapper (Bertha Fiering), who died recently, felt that music meant much more than merely exercising the fingers. The student should have a good general education. The music pupil should be familiar with musical literature, history and biography, the lives and writings of great composers. Mrs. Tapper acknowledged that her achievements were entirely the result of her study with Leschetizky.

Miss Katharine Goodson, another Leschetizky pupil, memorizes by analysis. "First, I go over the work several times to get a general idea of the whole. Then I analyze it, for I feel it absolutely necessary to know keys, chords and construction. A work should be so well understood along these lines that it can be played in another key as well as in the one in which it is written."

To those teachers who insist upon the absolute perfection in the execution of scales, arpeggios and chords as the open sesame to immediate progress, the remarks on this subject by the admirable pianist, Mr. Harold Bauer, will seem iconoclastic, not to say revolutionary.

"As you know," says Mr. Bauer, "I do not believe in the so-called 'piano technic' which must be practised laboriously outside of pieces. I do not believe in spending a lot of time in such practice, for I feel it is time wasted and leads nowhere. I do not believe, for instance, in the struggle to play a perfectly even scale. A scale should never be 'even,' for it must be full of variety and life. A perfectly even scale is on a dead level; it has no life; it is machine made. The only sense in which the word 'even' may be applied to a scale is for its rhythmic quality; but even in this sense a beautiful scale has slight variations, so that it is never absolutely regular either in tone or rhythm. Then I do not believe in taking up a new composition and working at the technical side of it first. I study it in the first place from the musical side. I see what may be the meaning of the music, what ideas it seeks to convey, what was in the composer's mind when he wrote it. In other words, I get a good general idea of the composition as a whole. When I have this I begin to work out the detail."

With regard to technic, just the reverse opinion is held by Miss Eleanor Spencer, who thoroughly believes in practising outside of pieces. This, she says, brings the hand into condition and keeps it up to the mark, so that difficult compositions are more readily within the grasp and technical requirements in them are more easily met.

Mme. Teresa Carreno as a child found an ideal teacher in her father, who wrote out for her 580 technical exercises. Some consisted of difficult passages from the great composers—perhaps originally written for one hand—which he would arrange for two hands, so that each hand had the same amount of work to do. In this manner Mme. Carreno's hands had equal training. These 580 exercises required three days to go through. Her father also insisted upon the importance of transposing.

Mr. Wilhelm Backhaus is fussy about his seat. He claims to sit lower than most amateurs, who, in general, are apt to sit too high. Mme. Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler insists that a knowledge of harmony is necessary before a pupil can understand the rules of pedalling. According to Mr. Ossip Gabrilowitsch, a romantic pianist of the first rank, nothing should be done for a merely mechanical end. A Czerny Etude should be played with as much care and finish as a Beethoven sonata. Scales should be practised with a beautiful quality and variety of tone.

Apropos of programs, Mme. Germaine Schnitzer says: "An artist playing in London, Paris or New York—I class these [illegible] together, [illegible] the same sort of programme in each. The selections will not be too heavy in character. In Madrid or Vienna, the works may be even more brilliant. It is Berlin that demands heavy, solid meat. I play Bach there, Beethoven and Brahms. It is a severe test to play in Berlin and win success."

There are other chapters devoted to Carl M. Roeder, Tobias Mattay, Mark Hambourg, Thuel Burnham, Edwin Hughes, Arthur Hochmann, Agnes Morgan, Eugene Heffley, Alexander Lambert, Adele aus der Ohe, Ferrucio Busoni, Hans von Buelow, the last interview granted by Raoul Pugno before his death, besides the two final ones concerning Messrs. Sherwood and Mason's ideas on interpretation and Miss Brower's own opinions on "Vital Points in Piano Playing, Composite Principle Deduced from Talks with Eminent Pianists and Teachers."

Random Notes of a Personal Nature

A bronze medallion of the late Sir W. S. Gilbert was placed in position on the Embankment Aug. 31. It is the work of Sir George Frampton, R. A. Beneath the head of the playwright are figures of Comedy and Tragedy. The inscription reads:

> 1836—1911.
> W. S. Gilbert,
> Playwright and Poet.
> "His foe was folly
> and his weapon wit."

The medallion faces Charing Cross district station, and is about 200 yards from the bust of Gilbert's collaborator, Sir Arthur Sullivan, in the Embankment Gardens.

Sir George Alexander has often been accused of giving a jog to masculine dress, moderating the more furious eccentricities of the youths. Our dramatic critic noted the velvet coat in "The Big Drum" as symbol of the men of artistic temperament. You know that symbol on the stage; but is it likely that the velvet coat, having disappeared for years, will return to fashion? Yet it lasts well, and should make a good lounge coat for the man who has taken honorable discharge from khaki.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Paul Rubens, composer of music for comedies, now engaged on a new musical play for the Adelphi Theatre, London, to be produced next month, broke his right wrist in an automobile accident Sept. 4.

Miss Evangeline Florence, formerly of this city, is in the Harrison Frewen opera company, now singing in the English provinces.

Mr. Mallinson Randall, director of the music in the Hill school, Pennsylvania, relates a true story of a New York vicar who a few years ago instructed his organist to sound low C on the pedal organ 15 minutes after the beginning of any sermon not preached by himself! This vicar's organist was often accused of "stretching" the facts, so he carried with him convincing evidence in the shape of the written command of his chief.

Mr. Randall himself was once criticised severely by a pompous member of a New York congregation because he "sang the same thing Sunday after Sunday between the first lesson and the second." On being shown the service lists bearing the composers' names indicating the various settings of the Magnificat, the critic grew very angry, and shouted out: "I do not mean the music—why do you always sing the samewords?" —New Music Review.

Kennerley Rumford, baritone and the intrepid husband of Mme. Clara Butt, has been gazetted to a full lieutenancy and is now attached to the general headquarters staff at the general headquarters in France.

Laurette Taylor returned in London to "Peg o' My Heart" Sept. 6. The play is called "one of the nearest approaches to a successful revival of the old Robertsonian type of drama that has been seen in our times."

A Few Notes About Revivals and New Plays

"The Spanish Main," by Vasco Marenas (Wimbledon Theatre, Sept. 4), is described as a jolly set of pictures with pirates who romp and riot across the world from Spain, pictorial pirates with alluring clothes, and a leader with a bald head and a green patch where an eye should be. "The story is no great matter." Oscar Asche took the leading part as an Irish captain.

"Hindle Wakes" was revived at the Duke of York's Theatre Sept. 4. "What a rich bit of life it is! More life than play. It is too long in the middle. It has its trivial and repeated moments, and there are traces still that its author never thought it was going to be taken so seriously as the world took it. Still, it is a sure classic, and like all classics, it has its moods."

Under the title, "London and Paris," "The Only Way," the adaptation from "A Tale of Two Cities," popularized in England by Mr. Martin Harvey, was produced with marked success at the Town Theatre, Amsterdam, on Wednesday last, Sept. 1, says the Times, the Sydney Carton of the eminent Dutch actor, Jan Musch, arousing great enthusiasm. The program contained a portrait of Dickens.

... "George Pley- ... G... Bancroft), was produced at ... London, Sept. 4. "It is in no sense an ambitious affair just a more or less straightforward crime-mystery play, including the now inevitable trial scene, with a vigorous little bit of Grand Guignol tacked on to the end of it. But it was supremely l[u]cky. It had the luck to be played by exactly the right people. It had the luck to come after a long series of American plays in the same category, and to capture the honor of reminding us that if 'Crook Drama' is needed our actress can do it as well as anybody. Perhaps it was lucky even in being produced during war time. The fate of 'The Big Drum' shows how little patience we have just now for more conscientious soul-study." Sir Hubert Ware (Gerald du Maurier) is supposed to be a bad baronet, a sportsman, popular and generous, deep in debt, agreeable to every one except his wife (Marie Cohr). He has been tried for the murder of his rich brother-in-law. Everything pointed to him as the murderer. His wife stands by him. An old bootmaker perjures himself in his behalf. Sir Hubert protests his innocence. Lady Ware faints. The curtain falls. The jury acquitted him. Returning home he embraces his wife who forgives him infidelities. The crowd cheers outside. Sir Hubert drinks champagne and confesses he was the murderer, after all. The bookmaker had given him a phial of poison. Sir Hubert drinks it and drops dead.

"Converts," a new one-act comedy, by Harold Brighouse (Duke of York, Sept. 6). "It is an ingenious and amusing little piece, showing how Jim Pontifex, once a noted pugilist named 'Lighting Jim of Wigan,' was converted by a pretty maiden belonging to the Salvation Army, and how when his identity was questioned, he took immediate measures to establish it by knocking the Bermondsey Chicken into a cocked hat. Mr. Brighouse treats his fable very pleasantly, although here again there is a distinct tendency to verbosity."

Music New and Old and Musicians

The Daily Telegraph says of the concert version of Debussy's music to the mystery play, "The Martyrdom of Saint Schastian," that it leaves little impression save one of intense and unutterable gloom. "Characteristic in their evasiveness, these 'symphonic fragments' can hardly be said in any other respects to be very typical of their composer, and, while there is no reason to doubt that the music represents a sincere attempt on his part to conjure up an exalted mood, it can scarcely be pretended that in the result, as revealed, at any rate, in these excerpts, he contrives to say anything of really vital musical interest. And even in the strains accompanying Schastian's dance within the 'parallelogram of fire' Debussy does his spiriting so gently that one finds it difficult to visualize a scene intended to depict the saint's ecstatic abandonment to religious fervor." This concert version was played for the first time in London on Aug. 24. When the music was performed here at a concert in the Boston Opera House it made little impression, but the performance was not of the first class.

The promenade concert in London of Sept. 1 was "A Russian Night." "To be really national the symphony should have been Tschaikowsky's Second, which is known as the Russian, and has a wonderful Cossack finale, instead of the Sixth, the inevitable Pathetic."

The vexed question as to what is the most popular piece of music in the world has been solved by Sousa. He declares it to be the "Tannhaeuser" overture, and gives the following list of universal favorites in due order: "Tannhaeuser" overture, "Lucia" sextet (Donizetti), "Stars and Stripes" (Sousa), "Blue Danube" waltz (Strauss), "Carmen," "William Tell" and "Poet and Peasant" (Suppe) overtures. This list may seem a somewhat surprising one, and many people might expect to see included in it favorite tunes of the moment, instead of those mentioned. But it must be remembered that although the performances of, say, "Tipperary" during a twelvemonth might vastly outnumber those of the "Tannhaeuser" overture during the same time, yet if an average were taken for 10 years or more, and the whole of the civilized world taken into account, there is no doubt that the Wagner overture would easily beat the most popular melody of the lighter type. One notices that while Sousa chooses French, German, Italian and even American pieces, nothing from England or Russia figures in the list.—Daily Chronicle.

Novello & Co. publish two arrangements of old songs, Shield's ballad "The Arethusa," for men's voices, with accompaniment by Frank M. Jephson, and "Sir Eglamore," for treble voices, with accompaniment by H. Balfour Gardiner. The London Times says: "These are the sort of tunes which are apt to lead to useless sighing over the decadence of modern music. Even Shield, who lived until 1829, was able to rush into a tune with a careless certainty about the result which scarcely one of our present-day composers can do more than imitate, and his 'Arethusa' is one of his best examples. The words of 'Sir Eglamore' come from 'The Melancholy Knight' (1615) and the tune from Playford's 'Pleasant Musical Companion' (1687). It is what Sir Andrew Aguecheek would call 'a song of good life.' So is the 'Arethusa,' but it is a good life of a more bucolic kind. Both are skilfully arranged with added vocal parts which deck without obscuring the frankness of the tunes. Sir Frederick Bridge's turn for musical facetiousness is well known, and 'Peace—a Fable,' set for mixed voices and for men's voices, will add to his popularity. It is a good specimen of its kind, but placed beside the others we have named we see the contrast between the new and the old expression of good humor in part-singing, which is not to the advantage of the new. It is not quite free from the taint of trying to be funny, an evil which the older and broader tunes escape with splendid ease."

I. and W. Chester publish Mr. Fagge's setting of the "Song of the Haulers on the Volga."

The recreative value of music for the troops at and behind the front is urged by a number of French patriotic societies which have combined to supply the widespread demand for musical instruments on the part of French soldiers. With the approval of the military authorities it is proposed to supply 355 bands to reserve and new formations, and to send out flutes, violins, mandolins, guitars, and other single instruments to isolated detachments. The movement is under the auspices of the Touring Club de France, the Society "Pour le Front," the Ligue Francaise and the Ligue des Patriotes.—London Times.

Sept 27 1915

I have heard Silvius, that excellent Phisitian of Paris affirme that to preserve the vigor of our stomake from empairing, it is not amisse once a moneth to rowze up the same by this excesse of drinking; and lest it should grow dull and stupid thereby to stirre it up. And it is written that the Persians, after they had well tippled, were wont to consult of their chiefest affaires. . . . For as much as in age, we have the roofe of our mouthes commonly furred with rhume, or distempered, distasted and altered through some other evill constitution, wine seemeth better unto us and of a quicker relish, according as our pores be either more or lesse open and washed.

The Morning After.

As the World Wags:

What is good standard English for "Katzenjammer"? There is a text in the Bible about "surfeiting and drunkenness." I find that the original Greek means "Katzenjammer and drunkenness." But the word "Katzenjammer" is in such poor standing that it is not given even in dictionaries which give "Kaffeeklatsch" as an English word. Now, what English is there that I could use in translating that text? Do you think "Crapulence" would be so understood, or is "crapulence" commonly taken to mean mere tipsiness? I see R. F. Burton has coupled the words "Crapulence and drunkenness" in precisely this way. Yet, the dictionary seems to think that by "crapulence" Burton meant simply intemperance in drink.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

Ballard Vale.

"Katzenjammer" is a good German word, but there is no reason for its appearance in a dictionary of the English language. In German there may be moral as well as physical "Katzenjammer." The latter is the indisposition that follows drunkenness. The victim may not have been in a beastly state of intoxication; he may only have been "lit up" with a resultant morning headache, "mouth like a last year's bird's nest," "dark brown taste," disinclination to stoop over for the purpose of lacing a boot. There are other phrases of jocose or reproving explanation.

When a man has the "Katzenjammer" he is seedy, in a state of seediness. "Crapulence" comes, if we are not mistaken, through the Latin, from the Greek "Kraipale," meaning drunken headache. "Crapulence" means the indisposition resulting from injudicious drinking; also gross intemperance.

What will relieve "Katzenjammer" is to some the all important question. In student days we saw Berliners in the morning drinking vast quantities of asparagus water served hot in cafes, oyster houses, restaurants. To us it was indescribably nasty. It corresponded to the clam juice recommended by sympathetic barkeepers in our great and gal-iorious republic. The uncle in "The Song of Songs" (Mr. Sheldon's, not Sudermann's) had his little remedy; Mr. Golightly has his; and so through the line of tosspots, soaks and rounders. Some still believe in the old saw about "the hair of the dog." No doubt Mr. Herkimer Johnson has voluminous notes on this subject, but he is in New Hampshire. When he last wrote to us, he said he did not wish to be disturbed, and he would not answer "foolish questions." As if to an earnest sociologist any question could be foolish.—Ed.

Coopers Again.

Apropos of Coopers and cat-tail flags, the Morning Mercury of New Bedford (Sept. 18) published an answer to the query propounded in The Herald. We quote from it:

"Coopers used cat-tail flags to put between cask staves to keep them tight. This was particularly necessary in the old days when the staves were dressed by hand. They are now dressed by machinery, but we believe the flags are still used by the few coopers left who make oil casks. An oil cask is more difficult to make tight because casks filled with oil actually shrink and are liable to leakage whereas the usual contents of casks swell the staves and make them tight. As a student of sociology Mr. Herkimer Johnson would be interested in the decline of the coopering industry in New Bedford. In the golden age of whaling coopering was a great industry at this port. The coopers, like those who followed the trade of whale craft, made fortunes. The race has disappeared. There are but two coopers now doing business here. Ed Cole of Fairhaven is the last of the makers of whaling irons. Most of the new casks now used on the whalers are for ship bread and water. Even the ship bread is different than it was in the days of the old wood ovens when the bread was baked to such a turn and the moisture eliminated so scientifically that bread brought back from a five years' cruise was sometimes as good as when it was shipped. The casks are now so expensive that the whalers buy back the old packages in which oil is brought home and they are used over and over. Some whalers install metal tanks to use instead of casks. In a day when a tern schooner is sent whaling there is nothing characteristic of a whaler excepting the wooden davits. No whaleman has ever been willing to accept the substitution of iron davits, but it is not certain they will not submit to this innovation."

The Biddeford, Me., Journal says: "It is doubtful if cat-tail flags were ever used in the making of rush-bottom chairs, for they become very brittle when dry and lacking in strength."

We thank Mr. R. R. Kendall of Sandwich and Mr. H. H. Lent of Milford for letters with reference to the query, letters confirming what had already been said.

A True Patriot.

A furious German writes to the Vossische Zeitung, Berlin, that at a summer hotel in the Giant mountains of Silesia the landlord daily insults German patriots by printing "ham and eggs" on the bill of fare. The writer wishes to know if the time has even yet not come to let Germans eat "Schinken und Eier." Gott strafe England! And the eggs should be eaten with a knife, more Germanico.

Sept 28 1915

By PHILIP HALE.

TREMONT THEATRE: First performance in Boston of "On Trial," a play in three acts, prologue and epilogue, by Elmer L. Reizenstein. Produced at the Candler Theatre, New York, Aug. 19, 1914. Produced at the Lyric Theatre, London, April 29, 1915.

The Defendant	Frederick Perry
His Daughter	Ethel Downey
His Wife	Marie Leonhard
Her Father	Harrison Stedman
The Dead Man	Frederick Truesdell
His Widow	Jane Wheatley
His Secretary	Hans Robert
A Hotel Proprietor	Lawrence Eddinger
A Physician	George Barr
The Judge	Charles Gilbert
The District Attorney	Neil Moran
The Defendant's Counsel	Gardner Crane
The Court Stenographer	John Brooks
Foreman of the Jury	Howard Wall

Of these players Messrs. Perry, Truesdell, Robert, Eddinger, Barr, Crane and Wall were in the original cast.

This, the first play of Mr. Reizenstein, a young man, interested in problems of socialism and the University settlement, was written in a few weeks. It is said that he spent five and a half years in a lawyer's office. If he had spent more time, say six months or a year instead of a few weeks, on the play, it might have been less crude in melodramatic expression. The years in the lawyer's office should have given him a closer insight into criminal procedure in the courts. Nevertheless it should not be forgotten that Charles Reade, a barrister, made curious blunders in his trial scenes, witness those in "Griffith Gaunt," "Very Hard Cash" and "Foul Play."

But it is not necessary to inquire minutely into the accuracy or the inaccuracy displayed in the treatment of a melodramatic subject. Let it at once be said that "On Trial" is uncommonly interesting. It holds the attention from the beginning to the end. The dramatist has shown his ability to excite this interest at once and to maintain it. The play is one of constant surprises, and the chief surprise is kept for the last scene. Furthermore, the scheme of the play is unusual.

A man respected in the business world and in private life is accused of burglary and murder. Why he killed a man is told by witnesses who act the various scenes. That he did not kill for the sake of money in a safe, the combination lock of which was known only to him and the murdered man, is also shown in a well-devised and unexpected scene in the courtroom. To tell the story in detail would be unfair to many who will undoubtedly visit the Tremont Theatre during the run, which should be a long one.

The dramatist's plan is this: The curtain rises on the court room. The prosecuting attorney and the counsel for the defendant have their allotted say. As each witness is called, the stage is darkened and the scene which each describes is acted before the audience. Thus there is the scene in the library of the murdered man just before the murder, the murder itself, the scene in which the defendant returning home is forced at last to suspect his wife of an intrigue, the scene of what happened thirteen years before explaining the hold the murdered man had on the wife of the murderer, and finally the jury-room with the deliberation of the jury—one of the best scenes in the play, also one that is best acted—and finally the court room with the exposure of the thief and the resultant verdict.

We have spoken of crudities in the dialogue. It is often singularly naive and preposterously melodramatic; but these faults do not mar the general plan of the play, the skill displayed in construction with the uncommonly effective curtains. It is easy to see why the melodrama had marked success in New York and London. The originality of the plan, the swiftness of action, the series of surprises that might be called thrills—these are enough to account for the interest excited in this country and abroad.

It may also be said that the play was acted in the appropriately melodramatic spirit. A capable ensemble in "On Trial" is more essential than any individual acting conspicuous for brilliance. Yet the performance of Mr. Crane, the defendant's counsel; of Mr. Robert, the secretary, and of Mr. Wall, the foreman of the jury, were perhaps especially worthy of mention. Miss Downey as the little daughter of the accused, played without too much self consciousness a taxing part. As the girl at home and on the witness stand, she was not too babyish, not too affected. Miss Leonhard's lines are the ones most conventionally melodramatic, but her sincerity made one forget the dramatist's errors. As a witness, she was more simple and natural than as the wife, questioned by her husband.

There was a large and deeply attentive audience. Although there is no comedy in the play, some of the spectators were moved to incongruous and disturbing laughter when they should have been serious and sympathetic. But there are Bostonians who wish to regard all plays as farces.

Of that there is no manner of doubt.
No possible, probable manner of doubt.
No possible doubt whatever.

"Discomfiture."

Some time ago "B. W. P." protested against the use of "discomfiture," in the sense of "discomfort" by newspapers of Boston. The newspaper might shrewdly answer that they have thus revived an obsolete meaning; for at the end of the 16th century "discomfiture" was used to denote physical damage or injury.

Nations and Adjectives.

As the World wags:

Let "Verbalist" and others hark back to the happy days of boyhood and remember how little they cared about the form of the adjectives when their elder brothers forced them to "Walk Spanish." Would they have preferred to "Walk Spain"?

And in their college days, did they take it amiss because they had to content themselves with Rhine wine, while the Pope, according to the song, regaled himself with "the best of Rhenish"?

And did they ever sigh because there was no England ale or New English rum?

Verily our language is
Such stuff as dreams are made on
and in many instances it has all the "makins" of a nightmare. H. J. L.

Medford, Sept. 21.

As the World wags:

Apropos of Greek and Grecian. We say Greek fire, and not Grecian fire; Greek and not Grecian antiquities, language, literature, grammar, Kalends; but Grecian bend, "Grecian chisel" (Scott), "The Grecian Venus" (Moore.) There seems to be a subtle difference in connotation. Wouldn't the Greek Venus be Aprodite; the Grecian Venus any statue by a Greek sculptor?

But why not cut the Gordian knot by using the better terms Hellas and Hellene?

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

Jamaica Plain.

The Grecian Bend.

As the World Wags:

Was the "Grecian bend," sweetly remembered by some of us who were on earth in the late Sixties and early Seventies, "a style of architecture" or a facial outline?

By the way, do not the Philadelphians call rubber overshoes "gums"? I think

...re... Richard Grant White telling of a Philadelphia couple who visited relatives in New York. The wife was

...shered in first. "But where's John?" asked the hostess. "He's wiping his ...ms on the mat," said the lady from Philadelphia. W. E. K.

Boston, Sept. 21.

If the Grecian bend were in fashion today an irreverant street boy would exclaim, "Get on to her curves." It was a sort of Kangaroo prance. We saw in 1868 Hogan and Hughes in "The Grecian Bend" at Dan Bryant's Negro minstrel hall in 14th street, New York. Those were happy days! Good burlesques were given in that hall. We remember one of "Lucrezia Borgia" with Nelse Seymour as the haughty and outraged Duke and the sweet-voiced tenor Dempster as Gennaro. We used to hang about the door of an afternoon to see the minstrels in everyday dress, and one day, to our inexpressible delight, Hogan and Hughes gave a few steps of the Grecian bend on the sidewalk while the great Dan Bryant smiled approvingly. Some boys looked forward to a stage-driver's life; some wished to run a saw-mill. We hoped some day to be a Negro minstrel.

As for "gums." We read recently in the Daily Chronicle that rubber goloshes have become well nigh obsolete in London. Rubber goloshes when first introduced were regarded as a most welcome addition to comfort, and for many years had a great vogue, but few people wear them now. The prominent part played by the Rev. Robert Spalding's goloshes in "The Private Secretary" help to bring them into discredit. Clogs, by the way, went up in price last summer in London for the first time since 1860.—Ed.

Also Palmettos.

"D. W. H" of Boston, writing about cat tail flags placed between the loose staves of oil-barrels and tubs before the iron hoops are driven home, says that they and stripped Palmetto were used by coopers certainly down to the eighties. "They were sometimes floured with powdered rosin. In this way oil barrels were made tight, coopers of whaling vessels were all supplied with cat tail flags, rosin, chalk and sand. The chalk and sand prevented the slipping of the iron hoops over the oil soaked outer surface of the barrel."

Sherman's Apothegm.

As the World Wags:

Undoubtedly you are correct in saying that the note of "interested" in The Herald of today was suggested by my note in The Herald of Sept. 15, but it is not responsive to the question which I ask, viz., as to when and where Gen. Sherman gave utterance to the 49-word passage (containing the expression 'War is hell'') which was attributed to him by Sarah Wambaugh in The Herald of Sept. 8. According to Shakespeare, by the way, war is not hell, but hell's son: "O war, thou son of hell" (King Henry VI., part II., act 5, scene 2, line 33). INDAGATOR.

Brookline, Sept. 21.

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE—Gertrude Hoffmann in Max Reinhardt's "Sumurun," taken from "Tales of the Arabian Nights," by Frederick Freska. Staged by Richard Ordynski. Music by Victor Hollaender.

The Mighty Sheik	Charles Henderson
Sumurun, his favorite wife	Cecil Jacque Archer
Her Maid	Guarany Schriff
The Sheik's Son	Kenneth Harlan
Nut-al-Din	Enrico Muris
The Hunchback	Hammed Schriff
The Beautiful Slave	Gertrude Hoffmann
The Old Snake-Charmer	Edward Colebrook
The Negro	Walter Kingsley
The Cadi	Robert Milasch
The Slave Dealer	Clyde MacKinlay
The Chief Eunuch	Howard Holden
An Attendant	William Dixon

"Sumurun" was first seen in Boston at the Shubert Theatre in April, 1912, when Miss Leopoldine Konstantin took the part of the Slave of Fatal Enchantment.

Yesterday Miss Hoffmann made her first appearance here in this part. Her choice of a medium of expression this season tests her ability in pantomime and at the same time gratifies her own desire for acting of a varied nature.

The story of the wordless play is remembered. The Hunchback loves his slave and chief performer at his tiny theatre. The girl, however, has no eyes for him, but flirts with every man and with the Mighty Shiek's Son in particular. Sold to the Mighty Shiek, she still flirts, while the Hunchback tries to poison himself with bhang, but the drug sticks in his throat. Sumurun, the Mighty Shiek's favorite wife, loves Nut-al-Din, a young cloth merchant. He and the Hunchback's supposed body are carried in a chest to the harem.

The slave urges the Shiek's Son to kill his father while he sleeps, and the Hunchback, biding his time, makes a noise which disturbs the sleeper. The Shieks, young and old, find death while the Hunchback strangles his slave and leads Sumurun and Nut-al-Din over the flowery way to happiness.

Miss Hoffmann's imagination has full play. She is called upon to feign every emotion. There is the Slave's charm exerted over the audience at the Hunchback's Theatre her variety, her consciousness and power. Then, too, there is her dance of seduction, her amorous appeal to the Sheik's Son, her enticing of his father. Her nautch dance in the harem, her horror in contemplating death, yet her imperious inciting of her lover to murder.

As was to be expected, Miss Hoffmann is equal to every occasion. Her intelligence and resourcefulness are unlimited. A seductive apparition, her face is mobile, her body in action or repose is eloquently expressive. Her costumes are fascinating—the orange draperies and those worn in the harem are especially effective.

The production is elaborate. Mr. Ordynski's settings are fantastical in design, riotously exotic in coloring. The supporting company is efficient and the parts wisely distributed with a regard for face and stature as well as ability. The mighty Sheik was imposing, and Mr. Schriff, the Hunchback, a pantomimist of no mean ability.

Other acts on the bill are Adonis, Carl McCullough, Charles Cartwell and Laura Harris, Francis Dooley and Corinne Sales and Wilbur Walter and company, in "The Late von Camp."

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—The Craig Players in "The Miracle Man," a play in four acts by George M. Cohan.

"Doc" Madison	William P. Carleton
The Patriarch	Theodore Friebus
Michael Coogan	Donald Meek
Harry Evans	Al Roberts
Hiram Higgins	George Ernst
Tom Holmes	Robert Capron
Eddie Holmes	Gertrude Wellington
David	Albert Berg
Bobby	Monte Crane
Helena	Betty Barnicoat
Martha Higgins	Vida Croly Sidney
Betty Higgins	Grace Morse
Mary Holmes	Marion Royston

A large audience welcomed the first performance of this recent Broadway success at the Castle Square yesterday. The plot is simple but original. It concerns the attempt of four crooks to make a "good thing" out of religion.

"Doc" Madison, "The Flopper," and 'Pale Face Harry" with Helena as their accomplice hear that in Needley, Me., there is a wonderful old man who performs marvellous faith cures. They also learn through Doc's sagacity that the Patriarch, as the faith leader is called, is searching for his lost grand niece. The gang long to substitute Helena for the missing girl, whom the Patriarch has never seen. This establishes them in the old man's good graces. The Patriarch takes no money for his cures, but "The Flopper" simulates a serious illness, and his "cure" by the Patriarch is heralded broadcast over the country.

From living a retired life as the saint of the town, the Patriarch becomes famous as the Miracle Man. Hundreds of people come to Needley to be cured; and Helena has persuaded the innocent old saint to accept money for his cures, all of which goes rapidly into the pockets of Doc. The old patriarch's real cure of the little cripple boy affects the gang individually.

Miss Betty Barnicoat as Helen gave her lines with fine emotional feeling and was particularly good at the close of the third act. Mr. Friebus as the Patriarch was dignified and commanding; he gave the part a tenderness which kept it from any suggestion of stiffness. Mr. Carleton as "Doc" played the part of the gang leader admirably, and Donald Meek as "The Flopper" relieved some of the more serious situations with excellent comedy.

Mr. Roberts had a difficult part and played it well. Mention must also be made of Miss Wellington, who did a good bit of character acting in her part of the little cripple whose cure converted the crooks.

Next week Miss Mary Young will be seen in "The Blindness of Virtue."

Sept 29 1915

Authors have freed their mind in this column about reviewers of books. Now a reviewer has his say. We shall be happy to hear from any publisher; one always actuated by a purely literary spirit, or one that is "grossly commercial," interested only in the "best sellers."

Book Reviewing.

As the World Wags:

I review books for a living, though I don't get it. My notion of a reviewer's duty is this: That he accord fair consideration to the author who has put his labor into the making of a book, and to the publisher who has put both capital and labor into placing the book before the public, and that he at the same time give his best endeavor to judge the quality of all books reviewed in order that the readers of his reviews may not be betrayed into reading or buying worthless or vicious books. I try to deal leniently with new writers who show promise, because if such are not encouraged the future may miss the needed sequence of excellent writers.

The publication for which I review places no limits upon my judgment ... expression ... its owner is also a publisher of books. The books published by his house are either ignored in my review page or treated on their merit. Now and then perhaps I accord rather more space to such books than I would to like books from another house, but I do not praise where I do not think praise due, and I have received no intimation that praise is desired. My rule is to abstain from savage criticism, and equally to abstain from those conveniently quotable encomiums so often cited from reviews in the publishers' advertisements. Now and then a book is sent me with an almost diffident request that I treat it gently because it is the work of some friend of editor, publisher or what not. Such books seldom prove unworthy, but when they do, I either decline to review them or speak of them as I think they deserve. I have just reviewed one such book and accompanied my review with a private note to the effect that the book had better be ignored rather than noticed as I have noticed it.

As one of your correspondents notes, it is true that there is a vast deal of gross flattery in the review pages of newspapers. I make it a rule never to read a review of a book that I am myself about to review, and always to treat with contempt the advertisement of publishers. Many of the reviews that come under my eye seem to be the work of either fools or knaves, but perhaps I am unjust.

As far as I can judge, the policy I have pursued for 10 years in the publication for which I review has not made publishers withhold their books, and I have heard of one publisher who likes the policy. On the whole I think the press tends to be overtender with books, probably because publishers and booksellers control much advertising. Indeed, I hear of one bookseller who went to a newspaper to protest vehemently against its review page as not furthering the sale of books. He ought to have been kicked down stairs, but I fear he was not. BOOKMAN.

Boston, Sept. 27.

Whistler and Wilde.

As the World Wags:

In the current issue of the "Satevepost," as some people call it, I notice that Holworthy Hall, in his story, "The Paying Guest," has introduced the passage-at-arms originally attributed to Whistler, the artist, and Oscar Wilde, when Wilde remarked, of some clever remark of Whister's, that he wished he himself had said it, whereupon Whistler flashed back at him: "Never mind, Oscar. You will, later!"

Douglas Sladen, the editor of "Who's Who," says that this took place at his flat when Whistler and Wilde met there one afternoon, neither one on particularly good terms with the other at the time. Its presence in Holworthy Hall's story may, of course, be only a coincidence. CAPTAIN BRASSBOUND.

Roxbury, Sept. 18.

Germ-Proof.

So there is a banana factory in Cambridge, not for manufacturing bananas, but for converting them into powder which will keep indefinitely and appear on tables as breakfast foods, etc. It is sometimes said that if a man eats a sound soft boiled egg and breaks the shell himself, he knows that he is eating pure food. This is a popular delusion, for the shell is porous. The banana skin, we are told, is germ proof. Dr. E. M. Bailey, a bacteriologist, experimented with the banana and found the skin "impregnable to germs," "He placed some of the fruit in liquids in which he had put colonies of germs, but none got through, for he found the soft inner pulp was quite sterile." The skin is air-tight. It is also water-tight, for jettisoned bananas recently taken to London had suffered no damage from immersion.

Some Questions.

As the World Wags:

Is the tea-pot of 1670 given by Lord George Berkeley to the East Indian Company and now in the Victoria and Albert Museum the earliest one known?

Are frogs' legs in many Canadian dining halls known as "Pond Fowl"?

The Emperor William was made a British admiral 26 years ago. Has he resigned his commission or been deprived of his rank?

AUGUSTUS DARTLE.

Boston, Sept. 26.

Sept 30 1915

The Herald discussed the statement that Dickens drew his Squeers from a Yorkshire schoolmaster named Shaw, who by performing an operation for cancer on the head of a child "with an inky penknife" caused his death. A hitherto unpublished letter of Dickens was recently discovered by "C. K. S." and reproduced in the Sphere. The letter was in answer to the last appeal Leigh Hunt made to Dickens, an appeal to give public assurance that he (Hunt) did not sit for the contemptible Skimpole in "Bleak House." ...'s letter in reply is only an evasion. The date is 1859. "Believe me, I have not forgotten that matter; nor will I forget it. To alter the book itself would be to revive a forgotten absurdity, and to establish the very association that is to be denied and discarded."

Dickens treated Hunt unjustly, shabbily, cruelly; but what was to be expected of a novelist who caricatured his mother as Mrs. Nickleby, his father as Micawber and also William Dorritt, his sweetheart as Mrs. Flora Finching. Merdle in "Little Dorrit" was John Sadleir, M. P., who practised a series of gigantic frauds and escaped arrest by committing suicide. "I shaped Mr. Merdle himself," wrote Dickens, "out of that gracious rascality." Two women claimed to be the original of Little Dorrit; Mrs. Mary Ann Cooper, who, aged 94 in 1906, said that Dickens always called her "Little Dorrit," and Mrs. Georgiana Hayman, who died in 1910. The incident of a lost shoe in the novel happened to the latter when she was Miss Bridges. It is said that her brother was the original of Tiny Tim, and, "in part," little Paul Dombey.

Landor no doubt sat for the tempestuous English squire in "Bleak House." Wainewright, literary man, poisoner and forger, suggested the chief character in "Hunted Down."

Other novelists, as Disraeli, Thackeray and Reade, have taken well-known men and women as models for their characters, Disraeli especially, and Reade introduced himself in "A Terrible Temptation," a novel which, when it appeared as a serial in this city, was considered by some as daring and shocking, by reason of its plot, Rhoda Somerset, and the frankness of the dialogue.

"Loan" and "Lend."

As the World Wags:

I agree heartily with Mr. Michael Fitzgerald that "loan" as a verb is objectionable, so long as we have the good euphonious verb, "lend." As a noun "loan", serves its purpose well. If it were correct to convert this useful noun into a verb, we could have quite consistently "money-loaners," and it should not be considered a heinous offence to quote Mark Antony in his oration over the body of Caesar: "Friends, Romans, countrymen, loan me your ears." The labels on borrowed pictures in the Museum of Fine Arts once read, for instance, "Loaned by Mrs. Gardner." Not long ago "loaned" was changed to "lent," and rightly so. W. A. F.

Brookline, Sept. 24.

The Praise of Boston.

As the World Wags:

There recently appeared in the Public Letter Box of The Herald a letter from a lady, Pauline F. Pry, who having been one day in Boston, is puzzled by many local phenomena. Some of her questions could only be answered by a reincarnate Pythones, or Miss Jane Pride. But since the latter lady was not asked (see what it is not to know Boston!) perhaps I may venture one or two at least partial replies.

And first, Mrs. Pry, finding no list of churches in a Strangers' Directory given her by the clerk at her hotel, asks if people in Boston never pray, her suspicion that this is the case apparently being confirmed by the fact that there is no closet in her room. I have no theory as to the omission of churches from her directory, but I do think that people hereabouts do not regard a church as a sine qua non of prayer. They sometimes pray, in what may be a shockingly casual manner to the really right-minded, wherever they may happen to wish to do so. As for the "closet," which I gather would be a second choice, surely Mrs. Pry has not had to come to Boston to learn that "closet" is not to be understood in the sense in which we customarily use it in this country, but which is even now an exceptional use in England. It would seem, indeed, that the repository of one's clothing would be a place singularly unfitted for spiritual exercise, particularly with the thermometer busily breaking records. The first defintion given in Webster is "a small room or apartment for retirement; a room for privacy."

As for the question of Mrs. Pry's (inevitably) intelligent child, "Where is the Hub of Boston?" Is it not sound that Boston is—not has—the Hub? It is like not seeing the wood for the trees.

Surely all Boston women will hope that some one, of the other sex perhaps, will offer an explanation of why we look so deplorably "sensible" (which I suspect is only a gentle euphemism on the part of our visiting sister for "plain and dowdy), and why we eat so extraordinarily much. But does it make life "awful hard" for most of us? Nay, nay, Pauline. It's not so bad.

As for the baked potato—but how many meals had our fair visitor eaten in the one day of her stay?

MIRIAM LOWELL.

Winchester, Sept. 17.

A Sad World,

[illegible] Randi Thomas, writing to Notes [illegible] Queries of Sept 11, tells of a curious [illegible] of one M. Donnadieu: He washed [illegible] handkerchief, always a colored silk [illegible] every morning, and yet he neither [illegible] snuff nor smoked.

In those days the snuff-taking mania [illegible] dying out, and has long since given [illegible] to the smoking mania of the present day, which, unfortunately, increased [illegible] the reign of King Edward VII, [illegible] who was an incessant smoker."

Oct 1 1915

Max Schillings, a professor, a doctor of music or philosophy, has written an opera "Monna Lisa." It was produced at Stuttgart. It is reported that Mr. John Forsell as the "Jealous Husband was especially applauded." Mr. Forsell, by the way, enjoys the reputation of being a natural son of the late King Oscar of Sweden, who was exceedingly interested in opera and other forms of the musical art; but perhaps Mr. Forsell is only flattered. He sang in New York, where he was not warmly received. Possibly for this reason he took a low view of musical conditions in the United States.

But was the husband of Monna Lisa jealous? According, to report Francesco del Giocondo, who had buried two wives when he married the daughter of Antonio Gherardini, the Neapolitan, was a mediocre person, "neither good nor bad; busy in a commonplace way, absorbed in his affairs, content with daily routine," a man that regarded his young wife "as nothing more than an ornament for his house." It was said that she married this Florentine only to please her father and by her marriage to have driven an earlier lover to suicide. "It was also said that she still had a crowd of passionate adorers—persevering, but hopeless. Calm, gentle, retiring, pious, charitable to the poor, she was a faithful wife." But Leonardo's pupil Giovanni found her a wholly different person from Messer Francesco's wife when she visited the studio; he found something "mysterious, illusory, phantasmal about her which filled him with awe. Leonardo's portrait seemed more real than she was herself. She and the painter—whom she never saw except when sitting to him, and then never alone—appeared to share some secret; not a love secret, at least not in the ordinary sense of the term." Now Messer Francesco was very tall and lean; there was a wart on his cheek; his eyebrows were thick; "a positive soul, whose talk was of Sicilian cattle and the tax upon sheepskins." Where did the story arise that he was jealous? Dmitri Merejkowski in his "Romance of Leonardo da Vinci" describes the sittings for the portrait; the fountain playing in the court and striking glass spheres that produced a strange low music; the lilies of Florence in which she delighted; the tame doe that fed from her hand; the chair of dark oak in which she sat; the white and foreign cat, with one eye yellow as a topaz, the left of a sapphire blue; and the music of a viol and the silver lyre shaped like a horse's head that Leonardo had invented.

Music by Schillings has been played here at Symphony concerts, music from his "Ingwelde," "Pfeifertag" and "Moloch." Other music by him has been performed here. He is a dull soul, plodding in Wagner's path, and we have no desire to hear his "Monna Lisa." Ten to one there is more music in Walter Pater's little rhapsody over Leonardo's portrait of the strange woman that died, some say, of a contagious malady of the throat at the obscure village of Lagonero before the picture of her was completed.

Return to Dutton.

As the World Wags:

Your correspondent who is seeking a certain "still Dutton" should push his investigation further to learn if a certain stiff Dutton is another manifestation of the same person, c. g. "They sat up stiff as Dutton." By all means let the Dutton quest be supported.

At last night's fireside (how cheerful to have with us again the crisp autumn air that requires the ruddy evening blaze!) it was suggested that possibly there was no such person as Dutton— that the words were a corruption of the old English expression "to doubt one," i.e., to create a doubt in one—and applied to indicate that the individuals characterized were so still or so stiff as to create in one a doubt of the reality of the stiffness or stillness. Easy steps in the course of time from "So still as to doubt one"—to "Still as to doubt un'"—to "Still as Dutton." Argued in opposition that such an explanation was fetched from afar—but similar gradations have been claimed to explain other well-known expressions; vide "good-bye."

More plausibly, another suggestion was derived from the obvious connotation of still and stiff. Perhaps some long ago Dutton—forsooth by hanging or other violence—reached an untimely end so openly and notoriously that not only was it certain he was very much dead but the event became the basis of a not inept and thoroughly understood if somewhat grim comparison in every-day speech.

Such phenomena must have occurred within the observation of that distinguished observer, Mr. Herkimer Johnson of elephant folio fame. His attention might well be called to the present discussion and similar exampl a drawn from the stores of his capacious memory.

And yet Dutton may be only a Maine catch-all for comparative purposes. Just aa the ubiquitous John Doe for another purpose served in so many lawsuits in Merrie England for hundreds of years.

Who knows? L. J. H.

Augusta, Me., Sept. 28.

A Heavyweight.

As the World Wags:

A recently published item relating to the diminutive size of the locomotives of many years ago called to mind an instance that ocourred in Salem in 1844, where as a child the writer was visiting. He was very fond of getting down to the railroad station and seeing the cars go in and out of the tunnel, then a wonderful thing. On the occasion referred to, a train was made up for Boston and the engineer was "oiling up," preparatory to starting. A stranger approached and looked the engine over much as though it were the first one he had ever seen. It, by the way, was one of the single driver wood-burning type with a smoke stack in form of an inverted cone large enough to hold about as much as the boiler. It seems as though its name was Essex but that is not sure. The stranger finally asked the engineer, "How much does this engine weigh?" The dignity and importance that was manifested in the reply by the engineer, who was a large man, will not be easily forgotten. "She weighs 10 tons," said he, OCTOGERANIUM.

Boston, Sept. 29.

TOY THEATRE—"The Victory," an allegorical drama in two acts and a prologue by Ruth Helen Davis. Lyric by Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Staged by Ada Dow. Special musical numbers by Arthur Foote and Mrs. Davis. First performance in Boston.

King Allegro.....Adin Balleu Wilson
Queen Gracious.....Ruth Helen Davis
Princess Innocenza.....Mabel Acker
Disinteresso.....Leonard Doyle
Amor Proprio.....Brandon Peters
Mentitore.....Arthur Fox
Fairy Felicita.....Erdine Cowlishawe
Fidelita.....Marjorie Smith
Nobilto.....Albert Le Roi Operti
Deceit.....Marie Taylor
Conceit.....Inez F. Hall
Jealousy.....Ethel Hawkins
Avarice.....Stella Best
Anger.....Lisbeth Hall
Apathy.....Nellie Ferguson

FAIRIES.

Love.....Helen B. Johnson
Truth.....Bertha St Yves
Beauty.....Frances Lindsay
Wonderfulness.....Dorothy Sheldon
Chastity.....Margaret Hanson
Joy.....Elizabeth Morgan

The Toy Theatre's season opened last evening with the production of "The Victory." Mrs. Ruth Helen Davis made her first appearance in Boston last season at a war benefit at the Boston Theatre when she gave monologues. Last summer she appeared at the Somerville Theatre in "The Lion and the Mouse." As the writer of scenarios based on poems by Ella Wheeler Wilcox she has been associated with Jack Rose in his Fellsway studio for the making of moving picture films.

Mrs. Davis is also known for her translations of works by Brieux, Bordeaux, de Musset and other French authors, translations that are rigidly literal. It is said that she seeks to gain in actual experience on the stage additional knowledge which will be valuable to her as a playwright. At present she is a member of Prof. Baker's class at Harvard

"The Victory" takes place in the land of Once Upon a Time. At the christening of Princess Innocenza, Amor Proprio, who has been imprisoned in a tree for a hundred years, breaks through his prison and curses the royal infant. If she ever chances to remain alone she will be doomed

Twenty years later the princess with dawning womanhood objects to perpetual surveyance. Disinteresso, an honest rustic lad, woos her, but Mentitore, Amor Proprio's friend at court, opposes his suit. As a birthday boon the princess is allowed her freedom, only to be snatched away by Amor Proprio to his home in Evil Land.

Disinteresso rescues her, slays Amor Proprio and wins the approval of the royal parents.

The story is simple. Mrs. Davis's imps are not attractive as in the modern morality plays, but after the old-fashioned manner unpleasant people, with mannerisms peculiar to their symbolic significance. It would be easy to point out the triteness of the sentiments, yet many theatregoers delight in platitudes.

Mrs. Davis's greatest gift at present lies in her ability to write moving picture scenarios cleverly, with unusual rapidity and an instinct for the dramatic. "The Victory" is an amiable morality play pleasantly varied by incidental dances.

There was much to please the aesthetically minded in the production itself. The settings were picturesque and colors were effectively used in costuming.

Miss Acker, who appeared last season in "Twin Beds," was plausibly youthful as Princess Innocenza. She was attractive and evidently experienced as an actress. Mrs. Davis took the part of Queen Gracioza. There is an old saw, "He plays like a composer." What is to be said of playwrights who act in their own plays? Mr. Wilson was a dignified King. Nobilto was played by Mr. Operti, who, as Albert Le Roi, is remembered as an industrious member of the Craig Players.

A large and friendly audience expressed its approval. At the end of the play Mrs. Davis made a speech of thanks.

Oct 2 1915

MISS FARRAR SEEN IN FILMS OF "CARMEN"

By PHILIP HALE.

There was a very large audience in Symphony Hall last night at the first production in the United States of motion pictures illustrative of "Carmen," with Miss Geraldine Farrar as the Gypsy, Wallace Reid as Don Jose, Horace B. Carpenter as Pastia, Pedro de Cordova as Escamillo, and William Elmer as Morales. The scenario was by William C. De Mille. The orchestra was conducted by Hugo Riesenfeld. Miss Farrar was applauded as she walked up the aisle to take her seat. She rose several times to bow, and at the end she was applauded somewhat as she left the hall.

But this "picturization" of "Carmen" —the word "picturization" we borrow from the program—was not the whole of the entertainment. "Carmen" was not pictured until 9:15 o'clock. The first part of the entertainment was what Negro minstrels used to describe as a grand olio. First came a descriptive fantasia "Europe in Conflict," by Mr. Riesenfeld, a hyphenated fantasia with German and American tunes. The idea of this uniting them was not a happy one, and even if the arrangement had been more effective, the medley should not have been played here, but reserved for Milwaukee or St. Louis. Many present resented the impertinence. Then came a series of "Cinematograph Studies"—a cavalry drill at Fort Meyer; pictures of chrysanthemums, orchids, primroses, caterpillars and butterflies, Notre Dame and the Eiffel Tower in Paris, Niagara Falls, scenes in Havana and the East. May 20

There have been two or three dramatizations of "Carmen." One was made by Henry Hamilton for Miss Olga Nethersole, in which a cigarette girl stabbed by the gypsy went through the play and at the end incited Don Jose to the murder. Mr. Hamilton actually made Carmen while dying protest her love for the murderer. Then there was the play by Marie Doran and Mollie Revel, in which Miss Elita Proctor Otis took the part of the heroine. In 1903 a ballet "Carmen" with the scenario, by Charles Wilson, was produced at the Alhambra, London. A scene showing Don Jose in prison was introduced. La Guerrero, who mimed Carmen, was said to have "all that langurous beauty of face and form peculiar to the dark-eyed belles of sunny Spain."

All these authors declared that they had based their plays on Prosper Merimee's short story. Mr. De Mille says that his "picturization" is also founded on the story. Poor Merimee! What a pity it is that he could not have seen it and written about the performance to his presumably fair "Unknown."

But fortunately Micaela does not appear in Mr. De Mille's version any more than she does in Merimee's story. The librettists of Bizet's opera remembered a line in the tale and evolved the character as a foil to Carmen and, a sop to the easily-shocked and highly respcetable audience of the Opera Comique, Mr. De Mille's verson is far from Merimee's narration. What singer or actress would dare to dress the gypsy as she is portrayed in a water color painted by Merimee himself? He represented her as a little woman, dressed in a robe with ruffled sleeves, patent leather shoes with straps over the ankles and feet, and with a tiny bonnet on her head.

In Mr. De Mille's version Lillas Pastia, the keeper of a boozing-ken, a nonentity in tale and opera, is at the head of the band of smugglers. Unable to bribe Don Jose, he throws Carmen into his arms. She is in love with Escamillo from the beginning, before she sees Don Jose. After the smugglers succeed in getting their goods into the city there are scenes in the tobacco factory and in the tavern, where Don Jose kills Morales in a fight. Then there is the camp in the mountains, with the card scene and Jose's departure to kill Escamillo. Mr. De Mille represents Carmen as seated in the front row of the arena watching her lover and the bull. She is told by a smuggler that Don Jose is without. Fearless, she meets him and is slain.

It is not necessary to deplore the violent wrenching of Merimee's text and the work of the librettists, or to mourn over the uso and misuse of Bizet's music. This "Carmen" is frankly a picture-show with Miss Farrar in various seductive attitudes and a sensuous expression. The perversion of the story allows of effective scenes, as that of the smugglers nearing shore in a rough sea while Pastia signals them, mountain views, the arena with an unmistakably infuriated bull. There is a good old-fashioned melodramatic fight between Don Jose and Morales, while the scene in which Carmen and another cigarette girl tear clothes and pull hair might be described by a press agent as "a gripping scene, a triumph of realism."

Miss Farrar was quoted some time ago as writing that her soul had been "X-rayed on the screen." Thus she did herself cruel injustice; no one of her many admirers will admit that they saw "her soul" last night. Her performance was sensuous and often sensual, not varied in expression. The pictures of her were often beautiful in the exhibition of face and body. At the very end there was little tragic force.

Mr. Carpenter was a striking figure of a smuggler, and Mr. de Cordoba was an effective Escamillo. The Don Jose was chiefly conspicuous for his goo-goo eyes. The minor parts were played in an animated manner; the groupings and evolutions were well-conceived and the costumes were picturesque.

Once again an American magazine has called a "symposium" of prominent authors to decide which are the six best novels in English. There was no "symposing" about it, but it would have been jollier if the authors had "symposed," and as the wine passed discussed of the six best dishes—championing peche Melba against ham and eggs and so forth. They would soon see the absurdity of the question, as Mr. William Locke did. —Daily Chronicle (London).

There is only one "literary question" that is more foolish: What one book would you wish to possess if you were to live the rest of your life on a desert island? This question was raised again in London by some one that had read of a Frenchman on Aldabra island, 400 miles east of Zanzibar, who, the only white man, was glad to receive newspapers and magazines from a British ship. His library then consisted of two magazines, one two, the other four years old. "With such a prospect before me and the question of bulk I should certainly go for Shakespeare and the Bible." The orthodox answer: either Shakespeare or the Bible. In former years, some said Montaigne's essays; some Plutarch; some Boswell's Life of Johnson; others the Dictionary. By the way, what has become of all the mental photograph albums that once were in fashion? A guest or visitor was supposed to favor his hostess by answering either seriously or jocosely the questions contained therein. What lamentable instances of "wit" were found in those albums. Today the guest book with the command to write an "orignial sentiment," that is somethnig flattering about the house itself, the view, or the hospitality, spoils the enjoyment of the visit, even more than the perplexing thought: "How little can I tip the servants without appearing to be contemptibly mean."—Ed.

A Prussian "Molly Coddle."

As the World Wags:

We read so much of the savage military spirit of the Prussians that it is a pleasure to go back to the time of Frederick the Great and contemplate the character of his favorite cavalry leader, Gen. Ziethen. He was wounded many times in his various campaigns, but survived all to die of old age. Frederick perceiving that he was a poor man and of such high character that he would not plunder the weak, hinted to him that he had the power to make his own fortune; but the young officer would not use his power for self-interest. In the second Silesian campaign, he received the following letter from the king.

Solentz, March 30, 1782.

My dear Col. Ziethen:

My intention is that during your cantonment on the frontier of Hungary you levy 1006 dollars for yourself and 300 dollars for each captain, which sums are destined to the purpose of defraying expenses for your winter quarters.

FREDERICK.

In spite of this epistle Ziethen left the country without robbing a single village and sacrificed the improvement of his fortune for the high respect of the inhabitants. On a statue at Rhelmsburg erected to Augustus William of Prussia, there is a tablet to Ziethen which closes with these words:

"But what distinguished him still more was his integrity, disinterestedness, and his contempt for all such as enriched themselves at the expense of oppressed nations." He died full of wounds and honors at the age of eighty-six.

Boston, Sept. 29. J. D. K.

Saint-Simon reproached Marshal de Villars for his extreme avarice, his harpy-like greed, his piling-up mountains of gold in war, directing the movements of his army to this end, and doing this with jests and wholly without

h m S[illegible]te-Beuve, protesting in general against the dramatist's black ning of Villars's character, did not attempt to justify the Marshal's enforcement of contributions, nor did he urge in excuse the usages of war at that time. "He (the marshal) was in certain respects not at all scrupulous." And Sainte-Beuve quoted from Villars's own Memoirs a passage referring to the loot gained in the campaign of 1707 in Germany, how he took great sums which he distributed as he had done in former wars, he paid the army so that it cost the King nothing that year; he sent a large sum to the minister of finance; "the third portion I destined for fattening my calf" (his chateau); "I wrote this to the King, who was good enough to reply that he approved and would have provided for it if I had forgotten." Louis XIV "approved." When a courtier once said to him: "The Marshal looks well after his own affairs," Louis answered, "Yes, but he also looks well after mine." Only a few days ago we read of a Prussian officer of the royal family going off with spoons from an enemy's chateau. These charges are easily made. Many still believe in the South that Gen. Butler carried off a quantity of spoons from New Orleans, and even in the North the general was often caricatured with spoons; sometimes the artist pictured his celebrated eyes as spoons.—**Ed.**

Oct. 3 1915

There was a time when concerts on Sunday were looked on sourly by some in authority and many private citizens regarded a walk on Sunday, except to church or the graveyard, as a violation of the commandment. Yet concerts were sometimes allowed if there was a charitable purpose, or if the program were of a "sacred" character. The newspapers would announce a "concert for charity"; sometimes "for the benefit of an indigent musician," whose name, by the way, was never mentioned even in a whisper. The program of the "sacred" concert contained, as a rule, Rossini's "Inflammatus," sung by a full-voiced soprano, when a chorus took part, and in the absence of a chorus the immortal air would be played by an audacious cornetist. There would be the trio from "Attila" with "sacred" words—we have heard this in church—or the Prayer from "Moses in Egypt." It was said of Auber's early operas that each one contained a drinking song and a prayer to please all in the respectable audience of the Opera Comique. There was always at least one prayer in the old-fashioned concert of Sunday night, given either by a visiting opera company, or by visiting artists with the assistance of "local talent." Some of the programs of the Music Hall concerts before the establishment of the Boston Symphony orchestra are curious reading. If any one is too lazy to look over newspaper files, there are many to be seen in the Brown Room of the Boston Public Library.

While operatic music, to which "sacred" words had been set, was heard with pleasure in the churches—witness arrangements of music by Bellini, Donizetti, Verdi, Mozart, Weber, Meyerbeer, Rossini, Mercadante and others in the books of anthems and "sacred selections" long ago consigned to the shelf or the dustbin, a Sunday concert was for a long time regarded as an ungodly entertainment, even with a program including one or two "sacred pieces."

The times have changed. Good people now think they can attend church in the morning and a concert in the afternoon or evening without peril to the soul. This is as it should be. Nor is it longer necessary that a program should contain a song or chorus with "sacred" words. There is orchestral music, there is chamber music, there are even piano or violin pieces that arouse "a deep bit of devotion and a profound contemplation of the first composer."

Messrs. Ellis and Mudgett began as long ago as the middle of last winter to plan a series of concerts to be given in Symphony Hall on Sunday afternoons during the ensuing season. These concerts in the past three years have come to play an important part in the musical life of Boston. To a certain extent they have created an entirely new public, for one sees at them not only the familiar faces seen at all concerts, but many new ones. These concerts give opportunity for the hearing of music to a large number of men and women who are unable or unwilling to attend concerts on week days. As the Sunday concerts come for the most part at 3:30, they fill in a couple of hours which otherwise are likely to hang heavily.

For the coming season, up to the present, 23 Sunday concerts have been arranged, including three concerts by the Handel and Haydn Society and the two pension fund concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The first concert comes Oct. 10, when Mr. Paderewski will give his benefit for the Polish victims relief fund; the last on April 23, with a concert of the Handel and Haydn Society. It is probable that most of the dates now vacant will be filled in later. The list is as follows:

Oct. 10—Mr. Paderewski, benefit Polish Victims' Relief Fund.
Oct. 17—Mme. Melba and company.
Oct. 24—Mary Garden and company.
Oct. 31—John McCormack and company.
Nov. 7—New York Philharmonic Orchestra and Harold Bauer.
Nov. 14—Geraldine Farrar and company.
Nov. 21—Fritz Kreisler.
Nov. 28—Clarisse Coudert, soprano.
Dec. 5—Mischa Elman.
Dec. 12—Boston Symphony Orchestra pension fund.
Dec. 19—Mr. Paderewski.
Dec. 26—Handel and Haydn Society.
Jan. 2—Fritz Kreisler.
Jan. 9—Emmy Destinn.
Jan. 16—Messrs. Bauer and Casals.
Jan. 23—Mme. Gadski.
Jan. 30—Mr. Kreisler.
Feb. 6—Mme. Sembrich.
Feb. 20—John McCormack.
Feb. 27—Handel and Haydn Society.
March 5—Boston Symphony Orchestra pension fund.
March 19—Mme. Schumann-Heink.
April 9—Mischa Elman.
April 23—Handel and Haydn Society.

In addition to the Symphony concerts and to the Sunday concerts in Symphony Hall, there will be an unusual number of concerts in Jordan and Steinert Halls under the direct management of Louis H. Mudgett. These will include the four concerts by the Kneisel quartet, three by the Flonzaley quartet and three by the Longy Club. The new Boston quartet will give three concerts. A feature of the season will be six piano recitals by Ossip Gabrilowitsch. Mr. Gabrilowitsch will give six historical recitals in New York, Boston and Chicago. The first will be devoted to the English, French, Italian and German clavier composers of the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries; the second to Beethoven's works; the third to the romantic composers; the fourth to Chopin; the fifth to Liszt and Brahms, the sixth to modern composers.

Mr. Mudgett gives practically a complete list of dates up to the first of the year. Unquestionably a large number of concerts will be added to these in January, February and March. The list is now as follows:

Oct. 23—Ossip Gabrilowitsch, pianist, Jordan Hall.
Oct. 25—Emilio de Gogorza, baritone, Jordan Hall.
Oct. 28—The Ondriceks, violinists, Jordan Hall.
Oct. 30—Geraldine Farrar, soprano, Symphony Hall.
Nov. 2—Kneisel Quartet, Steinert Hall.
Nov. 3—Albert Spalding, violinist, Jordan Hall.
Nov. 4—Florence Hinkle, soprano, Jordan Hall.
Nov. 5—Mr. Gabrilowitsch, pianist, Jordan Hall.
Nov. 8—Mme. Liszniewska, pianist, Jordan Hall.
Nov. 8—Onlaknoff, baritone, Jordan Hall.
Nov. 9—George Copeland, pianist, Jordan Hall.
Nov. 10—Evan Williams, tenor, Jordan Hall.
Nov. 11—Fanny Bloomfield Zeisler, pianist, Jordan Hall.
Nov. 13—Marcia Van Dresser, soprano, Jordan Hall.
Nov. 16—New York Symphony Orchestra and Mischa Elman, Symphony Hall.
Nov. 17—Sacha Jacobson, violinist, Jordan Hall.
Nov. 18—Longy Club, Jordan Hall.
Nov. 22—Arthur Shattuck, pianist, Jordan Hall.
Nov. 22—Josef Malkin, 'cellist, Jordan Hall.
Nov. 27—Mr. Gabrilowitsch, pianist, Jordan Hall.
Nov. 30—Kneisel Quartet, Steinert Hall.
Dec. 1—Vera Barstow, violinist, Jordan Hall.
Dec. 2—Flonzaley Quartet, Jordan Hall.
Dec. 4—Julia Culp, mezzo, Jordan Hall.
Dec. 6—Louis Cornell, pianist, Jordan Hall.
Dec. 8—Ethel Leginska, pianist, Jordan Hall.
Dec. 13—Percy Grainger, pianist, Jordan Hall.
Dec. 15—Boston Quartet, Jordan Hall.
Dec. 15—Mme. Frisch, soprano, Jordan Hall.
Dec. 18—Mr. Gabrilowitsch, pianist, Jordan Hall.
Jan. 4—Kneisel Quartet, Steinert Hall.
Jan. 19—Boston Quartet, Jordan Hall.
Jan. 20—Longy Club, Jordan Hall.
Jan. 27—Flonzaley Quartet, Jordan Hall.
Jan. 28—Josef Hofmann, pianist, Symphony Hall.
Feb. 9—Raymond Havens, pianist, Jordan Hall.
Feb. 24—Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, Symphony Hall.
Feb. 26—Mr. Gabrilowitsch, Jordan Hall.
March 1—Boston Quartet, Jordan Hall.
March 9—Longy Club, Jordan Hall.
March 14—Kneisel Quartet, Jordan Hall.
March 16—Flonzaley Quartet, Jordan Hall.
March 17—Mr. Gabrilowitsch, pianist, Jordan Hall.

Miss Van Dresser, once a member of the Metropolitan Opera House company, has sung with success in European opera houses. Mr. Shattuck, an American, is a newcomer. Mme. Liszniewska (Marguerite Melville), is well known in Europe as a pianist and composer. Her home is in Vienna, where her husband holds a governmental position. The names of Sacha Jacobson, Louis Cornell, Mme. Frisch are unfamiliar to the great majority of Boston's music lovers. The Minneapolis orchestra, which has visited New York, will play here for the first time.

Mr. S. Kronberg announces the following series of morning musicales to be held in the Grand Ball room of the Copley-Plaza Hotel this season, beginning Monday, Nov. 1. All the other concerts will be on a Monday morning.

Nov. 1—Mme. Gadski, Mr. Sembach, Miss Harrison.
Nov. 15—Mme. Fremstad, Mr. Dalmores, Mme. Mero.
Nov. 29—Marcella Craft, Paul Reimer, George Proctor.
Dec. 13—Mme. Destinn, Pablo Casals, Hans Ebell.
Dec. 27—Miss Torpedia and Mr. Linden (in a French operatta). May Peterson, Arkady Bourstin.
Jan. [illegible] Jampolski, Mr. Hegedus and Mi[illegible]er.
Jan. [illegible]s Alda, Miss Parlow, Paul Althe[illegible] La Forge.
Jan. [illegible]valieri, Mr. Muratore, Ethel Leginski.
Feb. 14—Mme. Matzenhauer, Mr. Fontana, Leo Ornstein.

Messrs. Bourstin and Hegedus, violinists, have not been heard here. Miss May Peterson has sung at the Opera Comique, Paris, and Miss Greta Torpedia has sung in Paris and Copenhagen. Mr. Linden will be heard here for the first time. Mr. Reimer, a lieder singer, has sung here in private conc[illegible] Miss Marcella Craft, who studied in Boston and once sang at the Christian Scientists Church, has won fame in European cities as an operatic artist of marked distinction. She is a member of the Court Opera at Munich.

A Few Notes About Plays and Players

We are informed that Elmer L. Reizenstein was 22 years old when his play, "On Trial," was produced in New York. He had spent five and one-half years in a lawyer's office. "On Trial," his first play, was accepted two days after it was presented to the manager. Its success enabled him to leave the law office and to take up work at Columbia University. Mr. Reizenstein is also an editor, filling this position for the Public Forum Weekly of the Church of the Ascension, New York. This publication is an expression of the debates, chiefly socialistic in character, held there every Sunday evening. Mr. Reizenstein, too, is a Socialist. On June 17, 1915, he married Miss Hazel Levy. The ceremony was a civil one, performed by the secretary of the Forum in which he is interested. Mr. and Mrs. Reizenstein have conducted classes at the University Settlement. During the winter they will study at Columbia University. She will continue her work at the Settlement, while her husband writes plays. It is reported that his next play will be in the nature of a slap at militarism, and that it is well under way.

Apropos of a recent revival at the Strand Theatre, London, the Daily Telegraph remarks: "To Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. Fred Terry 'The Scarlet Pimpernel' is what 'Charley's Aunt' was to W. S. Penley, or in earlier days 'The Private Secretary' to Mr. Charles Hawtrey. The mere announcement of its revival is sufficient to set play-goers on the alert, preparing to give a boisterous welcome to a work which is fast earning its right to be ranked as a melodramatic classic. The average theatre-lover has, after all, much of the child's nature in his composition; with young people he shares a decided preference for a good, straight-forward, interesting story. And that is precisely what the authors of 'The Scarlet Pimpernel' offer him. They possess what George Borrow so admired in the compilers of the Newgate Calendar, the art of 'telling a plain tale plainly.'"

It is not easy to find words of commendation for Mr. Charles Darrell's "dramatic production," "When London Sleeps," which was revived last night at the Princess Theatre. The desire of an unscrupulous villain to secure the fortune which has been left to his girl-cousin leads us to a scene at a night club, to arson, attempted murder, and an exhibition of the unhappy young lady's ability to tread the tight-rope.—Pall Mall Gazette. The Daily Chronicle said (Sept. 10), "In all the long and time-honored stage history of Virtue versus Vice, and vice versa, there never was such an industriously naughty cork-brow as Rodney Haynes, and never an actor who orgied so earnestly in the presentation of Rodney's wickedness as Mr. Poole." Among the characters are a villainess, who turns to the good, a daring acrobat of a hero, the "Star of the Air," a woman with a past, a merry circus girl, and a repentant waiter.

In an all-French revue "Y'a d' Jolies Femmes" (Garrick Theatre, Sept. 9), are novel effects in "La Lorgnette du Front," and "La Periscope," also a full dress parade "L' Exposition de Modes a San-Francisco,' which must be seen to be believed."

The Daily Chronicle published Sept. 6 two letters about the changed ending of Pinero's new play, "The Big Drum." The first was written by William Poel: "Is it necessary to make the 'war' responsible for the alteration of this play to a 'happy ending'? I think I am right in saying that in 1889, when Sir Arthur Pinero altered the ending of his play, 'The Profligate,' which was acted on the first night as a tragedy, the country was not then at war with any European power. This deference to the public's wish—or is it to the manager's?—reminds me of Waller's lines when one Killigrew was induced to alter his quondam tragedy, 'Pandora,' to tragi-comedy:

> Sir, you should rather teach our age the way
> Of judging well, than thus have changed your play.
> You had obliged us by employing wit,
> Not to reform "Pandora," but the pit

Why did not Mr. Poel quote from Pinero's letter in defence published at the time:

"I feel that Mr. Hare, in a friendly desire to spare my shoulders, has laid a burden upon his own which I am not justified in allowing him to bear. The alteration in the ending of 'The Profligate' was made by me very willingly, and I am unfortunate if I conveyed to Mr. Hare the impression that I was making any sacrifice of my convictions. Indeed, I could never allow the consideration of mere expediency to influence me in dealing with subjects upon which I feel deeply and write with all the earnestness of which I am capable. I had long settled the form of my play when a friend, for whose judgment I had great respect, raised through Mr. Hare a question for my deliberation. Could not the moral I had set myself to illustrate be enforced without distressing the audience by sacrificing the life of a character whose sufferings were intended to win sympathy? Reflection convinced me that such a course was not only possible, but was one which in no way tended to weaken the termination of my story, whilst it promised to extend that story's influence over the larger body of the public."

The other letter written to the Daily Chronicle was signed by Robert L. Smith: "With reference to your article respecting the alteration in the ending of the last act of Sir Arthur Pinero's comedy, 'The Big Drum,' it may not be generally known there exists an alternative ending for Ibsen's 'Doll's House.' In the original the heroine puts into execution the abandonment of her home and the click of the latch in the gate leaves the unhappy husband prostrate with grief, whereas in the alternative ending she is won back by her children and returns to start life afresh. I have seen the play acted in Germany with the 'happy' ending, and was given to understand that this was written at the request of one of the celebrated German dramatic actresses for the identical reasons given by Sir Arthur. I think, however, it must be the work of the translator, as I have not come across it in any but German translations."

The Crook's Influence on the English Stage

Mr. S. R. Littlewood contributed to the Pall Mall Gazette of Sept. 8 the following article, headed, "The Conquering 'Crook'":

"There seems to be no evading him now. The 'crook' has come, and seen, and shows every disposition to conquer our English stage—if he can—just as he has already succeeded in conquering the American. This is no time, assuredly, for raising jeremiads about the drama. There are other things to do. But this arrival of the 'crook' is a fascinating little fact, and worth a moment's curiosity. So far as America is concerned, a round of present-day American plays gives one the impression that the brighter manhood of the American nation is entirely composed of well-dressed 'guys,' who have either already spent some time 'in the pen,' or are preparing to do so.

"Of course all this is no more true of American life than it is of our own. It has to be remembered that the 'crook' play is really not American at all—though America has carried it as yet to the highest point of proficiency. It is an international product; most notably an English one. The 'crook' exquisite can be traced back directly to 'The Silver King,' 'Spider,' the 'Swell Mobsman' and was patriarch of a countless race. In these last years our own Mr. Hornung's 'Raffles' has been very largely responsible for the vogue. But it is American playgoers who have turned the 'crook' into a cult. They have lived on him—eaten, drunk and breathed him.

"What is the reason of it all? Possibly poverty of imagination is at the root of the modern crime-play in general. When excitement is wanted and fancy fails, a crime-play is the most elementary logical chance for a modern drama. It is the obvious social vibration. The lower the crime and the higher the criminal, the more vibrant, presumably, the result! So the dress-shirt goes naturally with the 'jimmy.' The younger and more hurried civilization of America, and the ruthlessly scrambling conditions under which popular plays are produced there, may answer for the rest—so far as excitement is concerned.

"But the real essence of the society 'crook,' as we know him now, is not that he appears in a crime play. Crime plays we have had always with us, both plain and colored. It is that he is the villain in the hero's place, and that he has the sympathy of the audience. It is a matter of ideals. What we are really seeing in the 'crook' play is the death of heroism—of the old flawless, blue-eyed heroism of melodrama. The villain is now the hero, though his black mustachios are clipped to a spot, and his fierce 'ha-ha' subdued to a Chicago whisper. We are, so it would appear, to have no further use for the old paragon of all the virtues. To be 'Inn—o—cent,' even of the vulgarest offence is to be quite vieux-jeu these times. So much so that the conclusion of 'The Ware Case'—representing, as it does, Fate's very moderate retribution upon a murderer, libertine, and 'double-lifer' of the worst description—was, I notice, greeted by a bright young critic as an 'unhappy ending.'

"To some extent, there may be good in this — common-sense, humanity, a sense of humor. In our own 'crook'-plays there is nearly always an attempt at least to introduce some genuinely worthy qualities in the 'crook.' He is said to have been good to his mother, or lends a trifle to a damaged acquaintance. But with the American 'crook' plays one sees this necessity dwindling to a mere convention. There is no doubt that more and more the American playgoer—to judge by his plays—takes a joy in 'crookery' for its own sake. Not that he has any real hankering after crime. It is rather because the 'crook'-play happens to prove a simple, physical, and

[illegible] of the great national [illegible] of 'bluff.'

After seeing some American 'crook' [illegible] one comes to the conclusion that [illegible] Sam's heart will forgive practically everything in the man who can 'put [illegible] firm bluff.' A national bequest from [illegible] poker-table, perhaps. More probably [illegible] business habit of a business nation. [illegible] Lady Money,' for instance, the most [illegible] character—so brilliantly played [illegible] here by Mr. Aynesworth—is a life-long forger, who survives scathless, applauded and unrepentant, the 'bluffer' triumphant. In a curious way, with many modern American plays, one gets a sense that the plays themselves are 'bluff.' The time when we used to get plays of sincere expression—'Alabama,' 'Sue,' 'Arizona,' 'The Great Divide' even 'Mrs. Wiggs'—seems to have slipped away. There is 'Peg o' My Heart'; but, then, that is by an Englishman. Even with the acting—the masculine acting, at any rate—one feels this. We are getting finely competent, forceful work from the new Americans, but how often one feels that there is no real heart in it! It is just a 'firm bluff.'

"If this is all that a nation asks from the stage the 'crook'-play becomes inevitable; and that is not all. One seems to see a very solid reason why the 'movies' should have proved so much more successful a rival to the theatres in America than they have here. A drama without ideals—or with one fixed ideal of money-making taken for granted—will soon get beaten. If it is just lively incident and 'cute' resource that are needed, the film can suggest these things just as well as the stage. It can even suggest cut-and-dried humor and cut-and-dried sentiment almost as effectively. But with us the 'crook'-play craze is not likely to prove all-sufficing, and even the film has its drawbacks. Our imagination may have its barren spells, but we are still too much a nation of idealists to be content with 'bluff.' And we are still too much steeped in the long tradition of art, of poetry, of beauty of word and of thought, to be complete victims to the 'screen.'"

Notes About Music and Musicians

Teachers of singing and pupils who are greatly concerned with the question of breath control may be interested in the account of experiments that took place at the University of California Medical school when an undergraduate held his breath for 10 minutes. The Journal of the American Medical Association (Chicago) says:

"This was accomplished while having the student lie on a table, with a pneumographic belt attached about his thorax and communicating with a kymograph. Slow, deep inspirations were taken for two minutes; this eliminated a good portion of the carbon dioxid from the blood. A breath of oxygen was then taken and the time-marker started. The tracing is here shown. A slight relaxation of the respiratory muscles is indicated at two minutes. No desire to breathe was experienced until six minutes had elapsed. The belt having been placed over the diaphragm, the pulse-rhythm is shown throughout. From this time on the conscious effort to hold the breath increased until an involuntary twitching of the abdominal muscles was quite apparent, but no respiration took place. All the time the pulse was full and strong, the color good. No oxygen-want appeared. At the expiration of 10 minutes some vertigo occurred, and the impulse to breathe having become imperative the first inspiration was taken at 10 minutes and 10 seconds having elapsed. No great hyperpnoea, no weakness, no heart-changes appeared. The student rose from the table and went about his class-work. Mr. Horner, on whom this experiment was tried, is a swimmer and has participated in underwater contests. This is the longest period of voluntary suspension of respiration on record."

We find this maxim in Cowen's "Music as She is wrote": "When you have nothing to say, write it for a large orchestra."

The Pall Mall Gazette reviewed unfamiliar works recently performed at Promenade concerts. Of the concert given Sept. 14 it said: "The fairy tale of Rapunzel is so essentially German that it is presumably the correct thing to follow in Humperdinck's footsteps and give it a Wagnerian setting. To judge by the two Preludes performed for the first time last night, that is what Mr. Paul Corder has done in his opera. He is the son of the distinguished teacher of composition at the Royal Academy of Music, and, if he has inherited the paternal leanings toward Wagnerism, it cannot be gainsaid that he has received with these a very thorough command of technical resources. So far as the knowledge to compose makes a composer, he has the advantage in equipment. The two little mood-pictures are, however, unsatisfying. They lack independence. They stand for contour without profile. A note in the program stated that they were 'originally written solely from the point of view of stage performance,' but they lacked theatrical, as well as personal, quality. Once he stood committed to the idiom, the rest is not entirely Paul Corder's fault, for the task of making it utter new truths is the despair of all disciples. The composer directed the performance." At this concert Benno Moiseiwitsch gave a showy performance of Ernest Schelling's brilliant but shallow Suite Fantastique." Of a program of Italian music Sept. 15 it said: "In fulfilling their self-imposed task of giving an Italian program, the organizers of the 'Proms' found themselves compelled to alter completely the character of last night's concert. It might have been symphonic. They could have drawn on the works of some of the older men, such as Sgambati or Martucci, and worked down to Pratella, the 'futurist,' and the pugnacious advocates of 'free aesthetic' at Florence. It would have been representative, but in no sense popular, and the 'Proms' are essentially a popular institution. Hence the fare was almost exclusively operatic, and some of it of a kind that has lost its freshness by long association with the clatter of restaurant life. The only novelty came after the interval, and proved well worth the waiting. It was a 'Lament,' for stringed orchestra, composed by Mr. Frank Bridge in memory of 'Catherine, aged 9,' who perished with her entire family in the Lusitania disaster. The few pages of elegiac sentiment were simple, as befits the subject, but the composer's reticence did not deprive him of the poignancy of close part-writing for muted strings, and he made a skilful use of the soloists. It is, however, almost indiscreet to speak of the piece in terms of craftsmanship, for its great charm was rather in the self-effacement of the craftsman and his deference to the tender thoughts inspired by the incident. Mr. Bridge, who conducted, well deserved the sympathetic tribute of the audience."

At a gala performance of "Lohengrin" in the Court Theatre at Munich there was a most remarkable patriotic demonstration. Most of the members of the Royal House were present, and the great house was filled with the elite of the Bavarian capital.

In the third act the King, Henry the Fowler, mounted on a horse, addresses his soldiers in the following words:

"The enemies of the kingdom may now approach. We shall receive them bravely, and never more shall they dare to come here from their Eastern deserts! For German land the German Sword! It is this which will preserve the kingdom."

The house, we are told (records the Chronicle) rocked with emotion; men and women stood cheering and weeping and laughing hysterically for the space of ten minutes. A still madder frenzy of feeling overmastered the audience at Lohengrin's prophecy, "Never shall the hordes of the East come victoriously to Germany." The emotion was so intense that the performance had to be interrupted for an hour.—Daily Chronicle.

As the "rally" party passed along Piccadilly, the fifes and drums ceased their music and the hundred or so men began whistling. They started with that once universally popular song, "God Bless the Prince of Wales," (composed by Brinley Richards for the royal marriage in 1863, the words by "Louisa Gray"), and followed it with an air which has been familiar to us since our childhood. It was composed 118 years ago, and is to be heard at Vienna and at the Austrian front, I suspect, any and every day. Most people know it, but it sounded odd to hear it being whistled in London streets by our troops, for it was the Austrian national anthem, the great Haydn's "hymnn to (or for) the emperor." It dates from 1797, when the composer, "the darling of Vienna," was living in the Kaiserstadt. We hear small boys singing it in our streets every day.—Pall Mall Gazette.

J. King, M. P., has given notice to ask the home secretary if he will make a statement about the case of Mme. Janotha, the Kaiser's court pianist, who was deported recently from England.

On every solemn occasion when music has been played at the Vatican in the great court of San Damaro the program has only contained Italian, French and Russian pieces. No German or Austrian music has been rendered. Some German admirers have endeavored to make a complaint to the master of the ceremonies and to the major-domo of the Pope, but in each instance the reply has been given that the head of the orchestra is the sole judge in the matter of choosing the music which is to be played, and the Pope is satisfied with the selection which the orchestral leader has made.

Godfrey Tearle, will take the part of a young English duke in the new musical comedy by Paul Rubens to be produced at the Adelphi, London, about the middle of this month.

A little hornpipe by Purcell, a merry tune for harpsichord, arranged for a small orchestra by H. C. Colles, was played in London for the first time at a promenade concert Sept. 2.

Mr. Thomas Bowden Green wrote an indignant letter to the London journals: "The following extract from the letter of a West End householder not only serves to express the feelings of a very large proportion of residents in reference to undesired street noises, but will, I think, serve to point out to the various municipal and police authorities of London that something very definite should be done at the present time for the purpose of altogether clearing the streets of the nuisance referred to:

"This morning between 10:45 and 12:30 there have been four organs close here. (A West End square.) One is playing as I write, and, being "laid up," I have shut my windows, but that does not [illegible] help the number of householders now bearing the heavy mental strain of anxieties due to the war are distressed and half-maddened by these street noises. Everywhere one hears of the scarcity of laborers—men and women are wanted for all kinds of skilled work—so there is no excuse for this form of begging. No doubt the wiser way is to insist on the stupidity of allowing people of some value to the country to be tortured to the point of incapacity by these loafing pests. Have you noticed, also, that the noise power of these organs has, of late, been increased?

"Whether aliens, or otherwise, the organ-grinding community ought certainly to be abolished from our midst."

The London Times had this to say of Montague Phillips's "Heroic" overture played at a promenade concert Sept. 7. The overture was not then played for the first time. "In calling his overture 'Heroic' he has prejudiced his chances of success. There is very little music which will bear such a title, and just now one is apt to scrutinize claims to heroism with some closeness. One asks for more than a general feeling of energy and buoyancy before conceding the right to the title. Mr. Phillips's music has these qualities; it is cleverly scored and the themes (none of them very eloquent ones) are developed with a seriousness which risks becoming laborious. But that is the only risk it runs; a hero should venture more."

Still one more opera season is to be begun in London on Oct. 2, namely, that most interesting enterprise at the Royal Victoria Hall, in the Waterloo road. From last October to this May no less than sixty-nine performances were given there of sixteen operas, which included "Carmen," "Don Giovanni," "Lohengrin," "Cavalleria Rusticana," and "Pagliacci." In the present season it is hoped to accomplish at least as much. With a view to extending the usefulness of the scheme that obtains, it is intended to form two small companies as a nucleus for both operas and plays, and to organize a small permanent orchestra to take part in all entertainments. When I say that no less than thirteen of Shakespeare's plays were given last year, as well as "She Stoops to Conquer" and "The School for Scandal," it is clear that the aim is high. Of course money is wanted. You can purchase a season ticket for five guineas, or a subscription ticket of 25 shilling seats for one guinea, or the same number of pit-stall tickets for half that sum. I am glad to see that "The Barber of Seville," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "Figaro," and probably a Russian opera are to be added to the repertory, as also Mendelssohn's "Elijah" in its operatic form. It seems to me fairly obvious that the "Old Vic," is doing a work of real usefulness. The list of artists who took part in the last season of operas and plays, too long to print here, is a guarantee of the excellence of the performances; and the fact that stalls cost 2s or 1s, while admission costs but 2d, and yet no less than £2951 was taken at the doors, is clear evidence that a gap in the lives of many is being well filled. By the way, if the two companies referred to above can be formed, it is hoped that they may be, as it were, "exchanged" with other institutions similar to the "Vic" on off nights there.—Mr. Legge in the Daily Telegraph.

While musicians all over the country are feeling the pinch of the war, it is interesting to find that some members of, at any rate, one branch of the profession have no cause to complain. Pianoforte dealers in certain manufacturing towns, and in centres where government munition works are situated, say that they are enjoying a time of unexampled prosperity. In normal days they supply cheap pianos to workingmen on the instalment system. Nowadays their humbler customers come into their shops, produce rolls of notes and pay cash. The picture, however, has its tragic side. Cheap pianos are not so easy to procure as they were, and, to supply the demand, the dealers attend sales at seaside towns, there to buy the pianos of lodging house keepers who are being "sold up," ruined by the war. —Daily Telegraph.

The report from Amsterdam that the Imperial Association of German Composers has expelled Eugen d'Albert from membership, "because of his original British nationality," is a little puzzling. Though born in Glasgow, d'Albert, who is now in his 52d year, has for more than thirty years been resident in Germany, and has long been reckoned a German. Four years ago, indeed, the Frankfurter Zeitung included him in a list of German composers who, it alleged, has been persistently overlooked by the directors of Covent Garden since Dr. Richter retired. Last June, too, it was reported in the German papers that d'Albert had naturalized himself as an Austrian citizen. So far as his published utterances are a guide, it would seem that the famous musician has always been German in his sympathies. "Brought up where I was neither understood nor esteemed," he once wrote, "my youth was not happy. My father and his father, in spite of their name, were born Germans, and I am a German through and through." As a matter of fact, competent musical critics in London esteemed him highly as a pianist and composer before, in his 20th year, he took up his residence in Germany, driven out of London, he remarked at the time, mainly by its fogs and patchwork climate.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Who is Boerresen, the composer of an orchestral piece "The Normans"?

Oct. 4' 19. 5

A Governor of Millbank Prison once stated that he always had hopes of the final reformation of a prisoner, no matter how violent or depraved he might be, so long as he retained an appetite for apple pie.

But Deep.

But the ideal apple pie is a deep one, without under crust, with an inverted tea cup for the juice resting on the bottom. This pie should be baked in a nappy (the more heroic form is "knappy"), preferably a yellow one. There were those in early days who put a touch of lemon in the pie, poor, misguided souls. Thick cream poured over a portion heaped on the plate was for the luxurious and the wanton. Was it not Coleridge who said, "No man can have a pure mind who refuses apple dumplings"? What are dumplings to a deep apple pie?

An Anniversary.

The 500th anniversary of the Hohenzollerns' accession to power will be celebrated on Oct. 21. The remarks of Job concerning his birthday would be then singularly appropriate.

Varia.

As the World Wags:

Mr. Rockefeller's Colorado campaign and his delightful intercourse with his "fellow workmen" and their families recall the election in "Pickwick" where the agent describes the candidate's affability as the women with infants in arms are paraded to meet him: "He is kissing a baby! He is kissing another! He is kissing them ALL!" I quote from memory.

What satisfaction is obtained from digging up weather coincidences? It is the custom for the reporter to state for instance that the thermometer on such and such a day was higher or lower than on the same day of the year for 10 years, that it was below or above the average of the week say in 1910, that it was exactly the same as it had been 75 times since the bureau was established. As important as those statistics which tell us how many soap boxes would reach from Boston to Worcester or how much the food consumed by an adult would weigh. An extraordinary fact was noted last week by a private citizen, overlooked by the "forecaster." Multiplying the temperature on one of the hottest days by three and dividing the result by four gave the exact temperature at noon of a date just 10 days previous!

Is there any one mischievous enough to take a record of the fulfilments of Boston predictions? With all the scientific auguries from traveling "pressures," the local influences from the bay and its east wind do not get reckoned with and the old rule of thumb of the native works out better it is said.

Does the good major who loves, we know, to afford the democratic opportunity for the "rushers" at the Symphonies appreciate the fact that he is setting up what may become an hereditary musical aristocracy on the floor, since the purchasers of premium seats are to be permitted to retain them from season to season, without the trouble and risk of public opportunity?

Boston, Oct. 1. THE OLD 'UN.

Doctor and Mountain.

It has been stated that the prohibition against the ascent of Mount Everest is on account of the war; that this is the reason why the intrepid Dr. Cook is not allowed to add a laurel to his wreath. As a matter of fact the Indian government has for many years refused permission to mountain climbers. No exception was made for the Duke of the Abruzzi in 1909. If we are not mistaken it was Lord Morley, when he was secretary for India, who first made the decree.

Dr. Longstaff is of the opinion that a peak in the Karakoran range is higher than Everest. According to his survey, at the lowest possible value, this peak is about 30,000 feet in height. The Indian survey has recently determined the height of Everest as between 28,700 and 29,150 feet.

"Katzenjammer."

As the World Wags:

Mr. Byington is to be applauded for desiring to render "Katzenjammer" into good standard English, but his leaning toward "crapulence" as the nicely chosen equivalent is less commendable. Pray do not allow him to overlook the term "hangover," which will surely be found together with jitney and Zeppelin in future editions of Webster. How much more it becomes our Anglo-Saxon simplicity to wake up with a hangover than to wake up oppressed with crapulence. As for the derivation of hangover, it is just possible that the term

... from the posture assumed do in the indisposition, although if that were the correct supposition the word could apply to maladies met with equal significance. Mr. Herkimer Johnson to the rescue, please!

RICHARD J. EATON.

Providence, R. I., Sept. 28.

MUSIC LOVERS ENJOY BRAVES FIELD CONCERT

More than 100 enthusiastic music lovers, whose ardor was not affected by raw weather, attended the band concert at Braves Field yesterday afternoon.

The concert, which was given by a band of 125 pieces, under the direction of Barrington Sargent, was interspersed with contralto solos by Madame Hamlin. She sang under difficulties, as at times, although she stood in front of a sounding board, the noise of the steam trains passing the back of the field, completely drowned her voice.

Madame Hamlin sang the following: "My Hero," "The Rosary," "Little Gray Home in the West," "A Little Love, a Little Kiss," and "A Perfect Day."

Next Sunday, United States Senator Borah of Idaho will speak at the park. He will take as his subject, "Preparedness."

YOUNG JEWS GIVE CONCERT IN ROXBURY

Several hundred persons from all parts of Boston and vicinity attended the sacred concert and mass meeting given by the Junior Congregation Adath Jeshurun at the Shawmut Theatre, Blue Hill avenue, Roxbury, yesterday.

The concert consisted of vocal selections by Miss Dorah Greenburg, Miss Ruth Greenburg, Miss Rose Bachels, Miss Lillian Green, Miss Anna Rabinovitz and Mrs. Elizabeth Freundlich. Miss Mae Aronovitz, accompanied by Miss Flora Aronovitz, played the violin; Miss Susan Shoinfein read and the Emanu-El Choir of Chelsea, under the direction of Dr. Samuel Gersen, with Miss Sarah Gelfand, accompanist, played.

Sept 25 matinee
Boston Opera House
Rigoletto - cast ?
Monday

Sept 25 evening
Il Trovatore
Mary Kaestner, Leonora
Carolina Zawner, Azucena

Oct. 5, 1915

'PAIR OF SILK STOCKINGS' AT

By PHILIP HALE.

WILBUR THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "A Pair of Silk Stockings." A comedy in three acts by Cyril Harcourt. Produced at the Criterion Theatre, London, Feb. 23, 1914. Performed for the first time in New York on Oct. 18, 1914, at the Little Theatre. Revived at the Booth Theatre, New York, Sept. 11, 1915.

Lady Gower	Alison Skipworth
Irene Maitland	Sybil Carlisle
Pamela Bristowe	Gladys Knorr
Angele	Lilla Campbell
Captain Bagnal	P. Clayton Greene
Sam Thornhill	Sam Sothern
Sir John Gower	Wallace Erskine
Hugh MacIntyre	Edward Douglas
Arthur Brook	Reynolds Evans
Morgan	George Odell
Molly Thornhill	Eva Leonard-Boyne
Wilson	Charles Ronold.
A Tramp	Theodore Duggie

This comedy is first of all very amusing. The verdict of the large audience was unmistakable. Laughter was continuous and genuine. The spectators enjoyed the dialogue, the worldly wisdom and cynicism of Lady Gower, the amazing slang of Sam Thornhill, the touch of bitterness in the cattish speeches of Irene Maitland. It had the impression that the life and manners of a certain English class were truthfully portrayed. It was pleased with remarks that were highly flavored and by one or two situations which had they not been acted with Gallic lightness and dexterity might easily have been considered indelicate.

Nor is the dialogue the only feature of the comedy. The plot is well contrived, and the second act, while it contains situations that even in a novel might be thought incredible, is most effective viewed from the dramatic standpoint, an act that would have excited the admiration of Scribe, who was a master in stagecraft. The interest is not so well maintained in the third act. Thornhill could at any time have brought about the conclusion of the whole matter, the conversation drags at times, and the introduction of a tramp, supposed to be the burglar who broke into the divorced wife's room and, giving the proof of the story believed to be concocted by her and Bagnal to save her face and good name, is wholly extraneous and unnecessary. On the whole, the management of the plot is excellent, so that it seems unusual, original, and, as we have said, theatrically effective.

There is talk of burglars in the neighborhood of Sir John Gower's country house. As the Gowers and guests, among them Thornhill, whose wife has divorced him, and Captain Bagnal, and Pamela, to whom he is betrothed, are rehearsing "Caste" for an amateur performance, Mrs. Thornhill enters, asking hospitality, for her motor car has been wrecked. General consternation. Bagnal is somewhat upset, because he was once in love with her, and honest Sam is sorely distressed, for he still loves her. She had been jealous of a Miss Maude Plantagenet, to whom her husband had given a set of furs, but she did not listen to Sam's blundering explanation: that his acquaintance with Maude was Platonic; that in a clumsy way he had tried to aid her.

Irene conceives the idea of a reconciliation. She persuades Sam, made up as Eccles for the rehearsal, to hide in a cupboard of Bagnal's room where Molly would sleep, for Bagnal had left for London. While Sam is hiding, Lady Gower, Molly and Irene talk about love, divorce, nightgowns, underclothes, Sam, Bagnal and men in general with delightful freedom. Molly at last goes to bed, Bagnal, who had missed his train, returns and finding the house closed, climbs to his room. Then comes the "Scene a Faire." Bagnal is loath to leave the room. He recalls former days, reproaches Molly for throwing him over and waxes amorous.

She at first is inclined to encourage him; she allows him to kiss her; but she remembers Sam, whom she still loves, and bids the captain leave her. As he is about to go, he hears Sam in the cupboard. Certain that here is the burglar, he pulls out Sam in his Eccles costume, throws him down, and he and Molly bind him, tying his feet with her silk stockings. He then puts him in the bathroom for safe keeping. Who should come in but Pamela to beg Molly's pardon for previous and childish rudeness, Bagnal tells his story. Pamela must see the burglar to be convinced; she rushes into the bathroom. Lo, there is no one there. The bathroom has a window. Pamela flounces out; jealous, broken-hearted.

The next morning they all eat breakfast, though Pamela sheds tears on her plate of sausages. The Gowers insist that the guilty couple should leave the house, but they stoutly assert their innocence. Irene gives the clew to Molly; Pamela is convinced; Sam and Molly are reconciled, and there is marital embracing when Sam shows her the silk stockings which he is then wearing.

It must be said that the characters are for the most part conventional, and no one of them excites curiosity or any deep interest except Miss Maitland, attractive, but without a lover, inclined to be sharp-tongued and malicious. At first she seems merely a mischief-maker. Later she becomes the good angel, and is pathetic in her loneliness, for she would gladly have wedded Sam, and possibly Bagnal. A character not easily understood.—the dramatist hardly understands her—but the one that stands out in bold relief from the fatuous, flippant, worldly men and women in the country house. This part was played piquantly, subtly and with genuine distinction by Miss Carlisle.

Miss Skipworth, who had a "fat" part, delivered her lines with delicious aplomb; Miss Knorr was a pretty and girlish Pamela. Miss Leonard-Boyne did not make a pleasing impression in the first act. Her voice was now acid, now strident, and her vivacity was labored, but in the bedchamber she showed herself to be an actress of no mean talent, especially in the scene with the Captain, where for a moment she was tempted, and then without mock-heroics declared that she still owed Sam her fidelity.

Mr. Sothern took the part of Sam in London. It was a pleasure to see again this well-graced actor, to note his humor that never passed the boundary of artistic reserve, his quiet effectiveness, the restraint that made his comedy the more irresistible. Mr. Greene played the part of the Captain in a refreshingly manly spirit, and Mr. Douglas and Mr. Duggie gave importance to minor parts. Nor should the butler be forgotten. He might easily have escaped for the night from one of Edith Wharton's short stories, in which the butler is as indispensable and impressive as any bishop in whom she finds such keen delight.

From a Publisher

As the World Wags:

In spite of the fact that there is always some doubt as to what to take seriously in this department, I have fallen into the habit of enjoying it more than almost any other feature of my favorite morning paper. Consequently, I read with a great deal of interest today's communication on book reviewing, signed "Bookman," which, if not genuine, is so good an imitation of what years of experience have taught me to regard as the attitude of many of the so-called best reviewers that I am willing it should get a rise out of me, a genuine publisher.

The first paragraph is as fine a presentation of the attitude of a reviewer as I have ever read, and no thoughtful person could well do otherwise than commend it. Having covered his round so fully, it is only natural that further statements should bear out the old rule that unnecessary additions weaken. The truth of this is at once shown by his naive statement regarding books published by his employer which are "either ignored in my review, or treated on their merit." In other words, he does not dare treat his employer's poor books as he would those of other publishers for fear of losing his job. Having thus put himself outside the pale of men who are honest at all times, it is a little harsh to proceed to say that many of the reviews that come under his eye seem to be the work of either fools or knaves.

The most striking point of the whole letter of "Bookman," however, is the statement which I believe to have been made with absolute sincerity, namely, that he makes it a rule "always to treat with contempt the advertisement of publishers."

Thus, a publisher may be, as I am, the holder of degree upon degree bestowed pro meritis by a prominent college, and he may, from years of experience in noting the reception of many kinds of books by the public, wide personal acquaintance with men and women with minds highly cultured in many directions, and specific acquaintance with a particular book and the author's efforts and purpose, be the very best qualified of all persons to instruct the public in the announcement of a book, and may, as I have many times tried to do, make this announcement with modesty and sincerity, but all to no purpose. He is a publisher, therefore a sordid and very much interested party. Let everything he says be passed over "with contempt."

However, a publisher may always console himself with the fact that back of all is the public, ready unfailingly to settle the question of a book's success or failure. If the public is pleased, no critical attacks can stay the sale of a book; if the public is bored, no laudatory pulmotor efforts can keep a book going for long. In other words, good old Dr. Johnson was right when he said that while praise of a book might render a certain "adventitious aid" at the outset, its ultimate success must depend upon what is said in it, rather than what is said about it.

A publisher, like an author, may also, if he likes, console himself as did the eminent French author who, when told that reviewers were dealing harshly with his latest book, dismissed the whole matter with the words: "Reviewers! Who are the reviewers? Merely those who have themselves tried to write books and have failed."

PUBLISHER.

Boston, Sept. 29.

(1) Great Hevings! Is it possible that we are so misunderstood? That any one is in doubt concerning the serious purpose of this column? This purpose is to raise the moral tone of the community and incidentally to disseminate useful information and varied misinformation.

(2) We are sorry that "Publisher" ended his article with a shop-worn gibe. Let us name at random some reviewers who "tried to write books" and "failed." Voltaire, Diderot, Goethe, Anatole France, Sainte-Beuve, Jules Lemaitre, Barbey d'Aurevilly, Poe, Lowell, Oscar Wilde, Howells, Symons, Churton Collins, Saintsbury, Morley, Matthew Arnold—here are a few names taken from a long list.—Ed.

The reviewed have complained in this column about the negligence, indifference and ignorance of book-reviewers. Others have spoken disparagingly of reviewers and described their articles as honey-daubing and slush. A book reviewer has contributed an excellent letter concerning the ethics of his calling. Now let us hear from a publisher doing business in this city.

A New War Word.

"In the highest German quarters a new word obtains—'Tirpitziana'—which is now used as a synonym for expressing everything that is deemed legitimate in war." Outside of Germany and possibly Austria, this new word would be differently defined. "Incredible barbarity," might be one definition. The Turks themselves would not admit the word with the Berlin definition into their dictionary.

Smith and Ruloff.

Some time ago Prof. Burt G. Wilder asked the title of the book in which Goldwin Smith stated that Ruloff, "among his fellow professors at Cornell University" was "a great philologist and the inventor of a universal language," also a robber and a murderer. In an issue of the Daily Chronicle last month Smith's description of Ruloff was quoted at some length from the former's "Reminiscences." It may be remembered that Prof. Wilder stated —and he should know—that Ruloff was not a "professor" at Cornell, nor was he a "great philologist." He admitted, however, that Ruloff was an able murderer. Whether De Quincey would have included him in his gallery of true artists is a question for academic discussion.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—Henry Jewett Players in "The Blindness of Virtue," a comedy in four acts by Cosmo Hamilton. Cast

Hon. Archibald Graham	William L. Carleton
Rev. Harry Pemberton	Theodore Friebus
Collins	Donald Meek
Mrs. Pemberton	Miss Betty Barnicoat
Cookie	Miss Vida Croly Sidney
Mary Ann	Miss Justine Adams
Effie Pemberton	Miss Mary Young

Mary Young returned to the Castle Square for the winter season yesterday and she has chosen to make her first appearance in "The Blindness of Virtue," an excellent example of a play which points a very stern moral without boring the audience for a moment with any question of abstract ethics.

The first act shows an English country rectory. There is the conscientious English parson, the Rev. Harry Pemberton; his rather ineffective wife; his charmingly unsophisticated daughter, and the Hon. Archibald Graham, a young man whom the parson is going to coach for the London bar. Effie, the daughter, is a very refreshing girl of 17. The arrival of the athletic young Englishman who is to become an innate of the rectory, precipitates romantic consequences of a most innocent and delightful nature. No hint, therefore, of anything serious comes to the audience until Mary Ann appears in the second act.

The effect of Mary Ann's confession upon the Rev. Harry Pemberton, and his subsequent talk with his wife give the first indication to the audience that a problem underlies the play. And if the audience hesitated in the least over the rector's insistence that girls ought to be taught the facts of life they hesitate no longer after the third act. Effie's arrival in the astonished young Englishman's bedroom, his horror and his anxiety, contrasted with her complete ignorance of the dangers of such an unconventional visit, are proof positive of her father's previous statement.

The parson's discovery of his daughter in his pupil's room gives Mr. Carleton the opportunity for one of the best pieces of acting he has ever given in Boston. His vehement denunciation of fathers and mothers who deliberately conceal the fundamental truths of nature from their daughters is remarkably effective. The fourth act sees the young couple united; and the play ends happily.

Theodore Friebus gave an unusually good interpretation of a sturdy, faithful, kind-hearted British parson; and Mary Young played the part of the ingenue with her usual artistic skill. Betty Barnicoat had a difficult part which she played with distinction; and Justine Adams as Mary Ann gave a vivid bit of character acting. The only drawback about Donald Meek as Collins was that he appeared only twice.

"NOBODY HOME" MOVED TO HOLLIS THEATRE

Charming Musical Comedy Has Run Here Since Season Opened.

"Nobody Home," the charming musical comedy which has run since the opening of the season at another theatre, was transferred to the Hollis Street Theatre last evening. Boston theatregoers now returned from the country may therefore enjoy this attractive piece, with its amusing comedy, tuneful music and delightful sittings.

The cast, rich in comedians, is headed by Lawrence Grossmith, who has a fund of humor all his own. Miss Adele Rowland is piquant and displays handsome costumes with grace and distinction. Others in the cast are Charles Judels and Maude Odell, while there are special dance numbers by Todd and Clarke.

All in all, this musical comedy is one of the most charming entertainments seen here in recent years. One of the features of the production at the Hollis is the large and excellent orchestra, through which additional and pleasing effects are gained.

B. K. KEITH'S THEATRE

Miss Gertrude Hoffmann again charmed a large audience at B. F. Keith's Theatre last evening in the condensed version of Max Reinhardt's "Sumurun." Others on the bill were Harry Decoe, in a table and chair balancing act; Kate Elinore and Sam Williams, in "The Hunter and the Huntress"; Grace Fisher, in a group of songs that have their excuse in a pleasing personality; Roger Imhoff, Hugh L. Conn and Marcelle Coreene, in a military sketch; "Surgeon Louder, U. S. A.," an act that is funny in a way that reminds one of the late Billy Barry by reason of Mr. Imhoff's delightful character acting; Lulu Coates and her Crackerjacks, in songs and dances; the Wheeler trio, in an acrobatic act, and the Pathe pictures.

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"It was liquor that brought you to this, I infer?" "No," the burglar replied, "it was housecleaning, sir; the carpets were up, and with things in that shape my footsteps were heard, and I failed to escape."

A "Pacificist."

As the World Wags:

How different this part of the page is from the section on the extreme right. What innocent delights are ours as, under the tactful ciceronage of the editor and the spell of Mr. Herkimer Johnson's inspiring personality, we wander at our sweetest wills in this shady haunt of peace.

Not so the "contributing editors." They tear by, along that highway on the

[illegible] I observe, nor for concluding [illegible] pleasant odors, nor for the memory of good things once eaten. [illegible] is in their eye, their hands clutch [illegible] of their eight-cylinder; chickens are decapitated, dogs are maimed—[illegible] rush, staring through dusty goggles [illegible] the straight road. For they [illegible] to get somewhere. Far otherwise [illegible].

Yet, take them in a lump, the denizens of the whole page are a company of good fellows. They give and take with even spirits—their blood and judgement are well commingled. Of course there are exceptions. I have one in mind whose occasional epistles are not free from passion—whose language is of a tone that jars the prevailing harmony. Some recent letters about Mr. Bryan would have been better unsent. Their author sneers, than which there is no more heinous offence. Good fellows get mad sometimes, but they never sneer.

I object, too, to the evident contempt of the gentleman for the people and for government, nor of the best and wisest, but of all. I could not understand how an American, how a Bostonian, could hold such language. But the solution came to me this morning.

According to my daily custom, I had gone out upon the roof of my residence for my 15 minutes of setting-up exercises. As I stood on my head at the eastern end of the ridgepole and repeated in sonorous tones the poem by Mr. Kipling called "If," the solution flashed across me. I immediately descended and went to the typewriter.

"If you can talk with crowds and keep
your virtue,
Or walk with kings nor lose the common thouch."

I do not know whether the gentleman I have in mind has ever walked with kings, but I am sure that he has lost the common touch. And what is sadder than that? There are men whom Keats [illegible] or Dooley—the Symphony orchestra [illegible] Harry Lauder or Mr. Jewell [illegible] immortal imitation of a steam calliope. Is Mr Johnson less divine for [illegible] devoured those flapjacks?

I have prepared the following prescription for the man who has lost the common touch. First let him secure [illegible] of Abraham Lincoln and [illegible] Jefferson—steel engravings, if [illegible]. Let them be suitably framed and hung. Let the patient spend 30 minutes a day in meditation upon their lives and works. Continue this treatment for one month.

[illegible] the second month be devoted to [illegible] this city. Let the patient [illegible] his Sunday evenings in the North [illegible] then go down to Atlantic ave. [illegible] and see two gentlemen of color kill each other with razors. Let him hear [illegible], the rum-soaked banana bum, sing "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" in his strong, sweet, but veritable whiskey tenor. Let him be a street car conductor with a night run.

At the expiration of the second month, let him enter upon the following course of reading: [illegible]'s Comedies, [illegible] "Sentimental Tommy," Mark [illegible], Dostoiefsky's "Crime and Punishment," [illegible] Borrow's "Lavengro," [illegible] "The Ring and the Book," "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking-Glass," Galsworthy's "Strife," Lincoln's Speeches, [illegible] "Kidnapped," Burns, Jerome's "Three Men in a Boat," Wadsworth, [illegible]'s "Pinocchio," the Declaration of Independence, the Synoptic Gospels.

If the patient will accept this program, I guarantee his cure. But he will not accept it. Probably he will say, "Who the devil are you?" Ah, my dear sir, that doesn't matter at all. As the [illegible] said to the boy, "This hurts me more than it does you, Willie."

HAZELTON SPENCER.

Forest Hills, Oct. 4.

The Walking Stick.

As the World Wags:

What is the psychology of cane-carrying? Aside from the observation that the walking-stick habit obviously marks one as a gentleman of the higher grade, is there a recognized literature of canes, walking-sticks and staffs? Is there a fashion-code in the matter of the walking-stick? Should a cane of one color or some kind of wood go with a suit of some kind or color; or another kind of stick go with another color or style of clothes? Is not the latitude in such things as great and the restraint imposed as severe as would be becoming in judicial discretion? And would not the violation of one's sensibilities be as unpardonable as judicial wrong? Are silver or gold ornaments for the walking-stick really in good form or in good taste for the refined gentleman?

Does Mr Herkimer Johnson carry a stick while thinking out his problems afoot?

J. H. S.

Portsmouth, N. H.

We refer "J. H. S." to Pope's couplet.

Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane.

Also to a book on canes published many years ago—we think, by John Camden Hotten. Perhaps Dr. Doran [illegible] of canes. We remember a pleasant essay by Leigh Hunt. A man's cane should be in harmony with his [illegible]. The gold headed cane may be [illegible] bank director [illegible] committee on [illegible] should be suitably [illegible]. We understand that Mr. [illegible] Johnson has not carried a

[illegible] the end of his Freshman year when the class was allowed the free use of the banger."—Ed.

A Matter of Handwriting.

As the World Wags:

Upon observation the average British handwriting will be found to have points of marked similarity with German script. We recently learned with interest that Shakespeare was a German; is the uniformly excellent British chirography also Teutonic? Whatever happens, we hope there will be no change made in the system which teaches this delightful penmanship. Even the humblest subject of King George seems to write not only a clear but also a cultivated hand.

ROBERT W. MORSE

Andover, Oct. 8.

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Well I remember how, one Sabbath morn,
I shot ben pheasants in the standing corn,
'Twas in September. Cans't devise a plan
More hideous in the sight of God and man?

Barbecue.

As the World Wags:

Could Mr. Herkimer Johnson give us any information about barbecues? Are they a survival of an ancient religious rite, or merely an expression of gluttony?

H. S.

Lincoln, Oct. 1.

Mr. Herkimer Johnson, the eminent sociologist, is somewhere near Peterboro, N. H. He has not favored us with his postoffice address. The following information is derived from books that are a present help in time of trouble:

The first, the original meaning of "barbecue," a word which comes through the Spanish "barbacoa," from the Haitian "barbacoa," is "a crate on posts"; a rude wooden framework for sleeping on and for supporting above a fire meat that is to be smoked or dried.

Then come these secondary meanings:

A. An iron frame for broiling large joints.

B. A hog, ox, etc., broiled or roasted whole.

C. "A large social entertainment, usually in the open air, at which animals are roasted whole and other provisions liberally supplied." The word with this meaning was first used in the United States. The first illustrative quotation given in the Oxford Dictionary is from Washington Irving's "Knickerbocker" (1809): "A kind of festivity or carousal much practised in Maryland." The following quotation is from the Boston Journal, 1884: "At the Brooklyn barbecue, which Grover Cleveland attended, 5000 kegs of beer were dispensed." We echo the speech of Hamlet on a melancholy occasion: "I would I had been there."

Barbecue also means an open floor on which coffee beans are spread to dry.—Ed.

"Wund" or "Wownd"?

As the World Wags:

What is your opinion regarding the pronunciation of the word "wound," meaning a cut or bruise? Most people say "woond," but I know one that contends strongly for "wownd," as in "ground," "sound," "found."

Boston, Oct. 2.

W. L. F

"Woond" (wund) is preferred by leading modern dictionaries. We are old fashioned and rhyme the word with "sound." In western Massachusetts the latter pronunciation was general until "woond" crept into use during the civil war. But there were some then who sounded aggressively the "w" in "sword."—Ed.

Beneficent War.

As the World Wags:

Today's book review department of the Herald contains a reference to Houston Stewart Chamberlain's revelation that King George V. had never heard till recently the name of Goethe.

It seems that the war is going to do George a bit of good after all; nor can it be overlooked that, as many have alredy pointed out, the great conflict is doing a great deal to clear up the almost unbelievably hazy notions of many Americans about European history and geography.

Not long ago I asked a student at one of the greatest American institutions of high learning where he thought Montenegro and Serbia were situated. He replied, after a moment's hesitation, that they were "somewhere 'round the south of France." And it is well known that the examination books in the European history courses at American colleges often present amazing spectacles of ignorance and distortion of facts. Bismarck will be called the leading figure in the French revolution; Charlemagne will be charged with having led the plundering vandals into Rome; Charlotte Corday will be disposed of as one of Louis XIV.'s mistresses, etc., etc. Indeed, it would not nowadays be surprising to find some desperate student taking a chance and telling us that Pippin I.'s chief claim to immortality was the giving of his name to a well known cigar, or that Cavour is the name of a species of Mediterranean swordfish served up in the best restaurants as caviar.

To be sure, the ignorance of many Europeans concerning America is just as sad. For example, it has been said that many country folks of central Europe still believe that the only civilized city in the United States is "neff York." All in all, then, the war bids fair to be a blessing in the way of education of the masses in the rudiments of history and geography.

SNYDERIUS.

Cambridge, Oct. 2.

For "Pacifists."

Here is an ingenious and pleasing toy for the approaching Christmastide. It is made in Nuremberg. The toy is a 16-in. gun, two feet long, which fires a small shell 50 yards. This shell contains a charge of powder and a fuse, and explodes on concussion. "It falls into four pieces, which can be easily put together again, and the shell recharged for use any number of times." The toy complete, with a supply of shells, costs about $23 in England. Perhaps it would cost $30 in this country, but what fun the young Augustus would have with it, plunking dog, cat or a neighbor.

The Knife Thrower.

An elderly man who applied to the Willesden Bench for a separation from his wife, said she was in the habit of throwing knives at him. "I stood it as a young man," he said, "but now it is beginning to get on my nerves, for I can't dodge them!"—Pall Mall Gazette.

He should read Arthur Lymons's little poem about beauty and knife throwing, written in the poet's green and salad days, before he became sophisticated and viewed himself too seriously.—Ed.

Oct. 8, 1915

And now we shall see again in the newspapers the odious phrase, "the first lady in the land."

The Walking Stick.

As the World Wags:

In his question as to the psychology of the walking-stick habit, "J. H. S.," in this column Wednesday, asked if there is any recognized fashionable code for the carrying of a cane. In England, where the habit is so general among those who consider themselves as of the "upper classes," and those who like to be thought "gentlemen," there are certain simple fashions which are adhered to carefully. For instance, a man carries a stick with a straight handle like the letter L, or perhaps curved in crook fashion. The cane may be of light or dark wood, whereas, in the evening the same man, if following the fashion of his set, would carry, or "wear," as the English put it, only a perfectly straight stick, with a knob or similar finish, trimmed with silver or gold, or even perfectly plain, but never showing a crook or L handle. Not for evening. The same rule practically is followed by the men of fashion in Paris, and the stick is always of dark wood for the evening hours or night use. Of course, in this country men do not strictly follow this idea, unless, from residence abroad, they have acquired the custom and observe it.

Boston, Oct. 7.

A. E. C.

The Letter Writer.

As the World Wags:

Entering a bookstore recently, a bright-eyed girl asked for a copy of the Complete Letter Writer. "We have different ones; whose do you prefer?" answered the clerk. "I'd like the latest and best, written by Woodrow Wilson."

Boston, Oct. 6.

W. A. F.

Symbolical Letters.

As the World Wags:

It is something of a coincidence that the names of three principal figures of the Napoleonic era—Nelson, Ney and Napoleon—should have begun with the letter N. The letter N, crowned and wreathed, is a familiar symbol of this period.

In the present war, which has occasioned so much comment because of certain similarities to the Napoleonic wars, the letter K seems to be playing the most important part. On the one hand is Kitchener—"K. of K.," and Kipling, who has sung the praises of British imperialism. On the other hand there is the Kaiser, foremost exponent of the three K's—Kinder, Kucche, und Kirche—as applied to womankind; exponent also, the unkind might say, of the three super-K's: himself, Kultur and Krupp-ism. The Krueger telegram may be recalled. The Kiel canal is playing an important part in present strategy. Von Klueck will be remembered. In a comparatively recent war—the Russo-Japanese—Kuroki and Kuropatkin stood out prominently. Finally, somebody has dug up an obscure prophecy to the effect that the walls of Rome shall tremble when the letter K is heard throughout the land.

CAPT. BRASSBOUND.

Roxbury, Oct. 6.

There is curious information concerning the significance of names, with and without reference to their initial letters, in the "Miscellanies" of the superstitious John Aubrey, in the "Thoughts Concerning a Comet" by the sceptical Bayle, and in "The Doctor," by the amiable Southey.—Ed.

Prudent Patriots.

As the World Wags:

Not long ago appeared some verses by Thomas Hardy, deploring the spirit of hate existing between two people whose kinship was so readily betrayed in their languages.

It called to mind that in one of Hardy's novels mention is made of a beer mug, familiarly called in Wessexshire "God-forgive us." Hardy says he does not know the origin of the phrase. I wonder if it may not be about the same thing as the German "Gottseibeirens" as used in the curses, "so hat 'mich der Gott sei bei Uns," etc., where the speaker starts out bravely enough, but discretion suggests the timely substitution of the exorcism.

This recalls the probable state of mind of the fiery French patriot, who at the founding of the Second Empire shrieked down all suggestions of prudence and thundered forth that the malcontents should organize and parade the streets, shouting at the top of their lungs—here his voice sank to a whisper—"Vive la Libertel"

EDWARD LAWRENCE.

Boston, Oct. 5.

The "God-forgive-us" is described in Hardy's "Far from the Madding Crowd" as "a two-handled tall mug standing in the ashes, cracked and charred with heat." Wright's great dictionary of English Dialect contains the word but gives no explanation of its origin.—Ed.

Tattershall Castle.

As the World Wags:

Can any one verify the report that Tattershall Castle in England was sold to an American, who would transport it, brick by brick, to America? The castle is between the Cathedral city of Lincoln and the town of Boston, on the Witham river. The reported removal is of interest, for it is "the earliest and finest example of brick work in the 14th century. Its fireplaces are reproduced in the new Parliament buildings at Westminster. It was the seat of the fourth Earl of Lincoln, and here assembled the Puritans John Cotton, John Winthrop and Roger Williams, for conference.

Hyde Park, Oct. 6.

A. L. PIERCE.

PARK SQ. HAS FASHION SHOW

Mrs. Whitney Begins Exhibit of Dresses Suitable for All Occasions.

K. W.

Mrs. Belle Armstrong Whitney's Fashion Show began an engagement of three matinees at the Park Square Theatre yesterday afternoon. This entertainment should be of particular interest to women.

Dresses suitable for all occasions, in costly fabrics and designed by leading houses in Paris and America are displayed on living models, while Mrs. Whitney, herself, explains the styles and gives additional information and valuable suggestions. The collection is the result of seven trips to Europe made since the beginning of the war and represents what will be wonr during the coming season.

Skirts are full and short while boots are high but, according to Mrs. Whitney, there is not correct length for coats. This must depend upon the fabric, the type of suit chosen and the individual woman's taste. Coats may be long and tight-fitting or short and loose in varying lengths.

Many fur coats are lined with serge or velvet. The new gloves are laced on the outside of the arm with cord and tassels. Fur and ribbon predominate in trimmings. Worth has invented a new small muff, drawn in at the middle, while Callot has revived in one model the old fashioned custom of wearing low neck and short sleeves by day.

Mrs. Whitney is no friend of the boneless, shapeless, spineless corset of recent years. She thinks that the natural lines of the figure should be followed and maintained, though without unduly restricting the waist, and she has models of corsets to prove her theory.

She urges women to devote less time and energy to making over dresses. She would have them pay well in the beginning for fabric, work and idea, then have the courage to wear the dress until it is no longer presentable.

The Fashion Show is in three acts. The first and last take place in a futurist reception hall, the second in a boudoir.

The first act is devoted to suits of every texture and design and to one-piece dresses. In this was shown the practical transformation dress, christened in New York "The commuters joy." A black velvet suit with a coat within about 18 inches of the skirt,

suitable for an afternoon of shopping can be transformed by removing the coat into a charming white satin evening dress, the skirt being trimmed around the bottom with a wide black velvet band. This would induce dinner at a restaurant and a play.

In this act, too, Mme. Schula, a very stout woman, illustrated supreme bad taste in the dressing of such a figure. In the last act she appeared in a becoming and suitable dress of black satin.

The boudoir scene was a revelation in exquisite nightgowns, negligees, boudoir caps and two admirable corsets for day and evening wear. With three pins Mrs. Whitney made a graceful negligee from a shiffon scarf trimmed with marabou. A delightful dress for week ends was also shown. This was a four-piece costume in black satin. The long coat disclosed a becoming bolero of black taffeta, forming a clever contrast, while this in turn was laid aside to be replaced by an extra waist, decollete, and a filmy combination of lace, chiffon, and fur.

The last act was devoted to evening dresses. Many were gorgeous in color, yet there were also models which would appeal to women who wish to be inconspicuous. All were beautiful in fabric and design and exquisite in taste.

There was an audience of fair size but the theatre should have been filled. The performance will be repeated this afternoon at 3 o'clock and tomorrow morning at 11.

Oct 9 1915

Some days ago recalling the simple pleasures of our boyhood, we spoke of a Tunbridge tart—thick smears of Shaker applesauce between layers of doughnut stuff, the whole higher and larger in circumference than a loaf of Boston brown bread. (We ate it in the sixties from northern Vermont to Northampton.) Indulging in pleasant memories, we asked whether the tart was named after Tunbridge, Vt., or Tunbridge, Eng.

We are now indebted to Mr. S. Sterling Sherman of Tunbridge for a copy of the White River Herald of Sept. 30. We opened the newspaper with trembling hands, and found a graphic account of the "World's Fair at Tunbridge." In Floral Hall "a space was set aside for the exhibit of canned goods in fruit, pickles and vegetables and samples of plain and fancy cooking, and it was a very tempting looking corner to a hungry crowd, but the good things were all kept under glass to be seen and not handled." How does the old saw go? Touch not, taste not, handle not.

There was no mention of a Tunbridge tart. What, then, is it to us that Miss Alice Button took a first prize for doughnuts and wheat bread; that Mrs. Mae Tuller was awarded a first prize for fancy cake, cream tartar biscuits, cucumber pickles, and a second for jelly and pickled beets; that Lilla and Essie Rogers were singularly proficient in preparing mustard pickles, sweet cucumber pickles, pickled pears, etc. Pickle us no pickles. Was there not in Floral Hall one Tunbridge tart? Ichabod, Ichabod; the glory is departed.

"In a way," says the reporter, "it is the same country fair it was 40 years ago, but with some of the modern improvements necessary to keep up with the whirl of these times. The majority of the people come now in automobiles instead of ox-teams and farm wagons." Degenerate scions of a sturdy stock!

We remember the Tunbridge of the sixties for its red barns. For years there was a bitter rivalry between that village and Chelsea. A story was told of a Tunbridgian sitting superior in the Chelsea store and drawling out:

"I'd rather be the meanest man in Tunbridge than the likeliest man in Chelsea." To which the smart man of Chelsea answered. "Wa-a-l, you've got your druthers."

With Soap, Sir.

As The World Wags—Can you recommend, either unassisted or via Pictor Ignotus of lingering memory, a good, practical book on the use of soap in the fine arts? Walking away, late in the evening, the hours before the last train to Clifereux, I loitered in the section between the North station and the street where the cabbies, praying for a fire, wait for the literary gentlemen of police headquarters. Sir, I was amazed at the grand effects to be had from soap applied to bar room mirrors. Some artist, sure, had done the work. Mackerel cloud designs predominated, but there were scrolls in unrestrained, writing master style; polka dot effects; zigzag conventionalities; concentric circles of uncompromising correctness; chaste snake fancies, and a score of compositions which no untrained hand could have evolved. Perhaps I should have inquired the name of the artist, but I have a fair share of savoir faire and knew that it were not only vain but dangerous to try to start an art salon in side street saloons. I take the easier way and appeal to you. Incidentally, you may be interested to know that, of exactly 20 places inspected, only 13 had rails in front of the bar; only three had the hand towel; nine had no saw-dust on the floor; not one had a picture of Jess Willard. Ivory suds-scrapers outnumbered those of wood; and the outstanding feature common to all was the overhand stroke which the guests used on the free lunch.

CLEARCHUS L. CROAK.

Marblehead, Oct. 4.

Poor Poe!

The "F. S. R.," a monthly magazine devoted to the interests of the 1st Surrey Rifles, publishes a parody of "The Bells." Here is an extract:

Hail! the glad munition chorus. Send us shells that when we fire
Will demolish concrete trenches, rend apart entangled wire.
We can beat them every time—
Not their chlorinated lime,
Not their Kultur nor their yells
Nor the pestilential smells
In the trenches of the Huns
With their plenitude of guns
Will deter us, if we've shells.
Hear our prayers, entreaties, yells—
How desperate our need the daily "Roll of Honor" tells—
Send us shells, shells, shells, shells, shells, shells, shells.
For God's sake send us high explosive shells!

Early Prussians.

As the World Wags:

The following passage from Yule's edition of "Marco Polo" (1903, vol. 2, p. 311) may be of interest to you. In the course of a discussion of various stories of dog-headed tribes, Yule says:

"A curious passage from the Arab geographer Iba Said pays an ambiguous compliment to the forefathers of Moltke and Von Roon: 'The Borus (Prussians) are a miserable people and still more savage than the Russians . . . One reads in some books that the Borus have dogs' faces; it is a way of saying that they are very brave.'"

Nothing is new under the sun.

Cambridge, Oct. 7. J. K. WRIGHT.

There is a picture of the Borus on page 310.

Local Pride.

That Stonehenge was put up for auction and sold for £6600 was reported in The Herald at the time; but we now know the Plutarchian remark of Mr. Chubb who bought the trilithons, monoliths, etc. He went into the sale room without any thought of buying the monument. "While I was there, I thought a Salisbury man ought to buy it, and that is how it was done."

Oct 10 1915

By PHILIP HALE.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Back Home," a comedy in three acts, based by Bayard Veiller on Irvin S. Cobb's "Back Home" stories. Produced by Selwyn & Company.

Cassius Nash	Richards Hale
Florence Hardin	Miriam Doyle
J. W. Wayne	Charles B. Wells
Buddy	Fred Goodrow
Jefferson Davis Poindexter	Willis P. Sweatnam
Benjamin B. Barbee	Wallace Owen
Sally Priest	Phoebe Foster
Judge Priest	John W. Cope
Robert Carter	Sydney Booth
Mink Satterfield	Robert M. Middlemas
Dr. Smith	Harry MacFayden
Sheriff Suggs	Kenneth Miner
Jim Satterfield	Charles Chappelle
George West	Clifford Stork
Judge Winston	Charles P. Moore

Mr. Cobb's stories about Judge Priest and his body servant have delighted thousands. (Only last week an excellent tale in which the judge acted as a clergyman at the funeral of an unfortunate was published.) But it is not necessary to enjoyment of the comedy that a spectator should have read any one of the stories. Indeed, Mr. Cobb said in his amusing speech after the second act, that he hoped the audience would remain for the third, which contained the most brilliant line in the play: he knew this for he wrote it and it was the only one of his that had not been cut out.

This remark is not to be taken too seriously, for Mr. Cobb had previously and modestly given Mr. Veiller full credit for shaping the comedy.

The large audience last night was greatly pleased, nor were the reasons for its enjoyment hard to seek. The comedy contains something for everyone: protests against child labor in factories; a hard-hearted capitalist; a dashing young northerner who swears to remedy the evil; love scenes between him and Sally, the judge's daughter; a lively fist fight with real punches, ending in the death of the hulking and brutal Mink; a crippled child; a circus parade; a comic negro; villagers ready for a lynching bee; noble sentiments from the alleged murderer and his clinging sweetheart; a preposterous trial with a scheming prosecuting attorney, and a jury made up of confederate veterans, who, learning that the accused northerner is the grandson of a dead comrade, acquit him with shouts and to the tune of "Dixie"—what more could anyone ask? Then there is Judge Priest, suave, courtly, shrewd, blessed with a sense of humor, cool when others are perplexed and excited, with a dash of sentiment, always a sympathetic and lovable figure.

We only hint at the story. It would be a shame to spoil it by telling it. Grant that certain situations seem incredible to phlegmatic New Englanders, there is much in the comedy that smacks of the soil; there are characters that would easily be recognized by any one that has lived for any length of time in the South. As played by this company even the most melodramatic or fantastical scene is at once accepted. The spectator leaves the theatre saying: "If it is not all true, it should be."

And this company is not one of a few leading actors and actresses with mediocre persons supporting them. Take, for instance, the Sheriff. How admirable his make-up, his simplicity, his honesty in declaring that he wishes to be the friend of everybody! There is Jim Satterfield, the brother of the slain man, a drunken bully, with a thirst for vengeance and liquor. Note his business on the sofa when the would-be lynchers and the prosecuting attorney are laboring with the Judge. There are members of the jury eloquent in pantomime. The part of the injured boy was not overdone. He did not whine; he was not precocious; there was no suspicion of laborious drill and painful memorizing. Too often these stage boys are intolerable. For once a stage physician really looked and acted as though he were a doctor.

As for Mr. Cope, his impersonation of the Judge was a triumph of characterization. So must the Judge have appeared among men; so must he have talked and acted with them. We have admired Mr. Cope in other parts, where he has shown dry humor, or a certain hardness that suited the person he portrayed. As the Judge he was eminently a human being, with emotions as well as humor, with a dignity that was judicial not arrogant, with native courtleness, in a word with and air. The name of Mr. Sweatnam brings up joyous memories. Unctuous as ever, delightfully illogical, successful in obtaining his heart's desire, with the childishness and the shrewdness of his race, in this comedy he shows the fine restraint of the true artist. Miss Foster, fair to the eye, but not consciously making an appeal thereby, girlish without being fresh, frankly loving but not maudlin in sentiment, played the part of Sally with something more than an exhibition of "personality," while Miss Doyle was an agreeable chatterbox in her inconstancy.

The dialogue of this comedy is amusing in itself. So effectively was it delivered, that lines of inferior quality would have made their way.

"Back Home" should have a long and prosperous run. It holds the attention throughout; it is unusually entertaining; it is well-acted.

It is an indisputable fact that of late years there has been little interest here in the performance of choral works. The venerable Handel and Haydn Society has its audience, one might say its congregation; yet last spring the audiences at a festival that was historically important were not large enough to pay the expenses of the performances. This society insists on two performances of "The Messiah"; at one of the other concerts a familiar work is usually put on the program; and when an unfamiliar work, new or old, is performed there is little curiosity to hear it.

To many of us that remember the concerts of the Cecilia Society and the Boylston Club when they were at the zenith of their glory; the concerts of the Handel and Haydn when they excited the attention of musicians and lovers of music throughout the land; the concerts of ecclesiastical music led by Mr. Wallace Goodrich; the present neglect of choral music in Boston is deplorable.

But is the public wholly to blame? Take the concerts of the Cecilia for the last four or five years. Were they of a nature to give pleasure, excite respect, draw large audiences? For some years the Cecilia had been moribund. Under Mr. Fiedler it was nigh unto death. With Mr. Mees conducting, the audience, largely made up of deadheads, heard on the stage the death-rattle. The technic of the chorus was amateurish; there was no interpretation.

The Cecilia, founded in 1874, was long the pride of Boston. To Mr. Lang, conductor for 31 years, the society was as the apple of his eye. Mr. Lang, it is said, founded the Cecilia for the purpose of producing choral works for mixed voices at the orchestral concerts of the Harvard Musical Association, and with him were associated Arthur Foote, Edward C. Burrage, George H. Rose, George O. G. Coale, Charles C. Ryder, Francis A. Shove, Henry C. Baldwin, Arthur A. Carey, Ernest O. Hiler, Norman McLeod and F. H. Peabody. In 1876 it became an independent organization "with the purpose of performing music of a lighter character and greater variety than that offered by larger choral societies." The president was S. Lothrop Thorndike. In 1900 the society was incorporated. An endowment fund was secured by Mr. Lang, who was a contributor to it. The trustees are William P. Blake, Samuel Carr and George P. Gardner.

"In 1891 a guaranty fund was secured for the purpose of repeating each of the Cecilia public concerts before an audience of wage-earners having a limited income. This was done from 1891 to 1897 and many took advantage of the opportunity. The guaranty fund was never called upon."

A Bostonian deeply interested in the future of the Cecilia, wishing to see a finer chorus and enthusiastic support, has written to The Herald as follows:

"The musical [illegible] marks the 40th consecutive season of the Cecilia Society, founded, and for many years fostered, by the late B. J. Lang. Its history is honorable; the musical life and development of Boston owe much to the society. For years it stood unrivalled among choral societies of the country, and on its programs have appeared many important works—some of which were performed here for the first time in America. At its concerts, too, brilliant audiences have listened to far-famed soloists. Indeed, the story of the Cecilia Society would be one of the most interesting in the musical history of Boston. Its influence has radiated and reached afar. For some years its fortunes have not been so happy as formerly. Public interest has waned.

"The 40th season of its existence marks also the first season of its reorganization, or the first season, I may say, of a new Cecilia. Last spring new officers were elected, and a little later a new musical director. Those now in charge are determined to rival the glories of the past, if hard work, and plenty of it, will accomplish this. They have set their ideal for even higher standards of artistic merit than have thus far been reached. The new musical director, Chalmers Clifton, is a recent graduate of Harvard, where he took highest honors in music and was the recipient of the Sheldon fellowship. This took him abroad for two years' study, where he came under the influence of Vincent d'Indy at the Schola Cantorum. At Cambridge he conducted the Pierian Sodality, greatly improving its quality and capacity. While in Cambridge he conducted for two years the Musical Art Society (women's voices) in Boston and did much to develop its efficiency. He really won his spurs in 1910 by orchestrating successfully all of the music which was by MacDowell, used in Prof. Baker's pageant at Peterboro in that year. He then directed the orchestra and trained the mixed chorus.

"In Paris he studied also with Gedalge, counterpoint and fugue. In the fall of 1913 he made a trip to Russia and heard Russian opera in Petrograd and Moscow. In the summer of 1914 he showed advance in maturity by the performances he led of "Pan and the Star," by Edward B. Hill, at Peterboro, N. H., as well as later in Boston and Cincinnati. Last spring he composed the music for the Lexington pageant, scored for a band of 55 men, and treated the brass band as an orchestra. He drilled and conducted the band as well.

"The new president of the society is Henry L. Mason, also a Harvard man, who, while in college, sang on the University Glee Club and incidentally, on his freshman Glee Club. His class (1888) was the first to have one. Ever since graduation he has taken an active interest in the musical life of this city and country. Naturally musical, he chose a business career, and so his experience will stand him in good stead in his new position with the Cecilia Society."

Mr. Mason was seen a few days ago by a representative of The Herald and questioned regarding the policies of the new Cecilia. Taking up the reins of office he found that the Cecilia needed a tonic, in various ways. One of the first things to be done was to secure a larger public support. He believes that the Cecilia Society and the public are in reciprocal relation; that the Cecilia Society must give to the public concerts which will interest it and command its attention. Then it will follow that the public will give to the Cecilia Society its patronage. The two are inter-dependent, or should be. He has instituted a new form of membership known as the Subscribing Member, and already many have enrolled their names as such. He has reduced the complimentary ticket list, believing the Cecilia Society will produce concerts which the public desire enough to warrant their subscription.

Steps have been taken to secure a better balance of parts, as the number of women has been disproportionately great to the number of men; new tenors and basses have been added, and more are wanted.

Mr. Mason believes one reason for the lessened public interest in the Cecilia is the change in customs. This is the day of the automobile, the moving picture, auction bridge, the new dances and other distracting elements, which 10 or more years ago were unknown. These things probably keep some people from the concert hall. On the other hand, there is a larger population from which to draw. Mr. Mason is confident that the public will respond in good numbers if the Cecilia Society will give first-rate performances of first-rate works.

Mr. Mason and Mr. Clifton, as well as the board of directors, are unanimous in their opinion that the programs of the concerts should be made up of compositions of high standard. This is exemplified by the announcement already made that at the first concert on Dec. 16 "The Beatitudes" of Caesar Franck, with a full orchestra and soloists, will be performed.

The Late Father of Musical Comedy

The late George Edwardes once said that he was "The father of musical comedy," which at last had become a Frankenstein.

"A Gaiety Girl" was produced in 1893. "The Shop Girl" was produced in 1894. Then followed many musical comedies, "My Girl," "The Circus Girl," "A Runaway Girl," "The Sunshine Girl," "The Girl on the Film," "The Quaker Girl," "The Girl from Kay's," "The Girl in the Train," "A Country Girl," "The Girls of Gottenburg." We name these "Girls" without thought of the chronological order, or of the theatres in which they were produced. Nor is it necessary to speak of "An Artistic Model," "The Geisha," "San Toy," and many other musical comedies brought out under his direction.

It was in 1911 that he celebrated the 25th year of management. John Oliver Hobbes once gave it as her opinion that the entertainment at the Gaiety was "the most distinctively English form of theatrical composition" in her day. It was in 1885 that Edwardes joined John Hollingshead in the management of the Gaiety. The latter, who had long kept bright "the sacred lamp of burlesque" at the Gaiety retired in the summer of 1886 and Edwardes, then sole manager, produced "Dorothy," by arrangement with H. J. Leslie. "Dorothy," strange to say, failed completely at the Gaiety. Perhaps the public still clamored for the burlesques of which Hollingshead gives an amusing account in his outspoken Memoirs. At the beginning Fred Leslie, Nellie Farren and Kate Vaughan were with Edwardes, and later Marion Hood, Letty Lind and Sylvia Gray were leading members. Burlesques were produced until the production of "The Shop Girl," for "The Gaiety Girl" was first produced at the Prince of Wales Theatre, also under his management.

We remember the Gaiety in 1878 when Edward Terry, Nellie Farren, Royce punned outrageously to the delight of the audience and Kate Vaughan was demurely naughty. Terry and Farren

[illegible]n no more. The feet of Kate Vaughan [illegible]re stilled.

Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney sweepers, come to dust.

A writer in the Referee, discussing the joyous 25th anniversary, said that if musical comedy "may offend the thoughtless student of the drama (who is a most rare bird), the thoughtless playgoer, for whom the theatre largely exists, may justify himself by pointing with gratulation to the fact that the Gaiety and all that has sprung from it has given something of value to the theatre—Mary Moore, Constance Collier, Ethel Irving, Kate Butler, Marie Lohr. By the Nine Muses, when one thinks of all these, one wonders where the leading ladies of the theatre would have been now but for the experience and training they have found at the 'petit theatre,' as the French call it. It is a coincidence worth noting that at the St. James's Theatre, where comedy may be said to have found a home, the three actresses who are just now appearing with Sir George Alexander in 'The Ogre'—Miss Kate Cutler, Miss Maidie Hope, and Miss Gladys Cooper—have all graduated, two of them with honors, in musical comedy. After this, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones may allow himself to entertain a little less unfriendly feeling than he has always expressed so frankly for the arts of musical comedy. Some of us who are old enough to remember the early days of the Gaiety must have noted certain changes which have been gradually introduced into the theatre by Mr. George Edwardes. Time was—and some middle-aged gentlemen, now serious politicians or grey-headed soldiers, who were then in their salad days, may recall the time—when the typical Gaiety Girl was far other than what she is now, when the young ladies of the chorus, indeed, are recruited from the musical schools and academies, from the aristocracy and the clergy. It is a career open to talent, and the theatre, which was once looked down upon as a calling, is now particularly favored by the classes, and young gentlemen of rank or wealth now seek their wives where the young men of another generation simply looked for their mistresses."

Much was written at the time of the anniversary about Mr. Edwardes's habits and opinions. We remember a series of pictures. Mr Edwardes as a baby; Mr. Edwardes as a boy in buttons; Mr. Edwardes being educated for the army, and so on, and soon in the approved Strand Magazine manner. Mr. H. Hamilton Fyfe, playwright and critic, wrote a long article about him. It appears that Edwardes found "Elaborate menus, large gatherings, honorifics in the way of after-dinner orations little to his liking." He was fond of horses and had a breeding farm in Ireland and a training stable in Wiltshire. He seldom ate luncheon. While he was writing he would eat an apple or two, or whatever fruit was in season, and drank large quantities of mineral water "to keep up the effect of his annual Marienbad cure.'" "His portraits almost always show him with a cigarette between his fingers, but lately he has been obliged to smoke less and less. He accepts the deprivation philosophically, as he accepts most things, after he has had his little outburst of plain language about them. He even looks back calmly now upon the operations of the American Theatrical Trust.

Mr. Fyfe said that when Edwardes had thrown aside care, he forgot there was any such thing as poverty and imagined that every one had plenty of money. One day he passed gypsies on the road. A little boy was sunburnt almost black. "What a monstrous shame!" shouted Edwardes: "Why don't you put cold cream on, or that complexion stuff you get in Bond street." He was in the habit of giving away a large portion of his income and employed persons whom he liked to do little for good wages. "Although his brain is certainly the brain of a business man, his temperament is that of an artist. He will have everything 'just so.' He watches closely designs for costumes and scenery, frequently alters them, even shows dancers the steps he wants them to do. And with that brain and that temperament there goes, as I have suggested, the heart of a child."

What Mr. Fyfe said of Edwardes's personality in the management of a theatre might have been said by Edwardes himself, for he once said to a reporter of the Observer: "I am convinced that half the ills from which our modern theatre is suffering can be traced to the easy-going fashion in which really important matters are delegated to minor officials. That is one of the results of turning these buildings into limited companies. Why, what is the secret of the success of men like Sir Herbert Tree and Sir George Alexander if it is not the watchful control which both have always exerted over their playhouses? The same moral is pointed by the prosperity of the houses run by Mr. Michael Gunn in Dublin, Howard and Wyndham in Edinburgh and Glasgow, and Chute in Bristol. These men were personages, and attendance at their theatres became an act of loyalty to a fellow-citizen. The ideal theatre manager is not an impresario, but a host."

It was in September, 1912, that Edwardes bound Gaiety girls by a contract not to wed during the term of their engagement. "In the case of 'The Quaker Girl' no fewer than 18 members of the company left it in the course of the run to get married."

Leading Players at the Toy Theatre

Max Montesole, who will play Edgar in Stanley Houghton's "Independent Means" at the Toy Theatre, beginning next Tuesday evening, is known here by his association with the Henry Jewett Players at the Boston Opera House last winter. He was especially successful as Touchstone in "As You Like It," and Malvolio in "Twelfth Night." Previous to this Boston engagement he was associated with Margaret Anglin. With her he played Grumio in "The Taming of the Shrew," Feste in "Twelfth Night" and Corin in "As You Like it." When Miss Anglin put on "Lady Windermere's Fan" season before last, he played Cecil Graham. His father was a writer in England. Mr. Montesole's first engagement in London was with Beerbohm Tree, with whom he remained three and a half years. He rose from the humble position of carrying a spear in the mob scenes to be principal comedian at the age of 23 with him. He joined Fay Davis at the Court Theatre and then was with Louis Calvert. Still later he performed Shakespearean roles with F. R. Benson. Ellen Terry engaged him to be her principal comedian and stage director on her farewell English tour. He took his own company to Australia and then came to America.

Miss Agnes Elliot Scott, who will play Mrs. Forsyth, will be remembered by Boston theatregoers as the mother in Houghton's "Younger Generation" at the Plymouth Theatre last season. She was conspicuous in Shakespearean productions at the Boston Opera House, especially as Hippolyta and Dame Quickly. For several seasons she was leading woman with Robert Mantell, and made a marked impression as Lady Macbeth. Before coming to this country she was with F. R. Benson's company in England.

Miss Alice Moffat, who will play Sidney Forsyth, gave a piquant performance of Puck in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at the Boston Opera House last season. While a student at the Royal Academy in London, she was heard by Sir Herbert Tree, who engaged her for his production of "Haensel und Gretel" at His Majesty's Theatre. After a year with Tree, Miss Moffat joined Robert Courtneidge, and played with him for a year and a half. Engagements with Frank Curzon and George Edwardes followed. She was next selected by J. C. Williamson to play leading parts in Australia. While in this country on a holiday she was engaged by Klaw and Erlanger, and for a year she sang Delphine in "Oh, Oh, Delphine." The Shuberts then sought her services, and she was given a conspicuous part in "Lady Luxury." Although the piece did not enjoy a long run in New York, Miss Moffat scored a personal success.

Cyril Harcourt, Actor and Playwright

It is said that Mr. Cyril Harcourt will soon bring out a new play of his own making at the Toy Theatre. His "Pair of Silk Stockings" is now running at the Wilbur Theatre. When this amusing comedy was first performed in New York, Mr. Harcourt took the part of Sir John.

We are told that Mr. Harcourt, an adventurous man, tried his hand at several professions before he took to writing and acting. "Twenty years ago," says a press agent not averse to biographical details, "he came to this country as a young civil engineer in the employ of an Anglo-American corporation, which ultimately failed. He was left penniless to wander about the streets of Chicago in a vain hunt for a job. 'He washed dishes in a State street restaurant for his meals. He fought the fight of a friendless youth in a big city, to keep soul and body together for six months, before he gave it up in disgust and took a cattle boat home to England. Mr. Harcourt has had experience with the seamy side of life."

And now let Mr. Harcourt speak through the mouth of the one that conversed with him.

"I have never regretted all that I went through with and suffered in those days of struggle here. It gave me a broad view of life I never could have acquired in any other way.

"I was told that I had a voice, one of those voices for which something must be done." And so a great deal of money was foolishly spent on it. I was placed under the great Garcia and was the last pupil he accepted. I finally decided that I did not have the great voice necessary for grand opera, but I was always able to sing well enough to secure an engagement in musical comedy, and when I returned from my disastrous adventures in America I entered George Edwardes's company at the Gaiety Theatre, London. I suppose that I might still be singing there if I chose, but I did not like it. I love music, the music of Beethoven, Mozart, Chopin,' unfortunately; and I don't care for musical comedy music. I stood it as long as I could, and I used to wonder how it was possible for others not only to stand it, but, apparently, to enjoy it. I quit the Gaiety for good and all and determined to try the legitimate drama.

"The first thing I did was to present myself to some of our eminent actor-managers and ask for work. I was told that before they could use me in a London production of a play I must go into the provinces and acquire experience. One of the best known actor-managers said that he would not think of engaging an actor who had not had at least 10 years' experience on the stage in straight drama. My experience at the Gaiety did not appear to count for anything, so off to the provinces I went to get experience. I did acquire it, in plenty.

"I am not one of those who place our London actor-managers on a pedestal and indulge in the customary flattery. On the contrary I think our English actor-manager and his system are all wrong, and I greatly prefer your so-called commercial managers, as a class. I think the London actor-manager is responsible for the deplorable decline of British drama. We have frequently heard in defence of such eminent producers as Sir Herbert Tree, Sir George Alexander, Sir John Hare and others, that they produce the best plays they can find. Sometimes they do, but as a rule the actor-manager produces the play he can find for himself. He is an actor, and like every actor he is looking for a fat part. He does not search for the good play, but for the good part. Hundreds of good plays remain unacted because they do not contain a good role for the actor-manager. It is a star-system, found by managers here to be pernicious in many respects, that has brought such evil days to the theatre in England. Our playwrights have fought against it; in some cases with individual success. Shaw has not written for actor-managers, but to please himself, and there are a few others. But the play of the young dramatist that tries to do this will not be produced or even considered by an actor-manager in control of the situation in London today.

"The English actor, too, has suffered because of the actor-manager system. Our actor-managers, almost without exception, when engaging a cast engage actors because of their 'type' qualifications and not their histrionic abilities. If you happen to possess the characteristics of one type of silly ass Englishman you may get an engagement for a London production which will prove a good thing while it lasts, and then you may be out of a job for the next five years. That is precisely what has happened in the case of some actors I know personally. If a manager wants to cast a 'freak' part, why not hire an actor who can play a freak instead of a natural freak? Of course, we have always had actor-managers in England, but in the last decade that is about the only kind we have had.

"Personally, I prefer writing novels to writing plays. The novelist is in direct contact with his public, makes his appeal in person. The dramatist has no chance to talk to the public in a play. He is bound down by the limits of the situation and the character at all times and may not digress. There is little expression of the personality of the author in a play, because he must express the personality of a lot of other people under certain set conditions, and instead of expressing his own he must forget it to achieve the best results. In playwriting there is but little opportunity for the use of fine phrases, almost no chance for the exposition of literary style. One is always making other people talk in character. Literary embellishment would ruin the dialogue.

"I do not think I took the idea of the love scene between Molly and Bagnal from any one. Love making is rather stupid in real life these days, not very colloquial. In the 16th century it was one of the fine arts. Young gallants were carefully instructed in the etiquette of courtship. Now, there is no etiquette about it. It is a blunt, plain matter of fact affair. The poetry and the romance are gone, because modern life has robbed us of our illusions. Eugenics, the woman's suffrage movement, etc., have done their deadly work to romance and chivalry, and incidentally to literature and the drama. But I think there will be a reaction. Eugenics and women's suffrage are crazes. We have had women's movements periodically occuring in history. The women rise and make a great fuss and do a lot of talking and then something real happens and the movement lies down very quietly. That is just what the suffrage movement is doing, and the war is the cause of it. War brings us back to the realities of life,, the things that really count. It makes us centre out thoughts on home and family. It gives romance a new lease of life. It re-awakens chivalry and sanctifies love. It brings death very close to life again and resurrects idealism.

English civilization will profit by the war in the end. We were getting blase. Most of the old ideals, religious, social patriotic had been thrown overboard; we were drifting steadily on to the rocks of dangerous materialism."

Random Notes About Music and Musicians

Miss Emmy Destinn has cancelled her early engagements in this country and will not come for some time. For Mr. Dingh Gilly, who like the celebrated Senor Bimbinger, is a baritone, is still a prisoner of war, interned near her estate near Prague. Even prima donnas occasionally make sacrifices, and not alone for art.

The London Symphony orchestra will give 12 concerts beginning Oct. 25. The first and five in the spring will be conducted by Thomas Beecham. The other conductors will be Messrs. Safonoff, Mlynarski and Verbruggen. On March 29 the whole of Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet" will be performed. "The other programs contain a large proportion of what are usually described as 'standard works'; one is glad to see, however, Parry's Symphonic Variations, C. B. Rootham's 'Pan,' and de Greef's suite of old Flemish songs among the symphonies of Beethoven, Tchaikowsky and Brahms."

The London String Quartet makes a point of putting one work by a living British composer on each program.

Georg Henschel will conduct in London a concert of small works for orchestra on Oct. 27.

A son of Mr. Safonoff has been killed in the east. Distinguished for his gallantry, the young officer had won the Russian decoration that is the equivalent of the Victoria Cross.

Many people must often have asked themselves whether the Germans, as a nation, can really possess a sense of humor. And again that question springs to the mind on reading that a writer in the Allgemeine Musikzeitung waxed exceedingly wrathful with the American singer, Miss Geraldine Farrar, because of some facetious remarks ascribed to her by a Boston journalist. If that interviewer is to be believed, the prima donna declared that, when in the land of "Kultur," where she resided for two years, she received offers of marriage from eight majors, 23 captains and 17 lieutenants—and declined them all. Presumably the writer of the irate article in the Musikzeitung regarded the artist's refusal of these 48 proposals as an unpardonable affront to the German military uniform. If so it may mollify him somewhat to learn that Miss Farrar has since affirmed to a reporter on the New York Tribune that she is a pro-German—for the reason, if you please, that the German public encouraged her to sing, and so made her what she is. Possibly, had she accepted one of those 48 offers and married into the Germany army she might now be expressing differen sentiments.—Daily Telegraph.

The Daily Telegraph speaks of Euger d'Albert, who has been expelled, it is said, from the Imperial Association of German Composers on account of his "original British nationality." "If ever there was a British musician who sought by every means possible to 'Germanize' himself it was d'Albert. Indeed, only a few months he was stated in the German papers to have authorized the publication of the letter he wrote from Munich in 1884 protesting against being called an 'English pianist' simply because he happened to be born in the 'land of fog,' as he called it, thus going back upon a remark he had made some 10 years ago to the effect that the former prejudice he felt against this country had completely vanished. The question of d'Albert's nationality, often discussed, is perhaps a little complicated, but the critics who used to describe him as 'Scottish,' on the ground that he was born in Glasgow, were only partially correct. As a matter of fact, his father, the once well known writer of dance

[illegible] was born in M[illegible], the son of a captain in the French artillery, and of a German mother (of Russian descent). He married a native of Scotland and became naturalized as an Englishman before Eugen—or Eugene, as he would have been christened—was born. The latter's parents lived mostly in Glasgow and Newcastle, where he was first brought up. Yet when, after some five years spent in perfecting his musical education at the National Training school of music (now the Royal College), he was enabled by winning the Mendelssohn scholarship (an English fund), to go abroad, he announced himself upon a concert poster in Cologne as 'Herr Eugen d'Albert aus Wein,' where he happened to be prosecuting further studies at the time. Whereupon Hans von Bulow, equal to the occasion, lost no time in dubbing him officially 'Herr Eugen d'Albert aus Glasgow.' In view of all the circumstances there is something decidedly ironical, then, in his banishment from the august circles of the 'Imperial Association of German Composers.' So, too, there is the thought that his step-brother, Charles d'Albert, was for 25 years engineer and manager of the gun works at St. Denis." Although born a British subject, he served in the artillery who in 1870 helped to defend Paris against the assaults of the Boches, and became a naturalized Frenchman in 1899. Yet Eugene (or Eugen), for his part, used proudly to declare himself a Teuton. Will the cruel action of that 'Imperial Association' cause the composer of 'Tiefland' to repent him of his former lack of patriotism?"

Whatever they may think of Reinhardt, the profession of actors can hardly refrain from a glow of satisfaction, one imagines, in the news that the Germans have offered in exchange a distinguished French officer of high rank in order to get back for Reinhardt his insignificant (from a war view) leading man for his tour of Scandinavia, during which he intends, by a stroke of irony, to produce Shakespeare. That a German should rate an actor as equal to a general for exchange purposes is a long step from the old "rogue and vagabond" idea; from Lord Mohun's friend who defended the murder of Mountford on the ground that "After all the fellow was but a player, and players are rogues," down to the quite modern charwoman at the village institute. The vicar had written a play, and it was to be performed by a local amateur company. Making arrangements, the vicar said to the charwoman, "You'll provide soap and towels in the dressing-rooms, of course." The woman hesitated, and then, "Well, yes, sir, if you'll be responsible for them, not otherwise, for you see these theatrical people is not always to be trusted."—Pall Mall Gazette.

Oct 11. 1915

PADEREWSKI AT SYMPHONY HALL

By PHILIP HALE.

Mr. Paderewski delivered an address and gave a piano recital in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon for the Polish Victims Relief Fund. There was a very large audience.

Mr. Paderewski began his address, which lasted about 40 minutes, by asking that his hearers should have patience for the sake of his cause with his inability to express all that he had to say in a language that was foreign to him. He underrates his linguistic abilities—for his modesty was not assumed as was that of Cicero pleading in behalf of the Poet Archias. Mr. Paderewski would have excelled in anything he had undertaken. Among his many gifts is the gift of eloquence; not the windy, the copiousness, irritating fluency and the rhetorical exuberance that often pass for it, but the ability to use fitting words in the expression of lofty or beautiful thoughts so that the hearer is persuaded, moved or thrilled. He spoke gracefully, with becoming dignity. Though at times his words were passionate in their intensity, they were as climaxes naturally attained, not merely the bravura of the juggler with words. There was no emphasis of gesture; his face was the mirror of his thoughts.

He spoke of the past grandeur of Poland. No one was ever molested in that kingdom for his creed or religious opinion. Poland was the refuge of the oppressed; for many years the government and people worked for the brotherhood of man; the rights of men were proclaimed long before the American or French revolution; there was a Habeas Corpus enactment years before another nation adopted anything similar; there was a liberal constitution that excited the fear of neighboring countries. When Poland went to war, her volunteers, led by King and noblemen, fought in the defence of Christianity and in aid of civilization. He spoke of the several partitions, of the great crime, and he prophesied that the partners in that crime would not emerge from their slough of despond until they had atoned for their atrocious deed.

Yes, Poland fell; but when she fell, it was because other nations were greedy and strong. They fell with her, and with them civilization; nor will they rise until she rises.

In a few words Mr. Paderewski sketched the character of the Polish people. He admitted that they were not angels. They were brave, generous, chivalric, liberal-minded, but their emotions, their passions had at times led them astray. Malignant historians, distorting facts, have asserted that the Poles are naturally anarchistic, incapable of self-government. This charge Mr. Paderewski indignantly denied. He cited facts in his refutation. He told of the union of Lithuania and Poland, brought about without a revolution, without bloodshed, a union of alien nations desired for the sake of universal brotherhood.

The curse of Poland has been its geographical position. It has long been subject to invasions from the East. Having no permanent army, the nation fought only in self-defence or for the sake of Christendom. He gloried in what Poland has achieved in science, art, literature. Her poets, who, he declared are unexcelled, are unknown to the world at large; for who would trouble himself to be greatly concerned with the literature of a nation without an army, navy, railroads. Yet there was a poet, speaking a universal language, who acquainted the world with the joys and sorrows, the despair and hope of his nation, so that nearly every home is familiar with them: that poet is Chopin.

Mr. Paderewski then described the wretched condition of his countrymen today. Villages destroyed, cattle stolen or killed, crops confiscated, thousands of little ones without food, workmen without work, peasants homeless on a gigantic barren stretch, the hungry happy if they should find some decaying remnant of soldiers' food in an abandoned trench. He did not speak of specific cruelties. He came in a spirit of love, not of hatred; of compassion, not passion. War itself is atrocious.

And then Mr. Paderewski made a short and earnest plea in aid of his suffering countrymen.

Mr. Paderewski during his address was often interrupted by stormy applause. When he came upon the stage many in the audience rose, and the scene was repeated at the end of his remarks. There was an intermission. The program, composed wholly of Chopin's compositions, was as follows: Ballade in A flat, Sonata in B flat minor, Nocturne in G major, op. 37, Mazurka in A minor, op. 17, Polonaise in A flat major, op. 53. The audience was naturally not contented with these few pieces, and Mr. Paderewski added generously to the program.

It is enough to say that he was wholly in the vein; that the heroic spirit, the poetic imagination, the delicate fancy, the melancholy peculiar to the Poles, immortalized by the composer, were interpreted by the pianist inspired by the thought of former glory, tragic memories, and present despair.

Our friend, Mr. Skippenton Cutter, the book reviewer, has been moving his household goods. Among them is his library—books that he inherited, bought in his youth when he thought it was a fine thing to own a "complete set" of this or that writer, school books that he kept from sentiment, books that he received as a reviewer, books that he once thought indispensable. Many of them are in a shocking condition, broken backed, pages missing, loose jointed, ink stained, thumbed. One of the movers estimated the total weight. He looked thoughtfully on the piles; then, reckoning each hod as 75 pounds, he said: "You have got about two tons there. Well, I'd rather do my job than have to read all those books." The speech of a philosopher!

Mr. Cutter was complaining at the Porphyry of the nuisance and expense in moving a library. We sent to him yesterday a clipping from the Daily Chronicle of London. The writer first remarks that books are "cheap to buy" (not always), "but very hard to get rid of, when they are out of date. Last year's Whitaker is as obsolete as Thirlwall's History of Greece, and even the dustman sniffs when offered Arnold's History of Rome, beautifully bound as a boyhood's prize. When moving there is nothing for it but to burn your books behind you—a huge bulk of them." His third bonfire was blazing "fed by the concentrated brains of many from a Bradshaw Homer (school edition) to a Bradshaw (modern). A visitor held up hands in horror, murmured something of what Milton said on the relative value of a man and a book. 'Why did not you send them to a hospital?' she asked. 'Because I might be in the hospital myself,' I replied, 'and I don't want to run risks.'"

If we had been Mr. Cutter, we should have kept the Homer and the prize-book. We like to think of a Bostonian who had a shelf full of Anthon's editions from Cornelius Nepos to Virgil—school books that were condemned by teachers as giving the student too great assistance. Wild horses could not separate us from Felton's Greek Reader that caused us vexation at Exeter. That we cannot now construe a line of Lucian's Dialogues makes the book the more precious.

We asked Mr. Cutter if he had any stately folios: "Yes there's the ten-volume edition of Bayle in English, with a nobleman's book-plate on the covers, which are now loose; there's Jeremy Collier's Historical and Geographical Dictionary, the only encyclopaedia, I own—excellent up to about 1710; Thomas Heywood's Nine Books About Women; James Howell's life of a French King, I've forgotten which one; Ogilby's Asia; and some others. No, I could not bear to throw them away." Did Mr. Cutter ever read Sir Henry Holland's "Recollections of Past life"? We commend this passage to him: "A family inheritance of folios and quartos, whether in town or country, is generally a very profitless possession. They continue inert and dusty fixtures from one generation to another—a melancholy mockery of the literary toils for which their authors had presaged a happier fate. * * * I have given more care to thin my library, such as it is, than to augment it. Each year I devote part of some one day to this special object of weeding my books, often summoning fire to my aid in the work."

Fighting the Demon.

In Chicago the "Original Drys" paraded on Saturday, 35,000 in number. The Demon Rum was shown in the guise of a prehistoric monster on a float and behind him came Drink, Poverty, Murder, Robbery, Disease, and Death, each impersonated by a man wearing an appropriate mask.

Why cannot we have something of the sort here? A pageant, arranged, say, by Prof. Baker, with appropriate music by a gifted local composer, would be the thing. The wax works that once frightened children at the Boston Museum should be found. They could follow closely the effigy of the Demon in the procession. There should be zoological floats with plenty of snakes and rats, also a colossal figure of the blue-faced baboon with a red tail that is sometimes seen grinning as he sits on the footboard of the bed. In the evening "Drink" and "Ten Nights in a Barroom" or "A Night in Ten Barrooms" should be played in theatres, at popular prices.

Dickens and Hunt.

As the World Wags:

Tut! tut! likewise Fie! Fie! also, for shame! All ye who criticize Dickens for what all novelists have done more or less. Why put yourselves in the class of those who "disparage genius and sooth the envy of conscious mediocrity"? Supposing Dickens did use those nearest him as suggestions for his characters. Mrs. Nickleby may be the novelist's mother, but she is also a typo, for the present writer was asked once on a time by a most dutiful son, if she didn't think the character resembled his mother, which it certainly did. Why not take the word of the illustrious dead in regard to the resemblance between the characters of Leigh Hunt and Harold Skimpole. All that Dickens borrowed from his friend was his "gay and ostentatious wilfulness in the humoring of a subject"—"unspeakably whimsical and attractive was the airy quality he wanted for the man he invented." So he made "the character speak like his old friend. He no more thought God forgives him! that the admired original would ever be charged with the imaginary vices of the fictitious creature, than he has himself ever thought of charging the blood of Desdemona and Othello on the innocent academy model who sat for Iago's leg in the picture." The whole article from which these lines are taken shows the esteem and admiration of Dickens for Hunt, and his sorrow at having been so misunderstood in his drawing of the character of Skimpole. Let us accept the word of Dickens himself and so make a conclusion of the whole matter.

MARY J. SMITH.

Our correspondent ignores the point at issue. Dickens practically accused Hunt as Skimpole of a contemptible action. Whenever he was asked to explain, deny, rehabilitate, his answers were shuffling and evasive.—Ed.

M'CORMACK

K.W.

John McCormack sang at Symphony Hall last evening for the benefit of St. Mary's Infant Asylum. He was assisted by Donald McBeath, violinist. Edwin Schneider was the accompanist. The program was as follows: Handel, "Where'er You Walk," "Fair Irene"; Bleichmann, "Come, Child, Beside Me"; Sjogren, "The Seraglio's Garden"; MacDowell, "Long Ago"; Liszt, "If I Were King"; Old Irish Songs; Cadman, "O Moon Upon the Water"; Burleigh, "Her Eyes Twin Pools"; Somerwell, "O That 'Twere Possible"; MacDermid, "If You Would Love Me." Mr. McBeath played these pieces: Schwab, "Scottish Lullaby"; Kreisler, "Schon Rosmarin," "Indian Lament"; Wieniawski, "Romance." A very large audience filled the hall. Many sat on the stage while others stood.

As a singer of ballads, folk songs, songs of an intimate nature that at once [illegible] Mr. McCormack is incomparable. Few singers give more pleasure. Success, too, has not made him a victim of disturbing mannerisms or spoiled the simplicity and directness of his bearing in concert.

His voice, of haunting beauty in lyric passages, is virile and sonorous in moments of dramatic outburst. Last evening he was in the vein, and the program was an attractive one. The songs by Bleichmann and Sjogren, in themselves fanciful, were sung poetically and with imagination. There was variety of subject and significance in the Old Irish group. In these and in the songs by Cadman, Burleigh, Somerwell and MacDermid, the singer displayed customary sincerity, true sentiment that was not mawkish.

Throughout the evening Mr. McCormack's diction delighted, and in Pergolesi's "Nina," which he added to the program, there was admirable phrasing and excellent management of breath.

Mr. McBeath, a young man of marked talent, played with beauty of tone and musical intelligence. Mr. Schneider's accompaniments were sympathetic.

Both singer and violinist were generous in lengthening the program.

Oct 12 1915

When any one writes in the active voice "They gave him a silver teapot" he writes as a man. When he writes "He was made the recipient of a silver teapot" he writes as a fool.

The Complete Barkeeper.

They were talking at the Porphyry about the home life of barkeepers; also discussing the question, Was the Only William a bright and shining light in his profession, or was he "made" by humorous brokers admiring his incredible incapacity. Mr. Golightly said that visiting New York years ago he was taken by a friend to William's bar and thus introduced: "William, this gentleman is from Boston. He, of course, has heard of you, who has not? Now I wish you to concoct for this gentleman from Boston a beverage that will remind him of the low muted notes of a violoncello played while the sun is casting its dying rays over the Charles." The only William was not staggered, nor did he inquire curiously into the precise position of the Charles in Boston. Mr. Golightly said that William took down at least 14 bottles and made him the vilest mixture that he had ever tossed into his parched throat. It tasted as hair oil in the nostrils.

Another Porphyrite told a story about his father, for many years one of the most prominent members of the Boston bar. The learned counseller was in Chicago at the time when the Palmer House had just opened. It was looked upon by the denizens of Chicago as the eighth wonder of the world. The visitor strolled into the barroom, went up to the massive and gorgeously appointed bar, and, clearing his throat, remarked: "Would you kindly give me a glass of water?" The barkeeper looked him straight in the face: "Hot, or cold, sir?"

Personal.

Mr. Percy Grainger, the Australian pianist, composer, folk-lorist, whose arrangement of hair reminds one of an amateurish make-up for Mr. Paderewski is now called "The Rudyard Kipling of the piano." The Evening Post of New York finds this application appropriate. Yes, yes. Then Mr. Kipling is beyond doubt and peradventure the Percy Grainger of literature. Nothing could be fairer than that.

It was stated in one of last Sunday's newspapers that Mr. John C. Freund was the first to start in America a music periodical. This epoch-making event occurred in the seventies. Are John S. Dwight and Dwight's Journal of Music, first published in 1852 and maintained for many years by the generosity of Oliver Ditson, so soon forgotten in Boston?

Another "rival of Caruso" has been discovered; this time he is a truckman whose chest expands six inches. For a year or two he was a motorman. "Always I sang while I ground the brake." This was on Sixth avenue, New York. Nothing is said about the behavior of the passengers, whether his car was always crowded, or whether, having heard him once, a passenger took another line of cars or walked. "For a little while I was a fighter, a boxer down at Ike Fedensky's club." Mr. Morris Hornfeld, the rival of Caruso, will therefore receive the most respectful attention of the critics.

Who Was the First?

The Daily Mail remembers that an American artist once remarked of the Reichstag monstrosity: "Architecture is said to be frozen music. Berlin architecture is ragtime." Some years ago a Boston architect at a meeting in Philadelphia protested against the nomination of an American illustrator for a committee on the ground that his art was "ragtime." Was this the origin of the saying that has made its way across the Atlantic?

Modern Improvements.

An advertisement of apartments to let in the Islington Daily Gazette ends: "Stone stairs, landings, halls, and dugout in case of bombs or fire."

A Humorous Shah.

The Shah Abbas decreed that a tower in Ispahan should be built of the horns and skulls of wild animals slain by a predecessor. The architect said that the skull of some peculiar great beast was needed to complete it, whereupon the Shah at once ordered the architect to be beheaded that the head might crown the tower. A bit of a humorist, the Shah Abbas, in this respect a rival of Phalari's with his brazen bull; also an encourager of art and a discriminative patron of architects.

Relaxed Censorship.

There is no censorship of news pertaining to the Silly Season in England. We have just read of eels that are expert catchers of chickens.

There was an overflow audience at B. F. Keith's Theatre last evening. The bill was one of unusual excellence. "The Clock Shop" proved one of the most enjoyable numbers of the evening. The piece is a one-act musical fantasy by John L. Golden. There are many pretty musical numbers, and the piece is unusual in the suggestion of a new idea. The dialogue, in blank verse, lends itself admirably to the lightsome, fairy-book theme.

The Clock Maker sings of the joy his trade gives him, and to him the whole world is a clock shop, with its pulsating tick-tock. Two little Dutch Clocks are in love, but the False Alarm Clock is jealous and encourages the obtrusive Cuckoo Clock to relate the past of the little Dutch Clock, when the latter was wild and "fast." Father Time intervenes as he is about to conclude his reign on New Year's eve; there is a trial and the two little Dutch Clocks are married and given a berth in the spires of a neighboring church.

The piece serves to introduce Sam Chip and Mary Marble as the two little Dutch Clocks. Miss Marble was a piquant little Dutch girl, and Mr. Chip was ardent as the suitor.

One of the best acts of the season is that of Miss Violet Dale in her impressions of stage favorites. Covering a wide range of characters that called upon her abundant resources, she excited wonder at the fidelity of her impersonations. Her act included impressions of May Vokes, Richard Carle, Mrs. Leslie Carter in "Zaza" and Nazimova in "War Brides." This accomplished, she reserved the surprise of the evening for her impersonation of Anna Pavlowa in "The Death of the Swan." To many this would immediately seem sacrilegious. Yet Miss Dale was greeted with an ovation at its conclusion. Her toe dancing won admiration and the death of the swan was convincing in its dropping grace and the pity it aroused.

The California orange packers gave an interesting act that included the packing of the fruit and the making of the boxes. The act was supplemented by a motion picture exhibition of sunny features of the industry and concluded with a contest in packing and making the boxes.

Albert Hawthorne and Jack Ingliss caused much laughter in their nonsensical sketch, "A Fool There Is." The sketch and the comedians both have to their credit something far removed from the beaten path of vaudeville. Many would consider their act silly, but the audience laughed unrearlously; and after all that is evidently the purpose.

William Courtleigh and company appeared in the sketch, "Peaches," from the pen of George V. Hobart. The piece is a delight in its breezy and slangy speech, the dialogue is smart and fast. The verbose philosopher of the paddock, Mr. "Biff" Donovan, was admirably played by Dick Crollus; Mr Courtleigh was particularly good in his confused conversation with Mary during the minutes of the race. Miss Edna Conroy was good to look on as "Peaches," but Mr. Young was inclined to overplay his part of Col. Barrister in his latter moments.

A newcomer was Alfred Bergen, a sonorous baritone, in a repertory of songs. He was heard in a group of songs that was as varied as it was good. Mr Bergen's voice is one of great volume while none the less musical, there is a freedom of emission that excites the admiration of the listener and a well rounded tone. His Huhn's "Invictus" was sung with verve; there was the glow and fire of the man that felt himself master of his soul. In Kipling's "Danny Deever," he was appropriately dramatic and in the prologue of "Pagliacci" we heard the "announcements" of Tonio: we recognized the clown in spite of Mr. Bergen's evening dress.

Others on the bill were Charles B. Middleton, in "An Ocean Wooing"; Van Brothers, in "Can Jimmy Come In," and the La Vars, whirlwind dancers.

A special motion picture, showing all the big moments and plays of Monday's game between the Red Sox and Phillies for the championship of the world at Braves Field, will be shown for the first time this week, commencing this afternoon

Oct 13

'INDEPENDENT MEANS' AT TOY

By PHILIP HALE.

TOY THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Independent Means," a comedy in four acts by Stanley Houghton. Produced at the Gaiety Theatre, Manchester, Eng., Aug. 30, 1909.

John Craven Forsyth.....Henry Crocker
Mrs. Forsyth.....Agnes Elliot Scott
Edgar Forsyth.....Max Montesole
Sidney Forsyth.....Alice Moffat
Samuel Ritchie.....Hubert Pierce
Jane Gregory.....Viola Compton

The Copley Players, Mr. Montesole, director, began their season last night with a performance of a play by Stanley Houghton, favorably known in this city by his comedy "The Younger Generation," which was brought out at the Plymouth Theatre in April of this year. Many have no doubt read his "Hindle Wakes," which gave him his reputation in London.

When Houghton died, late in 1913, "Independent Means" had not been played in London. It was noted in the obituary notices that this comedy and "Ginger" were being performed in the provinces. It is not surprising that "Independent Means," then four years old, had not made its way to London, for it is the work of a young dramatist, who had ideas without sufficient technic to express them with dramatic conviction.

"Independent Means" is a comedy of manners, bad manners for the most part. The elder Forsyth, selfish, outwardly and conventionally respectable, in fear of Mrs. Grundy, loses his money, which he apparently never had earned, drinks hard, is brutal in his own household and at last, having coarsely hinted to his wife, when they were penniless, that she could easily borrow £200 from the bachelor Ritchie, who admires her, drops dead—off stage. The son Edgar, having never learned to do anything, in the hour of trial cannot find a situation; but as he has strong views concerning the duties of a wife and deplores Sidney's Socialistic views and her interest in woman suffrage, he forbids her to accept a position as stenographer. He is a weakling, and a bit of a cad. Mrs. Forsyth, the mother, is amiable, but characterless. Sidney is a pert thing—fresh is the proper word. She has no mercy for Papa Forsyth when he confesses his ruin, insults him grossly, and throughout the play is a singularly unpleasant person. Ritchie, an American, who has made a fortune in automobiles, is the Deux ex Machina. He provides the young Forsyths with work, buys the suburban house, with the furniture which is tagged for the auction sale, and ultimately, no doubt, married the uninteresting widow. Then there is Jane, a comic and devoted serving maid, who comes into a fortune of £20,000 and befriends the unfortunate family.

Houghton from lines in this play evidently admired Ibsen and Shaw. Either one of them could have made something out of this material. He began bravely with his first act. The dialogue at once arouses curiosity and reveals in a measure the characters on the stage. Here and in later acts there are smart lines, some of the best are as arguments for and against giving women the voting privilege; others reflect bitterly on the worthlessness of a young Englishman's education. As the play proceeds, the dramatist's ideas grow thin; his humor is weaker and weaker; and he ends with an act that for wishy-washy talk and conventional sentimentalism might have been written by E. P. Roe, if that reverend gentleman had devoted his days and nights to the theatre.

Nor is it probable that a company playing in a brighter key could have done much more with this comedy. The lines might now and then have been delivered more incisively; two or three of the characters, Ritchie and Edgar, for instance, might have been impersonated in a spirit of more vivid portraiture, but the interest of the audience would still have weakened and the last act would still have dragged. Mr. Crocker played the part of the Elder Forsyth with considerable force; Miss Moffat was sufficiently emancipated and impudent as Sidney, and Miss Compton excited laughter as the grotesque maid. The general impression left by Mr. Houghton's comedy was that the whole Forsyth family, not to mention the rough-mannered Ritchie, would not have been out of place or really ill-at-ease and unhappy in a second-class boarding house in the region near the British Museum.

An audience of fair size paid the players the compliment of curtain calls and laughed heartily at the costumes and airs of Jane Gregory after she had money in the bank.

Old Mr. Auger was declaiming in his strident voice at the Porphyry against "the absurd excitement" over the baseball games for the championship. "Business is at a standstill; the street cars are jammed; or, as on the Beacon street line, the service, which for some months has been wretched, is now—well, there is no service. All roads lead to the Braves' Field. And then look at the bragging statements made in print by this pitcher or that fielder as to what his nine—HE and some other fellows—will do. Why this 'local pride'? How many of the Boston club are native Bostonians; how many call the city their home?"

It is useless to argue with Mr. Auger on any subject. We are credibly informed that his bitterness was due to the fact that he could not obtain good seats for the games of Monday and Tuesday at what he considered a reasonable price—he is a thrifty soul—and he was disappointed at not being included in a party formed by Mr. Golightly, who goes back to the days when McBride pitched for the Athletics; when Spalding and Anson were on the Forest Citys of Rockford, Ill.; when the Haymakers of Troy, N. Y., had more than a local reputation; when a younger brother of the late Judge Bond pitched for the Eagles of Florence in Hampshire county.

Nearly every normal American is still a baseball player at heart, and in his mind. As tho great majority are no longer able to play, they must see a game. Not only is there the wild excitement of the moment; there is pleasure in telling Jones how a play should have been made; there is the joy in reminiscences invoked. Our esteemed friend Slatterton now has hardening of the arteries; his kidneys and liver are queer; but as he sees a formidable pitcher, he remembers when he played in the field at college, when Earnst of Harvard pitched against Avery of Yale; he talks with his neighbor of former heroes—Tim Keefe, Tommy Bond, Richmond, Radbourne—although he would not swear to a final "e" in the last name. What if the people rush in shoals to the game? What if the street cars are jammed? It is not for every one to mortgage his house or give up his life insurance for an automobile!

As for the "bragging statements." Grant that the player wrote with his own hand or dictated his opinions, predictions, self-glorification, and is therefore responsible; for there are athletes that, like stage-folk, have their press agents; is he any more of a blowhard, a windbag, a vain strutter, than any one of the warriors on "the ringing plains of windy Troy," or any knight-at-arms challenging a foe and recounting his own exploits? Do not men handy with lance, sword, rapier, battle-axe roar out their valor in the novels of Scott and Dumas? Even that appalling bore in "Ivanhoe" is always talking about his grandsire that drew a good bow at Hastings.

Just as we were leaving the Porphyry, we heard Mr. Auger asking if it would be possible to secure a good room in any respectable hotel in Philadelphia.

From M-m-muther.

As the World Wags:

Can Mr Herkimer Johnson explain the sociological significance of the various volumes of "Letters of a Mother to Her Son" with which we have been flooded for several years past? And still they come!

One wonders what the head masters and instructors of some of the big preparatory schools, or a wise doctor would have to say concerning the sentimentality of some of these "Letters" and one wishes that some real mother would rise up and publish some "Real Letters of a real Mother to a real Son."

The writer was recently reading one of the letters of a late publication to a bright-eyed and dignified old lady who has very successfully brought up a family of real sons, and in the midst of a more than usual sentimental paragraph the old lady in an amazed tone exclaimed "The cat's foot!"

EMILY M. MORSE.

Boston, Oct. 10.

Author and Publisher.

As the World Wags:

Let me add to the author-book-reviewer-publisher discussion.

In the publisher Reuduel, Theophile Gautier found a friend and benefactor. Gautier was to receive 1500 francs for "Mademoiselle de Maupin," but the publication date was repeatedly postponed. In January 1836, Gautier wrote to Reuduel: "Please remember to lend me have as soon as you see me. I will not hide from you the fact that it will be tomorrow morning) two hundred miserable francs, which I happen to be in ridiculous position of needing more than you can imagine. I was a visitor today at your place (house is altogether too common) in order to demand the money viva voce, but the talk did not happen to drift in that direction, and I would rather be cut into four—once lengthwise and once across—than say anything that the moment did not call for. So I hope you will take this display of delicacy into consideration and spare me the necessity of going about like a beggar holding out his tin cup for a portion of soup at a charity dinner. I shall keep on writing you letters like the present once a month till the Day of Judgment, and a little after that. And as you enter the gate of Paradise the celestial porter will call out. 'Three sous charge on a letter for M. Reuduel.' Perhaps it may be more than that, for I am not sure whether Heaven is suburban or long-distance postage. Farewell, thou Arab, Bedouin, Parricide, Publisher."

D. W. H.

Boston, Oct. 10.

A Social Folly.

The prohibition of treating, which may be felt in a few exceptional cases as an irksome restriction, will go far to abolish a custom the absurdity of which is within every one's experience. In Glasgow, shortly before the introduction of the new regulation, eight friends adjourned to a well known smokeroom to seal some bargain or other, and immediately began to dispute as to which should have the honor of acting as host. They wrangled until even the waiter became impatient, and then one of their number, seeing where such a zeal for hospitality would inevitably lead, gave orders for the party. "Bring us 64 whiskies," he said, "and, say, two dozen small sodas." And that, indeed, is what it would have come to.—Daily Chronicle, London.

Oct 14 1915

Should a well bred woman eat cheese at dinner, especially a formal dinner, or should she "pass" it, as once it was the unwritten law in London that a woman at a dinner party should not partake of game. This important question has recently been raised in England. A journalist with well indexed commonplace books, or a remarkable memory, quotes passages from Mrs. Gaskell's "Wives and Daughters" and Mrs. Elinor Glyn's "Visits of Elizabeth" to show there was a time when cheese was regarded as a vulgar diet for women of breeding. Notes and Queries is also tapped: "When I was living in Jamaica some years ago"—the letter was written in 1909—"a friend of mine who would now, if living, be about 95, told me that before he left England as a young man it was not the custom for ladies to eat cheese. Though he had been in England so lately as 1874, he believed that ladies suffered the same privation at that time, and almost refused to believe me when I told him that they did not."

There are sensitive souls who cannot bear to look on a woman eating any food, however delicate. They quote Lord Byron in support of their squeamishness and would say with Oulda that to take food anywhere except in domestic privacy is "an indelicacy which in the coming golden age of refinement we shall not dream of, we shall then no more think of indulging bodily needs in the presence of others than of cleaning our teeth or washing our hair in the public view." Much depends on how a woman eats. If one is too abstemious at table, there is the thought of the fair sorceress in the Thousand Nights and a Night who picked at grains of rice but at the witching hour went out to satisfy her ghoulish appetite. Unfortunately there are women who "wolf" their food, grow unpleasantly red in the face, and puff while they gobble. What matters it then whether they eat cheese? Years ago we knew an elderly spinster, who would faint if she came into a room where cheese was on the table, even though the cheese were not active or audible. And so others would swoon at the sight of an apple or a rose. The chapter of natural antipathies is a long and interesting one.

Correct Canes.

As the World Wags:

A week-old copy of The Herald held my attention because of the article in your column in which "J. H. S.," cane-bearing novice, sought to be informed adequately and accurately as to the psychology, the use, the care and the doctrine of walking sticks.

A gentleman considers his walking stick and wears it, as he does his stick-pin, his gloves, shoes, hat, a small yet highly important detail to his consciousness of physical completion and comfort. The stick, as the shoe, should be selected for the occasion. The brisk morning step to business bespeaks the sensible shoe (with rubber heels, if so disposed), and the substantial stick, free from silver band or thimble, a fawn-colored brass-tipped implement, with weight enough. For the afternoon climb over to the club different shoes will demand a different stick. This one may display a chaste ornamentation—silver ferrule not more than three inches deep with monogram or family arms artificed thereon—steel-tipped and small silver thimble. This stick will do for Sundays and general service.

The gold-headed cane with inscription is reserved for oldish men, top hats, and banquet attendance. Such are rarely ever bought by the individual bearer. They are usually presented, to mark the joint effort of mature thought.

Of course there is the light weight, slender, straight stick for the opera, which may have a gold ferule at the top swelling slightly at the very end. This stick should be of rosewood or finely spotted leopard wood, but slightly

[illegible] is [illegible] pst. Th[illegible] [illegible] would have [illegible] not [illegible]

[illegible] is the [illegible] for the [illegible] stick for fall [illegible] of dark-col-[illegible] weight and [illegible] are correct for [illegible] at Ostend [illegible] the [illegible] enamelled stick [illegible] that it should be avoided, as [illegible] handle, be-[illegible] painful, [illegible] accepted by [illegible]

[illegible] there is a [illegible] regulat-[illegible] use of sticks, as [illegible] as of [illegible] every event ob-served in [illegible] circles

[illegible] Boston habitually [illegible] Lieutenant Gov-[illegible] of Massachusetts, long, lean [illegible], carries a stick [illegible] beyond [illegible] house [illegible], observes all the [illegible] with [illegible] additions [illegible] proper. Then there is [illegible] consul at Boston, [illegible] slightly more robust [illegible] who wears his [illegible] badge of office faith-[illegible] and [illegible] perhaps diplomatic [illegible] required; or was the habit [illegible] by frequent visits to European [illegible] collection [illegible] sticks no doubt embraces a variety of weights and woods.

A few [illegible] cautiously ap-[illegible] with [illegible] cane [illegible] daylight [illegible] seem to prefer [illegible] wearing the [illegible] habit worthy of [illegible] yet not a common [illegible]. With the growth in numbers and [illegible] of our foreign born [illegible] will grow in [illegible]. Flock canes are not to be [illegible] in describing the wearing of the cane, as they tend to degrade this noble feature of a gentleman's apparel.

JEPTHA RICE.

New York, Oct. 11.

Oct 15 1915

Some time ago we published a letter from Mr. Herkimer Johnson, who was then pursuing his [illegible] iological researches near Noone, N. H., in which he discussed the domestic cat. In the course of his learned and illuminative little essay he made mention of certain "Cat Queries" propounded by a contributor to Notes and Queries of Sept. 4. Two or three of these questions were unanswered by the Eminent Sociologist. Although a member in good and regular standing of the Porphyry Club, he had the courage to say: "I don't know."

Notes and Queries of Sept. 25, just received, contains letters attempting to answer these questions, as puzzling as those put by Tiberius to the grammarians.

Buttered Paws.

The question was: "Does the putting of butter on a cat's paws really prevent it from straying from a new home?"

Mr. Percy Addleshaw says it does in most cases. "Old country women say it always does. I can give one or two instances where it was ineffective. No sooner was the butter off than the cat followed the butter."

Mr. Charles A. Arkle thinks that the buttering has no greater force than cupboard love. "I have known one cat, a notorious rambler, to hang around for many days, in the hope of getting a spoonful of oil, of which it was inordinately fond."

Mr. Thomas Ratcliffe, another catologist, says with an air of finality: "Persons who smear a cat's paws with butter do so to keep the cat in a new home, because when a cat washes herself it is a sign of content."

Mr. F. Newman has fathomed the depths of a cat's mind. "I have always buttered a kitten's paws when it was first brought home. Whilst it is licking them it considers whether it had not better try to like its new home, especially if a saucer of milk is put beside it, and a little petting added."

Tortoise Shell Cats.

The question was: "Are all tortoise shell cats females? And is there any explanation of this?"

Mr. Addleshaw has never seen a tortoise shell Tom or heard of one. "Perhaps the gayer colors appeal to the gentler sex." So much for Percy. Another writes that males of this color are almost unknown and females are very scarce. "Sandy-colored cats are nearly all males and it would appear as if the 'Sandy Tom is the male of the species of which the female is the tortoise [illegible]."

[illegible]: Here, Mr. Arkle thinks, is a [illegible] beyond our—and this in-[illegible] Herkimer Johnson's—expla-[illegible]. The same difficulty arises in the [illegible] Paganini, Paderewski, Mozart, [illegible], Shakespeare, have [illegible] counterparts in each genera-tion. A real tortoise shell is worth a large sum." Does Mr. Arkle intend to [illegible] that Paganini, Paderewski, Mozart and Shakespeare are to be [illegible] as 'Toms'?"

Mr. Thomas Ratcliffe boldly states that tortoise shell, white and May-kittened cats are "no good"; but tortoise shells are not all females, and I knew [illegible] was [illegible] deaf." This [illegible] to another question unanswered by Mr. Johnson.

Color and Sense.

"Are all white cats deaf, and, if so, why?" Percy comes up smiling. He has found that deafness is more prevalent among white cats than others. "My experience, a large one, is that they can hear when they want to hear, quite as [illegible] as anybody else. But a cat never [illegible] or answers unless it is 'so dis-[illegible].' A so-called cat-owner is only an owner by courtesy. He or she belongs to the cat; and cats are loving, faithful, and considerate masters and mistresses."

Mr. Arkle says that white cats are usually deaf, but their senses of sight and smell are correspondingly increased. Mr. Newman [illegible]: "Certainly all white cats are not deaf. I have been told that all white cats with pink eyes are so. I cannot, of course, say if this is true. I have only experimented on one, and it was totally deaf."

Pratt and Wagner.

As the World Wags:

Percy Grainger, the Kipling of the piano, and Kipling, the Percy Grainger of literature, with Mr. John C. Freund mentioned in the same paragraph, bring to my mind that early music journal of the seventies alluded to. Mr. Freund was more slashing and personal than in recent years, and more inventive. What purported to be a visit of Mr. Silas G. Pratt, then of Chicago, to Richard Wagner was written in interview style by Mr. Freund. When the parting time came, Wagner fell on the neck of Pratt and with warm emotion declared: "You are the Wagner of America!" In generous condescension Mr. Pratt replied: "And you are the Pratt of Germany!"

Hartford, Ct., Oct. 12. N. H. A.

Oct 16 1915

SYMPHONY'S FIRST CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE.

The first public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra (35th season) took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Dr. Muck was heartily applauded when he came on the stage. The program was as follows:

Symphony No. 7....................Beethoven
Tragic overture....................Brahms
"Death and Transfiguration".......Strauss
Les Preludes..........................Liszt

Until a few years ago it was customary for reviewers of the first symphony concerts to unite in a vein that was almost apologetic: "The orchestra has been dispersed during the summer; it is natural that with little rehearsal there should have been occasional roughness in the performance," etc., etc. However just or unjust such criticism was in the past, it would be most unfair if stated with reference to the concert of yesterday. Immediately after the close of last season, the orchestra made its remarkable trip to San Francisco, where it triumphed gloriously. Last Sunday it returned from another western trip for which it had diligently rehearsed. The performance yesterday was brilliant; brilliant even for these accomplished players. It is not necessary to attribute the result wholly to the work already done outside the city. Dr. Muck has now an instrument that responds to his wishes as an interpreter whenever and wherever there is need. Nor can it be said that the works performed were so familiar that the orchestra could not possibly be ineffective, much less go astray; for that which was familiar was so clothed with eloquence that it seemed new.

The Allegretto of the symphony was never so profoundly emotional; the finale never so riotous and mad in exultation. So, too, the compositions that followed were glorified in expression. The overture was the voice of sadness, not personal and morbid, but heroic and universal. Strauss's tone-poem was the more terrible in its portrayal of death struggles; nobler and grander in the thought of the final release, of the sanctity that death gives even to the boor and the scoundrel; of the overpowering majesty of the inevitable and great transformation. For once Liszt's "Preludes" was freed from what might be easily characterized as dross and seemed as novel in form and surprising in its varied expressiveness as it did to the startled hearers of 60 years ago.

It would be easy to speak of this or that virtuoso in the orchestra; to dwell upon Mr. Longy's tone, skill and musical taste; to eulogize Messrs. Witek, Macquarre, Ferir, Sand, Wendler, Warnke, Sadony, but it would also be only just to give many other names, to call the roll of the orchestra, for all aided in the glorious work.

There was a dominating funereal note in the program. The mighty lamentation in the symphony with the scherzo-trio which is not wholly of this earth, and Strauss's tone-poem are eminently suited to the time. In "The Preludes" there is allusion to the shock of battle. Nor are [illegible] of [illegible] joy or Liszt's more pompous measures wholly incongruous. These lines of Walt Whitman might have been printed on the title page of the program book:

With music strong I come, with my cornets and my drums,
I play not marches for accepted victors only, I play marches for conquer'd and slain persons.

I beat and pound for the dead,
I blow through my embouchures my loudest and gayest for them.

Vivas to those who have fail'd!
And to those whose war-vessels sank in the sea!
And to those themselves who sank in the sea!
And to all generals that lost engagements, and all overcome heroes!
And the numberless unknown heroes equal to the greatest heroes known!

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Enesco, symphony in E flat major (first time here); Ravel, "Ma Moro l'Oye"; Loeffler, "The Death of Tintagiles"; Dvorak, overture "Husitska."

"J. E. B." of New Ipswich, N. H., sends to us these verses entitled "On a Fly Leaf in a School Boy's Copy of the Aeneid."

All golden was the branch that opened wide
The gate that glooms above the Stygian wave
And to the Trojan exile's vision gave
The grim domain that Charon fain would hide
From mortals till his shadow-freighted tide
Forbids them earthward faring; Iron cave
The chamber of the Furies; plains where rave
The daming billows gulfward. There abide
Upon these tattered and discolored leaves
A secret power and magic that may vie
With those the Sibyl knew. Time's portals yield;
The tangled network that the Present weaves
Is broken. Under an unclouded sky
We walk at will in Youth's Elysian field.

Mr. Auger's Outburst.

Mr. Auger was in a highly excited state yesterday afternoon at the Porphyry. He had been reading the remarks of Dr. Max Henius of the Wahl-Henius Institute of Fermentology in Chicago, in the course of which the learned doctor gave it as his opinion that the treating habit, so prevalent in this country, is the cause of much drunkenness. "We do not find in Denmark or elsewhere in continental Europe the stand-up bar." Mr. Auger read this sentence aloud from the report in The Herald. "That is immaterial," said Mr. Auger; "there are times when a bar with a rail fixed at the proper height is a boon to those who do not wish to waste the afternoon or evening at a table, tarrying at the cup. But I strongly approve his talk about the folly and danger of treating, a silly, ostentatious habit that promotes intoxication and leads many to be always behindhand in the payment of club dues. Take my own case. I drop in here on my way home, tired by the daily routine, sickened by the news of the war. I should like a modest quencher. What do I see? A half-dozen to a dozen of you seated; some of you expectant. Custom demands that I should ask you all to drink with me. I pay out six or eight times what I should otherwise have paid. I confess, gentlemen, I am mortal. I drink in turn with you—some of you, I say—partly out of good fellowship—partly because I wish to get some of my money back though in liquid form. As a result I arrive home with an abnormal appetite. I am talkative at table and this awakens suspicion. There is vexing questioning. By half past eight I nod over my newspaper and have a consuming thirst for cold water. Why cannot each one of us order what he pleases and pay for that alone? Some of you would be all the more genial, for you would not be waiting anxiously for the crowd to thin so that you then could order."

"What you say, Auger, is eminently true and sensible," remarked Mr. Golightly; "now what will you have?"

"Thank you, Eugene, I'll take a gin fizz. Waiter, not so sweet as the last one;" and Mr. Auger beamed on Mr. Golightly.

"You are something of a fermentologist yourself, Auger," and Golightly laughed uproariously at his own poor little joke—appetens sui joci.

"Father Abraam."

As the World Wags:

In the editorial article headed "Gibbons—not Bryant," in today's issue of The Herald, the song variously entitled "Three Hundred Thousand More," "300,000 More," and "We Are Coming, Father Abra'am," is stated to have been written by John S. Gibbons, and "We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand strong," is given as a quotation from the song. The first forename of the author of that song, however, was not John, but James, his full name being James Sloan Gibbons, and the expression, "We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand strong," though often erroneously given as a quotation from the song, is not there, the words of the song being "We are coming, Father Abroom (or 'Abra-'am' or 'Abraham'), three hundred thousand more," which constitute the final line of each of the four stanzas of which the song consists; the word "more," the last word of each of those lines, rhymes with the last word of the second line of each stanza, but, with the change of "more" to "strong" there would be no rhyming of the second and fourth lines of any of the stanzas. The expression, "We are coming, Father Abraam (or 'Abra'am' or 'Abraham'), three hundred thousand more," not only constitutes the closing words of each stanza of the song, but constitutes the opening words of the first stanza. "Abraam" (not "Abra'am" or "Abraham") is the word used in the song as it was originally published in The Evening Post of New York on July 16, 1862. There was published in Cincinnati a sheet music edition of the song in which, in the text of the song, the expression "three hundred thousand more" was changed to "six hundred thousand more," the title of that spurious version of the song being "We Are Coming, Father Abraham, 600,000 More."

Brookline. MEDDLESOHN.

Oct 17 1915

Mr. John Armstrong Chaloner, born Chandler, is famous on account of the telegram he sent to a brother when he heard of his marriage to Mme. Lina Cavalieri. "Who's loony now?" has passed into the speech of the people. The phrase, though the origin of it may be forgotten, will probably outlive Mr. Chaloner's drama in three acts, "The Serpent of Old Nile" (Time, 48 B. C.). This drama is published by the Palmetto Press, Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina. It was written last summer.

There is a prologue spoken by the chorus. This is a short apology for taking as a subject, the "man-devouring-sphinx, whom Shakespeare limned in divine alchemy." For the sake of the line, Mr. Chaloner has put an acute accent over the first "i" in "divine."

The chief characters are Cleopatra; Sappho, an Athenian, the lady in waiting on Cleopatro; Hephaestion, the Athenian, commander-in-chief of Cleopatra's forces in the civil war with Ptolemy, her brother; Julius Caesar; Pothinus, Cleopatra's former minister of state, now with Ptolemy. Hephaestion is in love with Cleopatra, and Sappho loves him.

Hephaestion is a powerfully built man, handsome of face and figure. Outside Cleopatra's tent he listens to Holofernes, who tells him how Cleopatra, going the rounds at night, found a sentinel asleep.

Her glorious face shone in the moon's soft beam
Like Dian's self—the huntress of the bow.
Her breast was bare and like to Dian's own
Did shed effulgence in the pale moonlight.

Seeing the sleeping Drusus,

Her breast did rise and fall like waves of snow,
Her eyes did gleam like lightning 'gainst a cloud—
The thunder cloud of her dishevelled hair.
Her rich full lips drew into one thin line
Thro' which her teth did like a lion's gleam!

Then she disappeared and jabbed Drusus above his corselet deep into the neck with a spear thrust thro' the tent-flap.

Hephaes (with a smile). The tigress! (Aside)
By Mars,
I love her all the more!
There is a prize worthy a soldier's life!
(Aloud) What did she then? (With an air of military indifference)—
Thy tale doth interest me.

Hephaestion loses no time. He asks Cleopatra if she will marry him. She is at once cold. "As I have said, this interview is closed." He loves her all the more when he sees her at the head of her army armed to defend her rights, looking like the Statue of Minerva. "The silver hilted sword at her side is concealed by a Greek mantle of gauzy diaphanous silk, dyed in the hues of the lost art of Tyrian purple, shot with gold stars and with a heavy border of gold, which falls to her feet, but in which an opening at the side permits added freedom of movement for the limbs." Hephaestion is dazzled. Cleopatra smiles serenely. They enter into conversation. The soldier tells her that he as a youth read philosophy at Athens; also that the only women he had known were those he captured at the sack of towns. Julius Caeser enters, kisses Cleopatra's hand, smiles, bows, and remarks:

I follow in the steps of Pericles
And mighty Alexander, Philip's son—
That god-like offshoot of wild Macedon,
Greece is the mother of my intellect—
Rome mother of my arms—my toilsome wars,
Those wars now drawing to a close, 7 years
For the repose of Greek philosopher
Who rules an empire with philosophy.

No wonder that blue-eyed Sappho with a winning and ready smile describes Caesar as "a comely man and mild."

There's a great deal of talk in the second act before we see Cleopatra, a blaze of jewels, with a robe "partly Oriental, partly Greek, cut low so as to show the line of the bust and the entire arm, and back to the girdle, a robe of purple silk slit at the side." She entertains Caesar at supper.

Caesar, the night being warm I did decide
On cold viands solly for the feast tonight.

Caesar politely answers that he does not care what he eats so that his "cooked digestion gets no shock thereby." She recommends the oysters as the best of Afric's coast.

Here is one of many delightful stage directions: "Caesar tries one with his fork. The anachronism of forks is braved to avoid the barbaric appearance, to modern eyes at least, of eating with the fingers."

Caesar finds the oysters pungent, but

... ery ... e than the ... of the northern ... ast. A cold boiled carp with lettuce is served. The last dish is borne on a golden salver.

Two plain cold fowl,
But fat as Egypt's soil when Father Nile
Succors his children and is at the flood.

Shouts are heard without: "Death to the Queen!" Pothinus enters with a bodyguard of fierce Bedouins. "His features are intelligent and crafty, but coarse and sensual to a marked degree." Cleopatra is greatly disturbed.

Stab me Araxid ere I fall i' the hands
Of that lubricious demon Pothinus.

Caesar is rude toward Pothinus; he calls him "thou fat man with a beard." There is a fight. The stage directions here fill nearly three and a half octavo pages. Here is a sample. "Pothinus sees that his hour has come, and with that knowledge his depraved nature now desires the death of the two women as fiercely as before he had desired their possession." He is slain and Caesar and Hephaestion compliment one the other on the brave work done.

Third act. A royal garden on the banks of the Nile. "Cleopatra is gorgeously aparaled in sky blue silk bordered with gold cut low in front and back, slit at the side and with arms entirely bare. The same crown is upon her head as at the feast, and she is the same blaze of jewels." Hephaestion is in full armor, nevertheless Cleopatra purposes to reward him for his gallantry in defending her. He is slow in understanding her, learning another hrebuff, but he finally musters up courage to say:

May I aspire to kiss thy glorious lips—
Those lips that curve like petals of the rose,
Showing the pearly teeth that glean between?

The stage directions now assure us that for the first time in her life passion flows through the cold veins of Cleopatra. We skip two pages of "ecstatic gestures of love and of yielding submission," also of Hephaestion's knowledge of the coldness that follows passion, and come to a little speech of the Queen in "cold, icily chill, hard tones":

The general Hephaestion will now forget
What straight did pass betwixt him and the Queen.

"Instantly a change as ravaging as that which has swept over the Queen's face sweeps over his; leaving it as desolate as the black smouldering scarred ruin of a flower-bedecked prairie over which a prairie fire has swept its devastating course." Cleopatra tells him that she purposes to wed the Roman Caesar and to rule the world. We admire her frankness, but it was hardly the time or the place to make this declaration. No wonder that Hephaestion "springs backward a full yard at a bound and hisses between his clinched teeth, 'That shalt thou not do while I'm yet alive!'" Off with the old love and on with the new. Cleopatra pushes in place with a delicate hand a refractory lock here and there. "She then glances down at her bust and sees that everything is correct in that direction." All for the sake of Julius Caesar, who too, comes dressed in full armor, but with a gold chaplet of laurel leaves instead of a helmet. He asks her to reign with him at Rome. Hephaestion objects. The men fight. Cleopatra thrusts her spear into Hephaestion's neck. He falls without a groan. Sappho rushes in, and seeing her soldier slain, she stabs herself in the left breast, saying, with her dying breath:

I loved him but he did know it not.
He loved thee Cleopatra—loved thee—Queen,
And knowing that, I would not stand between.

This sets Caesar a-thinking. He calls Cleopatra treacherous, "a serpent to the core." He'll take her for a leman, a toy; he will not wed her. He goes over a "cynical inventory of her bewitching charms." At last Cleopatra answers in a hoarse broken voice: "For my country's sake do I this dreadful thing." Hephaestion and Sappho are avenged.

This drama is followed by "The Hazard of the Die," in which Catiline, Julius Caesar, Crassus, Lentulus, Cicero, Catullus, Sallustus, Spartacus, Aurelia, Clodia and others figure. There are illustrative notes from Sallust, Liddell's "Student's Rome," and Catullus. The whole of Scene II., Act III., is a stage direction of three and a half pages.

The volume also contains reviews of Mr Chaloner's "Robbery Under Law." The Post-Express of Rochester, N. Y., is of the opinion that "the book will ... in many ways astonish the average reader." There is a picture of Mr. Chaloner on horseback, saying apropos of articles by one Trevors: "It is a splendid idea, and, so far as I know, absolutely original, to have men's wearing apparel treated by a gentleman and a littérateur." Opposite is Mr. Oliver Herford's verses "Who's Pantaloony Now?"

Stravinsky's New Work "The Wedding"

The Music Student (London) publishes an account of Stravinsky's new work. The account is compiled by S. W. Prinz from the Moscow Mo...ka.

"Igor Stravinsky's new work, 'Svadebka' ('The Wedding'), closely approaches the new and specifically Russian type of productions for the stage, a type which has hitherto been merely outlined in the imagination of previous ... It has been approached by A. K. Liadoff, in his 'Leila and Alalei' ... in collaboration with A. M. Remizov ... interrupted by the composer's death, and by A. D. Kastalsky, who has prepared a series of sketches in the form of musical tableaux, entitled 'Popular Festivals in Russia.'

"In the strictly utilitarian sense of the word there is no subject in 'Svadebka.' and no action. It consists of four tableaux: (1) At the Bridegroom's, (2) At the Bride's, (3) The Wedding Feast, and (4) The Merry-making. The whole is brought to a close by the departure of the young couple to the bridal chamber, whilst the two matchmakers keep guard at the door.

"The composition of the orchestra is extremely interesting and is the outcome of the composer's new views on instrumentation, the germs of which are manifest in his 'Japanese Lyric Suite,' performed at Moscow last year. These three vocal pieces are accompanied by a small orchestra, the essential feature of which is that there are many parts and few performers. To put it in another way, there are wind and strings, but none of the parts is doubled. Similarly, the orchestra in 'Svadebka' consists entirely of soloists; only one violin plays the first violin part, and so on down to the double-bass. This naturally conduces to the refinement of the instrumentation, to its dematerialization, and, needless to say, to a corresponding refinement of the performance in a purely artistic and material (acoustic) sense.

"But new orchestral coloring is introduced, and the numbers of orchestral performers brought up to 40 by the addition of a very substantial part of the chorus; these 'vocal-instrumentalists' assist in the score from beginning to end, sometimes singing short proverbs, sometimes only detached words, sometimes singing without words.

"'Svadebka' is to be produced at Paris in May, 1916, by Diaghileff.

"Stravinsky has also written some vocal proverbs which may originally have been fragments of the score of 'Svadebka,' and a march, polonaise and valse of a humorous character for small orchestra."

Music and Musicians; Also Stage Notes

"The Dummy" was produced at the Prince of Wales Theatre, London, Sept. 22. The Daily Telegraph began its serious consideration of the comedy by saying: "Once again the American criminal and the American detective are tripping up each other's heels. Once more the flowers of the American language and many varieties of the American joke. But all this is really background. The chief glory of the play is its specimen of the American boy. In him it lives and moves and has its being. His wonderful sagacity devastates the wicked and brings the innocent out right side up. He is the horror of his elders and the delight of helpless childhood. And when the plot pauses awhile to take breath he can cut jokes with a waiter or a telephone or anything else lying about the stage which shake you with bewildered mirth."

The Daily Telegraph said of "The Birth of a Nation," produced at the Scala, London, Sept 27: "The colossal scale on which the production is conceived, the huge dimensions of the human forces that are presented in action—now incensed mobs clamoring for vengeance, now armed troops locked in the deadly grip of battle—the sheer vehemence of spirit, not to say brutality, which animates scene after scene; the prodigality with which horror is heaped on horror—these things almost take the spectator's breath away."

Sir A. Quiller Couch, King Edward VII. professor of English literature, lecturing at Cambridge on "Jargon" reconstructed Hamlet's soliloquy as follows: "To be, or the contrary? Whether the former or the latter be preferable would seem to admit of some difference of opinion, the answer in the present case being of an affirmative or of a negative character according as to whether one elects on the one hand to mentally suffer the disfavor of fortune, albeit in an extreme degree, or on the other to boldly envisage adverse conditions in the prospect of eventually bringing them to a conclusion. The condition of sleep is similar to, if not indistinguishable from that of death, and with the addition of finality, the former might be considered identical with the latter, so that in this connection it might be argued with regard to sleep that could the addition be effected a termination would be put to the endurance of a multiplicity of inconveniences, not to mention a number of downright evils incidental to our fellow-humanity, and thus a consummation achieved of a most gratifying nature."

W. S. Gilbert, now in bronze effigy on the Embankment, serves to remind us that of all theatre people in this country no one figures so often by monument and memorial as the late Henry Irving. There is the tablet in Newgate street on the rebuilt site where he was once employed as a publisher's assistant. There is the Percy Fitzgerald bust and group in the hall at the Lyceum. There is Onslow Ford's wonderful sculpture of Irving as "Hamlet" in the Guildhall Art Gallery. There is the public monument to him behind the National Portrait Gallery. And there are others in the provinces.—Daily Chronicle.

In many English picture palaces there is a great demand for the piano music of Cyril Scott. George Clutsam, composer and critic, has written an opera for the films.

Leigh Henry, late director of music in the School for the Art of the Theatre at Florence, is lecturing on contemporary musicians, among them Schoenberg, Delius and Stravinsky. He has written enthusiastically of Prof. Bryceson Treharne's music. This composer, coming from Adelaide, is now in the British Civilian Interment Camp at Ruhleben, where he wrote the music for a performance of "As You Like It." Mr. Henry says: "Treharne has a remarkable gift for composition and is responsible for the greater part of the original work performed at Ruhleben to date, having written since his internment over 60 extremely advanced songs, part songs and instrumental works. His work is of an extremely sensitive and delicate character, but very strongly knit together, and most musicianly and lyrical.' His manner is described as "as entirely original as those which distinguish Ravel and Schoenberg. The music of the former composer, together with that of Scriabin, seems to have exercised the greater part of such small external influence as is apparent in Treharne's work." Mr. Henry characterizes him as "one of the most imaginative and talented contemporary British composers and states that he is at present engaged on a music drama in three parts."

Why does not John Lane see that an index appears in every book he issues? There is, perhaps, no publisher more careless in this respect. Looking round our shelves at random we catch sight of the following, all with their usefulness for immediate reference lessened by the defect mentioned: Gilman's "MacDowell," Hervey's "Liszt," Liebich's "Debussy," Newman's "Elgar," Rodger's "Coward," Gilman's "Nature in Music and other Essays." If we wished we could probably multiply this list several times. As John Lane is this one of the most commendably active of publishers of books on musical subjects, his slackness in this respect is the more regrettable.—The Music Student (London).

The board of visitors sent by the United States war department to inspect West Point Military Academy said in a recent report: "We attended divine service while at the post, and endured the untold agony and exquisite torture visited on the congregation every Sabbath while the organ in the chapel is being prepared to play its part. There is not a fifth-rate variety theatre in any country on the globe that would tolerate such a musical instrument for 24 hours. To inflate it and set it going is in itself a profanation of the Sabbath. It is a disgrace to the nation, and has haunted like a nightmare every board of visitors during the last decade."

Much modern English music has been performed of late in Russian cities. Mr. Grainger appears on the programs as "Percl Grendsher," and Mr. German as "Edvard Dsherman." The other composers whose orchestral works have been heard in Moscow and Petrograd, for instance, are Elgar, Bantock, Harty, Stanford. Mrs. Rosa Newmarch, having returned from a sojourn of two months in Russia says: "Everywhere I observed a quiet determination to keep things going as usual, and in music, as in other matters, no panic-stricken policies were apparent in Petrograd or Moscow. According to her, the most striking and profoundly touching music to be heard at the present moment is the music of the soldiers." She hardly ever heard a military band during her visit, but scarcely an hour went by without a regiment or company passing under one's window singing their strangely sad and solemn songs, many of them so redolent of ecclesiastical tradition that one expected to see a procession of monks rather than a parade of warriors. The Russian soldiers march slower, generally speaking, than our men, and to strains which Tommy Atkins would certainly scorn as 'tunes the old cow died of.' Partly on this account. It is not unamusing to note, Mrs. Newmarch failed to recognize a familiar melody played in honor of English visitors at a restaurant in Moscow. It was labelled 'Tipperary'—Largo e molto Lamentoso. Played in accordance with that direction it is hardly very surprising that the usually familiar strains sounded like something new and strange."

Another season of the National Sunday League in London has begun. The Daily Telegraph says, this means "that thenceforth, upon every Sunday throughout the autumn and winter, there will be more music publicly performed in London than in any other city the world over. This is no exaggeration, but a plain statement of fact. Yet they say we are an unmusical people. The National Sunday League audiences really are a paying public, and it is hardly to be supposed that people flock to Sunday concerts merely for the fun of spending money. Mr. Mills, the secretary of the National Sunday League, informs the writer of these notes that since the beginning of the war that organization has raised over $6000 in support of various charities. Not a bad record, surely! But how many of our Sunday concert-goers know that for nearly half a century the indefatigable league has been striving to lighten the dulness of the London Sabbath? Away back in the seventies it was giving concerts and lectures at St. George's Hall, Langham place—now the 'home of mystery'—and afterwards at a little hall in Newman street, Oxford street, as well as in other centres. For years and years the opponents of Sunday gloom and misery had to fight tooth and nail against prejudice, ignorance and cant. The Sunday 'music-makers' of those pioneer days were told that they were in league with Satan, and every possible influence was brought to bear against their endeavors to keep the masses out of mischief on Sundays. It took the promoters of the 'rational' Sunday a very long time to live down opposition and abuse, and even when the league gave its first Sunday concert in Queen's Hall, on Nov. 14, 1894—on which occasion 'Messiah' was performed—a prosecution was threatened by some Sabbatarian society. But nothing came of it, and the Queen's Hall concerts were continued down to January, 1910, when the league transferred its energies, so far as central London is concerned, to the Palladium, where its concerts have proved enormously popular. Last season the Sunday entertainments it organized in various parts of the metropolis numbered well over 6000."

Granville Bantock's new symphony, "Hebrides," will be performed for the first time on Jan. 24 at an Edinburgh Symphony concert.

The militant verse of the National Anthem was duly sung at St. Paul's, as mentioned in the Pall Mall Gazette report. One wonders if any of its hearers or readers recalled the version given by Grisi when rendering the solo at Covent Garden in the gala performance in honor of Queen Victoria's coronation. From her unfamiliar tongue the lines ran:

Frustrate their knavish tricks;
Confound their politics,
In Thee our hopes we sticks—
God save the Queen!

At least, George Augustus Sala always said so.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Oct- 18 1915

Here rests, his head upon the lap of earth,
The brave young man that rode the brindle mule.
He learned when meek Asinus burst the girth,
Too late, the lesson of life's harshest school.

Broad culture, solid judgment, breadth of brain,
Thought that has drank at the Pierian spring;
Grand depth and height of culture he must gain
Who safely rides the trick mule round the ring.

Jargon.

Sir A. Quiller Couch, King Edward VII. Professor of English Literature, lecturing at Cambridge, defined jargon as prose that is not prose. It is not to be confused, he said, with journalese. "The two overlap and have a knack of assimilating each other's vices," but jargon finds most of its votaries among highly respectable people, who have never written to or for a newspaper. They would never speak of "adverse climatic conditions" when they meant "bad weather"; they would not lightly use words such as obsess, recrudesce, envisage, adumbrate, or phrases such as "the psychological moment."

He gave these instances of jargon. Sancho Panza remarked: "How excellent a thing is sleep; it wraps a man round like a cloak." A "jargoneer" would have said: "Among the beneficial qualities of sleep, the human consciousness from the contemplation of immediate circumstances may, perhaps, be accounted not the least remarkable."

Then there is the trick of elegant variation, "so rampant in the sporting press." Here is an example: "Hayward and C. B. Fry now faced the bowling, which apparently had no terror for the Surrey crack. The old Oxonian, however, took some time in settling to work."

Jargon is by no means accurate. "Its method is to walk circumspectly around its target. Thus the clerk of a board of guardians would minute that: 'In the case of John Jenkins, deceased, the coffin provided was of the usual character and in accordance with specification as per Messrs. So-and-So's tender.' Now this is not accurate. 'In the case of John Jenkins'—but John Jenkins never had more than one case and that was the coffin. The clerk said he had two, a coffin and a case."

The two main vices of jargon are these: The use of circumlocution rather than short straight speech; the habitual choice of vague, woolly abstract nouns rather than concrete ones. The Professor suggested to the hearers one or two rough rules for "writing." "First, whenever in their reading they came across one of the words, 'case, instance, character, nature, condition, persuasion, degree,' whenever in writing their pen slipped into one of them, let them pull themselves up and take thought. Next, having trained themselves to keep a lookout for these worse offenders, let them proceed to push their suspicions out among the whole cloudy host of abstract terms."

An Honorable Profession.

A dentist told the Common Sergeant at the Old Bailey that at one time his profession brought him in £10,000 a year. Would he easily make that amount today? We are informed that a few

years ago platinum could be bought in Paris and for about $7 an ounce, whereas it now costs about $47 an ounce. A dentist's chair with the modern improvements costs at least $1[illegible], and there has been a rise in the price of drills, reflectors and sterilizers.

All this may or may not be true. Reading the paragraph of information or misinformation, we thought of the rise of the American dentist in the social scale. Years ago he was regarded as a useful but dreaded person, to be classed with the chiropodist and travelling teacher of dancing. He was not always well-informed in his own profession—there were many arrant quacks—and his manners were either intolerably easy and familiar or rude and forbidding. What work has Time wrought! Today the leading dentists are men of a liberal education, versed in medicine as in dentistry; ingenious in practice and invention; of irreproachable manners. Men in the chair talk freely with them—whenever there is opportunity—about politics, sports, and there is an interchange of current anecdotes and jests. Women often consult their dentist about investments, confide to them their household troubles and sometimes their domestic unhappiness. And so there were years in Berlin when an American dentist, who came to a tragic end, was on terms of gossip with Bismarck; an American dentist in Dresden was the close friend of Wagner and Austrian potentates; and an American dentist in Rome was smiled on by the fairest ladies of the court. As for another American dentist, we all know how he succeeded in getting the Empress Eugenie safely out of Paris.

Impossible.

As the World Wags:

Mr. Herkimer Johnson has been too long in retirement. Time is fleeting, and many of your and his (would-be) readers are fearing that old age and incapacity may creep upon him before the finish of his colossal work. May I not venture to suggest that you use your utmost powers of persuasion upon him to allow the serial publication of his "Man as a Social and Political Beast" (elephant folio, etc.) in your much appreciated department of The Herald? A long instalment of the work need not be expected each day; but the great work must begin to see the daylight soon, or your readers will justly rebel. Do try to prevail upon the venerable sociologist and too modest publicist.

Newtonville, Oct. 13. H. S. K.

Mr. Johnson would indignantly deny that he is "venerable." He swears that he is in the prime of life. Nor are we sure that he is "modest." He informed us last summer that the first volume, "Abbatoir—Bar," is in press and will be ready for delivery by Christmas, if the printer, a grossly commercial person, can be satisfied. It appears that some of the subscribers have not yet sent their checks. To publish instalments in The Herald would wrong Mr. Johnson and the subscribers; furthermore, there would necessarily be many excisions for publication in a prudent and family newspaper. Mr. Johnson also informed us that the article "Bar" will be enlarged by pages in the "Supplement, Vol. A," as he has made important discoveries, not without danger to his health, since the revised proofs of the article itself were sent to the printer.—Ed.

GREETS MELBA

Mme. Melba gave a concert at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. She was assisted by Miss Beatrice Harrison, 'cellist, and Robert Parker, baritone. Frank St. Legère was the pianist. The program was as follows: A. Thomas, mad scene from "Hamlet"; Charpentier, air from "Louise"; Puccini, "Addio" from "La Boheme"; Dupare, "Chanson Triste"; Bemberg, "Chant Vénitien"; Arditi, "S'e Saran Rose". Mme. Melba: Valentine, sonata in E major, Glazounoff, Chant du Menestrel; Rimsky-Karsakoff, Berceuse; Esposito, Irish Reel Silver Tip, Miss Harrison; Schubert, "Machtstuecke," Gruppe aus dem Tartarus; Strauss, "Traum durch die Daemmerung," "Heimliche Aufforderung"; Tschaikowsky, "Don Juan's Serenade," Mr. Parker. K. W.

A very large audience filled the hall and many sat upon the stage. This audience was demonstrative, enthusiastic in appreciation, while the famous singer's appearance was greeted with cheers.

For many years Mme. Melba has delighted thousands by the golden beauty of her voice and by her flawless art. Of necessity her voice has paid the inexorable toll of Time. The extreme upper notes do not fully retain their purity and brilliance; the lower tones have lost in volume; there is not always spontaneity in coloratura.

Mme. Melba was not wholly at her ease in the air from "Hamlet," the air with its ballad, "La Sirene passe," said to be a genuine Swedish folk-song often sung by Jenny Lind, and there was also [illegible] in the air from "Louise." Yet on the whole, the singer was vocally better disposed than at her concert at Symphony Hall two years ago.

Many characteristics of her singing remain, as ever, admirable. The accomplished artist is revealed in the beautiful attack of a phrase, the sustaining and ending of melodic line, the exquisite phrasing. The middle register, too, remains unchanged in beauty with its peculiar and emotional tonal quality.

Mme. Melba's singing of the "Addio" from "La Boheme" was wholly admirable, so, too, was her performance of Duparc's song. She was gracious in adding to the program. These songs included Ronald's "Down in the Forest," "Annie Laurie," the Aubade from "Le Roi d' Ys," Tosti's "Mattenata" and "Good-Bye." A feature of the concert was her singing of "John Anderson, My Jo."

Mr. Parker sang here in the English "Parsifal" company of Henry W. Savage. He was also heard in other operas given by that company. Since then he has studied and sung in Germany.

His well-schooled voice is generally of good quality, robust though neither sensuous nor nobly impressive. He was fortunate in his performance of "Traum durch die Daemmerung," while he sang Tschaikowsky's serenade in a commanding if not pursuasive manner.

Miss Harrison's playing is well known. She is a well-rounded artist with an enchanting tone and an imposing technic admirably employed.

Mr. St. Leger has an agreeable touch and is efficient as an accompanist.

The concert next Sunday afternoon will be given by Miss Hinkle and Mr. Grainger.

MAUD POWELL IN RECITAL TO AID SETTLEMENT WORK

Violinist Is Assisted by Arthur Loesser, Pianist.

Mme. Maud Powell gave a recital at the Tremont Theatre last evening for the benefit of the Boston Music School Settlement. She was assisted by Arthur Loesser, pianist. The program was as follows: De Beriot, concerto, No. 7, G major; D'Indy sonata, C major, op. 59, second, third and fourth movements; Rust, Praeludium and Fuga; Herbert, "A la Valse"; Massenet-Powell, Crepuscule; Grainger, "Molly on the Shore"; Grasse, Polonaise, C major. Mr. Loesser played pieces by Sgambati, Dacquin, Liszt and Brahms.

Such was the devotion of Mme. Malibran to her husband, De Beriot, that she concealed from him the fall from her horse which ultimately caused her death. On her deathbed she anxiously inquired whether the violinist had performed well and if he had been applauded. Yet stories are told of his indifference towards her at the last.

D'Indy's sonata has been played here before. It bears unmistakable marks of his master, Cesar Franck's influence. Victor Herbert's "A la Valse," which Mme. Powell played here for the first time is effective salon music.

The violinist was in the vein. Her haunting tone is familiar and her commanding technic is always used as a means of emotional expression. Her authority is irresistible and she is, besides, a mistress of nuances. K. W.

Mr. Loesser's playing is at present chiefly conspicuous for lightness of touch and certain technical agility.

A small audience was appreciative."

Oct 19 1915

"J. I. A.," wrote to The Herald on Oct. 14: "I notice on the first page of today's Herald a description of a 'hectic' afternoon at the ball game. Is this 'newspaper' English, or sporting writer's English, or not English at all? The word was recently mentioned in your column. I am in all seriousness seeking information."

We are sorry to see the customary slur on "newspaper English." Among the frequent contributors to London newspapers were Coleridge, John Morley, Matthew Arnold, W. E. Henley, Churton Collins, Oscar Wilde—but why allude to a few Englishmen out of many and pass over the learned and brilliant Americans that have not thought it beneath them to write for newspapers in this country?

"Hectic," the adjective, has long been used with a liberal extension of its original meaning, "Belonging to or symptomatic of the bodily condition or habit." Florio, translating Montaigne, boldly wrote: "All enjoyings are not alike. There are some hectic, faint and languishing ones." Shelley spoke of leaves "hectic red." Dowden wrote of works that "thrill with vehement and hectic feeling." The reporter describing the ball game might have characterized the afternoon as "feverish." He preferred the adjective "hectic."

A Philosopher.

As the World Wags:

The neighbors up in my suburb all have autos, most of them big, costly ones, some of them mosquitoes, for which they are somewhat despised by the owners of the great cars, and for which they themselves apologize. I couldn't afford the cheapest auto five years behind the times. My one vehicle is the wheelbarrow, which I cordially commend to poor folk with a sneaking desire for autos that they know they can't afford. A good wheelbarrow costs about $4, and a sumptuous one from $6 to $8, far less than the price of the cheapest auto tire. No man need mortgage his house to buy a wheelbarrow, and while the wheelbarrow is not so fast as the auto it will do things that no auto can do. I cut my own wood and wheel it to a dry place of storage under the kitchen porch. When spring comes I wheel a dozen or twenty loads of manure on to my asparagus bed, and twice as many more on to the rest of the garden. I hope they'll put on my tombstone that pleasant line from Chaucer about the parson's humble brother: "He had ylad of dong full many a fother." Of course the man with an auto has a wider physical horizon than he of the wheelbarrow, but then the latter is never fined for exceeding the speed limit, and after all, he that sits by the fire with a good book or a good friend, may have as wide a spiritual and intellectual horizon, as he that scours the country at 50 miles an hour. Perhaps, however, when a certain rich and benevolent lover of peace has brought the price of autos down to that of wheelbarrows I, too, shall roll forth along with my neighbors. Even we monocyclists have our secret ambitions. MONO-KU KLUX.

Somewhere-in-the-Suburbs.

For Vegetarians.

Richard Jefferies preserved the record of an old Wiltshire farmer's achievements at a harvest supper: "First I had a plate of rust beef, then a plate of boiled mutton, then a plate of boiled beef, then a plate of rust mutton; last bacon. I fund I couldn't get on at all wi' the pudding, but when the cheese and the salad came, didn't I pitch into that!"

A Few Americanisms.

Judge Ruppenthal of Kansas has compiled a number of curious words and phrases that he has heard. Among them are "black dishes"—cooking utensils by contrast with glass and china—"I'll leave the black dishes for her to clean up"; "brock," speckled, flecked with white, as a "brock-faced cow." Twenty years ago we used to hear the expression, "O, give him a good sized brock"—meaning to silence a babbler or to rebuke him forcibly, for some foolish speech or action. Sometimes "in a pail" was added to the sentence. What, pray, was the origin of this phrase? The judge includes "open one's heart"—to be generous—in his list. Surely this is a common and old phrase; as is "sound on the goose."

Dickens and Hunt.

As the World Wags:

Apropos of the discussion of Dickens, James Henry Leigh Hunt ("Leigh Hunt") and Harold Skimpole, I will say that a month or two ago I read Hunt's Autobiography and I don't recall that in that work he makes any mention of Dickens. I can't positively say that there is no mention of Dickens in that work, but am confident that there is in it no reference to Dickens's having made use of Hunt as the original from which he drew the character of Skimpole, for, if the autobiography had made any reference to that incident, I feel sure that I should remember it. If that work contains no mention of Dickens—and, as I have said, I think that such is the case—it may be that the omission of any mention of him is the result of intentional ignoration of him by Hunt. OCCASIONAL.

Brookline, Oct. 16.

It would have been surprising if Hunt in his Autobiography had said anything about Skimpole.—Ed.

MERCEDES HAS AUDIENCE MYSTIFIED AT KEITH'S

Thoroughly Good Bill Presented at Vaudeville House.

It is to the credit of the last act on the bill at B. F. Keith's that most every one in the big audience of last evening remained till the final curtain—an unusual tribute to the last number of a good bill. The act might be appropriately named a crockery carnage, for everything in the shape of a dish is smashed to bits and always in a way that excites the laughter of the looker-on. Then there is some excellent jugling by the ponderous but nimble Mrs. Baggensen. The gentleman of the sketch is by make-up a pitiful looking object. To see him in the meshes of flypaper and "assisting" his partner, all this without the spoken word, is one of the best bits of pantomime in a long time.

Mercedes was seen in his mystical act, "The Musical Enigma." A plausible young man, glib of tongue and convincing in manner, he leaves to the audience whether he is a trickster, a hypnotist or an adept in thought transference. His claim is to the latter classification. Passing through the aisles and the boxes, he asks the visitor to select a song. He then asked the latter to request mentally Mlle. Stantone, at the piano, to play the song she or he has in mind. With slight hesitation in a few cases, Mlle. Stantone quickly responded with the correct song on the piano.

One of the best numbers on the bill was the late Paul Armstrong's one-act sketch "Winter Love," which is a delightful satire on the initiative of woman. The arguments of Man are delivered incisively; they leave their sting in flippant speech. The Woman, obstinate to a quarreling degree, is completely disillusioned. For Man selects a cosey arbor screened from the ballroom where youth is having its fling and there are three proposals in 20 minutes by Hazel, Grace and Rose, as they rest after the dance. Miss Arline Fredericks was a statuesque Woman. A prepossessing blonde, her daring decolleto gown of black lace completed the picture. George Kelley was cold, but positive as Man, and he acted with fine reserve and intelligence. Assisting were Louise Corbin, Marion Goad, Jane Komray, George P. Marshall, Clayton Kearton and James P. Hagan.

Others on the bill were the Watson sisters, in songs; Dorothy Toye, singer; Charles Mack and Company, in a laughable sketch, "A Friendly Call"; Eunice Burnham and Charles Irwin, in a song sketch at the piano; Love and Wilbur, in an aerial act; Al Herman, in monologue, and the Pathe Pictures.

"Experience," the famous morality drama which has enjoyed such popularity during the past eight weeks at the Shubert Theatre, will be transferred intact next Monday night to the Boston Opera House, to remain there for three weeks, until the opera season opens.

Oct 20 1915

It is strange that as yet nothing has been said in the newspapers about the recent establishment of a society in this city: The Society for Creasing the Trousers of Statues in Boston. The pressing need of this society is apparent to everyone, especially as there is now an attempt to force the statues upon the attention of all citizens and visitors. Nor should any carper insist that as Roman statesmen, orators, generals wore their togas loose and flapping, the trousers of our celebrated men in bronze or marble should be baggy and without any distinction whatever. On Monday night we were informed by a member of the Porphyry Club, a sociologist respected and admired by Mr. Herkimer Johnson, and is there a greater tribute?—that the ancient Romans were exceedingly careful in maintaining the folds of their togas; that early in the morning a man called at the house of Cicero, Lentulus, Mark Antony or any other prominent citizen to crease his toga for the day; that these creasers were known as "Plicatores." Now the word "Plicator" is not in our Latin-English lexicon; but this does not prove that the word was not in familiar, colloquial use, or was not a word peculiar to the calling. We asked where Mr. Joliet obtained all this information. He said that the practice was referred to probably by Petronius, Martial, or "some other one of those fellows." Is it possible that Mr. Joliet was taking advantage of our ignorance and our childlike faith in the truthfulness of mankind?

Anton Lang.

We learn from the Sioux City Sunday Journal of Oct. 3 that Anton Lang, the Christ of the Passion Play at Oberammergau, is dead, "killed in battle after he once had sickened of the scenes of strife and retired to the heart of the Bavarian mountains to regain his health. He returned to the war more heart sick than ever, and a bullet ended his existence." It is said that he abhorred war, and was forced into the conflict. We do not remember any allusion in Eastern newspapers to his death. The news came to dwellers in Sioux City who knew him well.

The American Cane.

As the World Wags:

Your contributors, introducing the walking-stick for discussion, have opened up a wider and more interesting subject than they themselves perhaps supposed. Quite likely the psychology of cane-wearing is a survival of the habit of the caveman with a club. I hope so. It might explain the staff of the patriarch, the Irish shillalah, the patrolman's "sceptre" and the big, sporty coon's cane.

We are indebted to The Herald's Sunday Magazine for the information that Andrew Chase Cunningham, whose inventions cover the floating drydock and burning liquid fuel, believes that the cane has long been neglected as a weapon of self-defence, and has written a book entitled "The Cane as a Weapon." As gentlemen we are not, of course, interested in this feature of the matter.

Dean Swift makes the walking-stick do service as a poker: "Stir the fire with your master's cane," he has written. Macaulay had the cane in mind as a weapon also; "to cane" with him meant to beat with a cane.

But the great American walking-stick, the cane of a democrat, has the hooked handle or curved top, with either a band or handle-finish of either silver or gold. This is the American stick that has apparently come to stay and to be "worn" increasingly. It is about the only stick that appears for sale and has all the elements that make it generally desirable and becoming. One of the leading style books, just issued, showing figures dressed for the street, has a pro-

...g-stick ... is without the ... the carved handle is the exclusive style, I think. One must conclude, from these artists' designs, that, so far as style is concerned, the walking-stick properly predominates among the well dressed.

... think upon specific inquiry it will be found that Mr. Herkimer Johnson ... a stick. Of course it fits his ...cratic nature, and to such an extent that it may be an unobservable part and feature of his impressive personality.

But the straight, gold-headed cane? O never! One might as well think of carrying those curved rods or contrivances to which are fastened little flags, and such abominations as are carried in processions and at foot-ball games.

Long live the democratic stick.

Essex Junction, Vt. J. L. B.

1. We have never seen Mr. Herkimer Johnson sporting a cane of any description.

2. We have been assured on high authority that the Prince of Darkness is a gentleman. When he visited his snug little farm, the earth, Coleridge observed that he had no cane, although he had arrayed himself with special care and in his Sunday's best.

His jacket was red and his breeches were blue,
And there was a hole where the tail came through.
He needed no walking stick.
Over the hill and over the dale,
And he went over the plain;
And backward and forward he switched his long tail,
As a gentleman switches his cane.

Oct 21 1915

Once cats were all wild, but afterward they retired to houses, wherefore there are plenty of them in all countries. * * * The nature of this beast is to love the place of her breeding, neither will she tarry in any strange place, although carryed far, being never willing to forsake the house, for the love of any man, and most contrary to the nature of a dog.

Carrick on Cats.

I have read this piffle regarding cats to which you have given charitable space in your columns. It is hardly worth while to add to speculations concerning the sex of cats of a certain hue, or the deafness of others, but regarding the tendency of this interesting animal to return to the house from which it has been removed, there is just enough evidence to convince the feeble-minded, and I am glad to set these unfortunates aright.

It is true that cats do occasionally run back home, even to a vacant one. Everybody can recall one or more cases in point. Cats, in common with most animals, possess a marked gift of orientation, marked, as compared to those of civilized men. If they try, they can easily find their way for surprising distances. They are also great prowlers, and hence familiar with large areas about their domiciles. But for every cat who makes a notable trek to the old homestead, there are a hundred who settle down contentedly in new quarters. These latter receive no press notices; but when one finds her way back over miles of rough country, the exploit is advertised. The name of cat being legion even the small percentage who accomplish this feat makes up a respectable quota, far more evidence than many of our modern religio-philosophical cults can muster. Hence the tradition, and its acceptance by the egg-headed.

The average cat accepts with resignation the hegiras of its owner. The exceptional cat who does not is easily understandable. Mind, I am not theorizing; I am telling you. When you move to a new home, and take your cat, it is not necessary to butter her feet, nail her ... to the floor, nor remove her medulla oblongata.

The first fact to bear in mind is this: Practically cats are subject to what ...nists term claustrophobia, the fear of being confined in close quarters. When you liberate one in new quarters after a hysterical trip from her journey in a bag, basket or even in arms. She wants to bolt. Instinct may turn her flight towards her old home, or more likely to the woods, to revert to semi-wild type. It is therefore wise to keep her indoors for a little while, duration to depend upon individual temperament. But it is not wise to lock her in one room. It is not even wise to lavish unusual caresses and attentions upon her. Of all animals she is the most suspicious, of all save one the most observing. She will distrust any sudden and unusual endearments. She will look upon them as the ... about to be hung looks upon the usual hearty breakfast brought to him by the kind jailer. Ignore your cat, ... to make her comfortable; give her the shadow of freedom without its substance. Let her roam about the house freely, but mind the exits. When her nerves have calmed down she can be safely trusted outdoors. Remember, a cat investigates every hole, alley, loose board or broken window, as possible means of escape in time of sudden peril. When she is taken to a new place whose ... layout is unfamiliar she feels ... as a plump German soldier feels when he is dragged out of his neat trench, with its dugouts, traverses and ... Give her a little time to adjust herself.

The truth is, the wants of a cat are ... essential ... all real feline necessities begin with the letter "f." Food, fire and freedom, to mention three of them. If she has enough to eat, a warm place to sleep in, and is not too closely confined, she will stay with you in all but exceptional cases. If she is half starved, or abused otherwise, she will quite probably run away. When dissatisfied, cats frequently seek new homes. I have had any number of them descend upon me. My neighbors can relate similar cases. Stray cats are sometimes lost or abandoned cats; very often they are dissatisfied ones, seeking a new boarding house. Don't be too demonstrative. When your cat wants to be held in your lap she will let you know about it. When she doesn't, it bores her to be grabbed up.

I have always liked cats. I do not idealize them, and I realize all their shortcomings. I simply understand them. Hence, I always get along with them. We never have any differences. I don't try to train them as I do my dogs. I have from force of circumstances been a wanderer. I have lived in many places and owned many cats. I have one now, fetched to me for an eighth of a mile away. I kept her indoors one day. Then she made herself entirely at home. In a few weeks I move and shall give her to another party nearby. She will stay there perfectly contented. Across the street are two old cats. One was fetched there from her home a mile away. The other was dissatisfied with her domestic surroundings and just came. Neither thinks of running away.

I have in my life moved twenty-seven cats to new quarters; there may have been more, but these are all I can recall. Four ran away, but none of them returned to their old home. Two died before it was possible to say what they would do. One (a male tortoise-shell, by the way), was stolen; the other twenty settled down contentedly. Several of them were moved twice; one of them three times. When I lived in the city I knew people who had taken the pet cat from one flat or tenement to another more times than I can recall. I never heard of one taking the trail back to a previous home. Cats do, sometimes, but even dogs do occasionally. Treat a cat as a cat, with intelligent appreciation of both her strong and weak points, her prejudices and her preferences, and she will stick along.

JOHN H. CARRICK.

Plymouth, N. H.

Oct 22 1915

Work by the Roumanian Enesco, Played—Ravel's Poetic Suite—Loeffler's Tone Poem.

By PHILIP HALE.

The second public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Every seat was taken. The program was as follows:

Symphony in E flat major, op. 13 ... Enesco
Ma Mere l'Oye, 5 Pieces enfantines ... Ravel
"The Death of Tintagiles" (after Maeterlinck) ... Loeffler
Overture "Husitska" ... Dvorak

It was a pity that the concert did not end with Mr. Loeffler's impressive tone-poem. It is true that it is not a hat-and-overcoat piece, it does not end with a joyful noise, which the Psalmist assures us was grateful to his Lord but it is a good thing occasionally to leave a concert hall in a contemplative spirit, with the thought that life after all is not made up only of beer and skittles. The program would have been admirably balanced without Dvorak's overture, which after the music of Ravel and Loeffler seemed ineffectively strenuous and laboriously contrived. It might serve a Hussite holiday, if Dvorak had written it for a military band and for performance in the open air. Coming immediately after Mr. Loeffler's highly imaginative and emotional composition, it recalled the remark of the noble Spaniard, Don Adriano de Armado. "The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo." Furthermore, the concert without the overture would have been long enough.

Enesco's symphony was heard here for the first time. It was produced in Paris nearly 10 years ago, when the composer was in his 25th year. His "Roumanian Poem," a "Roumanian Rhapsody"—for Enesco is a Roumanian by birth—an orchestral suite and two or three other pieces have been played here. The symphony, which has a later opus number than the Suite, is on the whole a less individual work. The composer himself has said that when he studied in Vienna and before he made Paris his home for further study and the exercise of his profession as violinist and composer, he was "deeply imbued with the music of Wagner and Brahms," and their influence, he thinks, is shown today; that French influences also give character to his writings.

The second movement is the finest of the three, in thought and in expression. There is pleasing romantic sentiment rather than any compelling emotional appeal. There is a definite melodic line, whereas the themes of the other movements have not a decided and arresting profile. The orchestration is more varied and also richer, whereas in the other movements the coloring becomes monotonous with a use of the brass that verges on abuse. The ending of this movement is especially effective in its simple beauty.

Of the other movements, the first is the more important. In it are well considered pages by the side of those that are meaningless in their complexity; reduced to simpler terms, they show little original thought, little that is of a quality peculiar to Enesco. We have spoken of the inherent thinness of the thematic material and of the swollen but futile rhetoric. The Finale left no durable impression and did not rivet the attention at the time. Dr. Muck had evidently prepared the performance with great care. This is his habit, whether a work be new or old. The performance was a brilliant one. The Symphony was well received, and the second movement found special favor.

Ravel's Suite does not grow stale with repetition, any more than the fairy tales that inspired him. There are those who look upon fairy tales as foolishness. We know children that can see nothing in them and have no interest in the adventures of Alice. They are all to be pitied. When Hazlitt told Coleridge that he did not relish the serious parts of the Arabian Nights, the latter said that if he did not like them, it was because he did not dream. The fantastical, as the ironical, is disconcerting to some. Ravel's music is exquisitely fanciful, fantastical. It is the very essence of the subtly poetic. Nor is it devoid of humor. Note how he treats the conversation of Beauty with the Beast: the coquetry of the waltz, a waltz hinted at, surmised, with the hoarse growling of the Beast, fearful lest he may not win the adored one. There is the same idea of rough strength opposed to woman's wiles in Saint-Saens's "Spinning Wheel of Omphale," but Ravel is not a copyist. Could any thing be more fantastically exotic than the music of Laideronnette, the Empress of the Pagodes? While she bathed, her little subjects played on theorbos of walnut shells and viols made of almond shells. The whole Suite might have been played before Salome of the White Esoteric Isles by the orchestra of ivory instruments heard once by Jules Laforgue.

We have often spoken in praise of Mr. Loeffler's dramatic poem. Under Dr. Muck's leadership this music was yesterday still more imposing, of still greater emotional intensity. The opening, with its picturing of the wild night without the castle in the nameless land; the thought of old, faithful Aglovale with the useless sword, the piteous voice of the frightened child; the sinister sounds in the corridor; the terror, the agony of Sister Ygraine—these are brought home to the hearer by the sheer beauty and power of the music without attempts at interlinear translation of the drama into tones. Many works produced since "The Death of Tintagiles" was first performed in the present version now seem curiously old-fashioned or have disappeared. In these days of ultra-modernity Mr. Loeffler's poem is rounded, complete—though perhaps a little condensation in the latter part of the work would give it still greater dramatic impact—and modern; as the best music is always modern.

The program of the concerts next week is as follows: Brahms, symphony No. 4, Schumann, overture to "Manfred"; Chopin, piano concerto in E minor (Mr. Gabrilowitsch, pianist); Berlioz, overture "The Roman Carnival."

It appears that military etiquette is now relaxed in England. "Officers smoke pipes in public places—a breach of decorum which would have been impossible before the war." A still more shocking sight is that of a subaltern carrying his own bag, or showing by a bundle that he has been shopping. Sir James Barrie once remarked that London was the only place he knew where a man could eat a penny bun in the street without attracting undesirable attention. "We may see the day when the one star officer will try even that experiment."

We do not think that a man eating in a street of Paris or Rome would attract "undesirable attention." Many years ago we were returning from a trip Down East with Mr. Herkimer Johnson. We had little money left and little to eat between Nova Scotia and Boston. Crossing the frontier, the train stopped at a station where there was a restaurant. The celebrated sociologist was able to buy a large piece, a hunk of apple pie. He ate it boldly on the platform, aye, in the sight of the people, nor was he disconcerted when juice trickled down his finely chiselled chin or a piece of apple fell on his spectacular waistcoat. Truly a subject for our esteemed friend, the Historical Painter. No one laughed; no one smiled; there was something in the look of Mr. Johnson that stifled any thought of merriment at his expense. As he was about to swallow the last morsel, we heard a click. A comely lass, eminently desirable, gazing in admiration, had preserved the scene. The photograph no doubt now graces her bed chamber.

Some in this country have been indignant at the sight of a strapping youth at West Point or Annapolis, or of a sturdy, spick and span officer gallantly escorting some woman, mother, sister, friend, while she is carrying a heavy travelling bag. But there are men of peace not sworn to maintain the honor of the service, who will not carry a bundle. Jones will not take even the bankbook of Mrs. Jones to the bank. Robinson purchases a collar and with a lordly air orders it to be sent home. How different the conduct of Brown, who was recently seen in Massachusetts avenue with a stepladder under his arm; of Smith, who was once gaped at as he stood in a Napoleonic attitude on an express wagon, supporting a manikin, dress-form, "Sally," or what-you-will, as he was moving from flat to flat. In the old days in western Massachusetts the lawyer of our little village—he had been to Congress—or the minister, a man of giant frame and stern views, who chewed tobacco, or the deacon of the First Church, who apparently regretted that even a few might be saved on the last great day, would walk along Main street with a codfish wrapped in brown paper, but with the head and tail sticking out, under his arm. Codfish was codfish then; not something desiccated or deodorized.

Baghdad.

It has been said that this whole war is for the possession of the railway to Bagdad. Nearly 30 years ago Sir Richard F. Burton spoke of the Tigris-Euphrates valley as a great centre of human development: "And the prerogative of a central and commanding position still promises it, even in the present state of decay and desolation under the unspeakable Turk, a magnificent future, when railways and canals shall connect it with Europe." In that same year Dr. Aloys Serenger of Heidelberg published a book to show that the Babylonian country was the richest land of the future, the one that especially invited colonization.

Burton drew a picture of Bagdad, or Baghdad as he spoke it, in the days of the mighty Caliph. "The city of palaces and government offices, hotels and pavilions, mosques and colleges, kiosks and squares, bazars and markets, pleasure grounds and orchards, lay couched under a sky of marvellous purity and in a climate which made mere life the luxury of tranquil enjoyment * * * and with the roar of a gigantic capital mingled the hum of prayer, the trilling of birds, the thrilling of harp and lute, the shrilling of pipes, the witching strains of the professional Almah and the minstrel's lay." To those born too late the city seems as it did to Sir Henry Layard: "An assemblage of mean, mud-built dwellings and a heap of ruins." Then there is the strange disease to which nearly all strangers fall victims.

A Glowing Tribute.

Mr. Ralph Edmunds of New York, Paris, Philadelphia, Rome, a cosmopolite who delights in Boston on account of her sea food, has been the press agent of many shows, including the Metropolitan Opera House and the Philadelphia orchestra. An accomplished linguist, versed in art and literature, a delightful conversationalist, he is always a welcome apparition. And now the Morning Telegraph thus compliments him: "The bland yet forceful Ralph Edmunds has appeared on Broadway once again. He will be press manager for the Diaghileff Russian Ballet. That entertainment receives at once a baptism of intellectual fire. William Guard and Ralph Edmunds are two of the few operatic criticasters who know why Eurydice is dead in the first act of 'Orfeo' and alive in the last."

Stern Disciplinarians.

An official notice has been issued by English military authority that "the practice of turning up the trousers must cease and the wearing of the soft cap is prohibited." How about umbrellas? The Grenadier Guards captured a redoubt near Bayonne in 1813. Wellington passed by and saw that the officers were holding up umbrellas against a pouring rain. He sent his aide-de-camp to them, instructing him to say that the duke did not approve the use of umbrellas in action. "The Guards' officers may, if they please, carry umbrellas, even in uniform when on duty at St. James's, but in the field it is not only ridiculous, but unmilitary."

Yet, an umbrella may be a dangerous weapon. Note the way in which many carry one, going down into the subway, boarding a street car or in the crowded street.

Oct 23 1915

GABRILOWITSCH

By PHILIP HALE.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch gave the first of six historical piano recitals yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. There was a large audience. The program was as follows:

English school: Byrde, Pavane; Purcell, Minuet from the Suite in G major.
French school: Couperin, The Harvesters; Daquin, The Cuckoo; Rameau, Tambourin.
Italian school: M. A. Rossi, Andantino, G minor; D. Scarlatti, Sonata, A major

[illegible] J. S. Bach, Prelude and Fugue in B minor, Prelude from 24 English Suite, Sarabande from 5th English Suite, Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue; Handel [illegible] from 24 Suite; C. P. E. Bach, Rondo in B minor.

[illegible] Haydn, Sonata No. 2, F major; Mozart, Variations, F major, Turkish March.

These concerts have been announced as "historical." It is also said that "the development of piano music from the days of the clavichord and harpsichord to the present time" is represented in the six programs. Some would therefore call the concerts educative and chiefly for this reason rejoice in them. But the primary object of music is not to educate; it is to awaken a sentiment or an emotion in the hearers. "All music is what awakes from you, when you are reminded by the instruments.

Nor does any hearer profit by tracing the "development" of piano music. The music of Purcell, Couperin, Rameau, was perfect for its day and its audience. Unfortunately in the 20th century we do not hear it with the ears of the 17th and 18th centuries. This old music was [illegible] to be developed. It was final for its day.

Gabrilowitsch may justly be called an educator as an interpreter, not as a painstaking arranger of programs in chronological order. The "historical concerts" of Fetis in Paris were interesting not historically, but by reason of certain music then performed. The "historical recitals" of Rubinstein commanded attention, not because there was chronological order, but because Rubinstein played this or that piece.

And so the recitals of Mr. Gabrilowitsch should draw large audiences because he is an admirable pianist, a sensitive and poetic interpreter.

It is not now necessary to inquire how the old music for the clavichord, claveein, harpsichord, virginal, any predecessor of the pianoforte as we know it, should be performed; whether the ornaments, introduced by the composers to give variety when the instrument itself was comparatively inexpressive or monotonous in tonal coloring, should be punctiliously regarded or played at discretion; whether there should be marked contrasts in tonal force; whether the pianist should steadily bear in mind the character and limitations of the ancient instruments and strive to reproduce their effect; whether he should modernize the music, remembering that the hearers in the time of Couperin and Scarlatti did not demand that music should be passionate or heroic. Anyone interested in these matters, the character of the music, its fitting interpretation, the nature of the instruments, should read "Musique Ancienne," by Mme. Wanda Landowska, whose art as a clavecinist is recognized throughout Europe.

The old music charms when it is played in connection with music of a later date. We hear the minuet of Purcell, Daquin's "Cuckoo," a Sarabande of Bach, and we are delighted. This one speaks of Watteau. That one quotes Champfleury likening an air of Boccherini to a flame-colored ribbon kept tenderly as a souvenir in a drawer of rosewood. Exquisite in its simplicity and tenderness was the Andantino of Rossi, the Roman violinist and organist, as Mr. Gabrilowitsch played it. This Rossi once wrote a little opera. In the prologue he took the part of Apollo. As the god, he drew such sweet sounds from his violin that all applauded when the Muses on the stage drew him, in a triumphal car. Taine describing an Italian evening said it was not complete unless an air of Bellini was heard from voice or instrument. The beauty of Italy is in this Andantino of Rossi, which at times reminds one of the younger Mozart. Contrast, however, is the life of a program. An afternoon with the ancients may become tiresome.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch played with the finest appreciation of this fascinating music; with as great a sense of differentiation as was possible. He was not a slave to tradition in the manner of interpretation; he was not incongruously modern, never was he pedagogic. His task was dangerous, for this old music heard for an hour and a half or more might easily through monotony of form or color weary the ear; a too determined effort to avoid monotony would have destroyed the character of the music itself. Mr. Gabrilowitsch's delightful qualities as pianist and interpreter—for the two terms, alas, are not always synonymous—are known to all. He adorned all that he touched; but we remember with special pleasure the French pieces, the Audantino of Rossi, and the Prelude and Fugue from Bach's "Well Tempered Clavichord."

The second concert, on Nov. 5, will be devoted to music by Beethoven.

The production of Mr. Shaw's "Androcles and the Lion," with Anatole France's little comedy of the man that married a dumb wife, and the revival of "Trilby," are events of more than ordinary interest. When Mr. Shaw's play was produced in New York he wrote an explanatory note which is reprinted in The Herald today. The Herald publishes articles about the play when it was performed. The plot and the manner of treatment are therefore familiar to many.

It has been said that Anatole France took the idea of his little play, "La Comedie de Celui qui epouse une femme muette," from a story in Rabelais, and with this statement the reader was forced to be content; but the tale as told by Rabelais is worth retelling.

Panurge goes about asking learned persons whether he should take to himself a wife. The 34th chapter of the Third Book of Dr. Francis Rabelais is entitled "How Women ordinarily have the greatest longing after things prohibited." Carpalin and Pouocrates have had their say. There is then mention of a play acted at Montpellier, the moral comedy of him who had espoused and married a dumb wife. We now quote from the translation made by the fantastical Sir Thomas Urquhart.

"I was there, quoth Epistemon, the good honest man, her husband, was very earnestly urgent to have the fillet of her tongue untied, and would needs have her speak by any means. At his desire some pains were taken on her, and partly by the industry of the physician, other part by the expertness of the surgeon, the ceyligotte, which she had under her tongue, being cut, she spoke and spoke again; yea, within few hours she spoke so loud, so much, so fiercely, and so long, that her poor husband returned to the same physician for a recipe to make her hold her peace. There are (quoth the physician) many proper remedies in our art, to make dumb women speak, but there are none, that ever I could learn therein, to make them silent. The only cure which I have found out is their husband's deafness. The wretch became within few weeks thereafter, by virtue of some drugs, charms or enchantments, which the physician had prescribed unto him, so deaf, that he could not have heard the thundering of nineteen hundred cannons at a salvo. His wife perceiving that indeed he was as deaf as a door nail, and that her scolding was but in vain, sith that he heard her not, she grew stark mad.

"Some time after, the doctor asked for his fee of the husband; who answered, that truly he was deaf, and so was not able to understand what the tenure of his demand might be. Whereupon the leech bedusted him with a little, I know not what, sort of powder; which rendered him a fool immediately, so great was the stultificating virtue of that strange kind of pulverized dose. Then did this fool of a husband and his mad wife join together, falling on the doctor and the surgeon, did so scratch, bethwack, and bang them, that they were left half dead upon the place, so curious were the blows which they received. I never in my life time laughed so much as at the acting of that buffoonery."

This play, according to Rabelais, was seen by Anthony Saporta, a professor of physic; Peter Tolet, a physician who wrote about the gout; others named but unknown except Rabelais himself.

The word translated "buffoonery," is in the original "Patelinage," that is to say that Epistemon found this farce as amusing as that of Patelin, a rough and famous farce to which Rabelais makes many allusions. Moliere, no doubt, had this tale of the dumb wife in mind when he wrote certain scenes of his "Medecin malgre lui."

Anatole France puts as a motto on his title page a speech of Davus in Terence's "Andria": "Utinam aut hic surdus, aut haec muta facta fit!" (I wish that either he were deaf, or she struck dumb.) France's comedy was performed for the first time on March 21, 1912, at the Cafe Voltaire, Paris, under the auspices of the Societe des Etudes Rabelaisiennes. It was also performed that year at the Porte-Saint-Martin (May 23) and at a matinee of the Saniedis de la Parisienne at the Renaissance Theatre (Nov. 9.) The casts at the two theatres are given in the printed play. Miss de Ponzola Saint-Phar took the part of Catherine, the dumb wife, at both theatres. The comedy is dedicated to Mme. Gaston Calman-Levy.

When the comedy was produced at the Haymarket, London, Feb. 16, 1914, the translation into English was by Ashley Dukes. Maire O'Neill, long associated with the Irish players, took the part of Catherine, and Rudge Harding the part of her husband, the judge. On that occasion Anatole France's little comedy, "Au petit Bonheur," was also produced. Granville Barker produced "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife," translated by Prof. Curtis Hidden Page, at Wallack's, New York, on Jan. 27, 1915, with "Androcles and the Lion." The part of the judge was then played by O. P. Heggie, and that of Catherine by Lilian McCarthy.

Mr. Shaw's Account of "Androcles and the Lion"

Here is Mr. Shaw's explanatory note written with a view to the production in New York.

"The author of 'Androcles and the Lion' received one of the worst shocks of his life when an American editor published its text under the heading, 'A Comedy.' It is not a comedy; it is precisely what the author calls it, a fable play: that is, an entertainment for children on an old story from the children's books, which, nevertheless, contains matter for the most mature wisdom to ponder. In England it proved a hard test for the flexibility of the mind of the British playgoer. The genuinely religious people, the scholars and the serious public generally were impressed and intensely interested. The children were delighted. But the hardened playgoers did not know what to make of it. At first they settled down to a Christmas pantomime, with low comedians and a comic lion, and began to laugh very good-humoredly. Then they suddenly found their teeth set on edge by a scene of the sort of satirical comedy they most dread and dislike; that is, comedy that satirizes the kind of thing they are accustomed to accept as extremely correct, official and high-toned. When the play was produced in Berlin, it was reported that at this point the Crown Prince rose and left the theatre. When it was produced in London at the height of the agitation by the militant woman suffragists, the suffragists present were so excited by the satire on the official point of view that the sensation in the house, which was felt without being clearly understood, almost upset the performance for a moment.

"But worse remained behind. No sooner had the old playgoers readjusted themselves, with a disagreeable effort, to the episode of satirical comedy than they found themselves plunged without a moment's preparation into the deepest realities of religion, the most unbearable of all subjects for the purely theatrical public, as it is the most enthralling for the real national public at which the author always aims. And before the playgoers had recovered from their consternation, or decided whether or they ought to be scandalized or not, they were back in pantomime fun again. And so it went on, getting more and more bewildering (always except to the serious people who held the thread) until the fun, the satire, the historical study of manners and character, and the deadly deep earnest, were all on the stage at the same moment, many of the audience being so torn one way by laughter and the other way by horror, besides being quite upset by pure shock, that they did not know where they were and left the theatre rending their garments (metaphorically) and crying blasphemy, while the deeper people for whom the play was written proclaimed that great movement in religious drama had been inaugurated.

"None of these 'extravagances' is likely to recur now that the first shock is over. But it is still helpful to warn old playgoers that they must not expect 'Androcles and the Lion' to fall into any of the classifications to which they are accustomed, and they will get fun and earnest, history and satire, on the same plate at the same moment; so that it behooves them to keep on the alert and not confuse these elements. If it should seem to them that the author has himself sometimes confused them—that, for instance, he is satirizing or making fun of the truths of religion—it will be prudent for the scandalized playgoer to consider very carefully whether the truths of religion have not become associated in his mind with the mere circumstances and ceremonials under which religion is professed, which is quite another matter. The lady who said, 'Don't be blasphemous,' when somebody remarked that the cathedral organ was disgracefully out of tune, was no doubt sincerely reverent; but she was rather mixed as to the things that really are religion and the things that are only associated with it by custom.

"The play is probably as true to history as it is in the nature of a good play to be. St. Augustine is the authority for the existence of wretches such as Spintho. Some English critics persisted in describing the Emperor as Nero, apparently believing that Nero was the only Emperor who persecuted Christians. But he is not Nero, and not any particular Emperor; nor is the persecution any particular persecution. None of the characters are monsters—they are just such people as may be found in the United States today, placed in the monstrous circumstances created by the Roman empire. The Emperor's power and artificial divinity are a monstrosity, the persecution is a monstrosity, the gladiatorial sports are a monstrosity and the hideous aestheticism which makes an artistic study and fancy of the combination of the sports with the persecution is a monstrocity, the moral being that monstrous institutions make monsters of quite ordinary men. The intelligent, cultivated, amiable Emperor becomes a cruel fool, and the keen-witted, brave, humane, high charactered, aristocratic captain becames the inhuman fool of a senseless tyranny, because Roman institutions forced these roles on them. The author tells you here, as so often before, that you must reform society before you can reform yourselves, and that if you had been an imperial Roman you would have done as the Romans did under the empire, respectable Christian and republican as you now are.

"Finally, a word must be said about the prophetic character given to this play by the outbreak of war, which followed it so soon. In Ferrovius you have not only an individual character or a familiar type, but a historic symbol of humanity, captivated by the fascination of the Christian doctrine and passionately embracing it, only to discover at the first blast of the war trumpet that his real god is still Mars, and his Christianity only an admiration, an aspiration, a glimpse of a higher future, after all. Readers of the author's 'Common Sense About the War' will remember the passage in which he calls on the Christian churches to close their doors until the war is over, and not to put Mars in the place of Christ on their altars. In this he is obviously holding up the example of Ferrovius in this play, who quite simply and honestly gives up his pretension to Christianity after his sanguinary victory in the arena, and confesses himself a disciple of Mars, while retaining his conviction that though 'the Christian God is not yet,' he will have the last word when all our pseudo-Christians are dust.

"It may possibly interest the spectators to know that the scene in which Lavinia describes the effect on her of the approach of death, owes something to an actual experience in which the author found himself confronted for some time with what seemed to be an absolute certainty of death, the means by which he escaped being entirely unforeseen."

Notes About "Trilby," Old and New

The announcement that "Trilby" will be revived here tomorrow night reminds old playgoers of the Trilby craze that followed the first performance at the Park Theatre in this city March 11, 1895, when Messrs. Lackaye, McIntosh, Glendenning, Hickman, Gibbs, Dietrichstein and Miss Harned and Mme. Cottrelly were the chief players. There were Trilby hats, gowns, corsets, lingerie, shoes, stockings, gumdrops, chocolates, neckties, cuff links, studs, scarf pins, collar buttons. This craze prejudiced some in England when Beerbohm Tree brought out the play at Manchester with Dorothea Baird as the heroine, Sept. 7, 1895. A grave London newspaper began its review of the performance in that city: "It is somewhat strange that Mr. Du Maurier, whose artistic reputation has been made in England, should, as a writer, have received earliest and most decisive recognition in America. From time to time during the past year or two reports of the wonderful Trilby 'boom,' which, in extent and intensity, appears to have excelled anything of the kind recently witnessed in the United States, have reached this country. Manufacturers of cigarettes, shoes, bonnets, bonbons and other kindred articles have hastened to take advantage of the prevailing craze by bestowing upon their wares the names of Mr. Maurier's heroine.

"The book itself has enjoyed phenomenal popularity and an enormous sale. Under the circumstances it was tolerably certain that sooner or later some enterprising playwright would seize upon the subject as a fitting one for dramatic treatment despite the fact that the story itself is of a singularly undramatic description."

With the play came a sudden interest in Thomas Dunn English's "Oh, Don't You Remember Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt." There were some that in their enthusiasm even ventured to read the mystical fairy tale "Trilby," written by Charles Nodier, now almost 100 years ago, and were disappointed to find that this Trilby was a sprite and a male.

Before the production of Mr. Potter's play, Mr. Edward E. Rice of the Garden Theatre, New York, entertained the idea of introducing Trilby as a picture of the series shown in "Little Christopher." He advertised as follows: "Trilbys wanted at the Garden Theatre: ladies who think themselves fitted by nature to impersonate Trilby in the Klanyi living pictures can apply daily," etc. The New York Sun of Feb. 7, 1895, said that the apparel of some of the women applying was copied from Du Maurier's pictures. "This was particularly noticeable in the style in which the hair was worn and the cut of the collar of their waists. One woman was noticeable on account of the shoes she wore. She was evidently a faithful follower of Trilby, and did not believe in cramping her feet in stiff, unwieldy leather. She had on a pair of soft, undressed kid slippers, over which she wore cloth spats. Her feet were by far the most conspicuous thing about her, principally on account of their size. She was fully 50 years old." To one woman Mr. Rice remarked: "Madam, I did not advertise for Little Billee's mother." "A little woman muffled in furs ran up the steps leading to the stage door. She told the manager she belonged to a well known and wealthy family and asked if he thought she could pose for one night without her family knowing it. Jack had told her she looked like Trilby. Mr. Rice gave her some good advice and put her in a carriage."

Back in December, 1894, Mr. A. M. Palmer was undecided about the actress who should impersonate the heroine in Mr. Potter's play. He stated that he had received scores of letters from young ladies whose names he had never heard before, who thought they could play the part to the life. "Miss Virginia Harned may be cast for the part, but it is not settled. Mr. E. J. Henley may play the part of Svengali, and, I think, would do it very well, but that, too, is still undecided."

It was said at the time that Miss Harned's "La Svengali" dress cost about $300, and all the gold embroidery was

work. When reference was made by a reporter of The Boston Herald to the barefoot act, to the fact that Miss Harned did not kick off her slippers. And that the remark about the prettiest feet in Paris was taken from Trilby and put into Svengali's mouth, Miss Harned said: "Mr. Potter did not think that the barefeet business was necessary. He thought the play was too good, and did not want anything that would savor of a sensation in it. There had been so much talk about my feet and that sort of nonsense that it was just as well to disappoint those who had expected to make remarks about them. Did I have my feet manicured? I have always taken good care of my feet, but I did nothing for them on account of this play. But one thing I will tell you, and that is I am taking cold going in my bare legs."

A burlesque—there were several—entitled "Trilby," written by three men of Buffalo, N. Y., was produced in that city about May 1, 1895. Between the acts, Whistler the artist, appeared before the curtain armed with an axe. He remarked: "I ought to be in this thing somewhere." Trying to hack his way through the drop curtains, he was carried off by the police to answer a charge of play-breaking. Trilby's mother, Mrs. O'Ferrall, was represented as talkative with a topical song. Here is a verse:

When Trilby came to Paris she was just a simple maid,
Of artist men and soldiers she was mortally afraid,
She never talked no naughty and she always said her prayers,
She sat upon the mashers and rebuked their saucy stares,
And told them "Mind your business" when she met them anywheres,
And her golden hair was hanging down her back.

In 1896 Mr. Horace Howard Furness wrote to the Critic a letter describing the town of Trilby in Florida. It appears that Mr. Plant wished to change some duplicate names in the large system of roads he controlled. "Now there," he said, "is Macon on the Florida road. We have another Macon in Georgia. I'd like to change the former to Trilby, after the heroine of a story which has lately deeply moved me." A little lake near by was first called Little Billee, afterwards Du Maurier. Mr. Furness wrote to Du Maurier from Trilby, Pasco county, Florida. Du Maurier answered: "Will you kindly tell Mr. Plant for me that unworthy as I feel myself, I accept my responsibility, and trust and believe that by the time it is over, Trilby will have grown into a great and flourishing city, and hope that its oldest inhabitant will not have quite forgotten the poor grisette of the Quartier Latin that had the honor to be godmother, an honor that does not usually fall to the likes of Trilby O'Ferrall." These names were given to the principal streets, etc.: Lorrimer, Little Billee, Sweet Alice avenue, Ben Bolt avenue, Svengali square, Mme. Angie avenue, Taffy, Gecko, Dodor and Durien streets and Zou Zou avenue."

There was talk in 1895 of a lawsuit between Mr. Palmer and Richard Mansfield, in case the latter should attempt to produce a dramatization of Nodier's "Trilby." A firm of publishers in Boston had published an English translation and Mansfield had acquired the right to turn the story into a play. There was also talk of a suit to be brought by Harper Brothers against the late Elmer Chickering, the photographer, for infringement of copyright.

Still another suit was threatened. The chief theme of Joseph Arthur's "Lincy Woolsey," played in 1895, was hypnotism practised by a rascal for unfair purposes upon the heroine. The play was written after the publication of Du Maurier's romance, but before that of Potter's play. Mr. Arthur's play was otherwise original.

It has been said that "Trilby" was the first dramatization of a popular novel that was eminently successful. Those making this statement forgot the success of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "East Lynne" and "Monte Cristo."

"Trilby" found its way into London Music Halls in July of this year, and a film version was shown in New York last month at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre with Mr. Wilton Lackaye and Clara Kimball Young. In this version the life of Trilby and Svengali was shown.

Among the revivals of Mr. Potter's "Trilby" in Boston were these: Boston Theatre, May 1895, with Mabel Amber and James M. Coiville; Columbia Theatre, 1897, with Edith Crane and Reuben Fox; Castle Square Theatre, 1897, with Lillian Lawrence and J. H. Gilmour. Majestic Theatre, 1912, with Nance O'Neil and Howell Hansell.

Mr. Bispham as a Stage Beethoven

Mr. Bispham with a company will play "Adelaide" in Jordan Hall next Friday and Saturday. This play was brought out here at the Hollis Street Theatre, April 27, 1898, when the cast was as follows: Beethoven, David Bispham; Frau Fadinger, Mrs. Charles Walcot; Frau Sepherl, Mrs. Thomas Whiffen; Franz Lachner, Perry Averill; Clara, Yvonne de Treville; Adelaide, Julia Opp. Mr. Averill sang Beethoven's "Adelaide" and Miss de Treville Cinérchen's song "Joyful and Sorrowful" from "Egmont." It is my impression that Miss Opp, now Mrs. Faversham, was then seen here for the first time. (In the preceding month Mr Bispham had produced the play at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, with the same company.) Before the performance at the Hollis Street Theatre, there was a concert. A small orchestra was conducted by Mr. Sam Franko. Three Scottish songs were sung by Mrs. Tippett, who replaced Miss Marguerite Hall at short notice, and there was orchestral and chamber music by Beethoven.

As we all know, Beethoven quarreled frequently with lodging house keepers and washerwomen; he was fussy about his coffee; he wrote a sentimental song "Adelaide" and music to "Egmont"; he was deaf, and he had several more or less mysterious love affairs. Out of this material a German named Mueller made the play "Adelaide."

The program at the Hollis Street Theatre informed the audience that the time of the action was about 1815. Franz Lachner is one of the characters. Now he was born in 1803, and he did not go to Vienna until 1822, when he became acquainted with Beethoven.

Mr. Bispham has long been known and appreciated in Boston. Born in 1857, he made his first appearance in opera at the Royal English Opera, now the Palace Theatre, London, in 1891 as the Duc de Longueville in Messager's "Basoche." His first appearance in Boston was on Dec. 20, 1896, in "The Messiah," performed by the Handel and Haydn. He has been heard here in opera as Alberich, Telramund, Tristram ("Martha"), Wolfram, The Hollander, Beckmesser, Urok ("Manru"), etc. He has sung often with the Handel and Haydn Society; at a concert of the Apollo Club; in other concerts and he has given many recitals. In 1906 he sang at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra when Mr. Converse's "Belle Dame sans Merci," a ballad for baritone and orchestra, was performed for the first time in this city. In 1904 he read Tennyson's "Enoch Arden" in Symphony Hall when Richard Strauss played his own melodramatic music to the poem.

Oct 21 1915

Miss Hinkle and Mr. Grainger Give Excellent Concert Program.

By PHILIP HALE.

At the concert in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon Miss Florence Hinkle sang these songs: Schubert, Fruehlings glaube; Schumann, Roesiein; Liszt, O Komm im Traum; Brahms, Mein Liebe ist gruen; Paulin, Le chemin de iune; Vulliermoz, Les trois Princesses; Fourdrain, Il neige des fleurs; Gretchaninov, Slumber song; Bleichmann, Come, child, beside me, Coleridge-Taylor, Life and Death; Marschal-Loepke, Under the Lindens; Old Irish, I know my Love; Horsman, The Bird of the Wilderness. Mr. Charles A. Baker was the accompanist.

Mr. Percy Grainger played these piano pieces: Bach, Prelude and Fugue in A minor; Debussy, Hommage a Rameau, Toccata in C sharp minor; Brahms, Romance in F major, op. 118 No. 5, Rhapsody in E flat major; Schumann, Romance in F sharp major; Chopin, Etude in B minor, op. 25, No. 10; Roentgen, The Merry Tavern, Grainger, Lullaby from Tribute to S. C. Foster, The Sussex Mummer's Christmas Carol; Tschaikowsky-Grainger, Paraphrase on the Flower-waltz from the "Nutcracker" suite.

There was an enthusiastic audience of fair size. The pianist and those already seated were greatly disturbed by late comers bustling down the aisles between the pieces of the first group. This nuisance has become intolerable in Symphony Hall and in Jordan Hall. Why cannot the belated be refused admission until the end of the first group of songs or piano pieces? This might not insure prompt attendance, but it would be helpful to the artist on the stage and it would not allow injury to the character of the group by checking the musical current.

In spite of these interruptions Mr. Grainger was more interesting in this group than in the others. His performance of the Prelude and Fugue—not the familiar transcription of the organ work in the same key—was full of vitality, with a tonal variety that was not capricious, with an abiding and compelling continuity, with a musically dramatic treatment of counterpoint. Excellent also was the interpretation of the pieces by Debussy: the first with its tints and demi-tints; the second in fantastically bravura spirit. Brahms's Romance is at the best a dull thing, and the interpretation of the three pieces that followed was not moving or inspiriting.

Boston was the first to hear a free paraphrase of the "Lullaby" from Mr. Grainger's "Tribute to Foster," whose "Camptown Races," heard when he was a child, made a deep impression on him. The program informed us that the "Lullaby" in its original form is scored for various instruments, among them a "marimbaphone" and glass bowls and wineglasses rubbed by wet fingers which accompany six solo voices singing "Doodah." We should like to hear the original version, even if a "marimbaphone" is not now at large in the city and would necessarily be imported. The glass instruments could easily be furnished and fingers be aesthetically employed unless the nervousness of the performers should prevent a free flow of saliva.

We regret to say that this paraphrase seems hardly worth while. The Christmas Carol sung during the performance in Sussex of "St. George, the Turk, and the Seven Champions" brought to mind the description of the play and the mummers in "The Return of the Native" with Eustacia Vyr curious to meet Clem returned from Paris. Thinking of Thomas Hardy and Eustacia, we almost forgot Mr. Grainger; yet his arrangement is pretty in its sweet simplicity. The paraphrase of Tschaikowsky's waltz is brilliant after the manner of well-known paraphrases of other waltzes, and it was played with the necessary dash.

Miss Hinkle has a singularly pure and crystalline voice. With the years this voice has gained in warmth, yet it is not an instrument for the display of passion or other deep emotion. Miss Hinkle is fully aware of this, no doubt, for she is an artist to her finger-tips; hence the character of her selections. It is doubtful whether Liszt's song has ever been sung here with a finer display of art—and with less appearance of deliberate intent, nor was the interpretation wholly devoid of emotion.

The songs by French composers were not of conspicuous merit, although the singer gave them importance for the moment by her voice and skill. The Slumber song of Gretchaninov made an appeal. The middle section of Bleichmann's song has genuine beauty.

The art of Miss Hinkle is wholly admirable. Her control of breath, her tasteful phrasing, the precision and ease of her attack, the perfection of her melodic lines, her command of nuances—these excite the heartiest admiration. Let us hope that she will not fall a victim to her extreme upper tones that are of exquisite quality. Let her remember the fate of Mary Jane with her "top note."

The concert next Sunday afternoon will be given by Messrs. McCormack and McBeath.

Two artists of Boston in the course of a recent trip to San Francisco became acquainted with Mr. P. J. Kindelon, the celebrated chief special agent of the Southern Pacific Company. In the course of interesting conversation, lightened occasionally by pleasing anecdotes, Mr Kindelon defined the different kinds of tramps on the Pacific coast. As many of us are tramps at heart, living an outwardly smug life and forced, through fear of Mrs. Grundy, to be content with reading picaresque romances, Mr. Kindelon's characterizations are unsettling, disturbing.

Kids and Hoboes.

Kids, said Mr. Kindelon, leave home between the ages of 14 and 20 years. They "beat" trains all over the country. By begging, stealing and serving time in jail, they are considered worthy when they are 20 to enter the ranks of hoboes.

A hobo is between 20 and 30 years of age. He is able to board a train going at the rate of 15 or 20 miles an hour with the pet cocks of the engine wide open to blind him and keep him off. "He will stop in a town until driven out by the police, will rob a box car, roll a drunk, steal chickens for the Jungle Buzzard, build fires inside of cars in cold weather, use the railroad company's material for the construction of small shanties, terrorize the occupants of section houses, commit petty thefts, break into stores, rob stations and farmhouses, beg at junction points, assault trainmen, blow safes." Some hoboes rise to the dignity of "beating up" a police officer and escaping. The hobo is by far the most dangerous tramp.

The Stew Bum.

What is left of a hobo after he passes the 30th milestone becomes a Stew Bum. "He cannot make a passenger train any more." He stows himself away in a freight car when the Wanderlust seizes him, but only when the train is at a standstill. A hard drinker when he can obtain booze, he helps the Jungle Buzzards to cook in the jungles. He has done the state some service—in prison. A broken-down hobo, having come up the line from a kid, he is between 30 and 40 years old.

Blanket Stiffs.

There are Blanket Stiffs, harmless persons between 40 and 60 years of age, that have been kids and then hoboes, but the Blanket Stiff is usually a degenerate workingman. He prefers an empty box car, so he cannot fall off the train. As they are old, railroad men treat them kindly. These Stiffs carry a roll of old gunny sacks or old carpets to sleep in. Workingmen in California carry blankets when they go from place to place, but they do not mix with tramps of any kind.

Cats and Buzzards.

A well dressed young man that mixes with tramps in order to get over the road is called a Gay Cat. Hoboes make him do the begging at junction points because he appears well. He is between 20 and 40, and may be of any trade or profession.

A Jungle Buzzard is a cross between a prize fighter and a jungle cook. If there is a crowd in the jungle, he will name the committee on bread, potatoes, chickens, beef, hogs, coffee, sugar, and money. With the assistance of the Stew Bume he cooks the "mulligans." He thrashes any tramp loafing about the camp who does not contribute to its support. Between 35 and 40 years old, he was formerly a man of parts.

His First Balloonist.

As the World Wags:

Your column constantly tempts me to reminiscence, and all this talk of military aviation makes it necessary that I unbosom myself as to my old acquaintance, the balloonist. He appeared in my native village about 20 years ago, a picturesque, long, lank Yankee, with an air of competency that impressed the natives. With him came a scared little wife that local gossips said belonged of right to another man, and a child that had not learned to talk at three and a half years; a judgment, said the gossips. The balloonist, who gave exhibitions at county fairs, had a good deal of leisure, so he bought a few acres just out of town, grew garden truck, and raised chickens. I suggested that skylarks were more in his line, but he refused to rise to my pleasantry. He told me how he made balloons, not knowing that I should turn his innocent confidences into an article worth $4.43. Later he deserted the pleasant little spot he had created. Perhaps he could not form earthly attachments, he whose home was in the heaven; perhaps the other man came seeking his own. Maybe he furnished a tragic attraction at his last county fair, or possibly he is an aviator for the allies. Hardly that, however, for he must be near 60 years old. Time outlies the swiftest aviator. SENEX REMINISCENS.

On Terra Firma.

Oct 25 1915

Shaw's Fable Play Preceded by "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife."

By PHILIP HALE.

WILBUR THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Androcles and the Lion," a fable play in five scenes by George Bernard Shaw. Produced by Lillah McCarthy, Granville Baker and Percy Burton. First performed at the St. James's Theatre, London, Sept. 1, 1913.

The Emperor.....Fred Eric
The Captain.....Reginald Carrington
Androcles.....O. P. Heggie
The Lion.....Edward Sillward
Lentulus.....Gerald Hamer
Metellus.....Walter Geer
Ferrovius.....Lionel Braham
Spintho.....Claude Rains
The Centurion.....Charles Dodsworth
The Editor.....Ashton Tonge
The Call Boy.....William Podmore
Secutor.....Daniel Ross
Retiarius.....Gerald Hamer
The Menagerie Keeper.....Henry Herbert
Magaera.....Evelyn Carter Carrington
Lavinia.....Mary Forbes

Of these players Messrs. Heggie and Sillward were in the first performance in London.

Knowing that Mr. Shaw calls this drama a "fable" play some one recently wrote that it was based on one of Esop's fables, a delightful example of backward reasoning. The story of Androcles or Androcles, was told by Apion, a Greek grammarian peculiarly hostile towards the Jews. The story was retold by Aulus Gellius. Mr. Shaw took it in fantastical spirit to free his mind on the subject of martyrdom. He represents the early Christian martyrs as every day persons, some of them half-doubters, some of them ranters given to backsliding, others hysterical and cowards. Lavinia herself hardly knows whether she is swayed by faith or pride. As for poor Androcles, the simple tailor, the lover of animals, who can tame all of them except his wife, he has a child-like faith that takes him into the arena, but this faith is merely his confiding nature, not the faith sung in exultant hymns and glorified in the lives of the saints.

Romans from the Emperor to the gladiator and the soldier are pictured as ordinary persons such as may be found anywhere today. This treatment may be call "realistic." M. Anatole France described the men and women of the French revolution as every day persons in "The Gods Are Thirsty," but note the difference. Mr. Shaw is flippant or cynical; M. France is gently ironical, but compassionate, showing an ill disguised affection for his charact

The theme of Mr. Shaw's play and its dialogue is uneven. There are flashes of his now eerish, now diabolical, wit. There are passages that are laboriously contrived to raise a laugh by jests that are not funny and may easily offend those who are neither orthodox nor bigoted. Mr. Shaw here more than in his other recent plays takes a schoolboy pleasure in making the bourgeois sit up. His wit is that of the bent pin set in the seat of the unsuspecting. Meek to be civiled is the gentleman that took off his hat respectfully to the statue of Jupiter in Rome, saying that he did not know when Jupiter would come to power.

Many of the lines are cheap flings at theories and emotions that to many, and not necessarily the strait-laced, are sacred. Seeing and hearing these Christian martyrs, we remember the magnificent pages in Renan's "Anti Christ" descriptive of the sufferings and triumphs of the early Christians in Rome, the tribute paid by a man who had no illusions, but was sensitive in his love of humanity.

Mr. Heggie played the part of Andrecles with a remarkable subordination of self, and with rare consistency throughout. His impersonation was amusing, nor is it a paradox to say that it was also full of quiet pathos. Mr. Sillward was an entertaining lion, who, on the whole, is the most sympathetic character in the play, possibly because Mr. Shaw gave him no lines to speak. Mr. Braham was appropriately robust; Mr. Rains a fine case of nerves and cowardice. The minor parts were acceptably taken. In New York we saw Lillah McCarthy as Lavinia. She was a statuesque figure, but she gave no plausible revelation of character.

Miss Mary Forbes is more feminine, more human. It is easy to see why the Roman captain was so anxious to save her, for without coquetry she was responsive and almost willing to be wooed. Her delivery of the more conversational lines was natural and significant. In the set speeches that the dramatist put into her mouth, she at times turned herself into an elocutionist whose expression was not sufficiently varied.

Mr. Shaw's play was preceded by a translation of Anatole France's "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife." The chief parts were thus taken:

Gilles Boiscourtier.....Walter Geer
Alison.....Alice Eric
Master Adam Fumee.....Fred Eric
Master Leonard Botal.....O. P. Heggie
Catherine.....Mary Forbes
A Blind Piper.....Gerald Hamer
Master Simone Colline.....Henry Herbert
Master Jean Maugier.....Lionel Braham
Master Serafin Dulaurier.....William Podmore
Madame de la Bruine.....Katherine Sayre
Mlle. de la Garandiere.....Isabel Jeans

As was stated last Sunday the play is based on a story told by Rabelais of a farce he once saw. M. France did not imagine the details of his play in Rabelaisian spirit. In his ironical manner, irony that is lambent, not acrid, he satirizes venal judges, preposterous physicians, and chattering women. It is an amiable piece of work in spite of the satire. Read, in the original—for no translation can hope to do justice to the author's style—the farce seems rather flat. As staged and acted by the present company it furnishes mild and agreeable entertainment. The setting is unusual and gives an old time flavor. Whereas the dramatist speaks of the watercress man, the candle man, and others being heard off stage, in the production these persons appear in the street and speak or sing their allotted say. Miss Forbes acted the part of Catherine with unforced vivacity.

An audience of fair size laughed heartily, especially at the lion.

The Pall Mall Gazette of Oct. 8 published these verses:

THE WOMEN'S PART.

I send thee out, my soldier son,
Without a tear, without a sigh,
Thinking if you could "do your bit,"
So, too, could I.

They say you died a hero's death.
Would God that I might also die!
But those still left must "do their bit,"
So, too, shall I.

Creasing the Soul.

As the World Wags:

Your reference to that very sensible organization the Society for Creasing the Trousers of Boston Statues incites me to sundry remarks. Why, may I inquire in passing, should the new statue of Wendell Phillips strikingly resemble the late Capt. Marryatt? Why should the investiture from cravat to trousers, suggest the breezy, briny deep? The statue needs only a speaking trumpet to be, at a short distance, a remarkably life-like presentment of the great captain and writer of sea-stories in the act of giving a command. Our celebrated Alexander Hamilton "going to" (or is it "returning from"?) the bath has always suggested to me by the fine dignity of the pose the figure of the conventional English earl of the 18th century, lacking only the star and garter and other insignia to be complete. Perhaps these could added, or some other similar detail, and thus save the effigy of one of our noblest men from the jeers of the populace. Would the Society for Creasing the Trousers etc accept this additional burden? The suggestion opens up a very wide field, and would be frowned down at once, I fancy, by that organization as likely to pile Herculean labors upon its shoulders. To return to my first thought

A great poet once in the course of conversation gave me this simple recipe for happiness, comparative happiness of course—as all happiness is comparative. He advised me when I was feeling particularly blue to take a dime, step into the nearest repairing shop and have my trousers creased. He assured me that it would do more to restore my peace of mind than any other diversion I could compass at almost any price. He had tried it himself. I have followed his advice many times, always with the greatest benefit. The cost is negligible, not to be considered by even the meanest purse. The time consumed in sitting and watching the tailor—always a quiet, self-contained person—is soothing, and in the well ordered mind will soon begin to engender a flow of philosophical thought, providing the tailor does not start a conversation on the war or the weather; even this will have its advantages, taking your mind, at a moment when you are wholly at his mercy, from your own current burden. On the resultant peaceful glow of spirit when you stand forth again finally pressed and creased, it is hardly necessary to dilate to the thoughtful New Englander. Has not the great Emerson said once and for all time: "The knowledge of being well dressed imparts a sense of satisfaction that revealed religion cannot give"?

DIONYSIUS DUNDERFUNK.

Boston, Oct. 23

Almost Always Misquoted.

As the World Wags:

Have you ever seen or heard Lincoln's oft-quoted tripartite expression, "government of the people, by the people, for the people," quoted correctly? I think that I never, or at least "hardly ever," have. One of the latest instances that I have noticed of the garbling of the expression, or of a part of it, was, if what I saw stated in The Herald was correct, on a yellow streamer which The Herald stated that Miss Margaret Foley was to carry in the suffrage parade. The Herald's statement being that the streamer bore "Lincoln's immortal words, 'Of the people, for the people, by the people.'" Those who attempt to quote Lincoln's expression seem, "for some reason or other," to be unable to get the hang of it; they either change the order of the three adjuncts which the expression contains (as in the attempted quotation of the adjuncts on Miss Foley's streamer), insert the article "a" before "government" (making the expression read "a government," etc., or interpolate the conjunction "and" between the last two adjuncts.

Brookline, Oct. 21. SCRUTATOR.

Music and Indigestion.

As the World Wags:

An eminent Boston musician once said: "An hour and a half of solid music is all I am able to digest"—and that was before the day of this rather indigestible music. The way in which a large part of the audience rose and left Symphony Hall on Sunday afternoon at 20 minutes past four without waiting for another number to be played would indicate that there are others who feel the same.

If these intense programs continue it is appalling to think of the state we may be in at the end of the concert season. It is only from the physician's point of view that any benefit can be derived. What is the remedy? Would a petition for a shorter program be of any use? If so, let it be started at once, that the health of the concert-going public be not impaired.

L. N. B.

Prides Crossing, Oct. 24.

SHUBERT THEATRE—"Trilby," a play in four acts by Paul M. Potter from Du Maurier's novel.

Svengali.....Lyn Harding
Talbot Wynne, "Taffy".....Charles Dalton
William Bagot, "Little Billee".....Regan Hughston
Alexander McAlister, "The Laird".....George MacFarlane
Duc de la Rochemartel, "Zou-Zou".....Ignacio Martinetti
Gecko.....Robert Paton Gibbs
The Rev. Thomas Bagot.....Cecil King
Trilby O'Ferrall, an Artist's Model.....Phyllis Neilson-Terry
Madam Vinard, a Concierge.....Rose Coghlan
Mrs. Bagot, mother of "Little Billee".....Carrie Radcliffe

Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry made her first appearance in Boston last evening as Trilby. A member of a distinguished theatrical family, she first played in England under the name of Phillida Terson. Musically gifted, she studied singing at the Royal Academy, London, and made her first appearance in concert at Queen's Hall in February, 1913. Last evening she appeared as actress, singer and composer, for in the third act this Trilby preserved the illusion and sang to the audience, which for the moment becomes that of the Cirque des Bashi bazoucks, while Svengali took his place in the orchestra. Then, between the first and second acts, a song recently composed by her and as yet unnamed was played.

A young woman of commanding stature nobly planned, yet with a face flower-like in its delicately chiselled features, the actresses' radiant youthfulness is at once appealing. In the first act her buoyant spirits were refreshing. She was truly girlish, the sunshine of the studio. Her innocence was childlike and her surprise genuine at the smug neighbors who would have had the studio window curtains drawn. Childlike, too, was her terror at Svengali when he first sought to curb her will to his own.

Miss Neilson-Terry was a gorgeous apparition as she stepped before the red velvet curtains to sing. The sentimental ballad was followed by an air from Davids "The Pearl of Brazil." Her voice, a light soprano, is small in volume but sweet and agreeable in quality. The florid air was more effectively sung than the ballad. There was a certain facility and the high notes were brilliant. Miss Neilson-Terry's speaking voice is musical and reflects careful training. As a whole the impersonation was remarkable for its vitality, ingenuousness and sincerity in moments of gaiety or emotion.

The cast was otherwise distinguished. Mr. Harding, who has already been admired here, gave an interesting and clever performance of Svengali. He was less deliberatelly melodramatic than his predecessors in the part, more plausible, yet greasy and unwholesome. This Svengali had a sense of humor. He puzzled as well as terrified his companions, who were uncertain as to whether he laughed at or with them. Mr. Harding's performance was in every respect admirable, heightened by many little touches which revealed the finished actor. How telling his scene with Mrs. Bagot and the Rev. Thomas, how supreme his scorn for Taffy, how demoniacal his hatred of Little Billee!

Mr. Dalton fulfilled the physical requirements of Mr. Wynne and was besides appropriately genial and tender hearted. Mr. MacFarlane added two songs which greatly pleaseud the audience. Mr. Gibbs made much of Gecko and Mr. Martinetti was a debonair Zou-Zou. Mr. King was amusing as the Rev. Bagot. Miss Coghlan was now joyous, now sympathetic, always volubie.

The play is effectively mounted and the gaiety of the studio party was not forced. A large and interested audience was appreciative.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"Coat Tales," a mystery farce in three acts by Edward Clark. First time on any stage.

Hyde Allan.....William P. Carleton
William Turner.....Al Roberts
"Artie".....Donald Meek
Mandelbaum.....Theodore Friebus
Max.....Robert Capron
Jones.....George Ernst
Jim Barnes.....Frederick Ormonde
McGlynn.....B. Raymond Purl
David.....J. Monte Crane
Barbara Turner.....Miss Betty Barnicoat
Hazel Conners.....Miss Justin Adams
Maggie Donahue.....Miss Vida Croly Sidney
Florence Allan.....Miss Mary Young

Mrs. Allan's Russian sable coat, valued at $2500, is stolen from her husband's office by her scape-grace brother Artie. He pawns it at Mandelbaum's for a small sum. Mrs. Turner, wife of the senior member of the firm of Turner and Allan, sees the coat for sale. Her husband is a tightwad, but young Allan, generously disposed and not wishing to see her disappointed, buys it for her as a Christmas present.

Now an excuse must be invented for Mr. Turner, who is jealous. Allan again pawns the coat. Mr. Turner is told by his wife that a school friend, Myrtle Foster, leaving for a warmer climate, wishes her to have the coat. She hands him the pawn ticket for redemption. After a scene he relents and the coat is brought to the office.

Hazel Conners, the stenographer at Turner and Allan's mistakes the coat for Christmas present promised by the senior member of the firm and, wild with delight, leaves her old wrap in its place.

Meanwhile detectives are at work but the coat remains in Miss Conners's possession who departs with Artie on matrimony and travelling bent.

It is said that the designer of certain apartment houses in this city succumbed to his task and is now confined in an insane asylum. The wonder is that Mr. Clark, a young journalist of Baltimore, is now at large and in good health. The intricacies of his play defy description. Early in the second act the spectator abandoned all thought of retaining a logical impression of the sequence of incidents but awaited the unexpected.

A writer of vaudeville sketches Mr. Clark's genius for invention is startling. So thickly crowded are the second and third acts with incidents that there are often anti-climaxes, nor will the average theatregoer be content with the ending leaving, as it does, the coat in the possession of Miss Conners, honest and gospel-eyed though she be. Mrs. Allan, in spite of her irresponsibility and extravagance, is attractive and deserves a better fate, and why should the much put upon Mrs. Turner also suffer disappointment.

Still, there is good stuff in the play, which would benefit by judicious pruning. The picture of life in a pawnshop is amusing. The firm of Turner and Allan is reminiscent of Messrs. Potash and Perlmutter. Played by Mr. Roberts and Mr. Carleton, the two parts are amusingly contrasted. Mr. and Mrs. Turner quarreling over the family exchequer are lifelike. The battle of ladies between Mrs. Turner and Mrs. Allan as to the ownership of the coat, while both women preface their arguments with endearing terms, is still more realistic.

The performance yesterday afternoon was generally excellent. There is no leading part unless that of Mr. Roberts might be described as such. The company has seldom been seen to better advantage as regards ensemble.

Mr. Friebus's Mandelbaum, grotesque in make-up, was lifelike. Mr. Carleton, who has gained in the art of facial expression, was manly and chivalrous as young Allan. Mr. Roberts was capital as William Turner and to him fell many of the amusing lines. Miss Young was intensely feminine and therefore charming as Mrs. Allan and Miss Barnicoat played Mrs. Turner with much spirit. Mr. Ormonde, who appeared as a detective, was warmly welcomed. Mr. Meek's Artie was effective. Mr. Capron as Max should contrive a greater resemblance to Mandelbaum. At present their relationship is not readily apparent.

WILTON LACKAYE LEADS GOOD BILL AT KEITH'S

Pleases in Comedy-Drama of New York East Side.

Wilton Lackaye, in his one-act comedy drama of East Side New York life, "The Bomb," by George Johnstone and Warwick Williams, is the feature act at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week.

Never in his career has Mr. Lackaye been seen to better advantage than in the character of the detective posing as an old Italian, brought before the chief of detectives and put through the dreaded "third degree" examination that the real criminal, a suave Italian padrone, might be brought to justice for a bomb outrage in which another Italian was murdered.

Mr. Lackaye is ably supported by J. Chaille as the padrone, Lawrence Phillips as the chief of detectives and A. Evans as Maggie Terry, the woman assistant.

"The Bomb" is full of tense situations, during which the supposed Italian laborer is being examined, while the padrone is present. The scene is laid in the office of the detective agency with all the properties that give to the atmosphere the realness without which the skit would fall flat.

In his dialect Mr. Lackaye is perfect. His facial expressions and his gestures were those characteristic of the typical Americanized Italian. "The Bomb" is a playlet that calls for the best of acting and in this Mr. Lackaye and his cast show themselves to be masters.

Sharing honors with Mr. Lackaye are Lulu McConnell and Grant Simpson, assisted by Lawrence Simpson, in a screamingly funny farce, entitled "At Home." The Seven Original Honey Boys, all features of the late George Evans's company, have a clever minstrel act.

Others who help to make this week's bill one of the best of the present season are Gertrude Vanderbilt and George Moore in a new singing and dancing novelty; Lyons and Yosco, harpist and 'cellist in new songs; Paul Porter and Alice Sullivan in songs and dances; the Morin Sisters in acrobatic dances; Marie Fitzgibbons, the Great Big Story Teller, and the Helen Leach Wallin Trio, sensational iron jaw artistes.

George V. Hobart, author of "Experience," appeared on a Boston stage for the first time last night when the play that has had such a successful run at the Shubert Theatre opened at the Boston Opera House for a three weeks' engagement. Mr. Hobart, in his speech which came at the end of the sixth episode, referred to the fact that "Experience" had first been presented to a Boston audience as a one-act play at the time of the Lambs' Gambol in the Boston Opera House a year ago. The miniature play made such an impression at that time, he said, that he afterwards enlarged it to its present form as produced by William Elliott, F. Ray Comstock and Morris Gest.

Last night's performance was a benefit one for the benefit associations of the department stores of Boston, and the audience of 3000 persons which filled the large auditorium were interested in a poem about the play which he said had been written by a cash girl in a New York department store. Mr. Hobart said he would not endeavor to tell why he had written the play or how, but would read the cash girl's poem instead. The poem follows:

I.

Say—I'm no cricket—I can't write
Like authors and reporters might;
I'm just a cash girl in a store,
And language makes my head feel sore
When I takes up my pen in hand
To write of something awful grand;
I know big words and what they mean,
But I can't find them in my head.

II.

Well, anyway, there's Bobby Smith—
Yes, he's the beau I'm goin' with;
He gets some tickets for a show,
And says to me, "Grace will you go
And take your mother to a play?"
And I says, "Sure, we're on our way!"
I'm glad I went—it was immense
That play they call "Experience."

III.

[illegible] first of all, there's Year, and Love
[illegible] to Youth's only turtle dove;
[illegible] comes Ambition, cold and cross,
[illegible] exactly like my boss.
[illegible]tion says to Youth, "Come out
[illegible] see what all this world's about,"
Youth Kisses Love Goodbye
[illegible] beats it with the frosty guy.

IV.

[illegible]ion takes Youth to a street
[illegible]ame of it I can't repeat
[illegible]ery long and has no sense!,
[illegible] there Youth meets Experience,
[illegible] went will till Pleasure came
[illegible] but she wore swell clothes—that dame!
[illegible]th fell for her and he fell far;
[illegible] night, Ambition, crank your car.

V.

[illegible] took Youth out where life is gay—
[illegible] primrose path a cabaret;
[illegible]oured him wine—he can't refuse,
[illegible]kid—he dove right in the booze,
[illegible] then from bad to worse he goes,
[illegible] money gone and shabby clothes,
[illegible] devil has Youth on the run
[illegible] for what he once called fun.

VI.

[illegible] one night he's out with Crime,
[illegible]rch they're passing at the time;
[illegible] hears a hymn his mother sung
[illegible]n he was innocent and young;
[illegible]ts him and he goes back home
[illegible] Love and Hope, no more to roam,
[illegible] Love says when her tears are hid,
[illegible] but I'm glad to see you kid."

VII.

[illegible] then I says to Bobby Smith—
[illegible]abaret?" Says he. "What with?
[illegible]inks a week is all I reap,
[illegible]rose paths don't come that cheap."
[illegible] Bob, "The lesson is immense
[illegible] I've learned from 'Experience';
[illegible] pleasure dags me, it's clinched
[illegible] call a cop and have her pinched."

The vast stage of the Opera House gives an opportunity for more elaborate stage settings for the big morality play than are possible in the usual theatre. The acoustic properties of the house are so good that every word and aside of the actors could be heard in every part of the house, even in the uppermost part of the gallery. Last night's audience was as enthusiastic in its reception of "Experience" and its moral lessons as those which filled the Shubert Theatre nightly when the play was there. The present engagement of "Experience" will end Saturday, Nov. 13.

Mr Golightly, being somewhat liver[illegible] has been warned by his physician to abstain from that which at the Por[illegible] [illegible] conversation and en[illegible] anecdotage. He tells us he [illegible] to [illegible]. "I [illegible] man, but some one told me I ought to read Froissart on account of the curious stories. So I bought it—a small edition—I paid $[illegible] for it—but the [illegible] sometimes bothers me. However I plugged away, and do you know I found a reference to 'wall flowers way back in 1327. I copied it to show it to o[illegible] A[illegible]er, who is always boring us with his references, allusions, quota[illegible]. The King of England held a great court with his queen to feast Sir John of Heynault. Now listen to this: "There myght have been seen great [illegible] and plenty of all manner of [illegible] vitaile. There were ladyes and damozelles freshly apparayled redy to have daunced, if they myght have [illegible]."

We looked at Froissart afterward to see if there were any note about the "[illegible] vitaile." What was there on the table and what was served? Alas, there was no annotation. But what a [illegible] reader Golightly [illegible]! These ladies and damozelles would have danced, if there had not been a great fray between [illegible] and pages of the strangers and the archers of England, so that [illegible] minstrels did not escape the arrows.

Mrs. Howe's Hymn.

The Daily Telegraph of London (Oct. 4) speaks of a concert given for the British Red Cross Society, in which a [illegible] setting of "Mrs. Julia Howe's famous hymn, 'His Truth Is Marching On,'" was performed. The Telegraph commented as follows: "Mrs. Howe, it may be remembered, wrote the words to that equally famous tune, 'John Brown's Body Lies a-mouldering in the Grave,' but while the words have considerable [illegible] and proved immensely popular during the American civil war, they did not, truth to tell, fit the music particularly well, for, though the rhythm of the music is essentially short and crisp, that of the words is long and flowing, and the many additional notes that had to be introduced into the tune rather [illegible] it. Dr. Walford Davies's setting is strong and impressive, and, though yesterday's audience did not quite fall in with the [illegible]tion that it should be [illegible] by them, it should gain [illegible] favor here."

De Senectute.

[illegible] ago the physicians of the [illegible] Emperor advised him to abstain [illegible] alcohol in its pleasing forms. He [illegible] Count T[illegible], who, like Mr Lincoln, was reminded of a little story.

An old man was asked how he managed to live so long. "Because I never drank wine or smoked a cigar." "And how old was your father when he died?" "He isn't dead yet, you'll find him in the tavern over the way, where he has [illegible] for the last 70 years."

[illegible], long thought to be the oldest [illegible] patriarchal days, lived [illegible], if Taylor, the poet, is [illegible]
[illegible] opinion,
[illegible] (with
[illegible] for his daily swig,
[illegible] Whig:

[illegible] and to include happy [illegible] a cup of ale most happy [illegible] when he did repair To Whitsun Ale, Wake, Wedding, or a Fair.

"Buttermilk." This reminds us that the Bulgarians boast of possessing more centenarians than any other people in Europe. Mrs. Baba Vasilka of Bavelsko, now living, was born in May, 1784. The record of her baptism is in a neighboring monastery. She worked in the fields for more than 100 years, and never left her birthplace.

Is the Society of Centenarians still flourishing in Tokyo? Persons of 80 years are eligible. At the first meeting about two years ago, 500 were present. The oldest was a woman 113 years old. Count Okuma, as president, asserted that under proper conditions we all should be able to live for 125 years. "It was observed, however, that most of the audience failed to catch his words, and, giving up making ear-trumpets of their hands, fell into a pleasant drowsiness, lulled by the voice of the speaker. Nevertheless, the meeting was voted a success, for all the members displayed intense interest in each other, and compared notes as to teeth, deafness, and the use of spectacles."

In Full Dress.

As the World Wags:

Is it permissible to hold up the pants of a full dress evening suit with a belt, or must one wear suspenders?

Greenfield, N. H. ANXIOUS.

There are no "pants" in any suit worn by a self-respecting man.

A belt is not permissible with evening dress. There is one exception: the "belted earl" wears one ex-officio.

The suspenders should be new; fresh and full of snap. Our own choice is sober black to match coat and trousers, a striking contrast to the white waistcoat, when a white waistcoat is the correct thing. Embroidered suspenders are rather ostentatious. Few men can live up to them. If they are worn, the wearer should under no circumstances, thrust his hands into the armholes and flash the suspenders on the astonished gaze of hostess, her daughter, his table companion, or partner in the dance. The braces should blush unseen.—Ed.

Oct 28 1915

The writer of a letter published in this column yesterday protested against the length of the last Symphony concert. The complaint was well-founded. That concert and the one before it were too long.

It is not easy to arrange a program that will suit everybody. Jones does not wish to hear much modern music. It perplexes him. "I do not understand it and I do not believe there's anything in it. I know I am not a musician, but I know what I like." There is always a Jones. At the end of a few years liking what he once disliked, he is ready again to thunder against something new that he does not "like." On the other hand, Brown and Robinson are tired of the "old" music. "Why are we obliged to hear those symphonies of Haydn? Must we be forced to listen to three of Weber's overtures every season?" Smith, who thinks we should long ago have declared war against Germany, is angry because any music made in Germany is put on the programs. Johnson wishes a solo singer, pianist or violinist at every concert. What is a poor conductor to do?

The concerts of Theodore Thomas almost always lasted two hours. Those conducted now in Chicago by Mr. Stock are long. There are persons who do not think they are getting the worth of their money unless they hear music for at least two hours.

We agree with our correspondent. The Symphony concerts were too long. Tho human ear is not receptive after an hour and a half. Some one may ask: "How about operas?" But an opera is not a purely musical entertainment. There is as much to see as there is to hear. The attention is not fixed for any length of time on music alone. And there are operas, especially the music dramas of Wagner that are boresomely long, so that even passionate admirers now consent to cuts. What has been said of orchestral concerts is still more true of chamber concerts which are not so varied in color or as a rule so exciting. The concerts of the Kneisel quartet are usually too long.

Program making is an art in itself. Some of the most successful in this direction have been inferior conductors.

No one is obliged to sit a concert through. Epictetus remarked that if a man found the burdens of life too heavy, there was always the open door. Not that we counsel any hearer to commit suicide; but there are open doors in Symphony Hall between the pieces played.

Immaterial.

As the World Wags:

In The Herald of Oct. 16, "Meddlesohn" claimed that the name of the man who wrote the song entitled "Three Hundred Thousand More" was not John S. Gibbons, as it had been given in an editorial article in The Herald, but James S. Gibbons. I see, however, that Prof. Brander Matthews, in his work entitled "Pen and Ink," gives John S. Gibbons as the name of the author of that song. See page 161 (in a chapter on "The Songs of the Civil War") of that work. C.

Brookline, Oct. 24.

Three of Them.

As the World Wags:

Is it a fact that of four leading present day Irish writers, namely, W. B. Yeats, George Moore, George Bernard Shaw and Seumas O'Brien, whose inimitable yarns are now running in the Illustrated Magazine (Sunday Herald), each began his career in the domain of art rather than that of literature?

Boston, Oct. 23. INQUISITIVE.

George Moore first studied painting. Mr. O'Brien began by being a sculptor, and he still "sculps." Mr. Yeats is the son of a painter; his brother is a painter, and he himself studied art. Mr. Shaw first attracted attention in London as a critic of music.—Ed.

One That Knows.

As the World Wags:

I was much interested in the definitions of various tramps given by Mr. P. J. Kindelon. In the East a "gay cat" is with us an amateur tramp who actually is willing to work when his courage for any reason fails him. We also give the term to one that goes ahead to obtain information. A "buzzard" with us is the chief of police; also a mean fellow. EX-CONVICT.

Westwood, Oct. 25.

Oct 29 1915

Mr. and Mrs. Ondricek Play in Jordan Hall—De Voto Is Pianist.

By PHILIP HALE.

Mr. and Mrs. Emil Ondricek gave a concert of Slav music last night in Jordan Hall. Mr. De Voto was the pianist. The program was as follows: Moszkowski, Suite for two violins and piano (first time here); Cui, Cavatina for violin; Rachmaninoff, Hungarian dance for violin (first time here); Juon, three Silhouettes for two violins and piano (first time here); Suk, Quasi, Ballata and Appassionata for violin (first time here); Smetana, Ondricek, dance from Smetana's opera "The Sold Bride," for violin (first time here).

There was a time when great things were expected of Moszkowski. His first orchestral suite was regarded as extraordinarily brilliant. Some of his piano pieces were played throughout the land. He composed rapidly. His facility was fatal. Publishers tempted him and he began to write rather for them than for himself. His opera, symphony, concerto and other serious works are forgotten. Even his lighter pieces—some of them musical as well as brilliant—are undeservedly neglected. They say that he is now embittered, he deplores the decadence of the more modern music which is to him the abomination of desolation.

The suite played last night shows his amiable qualities, graceful melodic invention—themes pleasing for the moment—but not remembered, fluency and sound musicianship in the treatment of the inherently insignificant rhythmic variety and a general sparkling effect. A composition that is glorified salon music.

The Cavatina of Cui, general of engineers, versed in the art of fortification, the instructor of many now in the Russian army, the Grand Duke Nicholas among them, is a familiar piece. Rachmaninoff's Hungarian Dance, in spite of its conventional ending, has decided character; true gypsy music with the abandon of the improvisator.

Juon, a Russian by birth, has lived a long time in Berlin, as student, professor, composer. His fantasia on Danish airs has been played at a Symphony concert and his Caprice Trio has been performed. Some of his compositions were evidently made in Germany. Others show Germanic thoroughness plus a fancy that approaches the fantastical. "Bizarrerie," the first of the "Silhouettes," performed last night, is no more bizarre than many Humoreskes are humorous. It is the least conspicuous of the three, rather ordinary and too long drawn out. "Douleur" is ingeniously constructed and is eloquent in concise intensity. "Obstination" shows the composer's mastery of technic without irritating pedagogic insistence.

Mr. and Mrs. Ondricek played with the traditional Slav fervor. Their tone was warm and expressive. At times the sentiment of a simple phrase was too much emphasized. There was undue accentuation of an unimportant note so that the beauty of the line was disturbed. Such occasional rhetorical lapses, however, are preferable to academic coolness, and the attention to detail that fritters away the desirable effect. The audience was Slavic in its appreciation.

It is the rarest thing when reason is [illegible] to enthusiasm. Reason consists in seeing things as they are. He that intoxicated sees things double is then deprived of reason.

Sonata Tragica.

Let us follow the example of Mr. Wegg and drop into poetry. Mr. Joseph Lewis French sends us a sonnet inspired by Edward MacDowell's Sonata Tragica for the pianoforte:

Heart-woven of the sphere—this was the song
Of home, the hearthstone, of the mystery
Of life and death—of hopes unborn, to be
The infinite passion of the hopeless throng:
Of endless memories of woe that wrong
The shades of Time: of the awful effigy
Of Fate condign, that of his empery
Knows still no guerdon of the wise, the strong.

Yet wrought he while his heart was as the flower
That trembles at her borning, as the tree
Knowing Life's gift that withers at his birth;
Divining all songs while his heaven did lower,
He swept one chord whereon he sounded free
The diapason of memorial earth.

Mr. Johnson Psychographed.

As the World Wags:

As legal adviser to the Society for Creasing the Trousers of Boston Statues I must reluctantly point out that our charter does not cover the field suggested by the public spirited Mr. Dionysius Dunderfunk. Application was unfortunately delayed until after the appearance of Mr. Hay's book, with its complimentary references to Lincoln's underpinning, and our political agent found that, of the 93 per cent. of our representatives who, in normal periods, are convinced that posterity should perpetuate them in marble, but are indifferent to the exact type of clothing, 67 per cent., a solid majority, were firmly set upon appearing in some form of abbreviated toga. And this 67 per cent. were apprehensive lest the zeal of the S. F. C. T. B. S. should lead it to put trousers on statues originally not so fitted, merely for the purpose of creasing them. It was only by limiting our field and by appealing to the economical instincts of some of the more influential and thin-shanked legislators, by pointing out that the creasing would cost nothing, that we succeeded in getting any charter at all.

I might add that the beatifacient effect of trouser creasing has been under investigation by our psychological department as the result of Mr. Dunderfunk's communication. Eminent Bostonians have occasionally been surprised at receiving the respectfully whispered admonition from a total stranger "crease your trousers." This is one of the society's activities. It is only addressed to statuble citizens, and is intended to prepare the public for the coming apotheosis. Mr. Herkimer Johnson's trousers having been observed in an unsculpturable condition, he was admonished, and on his replying that he was going to have them pressed anyway, as he was not feeling well, a psychograph was hastily forwarded to his tailors.

Examination of the record obtained showed that at the time of entering the room Mr. Johnson was in a very depressed condition, was distrustful of Providence, and of the world generally. After removal of his trousers, and while seated in his top hat and the well known frock coat, his depression increased and the instrument registered profound distrust of his tailor, and a calculation of the relative profits to his tailor of pressing the old trousers, and of burning a hole in them with his iron, thereby compelling Mr. Johnson to buy another pair or go forth in the world without. To this was succeeded a feeling of utter hopelessness based on the thought that any attempt to withdraw the trousers might precipitate the disaster with a brief period of panic, the cause of which could not be read from the agitated record. This feeling of hopelessness persisted till Mr. Johnson had donned the trousers and observed how much the creasing had improved their appearance, whereupon the instrument registered a profound belief in the goodness of Providence and the mental attitude of one prepared to fight the world and conquer it, and the belief that his printer was about to publish the two next volumes of his monumental work without requiring any advance.

This experiment suggests whether the pressing is really necessary. Might not those who have not the necessary 10 cents merely retire to a secluded spot, place their trousers neatly folded on the ground and at such a distance away as to excite reasonable apprehension, and then after, say 20 minutes, resume them. M. JOLIET.

Brookline, Oct. 26.

Mr. Herkimer Johnson seldom wears a plug hat, only when a solemn occasion demands it. His hat is of ripe—over-ripe perhaps—and crusted vintage. It resembles the one sported by the late Charles Fechter. Never judge a man by his hat. Senator Evarts wore a "shocking bad" one.—Ed.

Stern Disciplinarians.

An official notice has been issued by English military authority that "the practice of turning up the trousers must cease and the wearing of the soft cap is prohibited." How about umbrellas? The Grenadier guards captured a redoubt near Bayonne in 1813. Wellington passed by and saw that the officers were holding up umbrellas against a pouring rain. He sent his aide-de-camp to them, instructing him to say that the duke did

[illegible] the use of umbrellas in the [illegible]. The guards' officers may, if [illegible] case, carry umbrellas, even in [illegible] when on duty at St. James's, [illegible] in the field it is not only ridiculous, [illegible] unmilitary."

Yet an umbrella may be a dangerous weapon. Note the way in which many [illegible] one, going down into the subway, [illegible] a street car or in the crowded street.

A French Scholar.

As the World Wags:

These days of short gowns and liberal display of stockings convince me that the French word for ladies' undercloth[illegible] is merely a corruption of the English "[illegible] eye." JOSEPH POOLE.

Siloam, Oct. 27.

Brahms, Schumann, Chopin and Berlioz Figure in Program of Afternoon.

By PHILIP HALE.

The Third Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Symphony in E minor, No. 4	Brahms
Overture to "Manfred"	Schumann
Pianoforte Concerto in E minor	Chopin
Roman Carnival Overture	Berlioz

Brahms had grave doubts about his fourth symphony. Writing from a village in Styria to Elisabet von Herzogenberg, who was for some years his Egeria and by no means given to unstinted praise, he said: "I rather fear it has been influenced by this climate, where the cherries never ripen." Later he doubted whether she would have the patience to sit through the finale. He mentioned the "acerbity" of the music to Buelow. When the symphony was played in a version for piano (four hands), he was discouraged, because those invited apparently did not like it. Kalbeck, who fondly believed in the plenary inspiration of Brahms's music, thinks the symphony pictures the tragedy of human life.

The music is for the most part depressing. Brahms was more than once given to whining in tones. He could be nobly tragic—witness the overture performed at the first concert this season. But this symphony is written in the spirit of Ecclesiastes—vanity, vanity, all is vanity. There is one end for man and beast. This end is the grave. A live dog is better than a dead hero. We shall all be "damnably mouldy a hundred years hence." Nor is there the reassuring Finale of the symphony in C minor.

Dr. Muck and the orchestra gave a memorable performance of this work. While they brought out the inexorable spirit of the first movement and the Finale, the Andante was sung tenderly and the scherzo played with such spirit that there was a human touch, not merely the "noise" of which Brahms himself spoke in a letter. Nevertheless, with the best will in the world we cannot, unlike Mr. Kalbeck, see in the scherzo a picture of the carnival at Milan or any other Italian city.

Does any one read "Manfred" today? The play, although Byron never intended it for the theatre, is read on the stage occasionally with Schumann's music. Early in 1912 the tragedy in a French version was acted at the Monte Carlo Theatre with the music. Perhaps it is hard for us now to understand the influence of Byron throughout Europe, or the important part he played in the romantic movement. To the members of Browning clubs Manfred no doubt seems, as Hazlitt said, merely Byron himself "with a fancy drapery on." Yet it might have been better for England if Byron had remained her favorite poet.

To some Shumann's overture is as old fashioned in its romanticism as the tragedy. They ask you to note how Tschaikowsky treated "Manfred." Yet we find all of Schumann and much of Byron in this overture, and we shudder to think what an ultra modern German would do with the subject. There is a [illegible] in Schumann's music, a passage, a beauty of expression in the portraiture of Astarte, that are missing in Tschaikowsky's symphony with all its thunder and guns. Your ultra modern composer would have all his little labels ready. How he would dwell on the incest motive!

Chopin's concerto in E minor had not been performed at a Symphony Concert [illegible] November, 19[illegible], when Mme. Szumowska was the pianist. It is not [illegible] huge hall. Some pianists endeavor to turn it into a heroic piece and use a [illegible] orchestration than Chopin's. Heroic, while the music does not allow the [illegible], although there has been much chatter of late about the "greater," the [illegible] Chopin, and pianists therefore [illegible] and pound, whereas the composer himself was a delicate player whose [illegible] was only the forte of the [illegible] pianist. Mr. Gabrilowitsch was faithful to tradition. Consequently his [illegible] concerto [illegible] as it would [illegible] in a smaller room, the performance was often necessarily [illegible]. The excellent qualities of Mr. Gabrilowitsch were gladly recognized, his [illegible] fluency, his irreproachable technic, his nice appreciation of nuances, his unfailing sense of proportion, but the performance was not emotional. It could not be; the pianist was too remote, the music was heard as at a great distance; the musical fluid could not enwrap the hearer.

There will not be any concerts next week. The program of Nov. 12-13 is as follows: Rimsky-Korsakoff, "Antar"; Braunfels, overture "Princess Brambilla" (first time here); Handel, "Sweet Bird" (Mme. Melba); Handel, Concerto for two wind choirs and strings; Mozart, "Porgi amor" and "Voi che sapete" (Mme. Melba).

We spoke a few days ago, apropos of the act now enforced in England, about the foolish habit of treating indulged in by members of the Porphyry. A member of one of the most renowned clubs in London recently freed his mind to a reporter on the staff of the Pall Mall Gazette. He first protested against confusing clubs that are of high standing with taverns, loud restaurants and bars. At good clubs, he said, treating has always been the exception, contrary to club etiquette, for the practise is demoralizing. "Even your most intimate friend would raise his eyebrows if you suggested that you should 'treat' him in his own club, on, so to say, his own hearth. When men want anything, whether solid or liquid, they order it to be brought to them, and would resent so banal a question as 'Will you have one with me?' Even were a man to ask another to have some tea with him, the ordinary reply would be: 'Yes; but order your own, my dear fellow, and I will order mine.' That is quite right and proper. If a man cannot afford to pay for what he wants he cheerfully goes without it, and would not dream of 'sponging' on a good-natured friend."

A journalist in London asserted that one of the first references in literature to treating occurs in the travels of Sir William Temple. In 1662 J. Davies in his translation of Olearius wrote: "Some of the caravan had been so treated with aqua vitae that being all dead asleep," etc. In an issue of the Spectator in 1711 a squire treated a whole company with a hogshead of ale. The year before Dr. Garth "treated" Addison and Swift at a tavern. Here is a couplet of Prior's (1720):

Our generous scenes for friendship we repeat;
And if we don't delight, at least we treat.

In 1709 Steele argued against the evil and pernicious habit prevailing of late at the election of aldermen by "treating at taverns and alehouses, thereby engaging many unwarily to give their votes." In the 17th century an eating house was often called a treating house.

In 1692 a translator of Epictetus used the word treater: "You may, 'tis true, your appetite appease, but not your company, nor treater please."

A copy of the Daily Chronicle (London) just received states that treating was in a way responsible for the opening of London's first coffee house. "The story goes that coffee was first made in London by the Greek servant of a Mr. Edwards, a merchant whose business brought him into touch with coffee countries. The new drink was hospitably offered to those who happened to call at the office, until at last callers, anxious to be treated, became inconveniently numerous. As a way out of his predicament, Mr. Edwards installed his servant in a coffee house, where his friends could buy their own drink."

"On" and "In."

As the World Wags:

"On" and "in" are by no means interchangeable, and I am a little surprised that your contributors should become so fuddled.

A man lives "on" a street, although his children may play "in" it. His house is "in" its yard. The house is not a part of the street; the one is private property, the other state, or municipal. No one would say "my house is in the sidewalk," why then "in the street"?

A man may spend his vacation "on the water," but unless he is a merman he will hardly spend it "in the water."

And it might make a good deal of difference to one whether he were "on" or "in" a crocodile, or even a refrigerator.

We live "in" the city, "on" a street, and take our vacation "in" August "in a shack on" a lake.

When I die, I shall presumably lie "in" a grave; any flowers donated by your contributors will lie "on" it.

There are no real synonyms, but "in" and "on" are not even near-synonyms.

JOHN H. CARRICK.

Plymouth, N. H.

A Hero in Peace.

"So your father now gets $12 a week," said Judge Uhlir to the daughter of the wife-beater he had paroled. "And how much does he put away every Saturday night?" "Not less than three quarts," said the grateful child.—Christian Herald.

Phyllis at the Porphyry.

Apropos of clubs, what would the members of the Porphyry say to the employment of waitresses? They are to be found at the solemn Athenaeum in London, the United Universities, the Constitutional and others; for the majority of club waiters were reservists or have enlisted since the outbreak of the war. One has won his commission, and two members of the club where he served are now in his platoon. There are club members, and not only in "The Book of Snobs," who delight in bullying a waiter; cursing him if through no fault of his he serves an ill-cooked dish or brings ice in a highball when Jones shouts: "You know I never take ice. Remember after this." Would the introduction of waitresses at the Porphyry bring a softening of manners? We hear Mr. Eugene Golightly cooing: "Another pewter of ale, Mollie dear, that's a good girl." As for Flitterbuck, he would lose his last car every night. Has not a bishop ever been caught in the act of winking at Mary Jane as she tripped by in a room of the Athenaeum?

BISPHAM IN 'THE REHEARSAL'

David Bispham and his company gave a dreary entertainment at Jordan Hall last evening, consisting of "The Rehearsal," a modern comedy with music, and a revival of Mueller's "Adelaide," translated and adapted by Mr. Bispham.

In "The Rehearsal" Mr. Bispham as Mr. Ravenswood, "a distinguished amateur," enters a modern drawing-room during a rehearsal. The hostess has sung Irish songs, her daughter, a pianist; Miss Gardner, a soprano; Mr. Cantore, a tenor, and Mr. Kreis Fitzler, a violinist, have all displayed their respective accomplishments. Mr. Ravenswood is easily persuaded to contribute to the occasion. Unfortunately he does not burst into song, but into that most irritating form of art, a poem of Tourgeniff's, "In Days Gone By," with music by Arensky. After this exhibition of desperate sentimentality, Mr. Bispham drew his coat about him and assumed a pose intended to indicate loneliness and defiance. The mood was further sustained, for Miss Gardner, the young soprano whose singing so pleased Mr. Ravenswood, in a scene of tears and pathos, is revealed to be his long-lost daughter. All the ladies on the stage are provided with suitable mates except the maid, Bella, whose comeliness excited curiosity as to her fate, while Mr. Bispham, marshalling his forces, joined in the quintet from "Die Meistersinger" as a stirring climax. Miss Patterson's singing, Mr. Harris's playing and Mr. Barron's diction were conspicuous features of the company's performance.

Mr. Bispham next appeared as Beethoven, with shaggy hair and in carpet slippers. The play serves to introduce certain compositions. The composer is seen as the good angel of Clara and his sweetheart Franz. His own beloved, Adelaide, appears. There is much talk and more sentimentality. Mr. Bispham growls and grunts. Miss Coman impersonates a laundress of singularly disagreeable nature. Miss Patterson is again ingenuous.

There was a small but friendly audience. The performance will be repeated this afternoon.

MISS FARRAR AND WERRENRATH SING

By PHILIP HALE.

Miss Geraldine Farrar, assisted by Reinald Werrenrath, baritone; Miss Ada Sassoli, harpist, and Richard Epstein, pianist, gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. There was a large audience.

Miss Farrar sang these songs: Franz, Stille Sicherheit, Ach! wenn ich doch ein Immchen waer; Schumann, Stille Liebe, Volksliedchen; Grieg, Erstes Begegnen, Ein Traum; Deodat de Severac, Philis; Gounod, Serenade; Bemberg, Souvenir; Tschaikowsky, Ou vas-tu?; Moussorgsky, Sternlein; Arensky, In meinem Herzchen; Bleichmann, Liebe; Sibelius, Der erste Kuss; Gretschaninov, Schneegloechen.

Mr. Werrenrath sang "Vision Fugitive" from "Herodiade" and these songs: Wolf, Zur Ruh; Brahms, Sonntag; Wolf, Liebesglueck; Elgar, After; La Forge, To a Messenger; Taylor, Witchwoman; Class, To you, dear heart.

Miss [illegible] Massenet, Pierne, Marot, Zabel, [illegible] and Hasselmans.

The program contained unfamiliar songs. "Philis," by Deodat de Severac, educated at Toulouse and at the Schola Cantorum in Paris, who is ranked as one of the young "ultra-modern" school, although he is over 40 years old, is a setting in Madrigal manner of an 18th century text. It has a pleasing old-world flavor, but is not pretentiously archaic. Tschaikowsky's "Ou vas-tu?" is known to some as "Serenade." Of the Russian group, "Sternlein," which Miss Farrar had sung here before, and the song of Sibelius, the Finn, are the most striking. The songs sung in English by Mr. Werrenrath are of little artistic worth, except possibly the one by La Forge.

Miss Farrar, at first known only as an operatic singer, has for some years wished to excel as an interpreter of songs. In the interpretation of Lieder her growth has been continuous and sure. She has succeeded in forgetting the opera house when she stands on the concert stage. The great majority of her sisters and brethren, missing the orchestra, costume, and a dramatic situation, seem unable to be simple in expression. They seek refuge in explosive delivery, or continual over-emphasis, or they see only a climax in a song and fail to give significance to detail. Miss Farrar is now quick to appreciate the mood of the poet and the composer's understanding of the poet's thought and intention. Nor does she give such importance to every line that there is no salient feature. She differentiates gentle, amiable and playful sentiments, even when they are cast in practically the same mould. Witness her treatment of "Wenn ich doch ein Immchen Waer," and Schumann's "Volksliedchen," and the delicacy of the contrasting nuances. Her conception of "Philis" brought before one the noble dames with perfumes, patches and powder, languishing airs and coquettish fans, with billet-doux in bosom, as they listened to a fanciful air by Couperin, or danced in stately fashion to the music of the Chevalier Gluck. In songs of deeper contents, songs of longing and regret, the singer was emotional with a sincerity that could not be questioned.

We speak of Miss Farrar as an interpreter employing her voice first of all to express the mood, the sentiment, the emotion. It may be added that her voice was more appealing as a sensuous organ in the lower and middle registers than in the upper (if singers will permit us to use this conventional classification of tones without argument concerning the reasonableness of the classification). The extreme upper tones were often hard and dry. Miss Farrar responded to recalls. Among the additional songs was the Habanera from "Carmen," which was not in keeping with the general character of the program, and on the concert stage is comparatively, if not wholly, ineffective.

Mr. Werrenrath's voice is manly and eminently agreeable, a fine one on the whole, although his extreme lower tones yesterday, not well brought out, were not rounded and lacked quality. He sang freely, intelligently, artistically. It is to be regretted that several of his songs, although he gave them momentary importance, were not really worth while.

Miss Sassoli has been known here and applauded for many years. She played prettily pretty things; but a little harping goes a long way. Mr. Epstein accompanied sympathetically and with a beautiful touch.

The October number of the Musical Quarterly (G. Schirmer, New York) contains a second instalment of Pauline Viardot-Garcia's letters to Julius Rietz. They are even more interesting than those reviewed in The Herald a month ago.

First of all, note this revelation of character: "Do not think me ridiculous when I tell you that Louis can no longer live without me. Yes, sir, so it is. Do I see you smile? It seems incredible to you that after nearly 19 years of married life a husband does not know how to get along without his wife? Oh, yes, confess that there is no slight trace of incredulity in that smile now curling your lip. Very well, Mr. Unbeliever, think as much as ever you please that I am a conceited wife—what I have told you is simply the real truth. My husband and Scheffer have always been my dearest friends. I have never been able to return any other sentiment in requital of the ardent and deep love of Louis, despite the best will in the world. Sometimes it has seemed to me like a wrong, the injustice of fate, cruel, whatever you will. But the human will has only a negative influence on the heart—it can force it to be silent, but not to speak. I will confess in a whisper, a very, very low whisper close to your ear, that these little journeys which I have made alone this winter have been very salutary holidays for me. On the one hand, they have been reposeful for my heart, somewhat fatigued by the expression of love which it cannot share, and, on the other, absence can only fortify my friendship, my esteem and my

... respect for this man who is so ... and devoted, who would give his ... to gratify the least of my caprices, ... had any."

The daughter of a famous singer, an extraordinary man, brought up in an intensely musical family, having associated with celebrated artists of every sort, she had no illusions about musicians. "Remember, my friend, what musicians in general really are—persons who are fit merely to blow or strum or pick or pound on some instrument or other; as long as they are pounding or picking or strumming or blowing, they appear to be somebody; as soon as they stop their noise, they again become—nobody! How can you, who are somebody before being a musician, expect that your self-styled confreres should be at their ease in your presence? You surely see that it is not possible, and that you can never enter into agreeable and intimate relations with natures so far beneath your own. If you would enter into such, you must abase yourself to their level."

In 1859 she made a concert tour in England. She gave about 50 concerts, a "travail de negre." Of her first concert she wrote: "The audience this evening knew that I am a 'celebrated singer'—so it applauds everything that I do with equal warmth. Had I sung not quite so well, it would have been no less well satisfied, and had I sung better it would not have been better satisfied' And that is what puts a damper on the artist's enthusiasm. Yes, decidedly, in matters of art, the English are great—speculators."

She had a lively wit and a fine vein of malice. Her description of her companions is amusing. Mrs. Eyles, a contralto, was like herself in singing. "blond, fat and agreeable." There was an Italian tenor, Lucchesi, who had a certain position in Paris and London because he was musical, and therefore useful. "Just imagine, he can sing his part in a simple quartet at sight! That is marvelous for an Italian and a singer and a tenor into the bargain! He is a small man with a thick neck and muscles hard as rock. His voice, though small, is unpleasant, for it is his ambition to be an heroic tenor, and he forces his voice sadly, but does not in the least succeed in making the impression of a strong man (as a singer, I mean), he gets black in the fact, his sinews swell frightfully, he looks like a very beast. I should be afraid to show him anything red, for it might enrage him like a bull. But in spite of all ugliness of exterior he is quite a capable singer of the second class, and quite a gentleman." The baritone Dragona was stupid and sleepy; his voice was a fine one but badly employed, but his singing reminded her of lukewarm sugar-water. She liked John L. Hatton, who visited this country. She admired Regondi, who played in a miraculous manner on the concertina. "In his hands it became charming interesting, really admirable." He was feeble, nervous, fine-ladylike, eager to retail bits of feminine gossip.

At Oxford she sang frightfully, and was exasperated the next morning because the local newspaper said that she sang well.

She did not care for Arabella Goddard, the pianist, who was thought a cold, dull player in Boston. "If Mme. Eyles is a woman comme il faut, Miss Goddard is a woman comme il en faut." Later she wrote, evidently in bad humor "Clara Novello is not one of us, and I assure you that would not add a vast deal to the general nullity of our society. Miss Goddard is a goose. Dragon is an ill-bred creature with a larnyx. Nothing more. Lucchesi is—a tenor." As for Costa, he sacrificed to the golden calf, that is, to English taste. "He knows that in order to make certain things penetrate the ears of the English public one has to speak very loud. They dequire Cayenne pepper in all sorts of ailments, moral as well as physical. That is the reason why Costa has been obliged to add military band instruments to his orchestra for the oratorios in the Crystal Palace. For the rest, they, with the organ, were all that one heard in that immense hall. Costa, transported to Germany, would be a mediocre person; in England he is a man to whom all the public and the musicians ought to feel profoundly obliged. In this world everything is relative and one should be able to assume the point of view of countries, of epochs, and of peoples." She liked Chorley, the critic, "as fair and sincere as any man living; but what would you have? He is English, and for that reason, he judges the arts like an Englishman. Beside he is physically unsound, nervous, irritable and irritating to a degree."

There had evidently been talk between Mme. Viardot and Rietz about George Sand and Chopin. She wrote from Dublin: "It is not true that the liaison between G. Sand and Chopin was broken off so suddenly in that manner. No, read Lucrezia Floriani, in my opinion a literary and psychological masterpiece, and, at the same time, a cruel piece of work, and you will comprehend, as if you had witnessed it, what it was that little by little, invisibly, inevitably, brought on the end of a liaison which was life for poor Chopin and slow death for Mme. Sand. It is a sad story. I think that in that whole love affair there was no friendship. That is a passion which cannot diminish. It is the finest of all. Yes, my friend, my thoughts go out to you with an unalterable and incessant tenderness. Have courage and patience. Rely always, at every moment of your life, on the loving and devoted heart of your friend."

In 1859 she did not care for the music of Brahms. In the same year in Paris Saint-Saens ran through the first act of "Lohengrin" with her. "Heavens! what deadly monotony! what wearisome ugliness! how it finally stupefies you and harrows your nerves! oh peugh! It is ugly, it is doleful, it is sadly inflated! what pompous nullity! and what extravagant insignificance! Ah, my friend, be assured that you detest the ugly no more than I do. You should have witnessed the indignation of our friends and, above all, my husband at this so-called music! how they hurled crashing anathemas against the wretches to whom pride alone could suggest this infernal witches' Sabbath. It was killingly funny. To soothe our nerves and restore our good humor Saint-Saens played something from Bach. That is a real treat."

Leslie's oratorio, "Judith," was genuine English music "without color, without originality and without much science. . . . an arid and frigid amalgamation of Handel and Mendelssohn." She found four very fine scenes in Verdi's "Macbeth"—"alongside of trivial and dismally bad numbers." Lady Macbeth constantly distracted her thoughts. "Every time I have to learn an entirely new part, I lapse into a half-dreamy condition. I feel as if there were a little theatrical stage in my forehead, on which my small actors move about. Even at night, and even while asleep, my private theatre haunts me—sometimes it grows unbearable. There is no remedy for it—and so my roles learn themselves, without my needing to sing aloud or to study before a mirror. Once in a while, though, when it strikes me that my lilliputian songstress is behaving too boldly, I try to imitate her. This kind of work, in which I participate almost unconsciously, is strange, is it not?" She afterward wrote from Dublin: "I have just achieved one of the most superb successes of my theatrical career through my creation of the role of Lady Macbeth."

"Martha" is "dance music from one end to the other—quite insignificant, quite unexciting, but, at any rate, unpretentiously written. It is like homeopathy—if it does one no good, it does no harm—whereas 'Lohengrin' (which I should prefer to call 'Hohen Grimm') does one positive injury." Weber's piano music left her perfectly indifferent. She never found real passion in it or serenity. He was like a person making a great stir for no particular reason.

In Dublin she took the part of Zerlina in "Don Giovanni." Mme. Grisi, as Donna Anna, was violent and without true dignity. Mario was slipshod in the concerted numbers. Graziani acted Don Juan badly, "as it requires an elegance and a distinction which are not his." She had a curious experience in "Macbeth" at Dublin: "The sleep-walking scene, which is really very beautiful, commences with a long, long, ritournelle, during which the doctor and the servant of Lady Macbeth are on the stage, expectant. Toward the end, an impatient voice from the top of the auditorium cried, 'Well, is it a boy or a girl?' I leave you to imagine what a burst of Homeric laughter followed this sally; I, standing lamp in hand in the wings all ready to enter, certainly thought that my whole scene was wrecked. But no; scarce had I appeared, and the entire audience held its breath until the close of that terrible and impressive scene."

The acuteness of Mme. Viardot's criticism is shown in her characterization of Zerlina: "You have asked me for a physical and moral description of my Zerlina, but that is a very difficult matter, indeed! . . . Zerlina, to my mind, is not at all a doll prinking as a shepherdess, a soubrette assuming a naive role, a coquette who lures Don Giovanni under a mien of pretended innocence. She is confidently naive, much of a child, but a child of the south in flesh and blood—she yields involuntarily to the influence of the demoniac nature of Don Giovanni—she is fascinated by him as a bird by a serpent. During their duo, I make Don Giovanni play in a different manner from the ordinary. If Don G. assumes the attitude of an ordinary seducer, this scene becomes heart-rending. But if the man is capable of assuming a certain resemblance to a serpent (especially like the one in Eden), if he can put himself in the serpent's skin for a few minutes, then the demoniacal power with which one has always liked to set off Don Giovanni is mere invention of Hoffmann's and, before him, of the Spaniards'; this power, I repeat, is admirably reflected in the music. Mozart divined it and depicted it, in spite of words which are simply shocking. To sum up: Zerlina is good, gay, impressionable and weak, but innocent, although having an ardent temperament."

One more quotation must suffice. Mme. Viardot, writing about Meyerbeer's opera, "Le Pardon de Ploermel" (known to some as "Dinorah,") was in her liveliest vein: "Yes, I have heard Meyerbeer's opera, and between ourselves be it said, I certainly trust I shall never hear it again. 'L'Etoile du Nord' is a sum in comparison. What pleased me best in the music was the goat and the moon. Yes, the opera ought properly to be entitled 'The North Moon,' opera in three bridges. The principal roles are taken by Thunder, Water, and a Goat. Mad. Cabel bleats her part very prettily. The Cascade howls the sole tenor part, and Mr. Baritonist Faure thunders bravely from beginning to end of the opera. The audience yawns till their mouths meet their ears—their ears are fairly drowned in weariness—one feels bored to the screaming point. No, I never could have imagined Meyerbeer's writing such an opera. It is altogether too feeble! too insignificant! too uninteresting! too tiresome! 'C'est etonnant! c'est assommant!' so everybody in the theatre was exclaiming. All his talent seems to have vanished; only the striving after effect still remains. Nothing is left but an old woman's skeleton—wig, false teeth, padded velvet dresses—jewels (all a sham, too, of course). It is really too painful to hear such a thing. Do you know what the opera has cost him? 90,000 francs!!!! And no success at that. God be praised! 'Faust' is something quite different. Much in it is fine and noble. The garden scene is superb—it moved me to tears. Much of the rest is interesting, and the entire opera is musical, through and through. Gretchen is wonderfully successful. Not so Mephisto. Faust wavers between the two."

There is an entertaining description of her adventures in Mexico as a little girl, how the family was robbed of all it possessed by brigands; there are personal confidences that reveal the nobility of the woman. A long letter about nature, the sea, the sky, is remarkable for originality. To her the sea was a "vast and solemn egoist." "It always gives me an impression as if it felt its enforced contact with man to be irksome."

The January number of the Musical Quarterly will contain the final instalment. Then these letters should be published in book form, with the addition of those from which quotations have not yet been made. In the October number are articles by James Huneker ("The Classic Chopin"); Arthur Hinton ("The Gift of Musical Appreciation"); a rhapsody "The Soul of Music" by Rutland Boughton, the English composer; also articles by Messrs. Kleemann of Halle, Kidson of Leeds, Isaacs of New York, Hughes of Munich, Leichentritt of Berlin, and others.

A Friend's Sketch of F. O. Nash

The following sketch of the late Frank Otis Nash has been prepared for The Herald by a friend:

Frank Otis Nash, son of William Otis and Hannah French Nash, was born in Hingham. He died in Boston, Oct. 11, 1915. In his youth he attended the Derby Academy, and ever afterwards he was present at the annual celebration of Derby Lecture day. The family moved to Weymouth, where he was graduated from the high school, but he was always deeply interested in Hingham. He belonged to the Society of Mayflower Descendants of Massachusetts.

The early part of his life Mr. Nash was associated with his father in the boot and shoe business in Boston, but he was very musical and later in life made music his profession. As an organist he played in Weymouth, Quincy, Hingham and Boston; in Boston at the Rev. Eliot's church, Berkeley Temple and Dr. Putnam's; from the latter he went to the First Congregational Unitarian Church, Jamaica Plain, where he had been organist over 20 years.

During the summer he played at Manchester-by-the-Sea. All this time he kept up his connection with the New North Church, Hingham. For a long time he was the organist at anniversary week of Unitarians, and for several years he played for the Elks' memorial services. He was an intimate friend and neighbor of Howard M. Dow. One of his most cherished and life-long friends was Henry W. Savage. When Mr. Savage became interested in opera and the theatre Mr. Nash was connected with "Prince of Pilsen," "Woodland," "Little Boy Blue," "Every Woman" and other productions. He had played for many prominent singers and had been instrumental in starting many on their career. Although of a quiet and retiring nature he had a host of friends who appreciated his loyalty and kindness.

Mr. Nash leaves a sister, Miss Nash of Colorado Springs, and two nephews, William P. and Joseph H. Nash of Philadelphia.

To the Editor of The Herald:

Mr. Spencer Goes to the "Movies"

Does Mr. Herkimer Johnson ever go to the movies? If he goes, is it with sublime resignation in quest of data for his colossal work, or is it because he likes them? If he likes them, why does he?

I went the other afternoon, for the first time in several years (except to "Quo Vadis" and "The Birth of a Nation"), and was greatly disappointed. I came to anchor in a seat fairly near the screen, and waited patiently for the end of that picture. After I had waited an hour and a half, I dozed. When I awoke, the evening performance was going on, and so was the same picture.

If some house goes back to the sort of picture that was current five or six years ago, I may pluck up courage and try again. But not till then. I liked those pictures—dramatized short stories of domestic infelicity, brief "comedies of courtship," entrancing scenes in foreign lands, and the Pathe farces—stern chases through funny French streets over apple women and prostrate gendarmes.

But this endeavor to put legitimate plays on the screen is even more ridiculous than Mr. Griffith when he imagines that for one little dollar and in two little hours he is handing us out an historical survey of the ante-bellum period, the war, and reconstruction. With due deference to the gentlemen behind the scenes who rattle the sheet-iron at every appearance of the Ku Klux, and the suspicious spontaneity of the persons who simultaneously applaud, I don't think he does. If I were running the show, I wouldn't have them applaud at all; it's like helping out the tympani with the sandpaper. Trust me, the sheet-iron alone is quite capable of producing the desired psychological effect.

I say that the former attempt is more ridiculous, for I concede that the spectacle is a proper sphere for the movies. I admit, too, that the house was better furnished and better lighted than such houses used to be. It had several rather pretty girls as ushers instead of pert, knickerbockered little boys.

But I didn't understand very much of the picture I saw. Is the sense of proportion and its relation to Beauty so inherent in Americans that we can afford to ignore it in this art? People who entered after I did seemed to enjoy the scenes—as scenes, I suppose. But to the picture as a whole there was neither beginning, middle, nor end for us.

All I know is that for 30 seconds we were in the woolly West watching a cowboy dash up at a frightful pace, pause exactly in the centre of the picture, anxiously scan the horizon, and then dash off in his original desperate manner. Then we were whisked, without a moment's warning, down to the sunny Southland, where some young people were taking tea (I suppose), under an orange tree (I suppose). Then we went West again, and there was a horrible long snake that squirmed along and ate a diamond; and then we saw the hard-riding cow-puncher again—exactly in the centre of the picture. The producers must have liked that scene, for they repeated it seven or eight times with only slight variations in the landscape.

Talk about the absurdity of asides and soliloquies—I never saw anything sillier than the way that desperado would ride up as if he hadn't a fifth of a second to spare, rein his horse back on his haunches (exactly in the centre of the picture), gaze wildly about for 10 or 15 seconds, and then take himself off again at a gait that would have you to think a delay might really prove costly.

Every now and then we were favored with a close up view of some leading character's face in a moment of awful stress. Such grimacing—an Emerson freshman "going through the emotions" would have been as thrilling. More thrilling, indeed, for the student might be mad, but we knew those people were only acting.

The audience clapped their chapp'd hands at frequent intervals, as if the actors were there in person. Why don't they take pictures of curtain calls, and switch one on at the appropriate moment? I expected to see some ass walk down the aisle and reverently deposit a bunch of roses at the foot of the screen.

"But maugre all the croaking," I didn't intend talking about the movies, but was indeed swayed from the point by looking down on Griffith. In the old style picture house, whenever the villain still pursued her with apparent certainty of success, or when the automobile went over the cliff, many kindly persons, mostly females, used to make a sympathetic noise indicative of their pity for the victim or of noble rage against the wicked one.

I ran across it recently in one of Mr. Howells's books—thus: "tchk"—and I believe that is the customary form. This word is the real subject of my communication, and I want to ask Mr. Johnson to sit in judgment on it. Why "tchk"? None of those letters has anything whatever to do with the word as pronounced. And I do not hold with those who maintain that English spelling has no commerce with English pronunciation.

On the other hand, I frankly confess myself up a tree. I am unable myself to concoct a verbal symbol for the sound. The latter is formed in the following manner. Place the tip of the tongue firmly against the roof of the mouth, as if to form the sound "n." Close the nasal passage. Release the tongue suddenly, expelling the breath vigorously against the hard palate.

Now here is an opportunity. Who will enrich our glorious language with another right word—set one more sparkling stone within the pure unsullied radiance of its gemmy crown, as it were? I make no bones about looking to Mr. Johnson. If he can not supply it, we shall have either to adopt an arbitrary sign from the detestable realm of the mathematics or to go on using the now discredited "tchk."

May I urge him, very respectfully but very earnestly, to focus the concentricities of his massive intellect upon this interesting, important, and

to me wholly baffling problem"

HAZELTON SPENCER.

Forest Hills, Oct. 20.

P. S. No, I have never seen Charlie Chaplin. I have read a booklet called his "Funny Sayings." If he is as funny as they are, I'd rather go and have a good hearty laugh at Nazimova in "War Brides" or Forbes-Robertson in the fifth act of "Hamlet."

Random Notes from London and Elsewhere

The Pall Mall Gazette describes "The Birth of a Nation" (the Scala, Sept. 27) as "magnificently spectacular, tense, vivid and vitistic; but above all, it reveals the master hand of a producer with a genius for dramatic effect, and a will to achieve the best that can be brought within the scope of the camera."

The same newspaper said of "The Only Girl" (the Apollo, Sept. 25): "There are undoubtedly the makings of success in the production, which has the advantage of belonging to the class to which British theatregoers generally show the most loyalty."

"Between Two Women," by Frederick Melville (Lyceum Theatre, Sept. 29), is a "powerful melodrama on traditional lines . . . strong, popular stuff." Harry, the son of Earl Millard, is ensnared by a beautiful woman with more than a shady past. Knowing her past the Rev. Philip Carton does his best to cool the youth. The woman has not asked for marriage. She is after money. Harry tires of her and marries a highly respectable, also beautiful girl. No. 1 finds that she really loves the youth she swindled. With confederates she plots against the wife's honor. The plot partly succeeds and leads to murder. "There is plenty of comic relief through the play."

Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet" was performed in English at Covent Garden, Oct. 2. "Not all the singers had command of an enunciation that could be followed without difficulty." Miriam Licette and Webster Millars were the lovers. Mr. Beecham conducted without the score. The reviewer said of the music, 'the greater part of the melody is too buoyant to be associated with the concentration of classic tragedy." But is not the tragedy itself generally 'buoyant" in its youthful enthusiasm?

Mr. de Pachmann played on Oct. 2. "A de Pachmann recital provides a test of one's musical philosophy. It is so easy to be irritated at the little man's absurd antics, at the unwarrantable liberties he takes with his texts, or at the quaint selection with which he sometimes completes his program. But to yield to the feeling would be deliberately to miss the sensuous pleasure of listening to the most exquisite pianist of a generation. Sensuous pleasure it is, for he does not address himself to the intelligence or to the deeper emotions. He aims frankly at sentimental delicacy and sweetness, and he succeeds in a measure that no living pianist can approach. . . . Once more the impression lingers on that de Pachmann is a privileged libertine in music. The same eccentricities that would be intolerable in any other virtuoso are acceptable mannerisms so lang as his hands are near a keyboard."

The Daily Telegraph, reviewing Mr. de Pachmann's recital, described him as "the supreme, unmatched exponent of all that poetry means to a sensitive pianist interpreting the thoughts of a tonal poet."

"The Stormy Petrel," by W. Strange Hall (the Criterion, Sept. 30), is "a mild Family Herald" comedy. "It was the sort of play that one could see proving quite a success at an amateur performance in some little country town with the vicar and his family in the front row. It might all have come out of some nice storybook in a mottled cover of 50 years ago. We start in the garden at the Hall, with the old gardener sweeping the path and the housemaid somewhere about. One knows instinctively that the old gardener will begin, 'when the old squire died.' And sure enough he does." The Admiral that succeeded the old squire tries to tyrannize over the villagers, and shuts up his daughter because she wishes to marry the doctor's young assistant.

The Daily Chronicle said: "Gounod's Juliet is a colorless person, the page a sheer interpolation for the sake of a charming song, and the nurse an imitation of the elderly lady who flirts with Mephisto in 'Faust.'"

The Daily Telegraph, giving an account of Victor Herbert, whose "Only Girl" is playing in London, says that he is descended, on his mother's side, "from Charles Lever." For "Charles Lever" read Samuel Lover. The Telegraph adds: "What is the composer of a play of quite extraordinary reticence and refinement on the musical side to think of a critic who could only find it in him to observe that the music was 'some noise'?"

Figaro (Paris) announces the death of M. de Sainte-Croix, the literary and dramatic critic, who for some years has been running a French company for the purpose of popularizing the plays of Shakespeare which were not performed by the official theatres.

"Believe Me, Xantippe," renamed "Willie Goes West," has been on a trial trip in England.

Pianists looking for pieces for two pianos might try Glazounov's paraphrase on the nation hymns of the allies.

A little dancer of the Opera wondered what she could do to help the men at the front. She had no money to give, and she had not many belongings which could be of much use to them, but she ransacked her wardrobe, and came upon the piles of gauze flounces which she used to wear on the boards before the war in the old days when there was still an opera ballet. Her "tutus" gave her an idea, says the Paris correspondent of the Telegraph, and she has sent the whole collection in a parcel to the front. The little ballet girl's petticoats are now used as mosquito nets by the troops in the trenches of the Argonne.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Concert by John McCormack, tenor, and Donald McBeath, violinist. See special notice.

MONDAY—Copley-Plaza, 11 A. M. First Morning Musicale. Mme. Gadski, soprano; Johannes Sembach, tenor; Miss Beatrice Harrison, violoncellist. Mme. Gadski's songs are as follows: Schumann, Widmung, Wenn ich fruch den Gartan geh; Schubert, Die Forelle; Brahms, Von ewiger Liebe; Bohm, Calm as the Night; Eisler, Marching Song; Gilmour, Slumber Song; Strauss, Serenade. Mr. Sembach's: Wagner, Prize Song from "The Mastersingers"; Schubert, Wohin, Am Feifrahand, Trockene Blumen; Brahms, Vergebelichas Staendchen; Strauss, Zueignung. Miss Harrison will play pieces by Schumann, Kreisler, Becker, Cui, Esposito, Handel, Glazounoff. The concert will close with the duet from Act I of "The Dusk of the Gods."

Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Miss Frances Neven, reader, and Miss Marion Tufts, pianist, will give an interpretation of "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg" for the benefit of Armenian sufferers.

TUESDAY—Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. First Kneisel Quartet concert. Haydn, Quartet in D major, op. 20, No. 4 (first time at these concerts); Chopin, Sonata in G minor for 'cello and piano. Messrs. Carl Friedberg, pianist, and Willem Willeke, 'cellist (first time at these concerts); Ravel, Quartet in F major. Ravel's quartet was brought out here by the Kneisels in 1906. Mr. Friedberg gave a recital here in November, 1914, and was recognized as a musical pianist of solid attainments.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Albert Spalding's violin recital. J. A. Carpenter, Sonata for piano and violin; Reger, Sonata in A minor (for violin unaccompanied); Chausson, Poeme; Spalding, Suite in C major. Carpenter's Sonata, an interesting and original work in the "modern" vein, was first played here by Mr. and Mrs. Mannes. Chausson's "Poeme" was introduced here by Hugh Codman. It was afterward played by Ysaye. Mr. Spalding has grown steadily in his art and now holds a commanding position.

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Miss Florence Hinkle's song recital, her first in Boston. Vologeso da Capua, Dal sen del caro sposo; Haydn, Heller Blick; Monsigny, Il regardait mon bouquet; Purcell, Come Unto These Yellow Sands; Schubert, Du bist die Ruh, Auf dem Wasser zu singen; Loewe, Der Kukuk; Fourdrain, L'Oasis; Leoncavello, Serenata Francese; Vuillermoz, Jardin d'amour; Pierne, Les trois petits Chats blancs; Goring-Thomas, Le Baiser; Salter, Her Love Song; Old Scotch, My Heart is sair for somebody; Old English, A Pretty Duck; Old Irish, Lullaby, I Know Where I'm Goin'; Florida, April. The program is unusual, containing many unfamiliar songs. It is not necessary to dilate on the beautiful voice and the indisputable art of the singer.

FRIDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Ossip Gabrilowitsch's second piano recital. All the pieces are by Beethoven: Sonata, A major, op. 2, No. 2; Thirty-two Variations; Rondo in G major; Sonata in F minor (Appassionata); Sonata in A flat major, op. 110. This is the second concert of a series showing the development of music for the piano.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert by Miss Blanche Hamilton Fox, contralto, and Emiliano Renaud, pianist. Miss Fox, who began her musical education in this city, pursued her studies in Italy, where she sang in opera with marked success. She has also sung in opera in this country and in Mexico. Miss Fox will sing these songs: Brahms, Der Schmied, Minnelied, Wie melodien zieht es mir, Staendchen; Sinding, Sylvelin; d'Ozanne, Chanson Provencale; Mueller, Du fragst mich taglich; Dvorak, Als die alte Mutter; Chadwick, O Let Night Speak of Me; Quilter, Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal; Garnett, A Maypole Dance; Rogers, Autumn; Woodman, A Birthday; Fontenailles, Un Baiser; Massenet, Que l'heure est donc breve; Weckerlin, Je connais un Berger discret; Beach, Chanson d'amour; Bach-Gounod, Ave Maria. Mr. Renaud will play pieces by Bach-Tausig, Schumann, Renaud and Chopin.

There have been press-agents since the beginning of years. Nature herself is the supreme press-agent. "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handy work."

There are biographers of men now living who are only press-agents. The "social secretary" appointed in view of Mr. Wilson's coming marriage will undoubtedly include in his duties that of a press-agent, although certain newspapers, always eager to use that nauseating phrase "the first lady of the land," have anticipated his function. Punch years ago used to poke fun at the Morning Post for its court gossip and the general snobbish tone of editorial articles and news. There are persons in Washington, D. C., who would like a court journal established in that city. We have already been told how the betrothed of the President went a-shopping; what she bought, how she looked, what she said, what bystanders said, etc., etc. As soon as she is in the White House there will be greater material for the newspapers, and the honorable social secretary will no doubt be obliged to dictate and at the same time write with both hands to provide breakfast food for a palpitating public.

A virtuoso who will play here soon has a passionate press agent. He is not the first to send long in advance eulogistic accounts of his patron's artistic nature, long and rigorous training, successes in the leading cities of Europe, Arope, Irope and Orope, also in Zanzibar and Madagascar; but he is the first, we remember, to call in person with a stock of "special stories" of various lengths to suit every taste. There is a description of the young gentleman's violin. "Come, Prince, tell us of your palace on Lake Como." (We quote from memory, for we have not seen the play since the marvellous Fechter exclaimed: "Borline, I loaf you," and then turned the knees of all the adoring women, young and old, in the audience, to water, if we may be permitted to use the fine oriental figure of speech. There is a description of the instrument on which he plays. We are informed as to his daily life and conduct; what he thinks about the war; his opinion concerning universal suffrage, etc., etc.

Now this virtuoso is an excellent player, with high and purely artistic intentions as a musician. As a man he is simple, modest, well informed, an agreeable conversationalist, and, like Baptista Minola, an affable and courteous gentleman. How can he suffer himself to be thus heralded in true circus style?

War Note.

"The Kaiser? * * * you know he always takes with him, when he is moving about, his fourchette-coutcau? It's a knife and fork in one piece, and holding it in his only useful hand he is able to eat fish, game, meat and pastry. He is very fond of patisserie of all kinds."

The Original Squeers.

As the World Wags:

On Sept. 30 you stated that "The Herald discussed the statement that Dickens drew his Squeers from a schoolmaster named Shaw," but did not say when that discussion was in The Herald. Please give the date of the issue of The Herald which contained that discussion.

Brookline. OCCASIONAL.

See the editorial article about the original Mr. Squeers published in The Boston Herald of Sept. 24.—[Ed.

Another Johnson.

As the World Wags:

It is no shock to me, not in all probability to any one, to learn that one of Mr. Herkimer Johnson's sterling character should be charged to the bursting point with depression and distrust when seated in his high hat instead of his trousers. His own venerable hat, of ripe vintage, revered and respected—worn only on solemn occasions! Truly a depressing situation!

Even Mr. Pickwick, when he performed the humorous feat of casting his spectacles on the floor, although he might have thought it equally humorous to sit in his hat, would, I am sure, have caused a psycograph to whirl from an indication of pure joy to an indication of the depths of gloom if he had found himself deprived of his tights and gaiters!

H. J. L.

Boston, Oct. 29.

We have learned that Mr. M. Joliet is not personally acquainted with Mr. Herkimer Johnson. We are sure that Mr. Joliet has been tricked. His Mr. Johnson, who underwent a psycograph fest, is not our friend the eminent sociologist. We suspected this when we published Mr. Joliet's letter, for our, the world's, Mr. Johnson seldom wears a topper and would not be disconcerted if he were told that his trousers needed creasing and resembled the hind legs of an elephant. Furthermore, Mr. Herkimer Johnson has not been in town for a month or six weeks. No, no. Mr. Joliet may be acquainted with a party by the name of Johnson, but he has yet to know the sound sense and the philosophical indifference of the Sage of Clamport. We stop, lest our readers exclaim: "Too much Johnson."—Ed.

M'CORMACK HAS GREAT AUDIENCE

John McCormack, assisted by Donald McBeath, violinist, and Edwin Schneider, accompanist, gave a concert at Symphony Hall, yesterday afternoon, before an audience which filled every seat and stood three and four deep along the side walls of the lower floor.

Mr. McCormack's contribution to the program was plentiful, almost excessive; it was exceptionally varied in selection, ranging from Mozart to Kreisler and Chadwick; and it ran the scale of soothing poesy, dramatic climaxes and dialectic folk songs, Celtic, of course. He allotted himself four groups of songs, to which he added at least five others. Such an extended list would have led possibly to disaster had not the robust and agreeable tenor been in splendid voice and abundant good nature. He sang, as per the printed program "Un Aura Amorosa," Mozart; "Thou Art My Repose" and "At the Spring," Schubert; "Thine Image" and "Spirit Presence," Schumann; four Irish folksongs, "Draherin o' Machree," "As I Went-a-Walking," "Oh! Breathe Not His Name," and "The Cruiskeen Lawn"; and "When I am Dead," Chadwick; "The Time I've Lost in Wooing," Schminke; "The Old Refrain" (Viennese song), Fritz Kreisler, dedicated to the soloists, and "Morning."

Mr. McBeath played Bach's air on G string, a Rondino by Kreisler, on a theme by Beethoven, "Slavonic Dance," Dvorak-Kreisler, Cui's "Orientale" and D'Ambrosio's "Serenade." It might be said of Mr. McBeath's offerings, in passing, that an added number, Schumann's deathless "Traumerei," showed him at his best, for in deep, sustained passages appealing simply and fully to the emotions this youngish violinist makes his most enduring impressions. He interpreted Dvorak's Slavonic dance with due regard to the Sabbath, dulling the dashing rhythm quite to the point of concealment.

At the beginning and for fully 15 minutes later, Mr. McCormack was annoyed by the bustling entrance of latecomers. It was necessary for Mr. Schneider to strike aimless chords until a certain calm was secured, and this kept soloist and accompanist on tenterhooks. To those already seated the situation seemed outrageous.

Mr. McCormack undoubtedly sings well in concert, when he is in full possession of his stage, and is unhampered by the accoutrements of the opera. He is enabled to concentrate his faculties on the song of the moment, and therefore to polish and broaden and nearly perfect it. The two Schumann numbers, for instance, glowed with tenderness or rose to dramatic exaltation. Again, in Chadwick's sombre yet beautiful "When I am Dead," with its brilliant chromatic transitions, its finished verses, the singer struck deeply into the soul of every thrilled listener.

It was in the Celtic folk-songs that Mr. McCormack was in his happiest and gravest mood, as the song demanded. One felt the poignant grief in the simple "Draherin o' Machree" melody, the rare reverence expressed in "Mother Machree," an added number which was inevitable; and the joyous lilt and ingratiating brogue of "As I Went a Walking." Mr. McCormack, as well pleased with this as his delighted audience, repeated it eagerly. Through all, the voice of the soloist was always in full control, for sustained high tones, and even for the lower register, which does not always respond to tenor demand.

Mr. Schneider accompanied steadfastly and often brilliantly. He kept his instrument in sympathetic touch with the voice and was frequently of invaluable aid to Mr. McBeath.

Nov 2 1915

'OUTCAST' AND MISS FERGUSON

By PHILIP HALE.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Outcast," a play in four acts by Hubert Henry Davies. Produced at Wyndham's Theatre, London, Sept. 1, 1914, with Ethel Levey as Miriam and Gerald du Maurier as Geoffrey. Produced at Syracuse, N. Y., Oct. 26, 1914, with Miss Ferguson as Miriam and Charles Cherry as Geoffrey.

Geoffrey	David Powell
Hugh	Warburton Gamble
Tony	J. Woodall Birde
Taylor	Leslie Palmer
Miriam	Elsie Ferguson
Valentine	Gillian Scaife
Nelly	Nell Compton
Maid	Angela Lee Lewes

Miss Ferguson and Messrs. Gamble, Birde and Palmer took their respective parts in the performance at the Lyceum Theatre in New York.

What did the dramatist attempt to prove? His characters are life-like, though the actions of three of them may be judged extraordinary. At one time, as in the third act, it would seem to be his purpose to show that a street girl, raising herself to be the faithful mistress of a man, is a more worthy member of society than a highly respectable woman who sells herself at the altar to one whom she does not love. The idea is not original. We have all heard the statement many times. Yet in the last act we find this same street girl extolling marriage as a solemn thing, designed only for good women; it is their reward; therefore she is unwilling to marry her man, but delighted to go with him to Buenos Ayres as his companion.

Miriam had lived a gay life. She had queened it and queaned it at Monte Carlo; she had been a dancer in Paris; in each city she was deserted by her Croesus of a month or a week. As a young girl she had really loved a man in America. He, too, had abandoned her. Their child died of hunger. Penniless, in London, she is turned out of her room. However, she is not unaccustomed to the streets late at night.

Hugh and Tony happen to be consoling Geoffrey in his flat. He is low in his mind, for a Valentine, who jilted him, was married that day. For some time, broken-hearted, he had been taking drugs and whiskey. Hugh, a serious-minded person, lectures him. Tony, a light-headed, amiable youth, thinks it would amuse him if he should squirt soda water on a policeman beneath the window. He hits the prowling Miriam by mistake. Geoffrey insists on asking her up. He and she finally compare notes and agree to comfort one another.

But he still loves Valentine. She, a weak, vacillating, foolish thing, comes to his flat to see if he is really drinking

[illegible] He is we[illegible] and [illegible] He has provided [illegible] consoled him; she [illegible] hooks, he need not be ashamed of her still he hankers after Valentine, especially after he learns that she has left her husband.

Miriam is finally jealous. There is a stormy scene, far too long drawn out, with too many reproaches and arguments concerning what should be done with a mistress. Should the man marry her? Or should he free himself and see that she will not want.

Valentine comes to Geoffrey's flat again, ready to throw herself into his arms. Miriam enters, returns Geoffrey's check, saying that she does not want his money. She does not "spurn it" in the good old melodramatic manner; she is gentle and resigned. She faints, whereupon Valentine decides to go back to her husband instead of making the voyage to Buenos Ayres. Geoffrey thereupon extends the invitation to Miriam.

The play on the whole is interesting. The characters are deftly drawn; the dialogue with the exception noted is to the point. There is honest workmanship, although at times the machinery creaks. This third act, which we have said is too long, is dramatically well contrived, natural and effective. The last act seems to us in certain respects preposterous. We doubt if Miriam and Valentine would in life have deported themselves in such a decorous manner. As for Geoffrey, he reminds one of the ass between the two bottles of hay.

Miss Ferguson was delightful in the lighter scenes. There was the right frankness, the humor that was close to tears, the motion that was under restraint. Charming to the eye, she did not rely upon her natural gifts. In the [illegible] scene of the fourth act, she was pathetic in her desire to bear Geoffrey's name but when her jealousy was aroused, her rage and despair did not carry conviction. Here in her effort to be irresistibly emotional she began to whine. Her diction that had been full of delicate and expressive nuances suddenly became mannered and artificial. She played the final scene with a sweet dignity that was warmed by womanly devotion.

Miss Swaife gave a fair idea of the irreponsible Valentine.

Mr. Powell did not have an easy task. It is not possible to sympathize with Geoffrey, who is a Laodicean, not a man of strong passions, not fully appreciative of the love of Miriam, who had rescued him from drugs and made a man of him. No doubt if Valentine had agreed to run away with him and if Miriam had not then appeared on the scene, he would have found a pretext for postponing the trip. The part of the sententious and conservative Hugh was admirably played by Mr Gamble. Mr Burke made much of Tony.

A large audience was greatly interested. There were many curtain calls.

MORNING MUSICALE

The first of the Copley Plaza Morning Musicales, under the direction of Mr. S. Kronberg, took place yesterday morning. There was a large and interested audience. Concerts of this nature have been popular in New York for several years. They have been a feature of social life during the season. There is no reason why the concerts should not be equally popular in Boston. Mr. Kronberg has engaged artists of first-class reputation; the place and the hours are convenient; and after the concert there is opportunity for pleasant intercourse. D. H.

The concert yesterday was given by Mme Gadski and Mr. Sembach of the Metropolitan Opera House, Miss Beatrice Harrison, 'cellist, and Paul Eisler, accompanist. Mme. Gadski sang these songs: Schumann, Widmung, Weun ich früeh in den Garten geh; Schubert, Die Forelle; Brahms, Von ewiger Liebe; Bohm, Calm as the Night; Eisler, Marching Song; Gilmour, Slumber Song; Strauss, Serenade, and with Mr. Sembach the duet from act first of "Dusk of the Gods."

Mr. Sembach's selections were as follows: Schubert, Wohen, Am Feirabend, Trockene Blumen; Brahms, Vergebliches Staendchen, Strauss, Zueignung, the Prize Song from "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg." Miss Harrison played these pieces: Schumann, Adagio; Kreisler, Liebesleid; Becker, Largo; Cui, Orientale, Faposito, Irish jig; Handel Sarabande; Glazounov, Serenade.

Mme. Gadski was in excellent voice. She sang with a greater variety of expression than has sometimes been observed in her recitals here; with lightness when it was called for, but not with assumed archness, and she was effective in songs of a more emotional nature. Mr. Sembach made a favorable impression as Siegfried at the Stadium last season. He appeared here yesterday for the first time as a Lieder singer. His voice is an agreeable one, virile, yet accommodating itself to songs of an intimate nature. Occasionally in a climax he forgot that the ballroom of the Copley-Plaza is not an opera auditorium, but as a rule he sang with purer phrasing and a keener sense of nuances than is the habit with his deep-throated German brethren of the stage.

Not the least important feature of the concert was the fine playing of Miss Harrison, one of the very few violoncellists who outside of the orchestra are not noteworthy. She gives pleasure by her beautiful tone, her sure technic, and her exquisite musical taste. Among her selections Cui's Orientale was conspicuous by reason of its exotic quality.

The next morning musicale will be on Monday, Nov. 15.

ARMENIAN BENEFIT

Miss Frances Nevin, reader, and Miss Marion Tufts, pianist, interpreted "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg" yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall for the benefit of the Armenian sufferers. Miss Nevin is well known here and in other cities as something more than an elocutionist. Her readings are sympathetic and intelligent. In her description of Wagner's opera she was ably assisted by Miss Tufts, whose merits as a pianist have already been recognized. A second entertainment in aid of the Armenians will be given in Jordan Hall on Monday afternoon, Nov. 15, when "Haensel and Gretel" will be discussed in like manner.

The prayer of "L. N. B." and others who complained about the undue length of the Symphony concerts has been heard and granted—at least for the next concert. On the page of the program book announcing the next program is this statement: "The length of this program is one hour and three quarters."

Some have said that the programs themselves were not too long; the intermission was too long.

"Dimple of Fear"

As the World Wags:

Last night I heard a lecturer in describing the punishment of a child say that in the child's face would be seen the "dimple of fear." The phrase was said to be a quotation from an eminent American writer. Can any one tell me the name of this writer? D. N.

Boston, Oct. 30.

A Scottish Dinner

As the World Wags:

These are among the alluring lines on the bill of fare of the anniversary dinner of the London Burns Club, held at the Great Eastern Railway Hotel:

1. Fush: Big flukes biled, wi' rid crab gravy.
2. Rostit youre, wi' jeelie.
3. Rostit bubbly-jock and saussengers.
4. Shiverin' daurix (pentit a' colours).
5. A tithfu' o' the auld kirk.

I have official advice that the interpretations are:

1. Fish. Big flounders with red crab gravy.
2. Roast mutton and jelly.
3. Roast turkey and sausages.
4. Jelly of various colors.
5. Small glass of whiskey.

The program concluded with these suggestive lines

"Noo, Sandy, v'r foremaist, an' min' there's a turn i' the stair
"Your arm Mac, that's a man!"

The advice is for use after the last singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

Boston, Oct. 3. D. W. H.

"Bubbly-Jock," or "bubbly," for a turkey is also heard in Northumberland and Cumberland. We have read that a Duchess of Gordon wishing at table the leg of a turkey by the way it is Mr. Herkimer Johnson's preferred portion, and it is a grand sight to see him drawing it across his mouth with one hand while he holds the other aloft in silent ecstasy—asked her neighbor to "rax her the spaul o' that bubbly-jock." A deep thinker explains the term by saying that it probably came from the wattles hanging down from the front of the bird and the neck.—Ed.

Confusion of Terms

Mr. Oscar Hamilton Hale addressing the Rotary Club in Philadelphia—Hear the wheels go round!—"pointed out absurdities" in slang. "A man in low esteem these days is a mutt, a cheese, a dub, a low brow, a lobster, or a bloke."

This shows that Mr. Oscar Hamilton Hale is only an amateur in slang, without nice discrimination. For a "bloke" merely means a man. It is true that Barrere in his dictionary says it is used in a contemptuous sense, but he is sadly in error. "Generally speaking any idea of reproach or praise is absent," says the great authority. There is a wealth of quotation to this effect, from Mayhew, Sala, Kingsley, Ouida, Miss Braddon. The last named wrote: "The society of the aged bloke is apt to pull upon the youthful intellect." So runs the quotation, but should not "pull" be "pail"? A broadside ballad concerning the lord chancellor written about 1875 contains these lines:

And Dr. Kenealy, that popular bloke,
That extremely warm member, the member for Stoke,
Is about to succeed him, the lawyers to choke—
But, keep it dark!

Nor need a man, who is a good fellow, who is all right, be neccasarily "the whole cheese," as Mr. Hale insists. On the contrary, a cheese in English schools and universities is an adept; one that takes the shine out of another at anything. He is a cheese or the cheese. At Cambridge, Eng., an overdressed dandy is "a howling cheese."

Certainly the chorus girls and show girls do not hold a "lobster" in "low esteem."

"A girl is a chicken, a chippie, a tart, a queen, a squab, a daisy, a honey bunch, or a skirt." Will Mr. Oscar Hamilton Hale be saved through culpable ignorance? "Tart" may primarily have meant any girl, but for many years it has had only one meaning, and that highly derogatory. Witness Marie Lloyd's famous song that was once the joy of London music halls. If Mr. Hale will take the trouble to look at "Slang and Its Analogues," a highly instructive book, he will find six pages of synonyms for tart in English and French.

Perhaps Mr. Hale will decide the question whether a man, a bloke, would prefer to be called mutt, chump, bonehead or dub?

"Vulgarisms" of Dickens

While we are discussing words let us note the fact that a London journalist speaks of three "vulgarisms habitual" in all the novels of Dickens. He wrote "aggravate" for "irritate"; "that" for "so," as "that violent"; and "He was a good fellow, was Jack" for "a good fellow was Jack." As regards "aggravate" for "irritate" Dickens sinned in good company. We find the use or misuse in Richardson's "Clarissa" and Thackeray's "Virginians." "That" for "so" has been in common use in England for centuries. It is often heard in this country.

COLONIAL THEATRE—First production in Boston of "Watch Your Step," a musical show in three acts; music by Irving Berlin; "plot" by H. B. Smith. Principals in cast:

Estelle ..... Bunny Wendell
Ebenezer Hardacre ..... Harry Kelly
Ernesta Hardacre ..... Edna Bates
Joseph Lilyburn ..... Vernon Castle
Algy Cuffs ..... Charles King
Iona Ford ..... Mabel Callahan
Stella Sparks ..... Elizabeth Brice
Mrs. Vernon Castle ..... Mrs. Vernon Castle
Ann Marshall ..... Ethel Callahan
The Ghost of Verdi ..... Harry Ellis
A carriage caller at the opera, a pullman porter, a coat room boy ..... Frank Tinney

In the first place, the title has nothing to do with the Vernon Castle steps. It is a phrase in one of the songs in the piece, where passengers boarding a train are advised, "All aboard! Watch your step! Step lively!" etc. And this air of the unattached, the disjointed, the sudden, the unexpected runs through the whole show. Frankly does the program call it a "syncopated show." It is nothing else. The spirit of ragtime animates it all. It is an apothcosis of syncopation.

The "plot" is syncopated. It starts; it hesitates; it is lost; it is caught up again without warning in the whirl and then disappears entirely.

The scenes include a lawyer's office where a will is read and where ragtime typewriter girls rattle snycopated machines and dance the inevitable steps, Mrs. Castle's dancing school, called the "Palais de Fox Trot"; the Metropolitan Opera House, where the ladies wear horse-chestnut diamonds, made to glow with electric lights; a sleeping car, in which no one is going anywhere in particular, but where the wheels, the engine's toots and its bell are all syncopated, and a Fifth avenue cabaret, or "Home Life in New York."

There is, of course, an abundance of most excellent dancing, in which Mr. and Mrs. Castle take the lead. Their lithe and graceful movements, and particularly the swimming lightness of Mrs. Castle, are fascinating. They are well supported by Miss Brice, whose quaint vivacity charmingly supplements her dancing, and by Miss Wendell, Miss Bates and Mabel Callahan. There are good dancing men, too. Charles King has many lively steps to take and Harry Kelly, through his dancing is part of his jokes, shows that he can do any kind of ragtime if he tries. A chorus of lively and pretty girls in syncopated costumes shows a variegated assortment of trots.

The show is not all dancing by any means. Between whirls there is an abundance of good fun, with Vernon Castle one of the leaders. His ability is not confined to his legs. He is a comedian of the first rank. None of the company takes him too seriously and he jokes about his enormous earnings with the rest. Frank Tinney in his various characters leads in baiting him. In the sleeping car a terrific clanking and banging is heard. "They are loading on the Castle salary," says Tinney.

Kelly, Tinney and Castle furnish most of the laughs and they supply them liberally. Harry Ellis, as the Ghost of Verdi, protesting against making ragtime of his operas, does some real singing and displays a voice of beauty and splendor.

EVELYN NESBIT BACK AT B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE

Several Attractive Numbers on This Week's Bill.

The act of Evelyn Neabit and Jack Clifford at B. F. Keith's Theatre is much the same as the one used in their last appearance at this house. There is a slight variation in Miss Neabit's songs and all the old dances are retained. To be sure, Miss Nesbit has gained in assurance. She creates the impression of being more at ease, but lacking the essentials of a singer—though with a certain pleasing tone. Her voice might be described as one for the parlor rather than for the stage. The dances, too, are nothing more than variations of the steps familiar to the ballroom dancer.

Marie Nordstrom, in private life Mrs. Henry E. Dixey, offers an unusually good number in her monologue, "Bits of Acting." Hitherto appearing only on the legitimate stage, or in support of her husband in vaudeville, she has used the transition as the backbone of her act.

One of the best acts on the bill was that of Eddie Leonard and company in "The Minstrel's Return." Mr. Leonard's voice is one that lends itself with special facility to the song of the minstrel. Nor is his dancing the least interesting feature of his act. In what we used to call the "kid glove" step it was a pleasure to watch his every move; there was dancing that the dancer as well as the audience enjoyed; there was the absence of laborious endeavor.

Julian Rose created much laughter in his Hebrew characterizations. Irene and Bobbie Smith were heard in a singing act that gave Miss Bobbie an opportunity to do some work that suggested Eva Tanguay. Mr. and Mrs. Norman Phillips made much fun out of their sketch, "Sweets to the Sweet," that was built on jealousy and marital bickerings. Weber, Doland and Frazer have a snappy singing act. Claude M. Roode pleased in a slack-wire act and the Five Belmonts were seen in a diabolo and hoop act.

"The Battle Cry of Peace," with Charles Richman, Elaborate Production.

Peace with preparedness, and power behind that peace, are the keynotes of "The Battle Cry of Peace," a film propaganda in three parts, shown at the Majestic Theatre last evening for the first time in this city. J. Stuart Blackton wrote the scenario, Wilfrid North directed the production, and Charles Richman, an actor of many parts on the legitimate stage in the past 20 years, was featured as the "star." The cast was:

John Harrison ..... Charles Richman
Mr. Emanon ..... L. Rogers Lytton
Charley Harrison ..... James Morrison
Mrs. Harrison ..... Mary Maurice
Mrs. Vandergriff ..... Louise Beaudet
Mr Vandergriff ..... Harold Hurbert
Poet Scout ..... Capt. Jack Crawford
Vandergriff's son ..... Evart Overton
Alice Harrison ..... Belle Bruce
Virginia Vandergriff ..... Norma Talmage
Dorothy Vandergriff ..... Lucille Hammill
The Invader ..... Tefft Johnson
The Executioner ..... Harry Northrop
Butler ..... George Stevens
Columbia ..... Thais Lawton
The War Monster ..... Lionel Braham
Gen. Lee ..... E. M. Holland
George Washington ..... Joseph Kilgour
Gen. Grant ..... Paul Scardon
Abraham Lincoln ..... W. J. Ferguson
Napoleon ..... William Humphrey

Commodore Blackton has plied his pen trenchantly. Obsessed by the fear that the United States, through present lack of a mobile army and an adequate navy, would be at the mercy of any invading power, he has laid his preachment on pigment, or, to be up to date, on the screen, with heavy and unsparing hand. He has scoured statistics and reviewed page on page of national history to impress upon the people of this country that, in proportion to the nation's resources, wealth and possible fighting force, we are so meanly equipped and so wofully unprepared to cope with and resist invasion that our position as a nation is ridiculous and portentous of possible annihilation. In the third and final section especially, in which alternate in quick succession statements of prominent men, past and present; statistics of comparison showing the strength, military and naval of various foreign powers, and pictorial illustration of our present prosperity and what might happen to ruin it, Commodore Blackton gives evidence of the sincerity of his efforts and of the tirelessness of his labors to present in effective fashion a nation-wide warning against falsely based feelings of security.

With the collaboration of the secretary of the navy he has been able to secure authentic pictures of the American navy in action; through the aid of the nation's leading military officials he has been able to give on the screen a series of military alignments, offensive and defensive, which are inspiring in the extreme. And through it all is the genius which has enabled Commodore Blackton and his collaborators to assemble these features in dramatic sequence and to make them point, ominously though it be, the moral of his tale.

The locale of "The Battle Cry of Peace" is laid in New York. The scenes, in rapid sequence, show the possible reduction of the metropolis to ruins through the superior forces of a nameless hostile force and by the impotency of the defending army and navy. Woven in and out is a slender, very slender story of a wealthy man who believes in peace only and is blind to all warnings as to his country's preparedness. In the end that man and his family perish, and their ends are not pleasant to see. The pictures in themselves are splendid, the semblance of the bombardment and destruction are wonderfully obtained, and versimilitude is heightened by very effective accessories behind the screen and by the orchestration supplied by a nameless genius.

No matter how elaborate may be a film-play in these days, the average

... [illegible] on so n [illegible] It [illegible] be found here with Mr Richman, [illegible] Rogers Lytton, as the spy of the [illegible] nation Louise Beaudet Nor[illegible] Talmage, Harold Hurbert, [illegible] [illegible]ll, Travis Lawton, Joseph Kilgour, C. M. Holland and many others whose [illegible] and portraits are well known to motion picture votaries.

Am [illegible]

Kneisel Quartet Gives Fine Program in Steinert Hall.

By PHILIP HALE.

The Kneisel Quartet gave its first concert of the 31st season last evening in Steinert Hall. Carl Friedberg, pianist, assisted. The program was as follows: Haydn, Quartet in D major, op. [illegible] No. 4 (first time at these concerts). Chopin, Sonata in G minor for 'cello and piano, Mr. Willeke and Mr. Friedberg (first time at these concerts); Ravel, Quartet in F major.

Haydn's quartet was a novelty to the great majority of the hearers, if not to all of them. It is in a somewhat different vein from those usually put on a program. It has been said that whatever Haydn wrote is well written. Some might prefer to say "well made." When no other praise can be awarded, this phrase is often used. But Haydn had ideas for his excellent workmanship. In this quartet there is the workmanship; there is also a freer fancy than in many of the other quartets; one might say a more careless spirit. The second movement is more in Haydn's customary vein, and the minuet has the heavy accents of rough jollity. There were other Haydns besides the familiar one known as "Papa," who is always described as amiable and gay, but in a rather precise manner.

There has been a difference of opinion concerning the merits of Chopin's 'cello sonata. One's judgment depends somewhat on his reverence for the strict sonata form. What matters it whether this music is not inexorably according to the rules? Taking the liberal view, one can say without blasphemy that this sonata is not among the most poetic or even the most interesting of the composer's works. The performance was in the heroic vein, which to our mind does Chopin injury. We should have preferred a more romantic, a subtler interpretation; not one that was loudly objective.

Ravel's quartet was composed in 1902-03. The Kneisels brought it out in Boston nine years ago next month, when the composer was known here only by a few piano pieces. Since that time we have heard some of his orchestral works. At first it was the fashion to say that Ravel was a mere imitator of Debussy. He owes much to Chabrier; something perhaps to Debussy and the [illegible]; but he has a voice of his own, and it is charming. In the quartet he is more than an impressionist. An audience insisting that a composer should belong to the Law and Order League should not condemn Ravel; for there is logical continuity in this music if one takes the trouble to follow it. Hearing such works, one realizes that music without words, costumes and scenery may be the more dramatic, impressive, emotional. The Kneisels played the quartet as that of Haydn's in a most sympathetic and artistic manner.

The next concert will be on Tuesday evening, Nov. 30.

Some men left home yesterday morning with smooth words and fair promises. There was joy in the household. But as an illustrious member of the Porphyry remarked the other day, "When a man is in his little stall at the polls alone with God and his lead pencil, who knows how he will vote?"

Society Note

A secret service man appointed to protect Mrs. Edith Galt when she was shopping in New York was "bored" because no one paid any attention to them. Bored? In company with her? Perhaps she does not live up to her pictures in public print; or perhaps it was because he was obliged to walk, for we are told that she "scorned the hansom cab and the taxi."

Their Terrible Approach

Flamboyant advertising of pianists goes bravely on. One bill board shows a man with his head thrown back, as though he were Ajax defying the lightning, with a mighty hand uplifted, truly a snorting smiter. The legend is "The Master Pianist." Another pianist is boomed as "The Poet of the Piano"; whereas young Mr. Ornstein is heralded as "The Ultra-Modern Pianist." Or look at Mr. Percy Grainger on the billboard, "a frightened Byron, glowering from an ocean of shirt collar."

At Recitals.

Mr. Algernon St. John Brennon, who writes brilliantly for the Morning Telegraph of New York, has been attending recitals for many years. He studied the appearance and behavior of audiences, when the pianist, singer, fiddler did not interest him. Here is his description of them:

"They (recitals) mean more often than not, an audience that reminds us of that celebrated gathering which the evangelist tells us was finally persuaded to enjoy the festival to which for some reason only known to themselves the guests originally invited to attend had neglected to come. Perhaps they had heard the rumor that the banquet was to be followed by a recital by a shawmist or a sackbuttist, or a timbrelist, or possible an oration-recital by St. David Bispliamlus. Ah! I know them—those recital audiences, gaunt, dowdy women with cotton waists made to fit figures that possess the buxom gracefulness of a ham sandwich; angular matrons, that get shoved into Aeolian Hall during the fight to get into the bargain counters at the great drapery store near by; weak vessels from the more recherche and intellectual quarters of the Bronx who, in a moment of enthusiasm, instantly regretted, had accepted two tickets from an overbearing and missionary friend of Herr Schlaubersdorff's to hear Herr Schlaubersdorff's astonishing technic; frightened school girls slave-driven to their agony by Legrees of piano teachers; the Mlles. de Scuderys of Brooklyn Heights; undersized men with greasy, olive skins, disordered hair and beady, shifty, brown eyes; frightened human herds from the sweet Auburns along the desolate tracks of the Saharic Erie, hounded into the concert room by unrelenting agents of merciless ferocity and diabolical persistence; moon-eyed yawps from Connecticut, and the frowzy riff-raff of the studios."

A Postal Card

Mr. C. E. Doubtfire of Centreville encloses a postal card from his brother somewhere in France, a sergeant-major in the Scottish rifles. Mr. Doubtfire wishes the people in this country to realize what the Y. M. C. A. is doing for the men in the field. "You will notice the censor mark following letters B. E. F., so that the regiment's whereabouts shall not be known. My mother has told me this is the only communication they get at home until a soldier is killed or sent back crippled."

Here is the modest postal card with Y. M. C. A. in one corner, the letters in black across an inverted triangle: "Dear Mother, Father and Girls: Just a line to you all. We have not much time here just now. Things are busy, but I am well. Big battle over. Write soon and tell me some news about you all." The postal card is dated Oct. 4. Note the absence of all heroics.

Food in Germany

Contractors providing the meals for prisoners of war advertise in newspapers of Berlin: "Why buy expensive butcher's meat when whale's flesh can be had instead? It's nicer, better and more nourishing than any other meat, and only costs $7.50 a cwt." There's a page in Mellville's "Moby Dick" about whole steaks. Stubbs—we think it was Stubbs, not Starbuck, certainly not Captain Ahab—liked them nearly raw. Not long ago we read of a project somewhere on the Pacific coast to establish a factory for canning whale meat. In Charlottenburg egg powder is advertised. For two cents enough can be obtained to replace two real eggs.

Triumphant Bad Taste

Perhaps the French airmen visiting Stuttgart wished to destroy the Museum of Industrial Art "for the reception of the worst specimens of German art." It is officially styled the Museum of Bad Taste. The building must be gigantic.

Was there not once an exhibition of bad taste in New York? We remember it vaguely. Was not the first prize awarded to the Venus of Milo with an eight-day clock in her belly?

Nov. 4, 1915

'A PLACE IN THE SUN' GIVEN AT

By PHILIP HALE.

TOY THEATRE—First performance in the United States of "A Place in the Sun," a play in three acts by Cyril Harcourt. Produced at the Comedy Theatre, London, Nov. 3, 1913.

Agnes	Viola Compton
Rose Blair	Alice Moffat
Dick Blair	Cyrit Harcourt
Mrs. Montrie	Vivienne Whitaker
Arthur Blagden	Cecil Cameron
Marjorie Capel	Gipsy O'Brien
Stuart Capel	Robert Rendel
Sir John Capel, Bart	Henry Crocker
Parsons	Homer Harbour

Mr. Harcourt was already known here by his amusing comedy "A Pair of Silk Stockings." Last night he appeared as dramatist, actor and producer.

"A Place in the Sun" is also amusing, but in an unusual manner, for the amusement comes chiefly from the curious treatment of a seduction under promise of marriage. The motive is an old one. Sir John's son seduces Rose Blair. He refuses to marry her for two reasons: his father will no longer support him, and he himself shrinks from a marriage beneath him. Rose is a nice girl, and her brother Dick has written books that have given him reputation and a comfortable income, but they had lived on a farm while the Capels had lived in the Hall near by.

The Capels are an interesting family. Sir John is a familiar figure, a cross, blustering, bullying old conservative English baronet with respectable white siders, always threatening to cut off his children, even without the traditional shilling. The son is lazy, selfish, a good for nothing with an amazing flow of flippant talk. Yet he is not devoid of sense. He has no illusions about himself. He knows he is worthless and characterizes himself in a bitterly epigrammatic manner. The daughter, Marjorie, a pretty girl, vies with her brother in treating her father impertinently; a decidedly advanced young woman, rather fresh. The Capel's house was no place for a quiet and sensitive visitor.

When Blair learns from his sister that she is with child, he calls on young Capel at the family mansion and demands that he shall marry Rose. The scene is amusing — not a bit melodramatic—incredible. Even a literary man would not argue so coolly the reasonableness of his proposition, nor would any seducer, except possibly in a drama of the Restoration, be so collected and sparkling in defending his position. Sir John is called in, and Blair asks him what he would say if he had compromised Marjorie and then came asking to restore her good name. What would Sir John do? Fortunately Marjorie, through the thoughtfulness of the dramatist, is on the stairs. She overhears the conversation and forms a plan.

Late at night she visits Blair's flat in seductive evening attire, determined to be compromised. Blair tells her he has loved her for seven years—the Biblical period of devotion—and she admits that her unconfessed love has been of the same duration. She insists on being compromised. She has seen to it that her visit is known to gossips, and she has left a note for Sir John. Drunken Blagden, a former suitor of Rose, comes in. So does young Capel, seeking his sister. When he learns of her determination to wed Blair, he braces up and will accept poverty with Rose. Rose, by the way, is out and thus causes much distress; but she comes in, saying she had been to look at the river. Sir John relents and there is talk of a bank account for his son.

It will be seen that the drama is built with old-fashioned material. The entertainment comes from the dialogue. The egoism and cynicism of young Capel, the rudeness of young Blagden—a character that promised much at the beginning, but is again introduced only in a scene where he is drunk and chattering—are amusing. So is the pertness of Miss Marjorie. But the spectator quickly loses sight of poor Rose, and forgets her trouble in listening to flowers of speech and epigrams. Mr. Harcourt, however, has put on the stage three well-defined and unusual characters: The young Capels and Blagden. One might wish that preserving the three he had made the emotional side more convincing, more pathetic.

Perhaps it was the fault of Mr. Harcourt, the actor, that the dominating impression left was that made by comedy in dialogue. Only once in a while did Blair seem to be tortured by the thought of his wronged sister. In the second act he reminded one of a debater knowing that he had the losing side of the argument as far as the judges were concerned. Miss O'Brien, a very attractive young woman, was delightfully insolent and self-assured. Mr. Rendel gave an excellent impersonation of young Capel, and Mr. Cameron at once refined Blagden's character by word and action. The stage settings were appropriate. An audience that filled the theatre showed hearty approval. Mr. Harcourt was called out many times, but he did not make a speech or say in a few words how glad he was to be in Boston, etc., etc.

The circles of our felicities make short arches.

Julia Arthur.

The New York Evening Post said of Miss Julia Arthur, who played last Monday night in New York in "The Eternal Magdalene": "Miss Arthur, as the wandering Magdalene, has only to pose gracefully and speak with measured emphasis. She succeeds admirably in doing both. She is an impressive and attractive figure, still endowed with the charms of youth. She was cordially received and heartily applauded, and she, evidently, is in enjoyment of her full capacities."

A Good Word.

To those who are fond of mouth-filling words we commend "epicosmecalosomatist." It is not in any dictionary at hand, not even in the huge Oxford dic-

[illegible] Notes and Queries [illegible] from Lord William Pitt Lennox's recollections. "He gives it in connexion with remarks on 'new names of old trades,' and explains it as 'body decorator'—or in plain language—tailor."

The "Bloody Shirt."

Mr. Albert J. Edmunds of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania writes in the same number of Notes and Queries (Oct. 23) that the phrase "the bloody shirt" used by mischievous politicians in making capital out of the Civil War apparently was coined in France. "Lewis Cass in his 'France, its King, Court and Government' (New York, 1840, p. 49), tells us that Leon Foucher, when criticising Guizot, observed: 'It is by spreading out the miseries of the workmen, the bloody shirt of some victim, the humiliation of all, that the people are excited to take arms.' The passage first appeared in 'The Democratic Review' for April, 1840, p. 370."

Sticks Again.

Some of our correspondents have had much to say about walking-sticks, canes, their character, their significance, their symbolism; they have dilated on the etiquette of the stick. Curiously enough about the same time paragraphs about the cane appeared in London newspapers that have recently come to us. It is now proposed in London to send disused walking sticks to the convalescent soldiers on short walking tour from the hospital. "Maybe the walking stick may come into fashion again after having slept for some years beside the umbrella in the hall stand, and gain a useful place in the equipment of the man in the street." And then the writer dips into history and anecdotage. "In ancient Athens the citizen found abroad with his bacterion or walking-stick was suspected of evil doing. The Oxford man of the eighties dared not appear in the streets in mufti without a walking-stick. Between those periods there is a fine field for the curious searcher after sticks."

Is the first of these statements true? We know from Xenophon that Socrates sported a cane. A cynic going about with a stick, begging, was called a baktroprosaites. We also know that canes were taken to political meetings: witness the old story ending, "Strike, but hear me!" The word for staff, later cudgel, was baktron. Bakterion was the diminutive.

As a matter of fact the Greeks, to use the word Leigh Hunt coined, were a sceptrophcrous people. The coinage was not happy. A sceptre is hardly the same as a walking-stick. The Romans also were given to canes. Hunt complained before 1830 that sticks were not then in such request as they were. He chatted agreeably about the Bamboo, the Whanghee, the Jambee imported from the Indies; the gold-headed cane once with the wig the badge of the physician's office, the smooth amber-colored canes, sometimes with a gold head, oftener with a crook of ivory, dear to old ladies.

Some one on the staff of the Daily Chronicle has a malacca sword cane which was the property of a fashionable Savile-row physician. It is a foot or more longer than the stick of today, and was carried something like a pilgrim's staff. The touch of a spring changed it into a rapier.

The Praise of the Stick.

"It supplies a man with inaudible remarks, and an inexpressible number of graces. Sometimes, breathing between his teeth, he will twirl the end of it upon his stretched-out toe; and this means, that he has an infinite number of easy and powerful things to say, if he had a mind. Sometimes he holds it upright between his knees, and tattoos it against his teeth or underlip, which implies that he meditates coolly. On other occasions he switches the side of his boot with it, which announces elegance in general. Lastly, if he has not a bon-mot ready in answer to one, he has only to thrust his stick in your ribs, and say, 'Ah! you rogue!' which sets him above you in an instant, as a sort of patronizing wit, who can dispense with the necessity of joking."

Some Famous Sticks.

A book might be written about famous walking-sticks. "Take, for instance, the history of the favorite stick of Gen. Booth, which rested by his deathbed. Years ago in Paris the general converted a notorious Anarchist, and soon after his return to England received from his convert a piece of string with the request that it should be knotted to show the length of the general's walking-stick. The request was complied with, and presently a beautifully carved stick was received, the work of his convert's own hands, which the general carried ever after." There was the stick which Sir Richard Steele jerked against the pavement as he walked. For this trick he was reproached. There was the cane with which Dr. Johnson threatened to beat Foote, the actor; also the immense oak stick that he lost on the treeless island of Mull. He knew it would not be restored. "Consider, sir, the value of such a piece of timber here." There is the cane with which Macklin, the player, poked a man's eye out. For this he was tried for his life.

ALBERT SPALDING GIVES RECITAL ON VIOLIN

Generously Adds to Program for Appreciative Audience.

Mr. Albert Spalding gave a recital of modern compositions for the violin yesterday afternoon at Jordan Hall. Andre Benoist was the accompanist. The program was as follows: Carpenter sonata; Reger, sonata in A minor for violin alone; Chausson, Poeme; Spalding, suite in C.

Carpenter's sonata was first played here by Mr and Mrs. Mannes. Songs by the same composer, sung by Mme. Culp, John McCormack and others, have increased familiarity with his music. In the sonata Mr. Carpenter is not at his best. He dabbles endlessly in changing tonalities. There is little display of originality, no irresistible flow of melody. The composer's themes are not imposing by reason of their haunting beauty or emotional significance. The first movement is fragmentary, cluttered with episodes which succeed each other. Although there are recurring hints at a climax, none is reached. The second and third movements suffer from the same over elaboration. The last is the simplest and most appealing. There is pleasing contrast, a regard for form and continuity. The opening mood of pastoral gayety changes to a middle section of a poetic nature. A repetition of the first mood brings the movement to a close. On the whole it is as though the young Chicago business man, invoking the spirit of the modernists, had been mocked by the muse.

Reger's work is a showy piece, but the audience needed no such overwhelming proof of Mr. Spalding's ability. *K. H.*

Chausson's Poeme has been played in Boston by its most eloquent and sympathetic interpreter, Eugene Ysaye, and other violinists. It is emotional music. In the composer's inspiration came more readily from his heart than from his intellect. A pupil of Cesar Franck, the work bears unmistakable marks of the composer's apprenticeship.

Mr. Spalding's methods are well known. His art is constantly growing in depth and maturity. A serious musician, his facility is conspicuous and his technical accomplishments imposing. His tone is generally beautiful and he plays with taste and intelligence. Mr. Ysaye's interpretation of the Poeme ... passionate, poignantly ecstatic, ... nearly to reflect the spirit of the ... but Mr. Spalding brings interesting and youthful freshness, vitality and energy to the work. He played with gave life to Reger's sonata. His own suite, played not aggressively though con amore, is not without distinction.

Mr. Benoist, an admirable pianist, played excellent accompaniments.

An audience of fair size was warmly appreciative and Mr. Spalding generously added to the program.

November 5 1915

Certain physicians of this town returning from service in British army hospitals in France have grown mustaches. They say these mustaches were officially ordered.

The first authoritative "History of Whiskers" has yet to be written. There is the "Pogonologie ou Histoire Philosophique de la Barbe," by "M. J. A. D.," published at Paris in 1786. The eighth chapter treats of mustaches. The question whether they were invented by the Arabs or the Abantes is not yet fully determined. We are told that when Philip V. mounted the throne of Spain, he did not wish to sport a beard or a mustache, so his people to their sorrow were forced to follow his example. When Louis XIII reigned in France the mustache was the special care of gallants. The Count de Bouteville, a famous duelist, condemned to death, saw the executioner about to cut off his mustache, an unusually fine one. Instinctively he put up his hand to protect it, whereupon the bishop of Mantes, his spiritual consoler, said: "My son, you should no longer think of this world." The author hoped that some one would be brave enough to bring back the cult of the mustache. He quoted from the "Elemens d'Education" (1640). "I have a good opinion of any gentleman that is anxious to have a handsome mustache. The time he takes in arranging it and caring for it is not wasted. The more he has considered it, the more his soul should be nourished with manly and courageous thoughts."

Johnson and Ouida.

This little book of 210 pages, written by J. A. Dulaure is not the elaborate history demanded by the sociologist. Mr. Herbert Johnson, we remember, has collected a vast amount of material for the volume in which he will treat the subject. He once showed us an envelope of clippings collected in only a week. There was a description of Jean Coulon of Montluçon, whose beard in 1902 was ... inches long and his mustache ... and a half long—his portrait was once printed in The Herald. There was the story of Belle Chadsey, a barber in ... whose sex was finally detected by a ... lady in Niagara Falls, N. Y. ... there was an account of 150 women barbers in Chicago, 15 years ago, pathetic tales of women who cut off their hair and placed it in the coffins of their husbands; also the story of George Sand sending her hair to Alfred de Musset as a peace offering. We do not remember any clipping about "the military" mustache. "A Clean Shaven Correspondent" wrote to the Daily Chronicle of London: "It has been affirmed that a mid-Victorian craze among people in high places for the romances of Ouida was responsible for the decree."

In Ouida's novels the mustache of the blue-eyed but desperately wicked young guardsman always drooped. We have not read the romances for years, not since Dolly Bidwell and her company in "Strathmore" aroused our enthusiasm at Exeter, N. H., in school days; but if we are not mistaken one of her guardsmen was always "wringing the sparkling Moselle from his amber mustache"; or was it "wringing the amber Moselle from his drooping mustache"? Some day, when we are old enough, we purpose to reread the novels and also learn the game of golf. After that, feet in hot water, a basin of gruel, and bed at 8:30 o'clock. But we digress.

The Army Mustache

The correspondent of the Chronicle sketches the fortunes of the mustache in the British army. The ends were waxed; the mustache "got into fighting kit," when the army moved forward to the march. During the last 10 years of internal struggle, the subaltern, having "chafed under the discipline of a mustache of unattainable dimensions," threw off the yoke, and walked the streets in the light of day "with his charter of freedom under his very nose." This was the tooth-brush variety. The authorities compromised. Mustache ends stuck by wax were voted down.

The arrival of Charlie Chaplin marked a new epoch. "It is not outraging the decencies of language to say that the Higher Command literally quivered in their tunics. When they saw the twin murky dabs of dusky fluff that Charlie Chaplin wears on his upper lip they realized how far rebellion may be carried within the law. The subaltern, no less perturbed, could have kicked himself when he saw how far short he had fallen in his design upon authority. The 'tooth-brush' mustache was a luxuriant Brazilian forest to Charlie Chaplin's mobile scrub." And so certain of the Higher Command Charlie Chaplinized their mustaches. The rebellion of the subaltern has countered by "the irreducible minimum of labial fuzz. He can and probably will imitate his superior officer. Unless he can grow two moles under his nose I see no hope for him."

The Story of a Stick

As the World Wags:

Let me contribute to the forthcoming volume of anecdotes about famous walking-sticks. It is a story of a man made illustrious by his son and his cane.

The father of Andrew Marvell had entertained at his house a young woman who although the night was stormy insisted on returning home across the Humber; otherwise her family would be alarmed. The old gentleman vainly endeavored to dissuade her. Knowing the danger of the passage, he resolved to accompany her. As he was getting into the boat he threw his walking-stick to a friend on shore and asked him to preserve it as a keep-sake. Then gaily crying out, "Ho-hoy for heaven!" he rowed off with his visitor. They were drowned. GEORGE P. BOLIVAR.

Beverly, Nov. 4.

Conscription

George Meredith had this to say about compulsory service: "The fear of death is the real cause of the English objection to conscription. Men come to me and say their trade would suffer, or they could not spare two years from their apprenticeship. Their real meaning is that they are afraid of being called out and getting shot at. Every manly nation submits to universal service. In the present state of the world it counts among the necessities for safety. But nothing short of an invasion and the capture of London would induce England to think of it seriously. George Gissing argued indignantly against conscription in his delightful semi-autobiographical musings of Henry Ryecroft.

MISS HINKLE

Miss Florence Hinkle gave her first recital in Boston yesterday afternoon at Jordan Hall. Richard Hageman was the accompanist. The program was as follows: Da Capua, "Dal Sen del Caro Sposo"; Haydn, "Heller Blick"; Monsigny, "Il Regardait Mon Bouquet"; Purcell, "Come Unto These Yellow Sands"; Schubert, "Du Bist die ruh," "Auf dem Wasser Zu Singen"; Loewe, "Der Kukuk"; Schumann, "Meine Rose"; Strauss, "Schlagende Herzen"; Fourdrain, "L'Oasis"; Leoncavallo, Serenata Francese; Vuillermoz, Jardin d'Amour; Ulerne, "Ils etaient trois petits chats blancs"; Goring-Thomas, Le Baiser; Salter, Her Love Song; Old Scotch, "My Heart Is Sair for Somebody"; Old English, "A Pretty, Pretty, Ducke"; Old Irish, Lullaby, "I Know Where I'm Goin'"; Florida, April.

Miss Hinkle's voice, her consummate art, her intelligent and interesting interpretations held the attention of a justly admiring audience throughout the afternoon. The Herald has often praised this singer's excellence. She has at her command a rare mastery of technic, while her voice of unusual beauty is deftly colored in emotional expression. All the familiar qualities of her singing were apparent yesterday afternoon, the flawless management of breath, the impeccable attack and dismissal of phrases, the ease and flexibility in florid passages, the fine diction. *K.H.*

The songs in the first group, the air from Rinaldo da Capua's "Vologeso," and the songs by Haydn, Monsigny and Purcell presented technical difficulties that were as though unconsciously surmounted. Loewe's song was sung with appropriate lightness and sense of humor, yet it is unworthy of the singer. Strauss's "Schlagende Herzen," amorous, though far less easily sung than some of his more purple and passionate appeals that singers are fond of shouting at the end of a group, revealed a wealth of imagination and telling contrast.

As an interpreter Miss Hinkle displayed greater spontaneity and variety of expression than she has hitherto fully revealed. Her singing of the songs by Schubert was a feature of the concert, while in Fourdrain's tropical, "L'Oasis," Goring-Thomas's "Le Baiser" and Vuillermoz's "Jardin d'Amour" there was quiet intensity, amorous exaltation, ardor, irresistible, though controlled.

Nov 6 1915

There is no book on the etiquette of concert-giving, yet there are some unwritten rules for behavior. In New York many have complained against the needless repetition of a composition within a week or a fortnight. Often a symphony has been performed two or three times within a short space of time by local and visiting orchestras. This repetition may be accidental. For example, Dr Muck, going to New York, may have planned a month in advance to perform a certain symphony. A week before his arrival the Philharmonic or the New York Symphony orchestra may play the same symphony.

Sometimes a visiting conductor may deliberately forestall a resident conductor. Mr. Walter Damrosch, who will bring his orchestra here this month, published his program in advance. It contained two pieces by Delius that had not been played here. Suddenly he strikes them out and substitutes J. A. Carpenter's suite, "Adventures in a Perambulator." Now this suite had already been announced as a novelty here by the management of the Boston Symphony orchestra.

Last season Mr. Josef Stransky played the same trick by suddenly adding Stravinsky's "Fireworks" to the program already sent on.

The trick is not a pretty one.

The Common Tart.

As the World Wags:

I have no doubt that the Porphyry Club is a more select institution than the Rotary one. Likewise I am sure the Rotary Club is never honored by such distinguished personages as Messrs. Golightly, Herkimer Johnson and your own important self.

The more reason why you should have treated Mr. O. H. Hale with a little more than ordinary consideration. Although he may be wrong as regards "bloke," he is certainly right about "tart."

Any lad in the lowlands of Scotland will tell you that "tart" means girl, lass, and that the word has no derogatory meaning whatever.

After all, even such eminent philologists as Marie Lloyd are powerless in shaping a language, and even your well-stocked reference shelves are too narrow for the accommodation of all the changes introduced by the makers of languages—the people.

LAWRENCE M MARTIN.

Boston, Nov. 2.

Mr. Oscar Hamilton Hale is probably not a Scot. We do not think for a moment that he wore a kilt when he addressed the Rotary Club of Philadelphia on "Slang," or performed a Highland fling to the demoniac skirl of the bagpipes. Furthermore, he was not talking about slang as heard in the lowlands of Scotland. The word "tart" in English and American slang has had for many years only one meaning. Two quotations from London newspapers are illuminative:

1887. Morning Post: "The paragraph referred to the young ladies in the chorus at the Avenue and spoke of them as 'tarts.' It was suggested on the part of the prosecution that the word 'tart' really meant a person of immoral character."

1894. Daily News. "Some of the women described themselves as 'tarts,' and said they got their living in the best way they could."—Ed.

"Cheese" and "Cheese It."

As the World Wags:

Referring to yourself of Nov. 2 on slang. For all your amazing range, you're a bit too classical. I doubt whether the Cantabrigian sense of "cheese," as in "a howling cheese," ever reached this side. Certainly it has not spread except in the single expression "the whole cheese," wherein "cheese" has long ceased to specify a type of human being and come merely to symbolize solid and exclusive importance. Our common "cheese" is a mutt or dub, quite as Mr. Oscar Hamilton Hale stated, as frequently in the serial cartoonists' "'y poor cheese!" Absence from anything serviceable as a Mutt and Jeff concordance prevents my giving references. What can you tell us about "cheese it"?

Nov. 3. NEW HAMPSHIRE.

We again remark that to call a man "a cheese" is not necessarily to disparage him. For years "the cheese," "the Stilton," "the double Gloucester," "the pure Limburger" has been applied to anything first rate or highly becoming. There are various derivations. The term has been traced to the Anglo-Saxon "ceosan," the German "kiesen," the French "chose," the Persian "chez," the Hindu "cheez." Col. Yule says that the expression was common among young Anglo-Indians. "My new Arab is the real chiz"—that is, the real thing; but the phrase was heard in England and in this country before Yule wrote. In Haliburton's "Clockmaker" (1835) we find: "Whatever is the go in Europe will soon be the cheese here." Punch (1841): "'I hopes my love will excuse me if I'm not quite—quite—' 'Comme il faut, George.' 'I don't mean that, love—not quite the cheese.'" Charles Reade's "Very Hard Cash" (1863): "Whoever heard (said Mrs. Dodd) of a young lady being married without something to be married in?" "Well" (said Edward). "I've heard nudity is not the cheese on public occasions."

Is the term really derived from the Persian or the Hindu? Whenever we see derivations of this character we are reminded of Eugene Field's answer to a correspondent: "The word 'corker' is derived from the Greek 'korka,' meaning the adorable one."

"Cheese it" was originally thieves' slang. It is found in a slang dictionary of 1811. It means, as all know, leave off, have done, be off, stop it. Some think the phrase is a corruption of "cease it." The phrase "hard cheese" in England means "hard luck."—Ed.

Ancient Artillery.

"And Jonathan gave his artillery unto his lad, and said unto him, Go, carry them to the city." One can hardly read that verse without a smile in these days when "artillery" means so terrific a business upon the fields of Artois and Champagne. The mind involuntarily pictures the little lad walking off with a "Soixante-quinze" tucked beneath either arm. But it is worth recalling that "artillery" originally meant only arrows and missiles of that kind. Some have derived the word from "ars telis," a bow; others from "ars telaria," the art of missile-throwing. The first development toward the big modern meaning, however, may be traced in the Scriptures, when we read of "engines invented by cunning men to shoot arrows and great stones."—Daily Chronicle (London).

GABRILOWITSCH

By PHILIP HALE.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch, pianist, gave the second of his six historical recitals yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. There was a large and warmly applausive audience. The program was devoted to Beethoven. These pieces were played: Sonata, A major, op. 2, No. 2; 32 variations, C minor, op. 36; Rondo, G major, op. 51, No. 2; sonata, F minor, op. 57; sonata, A flat major, op. 110.

The announcement of variations to be performed strikes terror in the soul. We remember that when Mr George Augustus Sala spent an evening at the Niminypiminy Club at the invitation of Mr. Daniel Harewood, he was told that a chief feature of the entertainment would be a grand pianoforte performance by Megacephalus Bulbous, the marvellous American boy with the large head. "He will give us, so Daniel Harewood tells you in an excited whisper, no less than 37 variations on the leit motif of 'Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay.'"

We also remember that Mr. Snob heard Miss Wirt, the governess, play variations on "Sich a gettin' up stairs," when he was visiting the Pontos at their country home "The Evergreens" in Mangelwurzelshire. "What a finger!" exclaimed Mrs. Ponto; "and indeed it was a finger, as knotted as a turkey's drumstick and splaying all over the piano. She spun up stairs, she whirled up stairs, she galloped up stairs, she rattled up stairs, and then having got the tune to the top landing, as it were, she hurled it down again, shrieking to the bottom floor, where it sank in a crash as if exhausted by the breathless rapidity of the descent.

It matters not whether the variations are by Brahms on themes of Handel and Paganini, or orchestral variations in which each one is supposed to portray a characteristic of a friend: the hearer admires the skill, and exclaims: "A very excellent piece of work; would 'twere done!"

Nor are we thus disrespectful toward

[illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible] presenting these 32 variations. [illegible] he had listened a while, he said: "Who wrote that piece?" "You did," was the answer. "And I wrote that foolish stuff?" O Beethoven, what [illegible] you have been!

The program was interesting to the students as showing the changes in Beethoven's style with the years. To the ordinary concert-goer the program lacked contrast. The sonata from Op. 2, composed in 1795, is in the "galant" manner of the latter half of the 18th century and shows the influence of Haydn and Emanuel Bach. The sonata Op. 110 is in the manner of the last string quartets. Here we have a fine example of the expressive fugue, the fugal form employed for a dramatic purpose. According to M. d'Indy, this sonata portrays in tones the composer's sufferings, "moral rather than physical, over which he triumphed through his faith and his will." Therefore, adds M. d'Indy, there is no dedication, for he could dedicate it only to himself. As a matter of fact, Beethoven purposed to dedicate it to Mme. Antonie Brentano. Commentators find strange things in this sonata. To one the enigmatic scherzo, which is to M. d'Indy a bitter jest, pictures the charge of a Roman guard; to another it is a paraphrase of a student song.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch played the early Sonata, the variations and the rondo in exquisite taste. His singing tone was beautiful indeed. His command of means was unfailing; there was no sentimentalism; there was a constant display of polished mechanism warmed by a musician's spirit. The interpretation of the Appassionata Sonata was disappointing. The performance was not always technically clear; at times it was messy. Then, a surprising thing to say of Mr. Gabrilowitsch, there was too often undue force. "Appassionata"—yes; but passion does not necessarily scream.

The composers represented at the next recital, Saturday afternoon, Nov. 27, will be Schubert, Weber, Mendelssohn and Chopin.

MISS FOX AND EMILIANO RENAUD GIVE CONCERT

Heard by Small but Friendly Audience at Jordan Hall.

Miss Blanche Fox, contralto, and Emiliano Renaud, pianist, gave a concert last evening at Jordan Hall. Miss Fox sang these songs: Brahms, Der Schmied, Minnelied, Wie Melodien zieht es mir, Staendcher; Sinding, Syloelin; d'Ozanne, Chanson Provencale; Mueller, Du Fragst Mich Taglich; Dvorak, Als die Alte Mutter; Chadwick, O Let Night Speak of Me; Quilter, Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal; Garnett, A Maypole Dance; Rogers, Autumn; Woodman, A Birthday; Fontenailles, Un Baiser; Massenet, Que l'heure Est Donc Breve; Weckerlin, Je Connais un Berger Discret; Beach, Chanson d'Amour; Bach-Gounod, Ave Maria. Mr. Renaud played pieces by Bach-Tausig, Schumann, Renaud and Chopin. Mr. Ross was the accompanist.

Miss Fox received her first musical training in this city. She continued her studies in Italy and sang there in opera with success. She has also sung in Mexico while, a year ago, she appeared in opera for the first time in Boston, as Amneris, at the Boston Theatre.

Her voice, a true contralto in quality, is generous in compass and rich in volume but she does not always use this voice skilfully. She displays little variety in tonal coloring nor is her enunciation above reproach.

The singer's individuality in interpretation is not marked. There was little contrast in her singing of the first four songs on the program. In general she shows a disposition to drag the tempi. Perhaps she is disconcerted by the absence of costume, scenery, action and orchestra and, lacking this inspiration, her interpretations do not depart from the conventional.

Mr. Renaud is well known here as a pianist. His velocity, his dry brilliance, were again apparent last evening.

There was a small and friendly audience.

Nov 7 1915

Fely Clement.

Mme. Tamalki Miura.

Maggie Teyte.

Stephanie Plaskovietzka.

THE Boston Grand Opera Company and the Pavlowa Ballet Russe, Max Rabinoff, director, will begin on Monday, Nov. 15, an engagement of four weeks, 24 subscription performances at the Boston Opera House. These performances will be divided into two series of 12 performances each: Series A, Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings: Series B, Tuesday and Thursday evenings and Saturday matinee.

The repertoire has already been published. It will include "Masaniello," or "La Muta de Portici," Auber's "La Muette de Portici," which has not been performed here for many years. Mme. Palowa will take the part of Fenella, the sister of Masaniello. Among the singers will be Felice Lyne and Messrs. Zenatello and Lazzaro. An account of this opera will be found in the leading article of today's dramatic and music page. Other novelties are promised: "The Enchanted Garden," libretto by Douglas Mallock, music by Josef Holbrooke, the English composer; and "Aleko," libretto by Pushkin, music by Rachmaninoff. The subject has also been treated by Leoncavallo. Pushkin's tale has been translated into French by Prosper Merimee.

The repertoire also includes "Madame Butterfly," with Tamaki Miura, a Japanese lyric soprano, who has been applauded as the heroine in London, New York and Chicago. The opera wil be followed by Tschaikowsky's ballet "The Nutcracker," in which Mme. Pavlowa and the entire ballet will appear. A suite from the ballet has been played here in Symphony concerts.

"Tosca," with a cast of eminent artists, including George Baklanoff, to be followed by the Spanish dances of Massenet with Pavlowa and her ballet.

"L'Amore dei tre Re," in which Luisa Villani, George Baklanoff, Jose Mardones and Riccardo Martin will sing; followed by the mimo-choregraphic version of Gluck's "Orpheus," with an unseen chorus, singing principals, Pavlowa and the ballet.

"Faust," including the beautiful Walpurgis Night ballet; "Otello," with a new mise-en-scene by Urban which, although shown in Paris, Boston has never seen; "Carmen," with the complete ballet, which has never been done in this country, and with Pavlowa dancing the solo dances; "La Gioconda," with the complete ballet and the Dance of the Hours; "Rigoletto," to be followed by Liszt's "Preludes"; "Pagliacci," followed by "Coppelia"; "Cavalleria Rusticana," to be followed by Glazounov's ballet "Raymonda." A suite from this ballet has been played here at Symphony concerts.

It is not necessary at this late day to speak of Anna Pavlowa. Her bewitching personality, her grace, expressive force, irreproachable technic are known to all. As Fenella she will have full opportunity to show her abilities as a mime. The part in old days at the Paris Opera was taken by such dancers as Noblet and Elsler.

Associated with her in the ballet is Stephanie Plaskovietzka, born at Warsaw. When a child, she entered the ballet school of the Municipal Opera. Pavlowa discovered her there and took her to the Imperial School in Petrograd. Miss Plaskovietzka became a member of Pavlowa's ballet when it first came to this country. Two years ago she was advanced to the position of first classic dancer.

Ivan Clustine, director of the choregraphic features of the ballet, is also known in this city. Previous to his engagement at the Paris Grand Opera—where he was master of the ballet for five years, having been granted a leave of absence by the Russian government—he was ballet master at the Imperial Opera Houses of Petrograd and Moscow, a title he still holds.

Alexandre Volinine, the chief male dancer, was born in Moscow 27 years ago. He was graduated from the ballet school of the Imperial Opera at Moscow and from the Marlensky Institute in Petrograd. He began to study classic dancing when he was 8 years old, and at last was entitled First Classic Dancer in the Imperial Opera. Having obtained leave of absence he won applause in Paris, Berlin and Vienna. He, too, is no stranger in Boston.

Luisa Villani, dramatic soprano, has been heard here as Fiora, the part she created at Milan, Desdemona, in the last season of the Boston Opera House Company. In 1913 she was heard in Milan as Ysabeau in Mascagni's opera of that name. She won reputation also in Buenos Aires and Mexico. She will be heard in "L'Amore del tre Re," "Gioconda," and as Santuzza and Nedda.

Anna Pavlowa.

It is hardly necessary to speak of Maria Ga long a favorite with the Boston public. Since she last appeared here she superintended a remarkable performauce of "Carmen" in the Verona amphitheatre, and has sung in Mexico. She will appear as Carmen and in other parts

Feline Lane, an American soprauo, born in Kansas City, made a sensational debut in grand opera in London as Gilda at Hammerstein's Opera House. She also triumphed there as Juliet and in other roles. Her first appearance at the Boston Opera House was on March 20, 1914, as Gilda.

The charming talent of Maggie Teyte has been recognized here in opera and in concert. She made her first appearance here in opera at the Boston Opera House as Mimi (Jan. 3, 1914) Other parts taken by her that season were Zerlina and Madama Butterfly. With the present company she will appear in "The Secret of Suzanne" and in other operas.

Miss Tamaki Miura, a Japanese lyric soprano, was born at Tokio and educated there in the high school. At the Tokio Academy of Music she was trained musically according to European methods. Having graduated with honors, she sang the music of Eurydice in Gluck's opera. Having sung in concerts, she was engaged for the Imperial Theatre, where she made her debut as Santuzza. After a while she went to Berlin for further study Thence she went to London, where she made a profound impression as Madama Butterfly, May 31, 1915. A leading critic wrote: "The impersonation was entirely new, save only that it had to conform to the musical rubric. On the histrionic side it was a wonderfully individual performance, for her sense alike of the whole role and of the parts that go to compose it was entirely her own, so far as Londoners are concerned. Her acting, at first piquant, naive and full of coquetry, developed the tragic side with extraordinary subtlety. Her singing was likewise thoroughly individual, for the voice is as characteristic as the deportment." It was also said that her dainty figure was a welcome change from that of the average portly prima donua. After her marriage three years ago Mme. Miura went to Singapore. Her husband's family objected for a time to her singing in public.

May Scheider, coloratura soprano, was born in New York, where she studied singing until she went to Lamperti in Berlin and Jean De Reszke in Paris She sang in opera first at Zurich (1909); then at Carlsruhe, where she remained for two years. As a guest she has sung in Dresden, Stuttgart, Mannheim and other cities. She created a part in Goetzl's "Zierpuppen" and Strauss chose her for Zerbinetta in his "Ariadne auf Naxos."

Other women singers in the company are Olive Fremstad, who needs no introduction; Bianca Saroya, Belle Gottschalk, sopranos; Elvira Leveroni, who took well so many parts at the Boston Opera House and has sung with success at Covent Garden and in Paris, and Elizabeth Campbell.

The tenors, in alphabetical order, are Messrs. Andres, Giaccone, Lazzaro, Martin, Michailoff, De Primo and Zenatello. Mr. Zenatello was for many months one of the glories of the Boston Opera House, standing as he does in the front rank of tenors in the musical world. He will be heard this month as Masauiello, Othello, Don Jose, Canio, Enzo and Turiddu.

Ippolito Lazarro, lyric tenor, is a newcomer. He was born 27 years ago in Barcelona, where he made his debut in "L'Africaine." He studied afterward in Italy, went to London, where he sang with Mr. Hammerstein's company and at the Coliseum. Returning to Milan, he created in 1914 the part of Falco in Mascagni's "Ysabeau." He has sung at La Scala, the Costanzi in Rome, and at Buenos Aires.

Riccardo Martin, the Kentuckian, was applauded here at a performance of "Trovatore" by the San Carlo Opera Company when he was almost unknown. His record at the Metropolitan Opera House and at the Boston Opera House is brilliant.

Giorgi Michalloff was born at Odessa, where his father, a tenor, sang before him. He made his debut at Mannheim, where he remained four years He has sung in other Europeau cities.

Zanco de Primo was born at Nice. His father is a Russian, his mother an Italian. Educated for the diplomatic service, he made his debut at Rouen. In 1911 he was engaged at Rome. He has also sung in Venice.

Ernesto Giacone was an indefatigably useful member of the Boston Opera Company. The baritones are Messrs. Baklanoff, Caronna, Chalmers, Davis, Puliti. The basses are Messrs. Ananian, Mansueto, Mardones, Sargeant.

Mr. Baklanoff will be heartily welcomed. His leaving the Boston Opera House was the beginning of the end. Since he farewelled Boston, he has been a favorite with public, conductors and critics in the leading European opera houses. Since his return to this country he said to a reporter:

"When the war broke out I thought it my duty to join the Russian army, although I was exempt from immediate service. I hastened to Kieff to volunteer for active service with my regiment, the 12th infantry, with which I served as second lieutenant. A German shell came very near making an end of me while I was in the trenches near Tarnopol. Strange to say, the warmest obituaries that appeared on my reported death were printed by the German newspapers. They expressed genuine sorrow. While I am grateful for it, I would be still more thankful if their admiration of me would induce their government to restore the money I kept in a German bank, which represented all my fortune. Germany confiscated it in reprisal for the reported action taken by the Moscow authorities against German subjects.

"In proof of my being right in maintaining that the present day hatred cannot last, I may cite the fact that I had numerous offers to come and sing in Germany this last spring, while I was in Italy recuperating. Complete immunity was guaranteed me by the Kaiser's officials. I admit I was curious for the experience.

"I was wounded in December. When I was finally discharged from the hospital, the authorities granted me indefinite leave of absence. Then came Mr. Rabinoff's offer to join his Boston grand opera company.

"I intend to enjoy my stay in America. I warn all that under no circumstances will I be drawn into a discussion of the war, save to state that, whoever the victor, the Russian people have already won their fight for emancipation."

Gaudio Mansueto, still a young man, has sung for 14 years and has an extended repertoire. He is admired in the opera houses of Milan, Naples, Madrid, Barcelona, Florence, Rome, Vienna, Buenos Aires. He is said to rank among the leading operatic basses.

Jose Mardones, many times applauded by the public here as in Europe and South America, has been singing in concert since the closing of the Boston Opera House.

Thomas Chalmers, an American baritone, has sung successfully in light opera and for two seasons with the Century Opera Company. He has also sung in Italy. Mr. Savage chose him for the role of the sheriff when the Savage Grand Opera Company performed "The Girl of the Golden West" in English.

Gaston Sargeant, a Pennsylvanian, studied in this country and at Liege. He has sung in Belgium and France and for six seasons in the Royal Opera Company at Covent Garden.

The conductors are Messrs. Jacchia, Kuper, Moranzoni and Schmid. Mr. Moranzoni, whose talent is beyond dispute, often worked wonders under discouraging circumstances at the Boston Opera House. Mr. Jacchia, born at Lugo, studied at Parma and Pesaro. He has conducted in the chief cities of Italy. He has been the first conductor of the Milano Opera Company that toured Central America and the Pacific coast, and for some years he was musical director of the National Opera Company of Canada. Mr. Schmid, born in Austria, is an English subject. Educated at Vienna, he played in the Court Opera House orchestra. For 25 years he has been actively employed in London as a conductor. Of late years he was Sir Herbert Tree's general musical director.

Besides the productions on which those distinguished masters of scenic art—Bakst Urban and Sime—have been engaged, Mr. Rabinoff secured from the Boston Opera House its entire physical property, consisting of 47 grand opera productions (settings, costumes, properties, etc., and including the masterpieces of Urban and Stropa, as well as the entire electrical plant of the Boston Opera Company, considered the finest in America. The stage director is Mr. Ordynski who was associated for several years with Max Reinhardt.

Mr. Rabinoff's intention in a nutshell is as follows:

1. To give mimo-dramatic and mimo-choregraphic grand operas which will serve as novelties and introduce a new art-form in America.

2. To give standard grand operas in their entirety in which complete ballets and choregraphic features, as originally written, will be presented for the first time in this country.

3. To give two important portions of standard grand operas with the original ballet and pantomine features which are never regularly given in this country by other organizations because of their extreme difficulty.

Auber's "La Muette di Portici,' better known in this country as "Masaniello," will be performed in Italian next week by the Boston Opera Company with the Pavlowa ballet at the Boston Opera House. Although the opera is an old one—it was produced in 1828—it has not been performed here for many years. Even the overture, once enormously popular, is seldom heard in our concert halls.

"Masaniello" was first performed here in English and at the Tremont Theatre on Jan. 2, 1833. The cast was as follows:

Masaniello	Sinclair
Pietro	Comer
Ruffino	W. Sefton
Moreno	Johnson
Fenella	Mrs. Barrymore
Alphonse	Smith
Lorenzo	Leman
Selva	Sarzedas
Elvira	Miss Hughes

The opera had been announced for an earlier date, but there was need of more rehearsal. The Transcript of Jan. 1 commended this care in preparation. Ample rehearsal was necessary "for such a peculiar and intricate piece," demanding more than 150 persons in the performance. Little space was then given in the Transcript to criticism of plays or music. The issue of Jan. 4 stated that there was a "full and fashionable" audience at the "public rehearsal." "It is a noble opera and was conducted with great spirit." The advertisement informs us that the chorus was composed of "the same popular professors as appeared in 'Cinderella.'" All of Auber's "spendid original music" was promised. Mrs. Barrymore composed a Spanish bolero which was danced by Mr. Rasimi and Miss McBride. A Neapolitan dance and a tarantella were danced by Mrs. Barrymore. At the end was the "awful eruption of Mr. Vesuvius." Mr. Ostinelli conducted. The farce "Cherry Bounce" preceded the opera. The curtain went up at half-past six o'clock.

Other operas given at the Tremont that season were "Cinderella," "Artaxerxes," "Der Freischuetz," "Guy Mannering," "Marriage of Figaro," "John of Paris," "The White Lady" (first time here Feb. 21), "The Duenna" "Fra Diavolo" (first time in America), Feb. 5. Shakespeare's "Tempest" was also performed with Purcell's music. On Feb. 15 Mr. Reed of the orchestra sang "Jim Crow." On Nov. 18 of that year "Rip Van Winkle" was performed with Hackett as Rip.

Mr. Sinclair and his company performed "Masaniello" 17 or 18 times. In December Mr. and Mrs. John Wood appeared at the Tremont and "Masaniello" was again performed, with Miss Fisher taking the part of Fenella and the Woods and Mr. Walton the chief singing parts.

It was stated in an advertisement early in 1833 that Mr. Sinclair had performed the part of Masaniello upwards of 150 nights at Drury Lane. John Sinclair (1791-1857), born at Edinburgh, started out as a clarinet player in a military band. He began singing in opera at the Haymarket, London, in 1810. He went to Drury Lane the next year and remained there for seven seasons. In 1819 he studied in Paris and at Milan. In 1821 he studied with Rossini and until 1823 sang in Italian opera houses. Rossini wrote for him the part of Idreno in "Semiramide." He went back to London, then came to America and on his return he left the stage. His eldest daughter, Catherine, married Edwin Forrest. Their divorce suit is still famous.

Has "Masaniello" been performed as an opera in Boston since March 23, 1870, when a company directed by A. Biscaccianti gave it at the Boston Theatre with this cast:

Masaniello	Lefranc
Elvira	Miss Lami
Alphonso	Reichardt
Pietro	Reina
Borella	Barilli
Fenella	Miss Marie Sand
Officer	Colletti

Before that "Masaniello" had been given frequently as opera and ballet play. In 1855, Mlle. Zoe mimed Fenella at the Boston Theatre. The Richings English opera company performed it at the same theatre in 1869. Among the dancers that mimed Fenella in this country were Mmes. Celeste and Isabella Cubas.

"La Muette di Portiel," opera in five acts, was produced at the Paris Opera Feb. 29, 1828. The libretto is by Eugene Scribe and Germain Delavigne. The part of Fenella was taken by Miss Noblet Adolphe Nourrit created the part of Masaniello; Dabadie that of Pietro; Dupont that of Alphonse, and Mme. Cinti-Damoreau that of Elvira. The cost of mounting the opera was f.50,000.

The original title was "Masaniello." It was changed on account of Carafa's opera of the same name produced at the Opera-Comique Dec. 27, 1827. The story of Tomaso Aniello, the Neapolitan fisherman, who headed a revolt in 1647

[illegible] had [illegible] the [illegible] in [illegible] (Habsburg [illegible]) "Fenella" by [illegible] "Fenella" [illegible] H. K. [illegible] of Auber's, [illegible] the misleading [illegible].

[illegible] librettists represent Masaniello [illegible] to vengeance on account of [illegible] sister, Fenella, by [illegible] d'Arcos, son of the Spanish [illegible] of Naples. As a matter of fact, the Spanish rule in 1647 imposed a tax on [illegible]. The wife of [illegible] had [illegible] for attempting to smuggle [illegible] flour in a stocking. Aniello [illegible] a revolt, collected 100,000 men and became master of Naples. He refused money from Spain and an alliance with France, nor would he accept the plan for a republic framed by the painters Falcone and Salvator Rosa. He drew up his own constitution. Either [illegible] or exhausted by his labor he suddenly went mad. In this condition he was slain by an arquebuse in the cloister of Carmel, at the age of 24. After his death all honors were paid him and his memory is still revered in Naples.

It was not the original intention of the librettists to make Fenella a dumb part. At that time there happened to be no dramatic sopranos of the first rank at the Paris Opera, who could fitly impersonate Fenella and stand worthily by the side of the celebrated coloratura soprano, Mme. Cinti-Damoreau. On the other hand there was a dancer high in favor, Elise Noblet, excelling in pantomime as in the dance. This situation gave to librettists and composer the idea of making Fenella a dumb character. All the librettists had to do was to insert this line, put in the mouth of the seducer: "La parole a ses levres ravie par un horrible evenement, la livrait sans defense a l'infidele amant dont l'abandon empoisonna sa vie." The substitution was fortunate for Auber. His music to express the woes of Fenella is more dramatic than other portions of the work and has excited the admiration of musicians of all generations since—witness the tribute paid by Wagner. Lise Noblet, who took the part of Fenella, was the sister of Alexandrine Noblet, the actress, and of Mme. Alexis Dupont, the dancer. Theophile Gautier often praised her, but some of the gossips writing what they were pleased to call biographies of actresses had their little jests at her expense.

Guillaume le Flaneur wrote in 1821: "Noblet, Mme., Artist of the Royal Academy of Music!!! Another phoenix, a dancer that has never made a false step; one that prefers a circle of friends to the mob of lovers, who goes to the theatre and returns from it on foot. M. O. S. V., one of the gallants of the day, [illegible] spares neither horses nor gold, nor oaths in his attempts to succeed with the fair ones, has seen all his batteries fail in her presence. He replied to one of his friends who asked if his homage had been accepted by her:

[illegible], cette jeune [illegible]
Est le vrai portrait de Lucrece:
[illegible] la beauté
[illegible] de [illegible] sagesse.
[illegible] acheter, rubis
Ne peuvent la rendre traitable:
Ma foi, si je ne l'ai pas pris,
Il faut qu'elle soit imprenable.

The Hermit of the Luxembourg" [illegible] three years later of Mlle. Noblet [illegible] France and England owed M. [illegible] a double crown for creating her talent. It is you that launched her in the career she pursues with so much glory and profit. Mlle. Noblet can reply victoriously to those who accuse [illegible] of parsimony. If the dwellers on the Thames are miserly, they are not so toward dancers, they reward talent with a rare generosity. Mlle. Noblet [illegible] better acquit herself toward a nation whose guineas she was carrying away than by leaving it a little part, enough to endow a hospital. One [illegible] when one has so many titles to happiness and glory. Mlle. Noblet seeks every day to enlarge her reputation, and daily she becomes [illegible] worthy of Terpsichore's court."

[illegible] little [illegible] onaries respected [illegible]. But see what Leonard de Gereon had to [illegible] in "La Rampe et [illegible]" (1832). He first mocks [illegible] for their exaggerated [illegible]: "Her talent is very mediocre; [illegible] and dancer she is inferior to [illegible] her colleagues.' Then follows [illegible] biographical sketch, beginning [illegible], whose age we [illegible] her debut at [illegible] Grand Opera [illegible]. For some time she was condemned to vegetate in a secondary position. At last the newspapers helped her and she began to be remarked: she danced certain dances, and [illegible] certain parts with much [illegible]. She was, however, far from her actual reputation, although her talent has steadily decreased since then." [illegible] had begun to study when she was six years old. She learned from her teacher, Maze, the traditions the noble and graceful pauses, the serious dances. She had a little native intelligence and [illegible] ness of her age.' At that time she lacked warmth and natural grace, essential qualities. Today these lacks [illegible] some faults that make her dancing monotonous. [illegible] therefore [illegible] and [illegible] in details [illegible] but without heat, without true [illegible], without soul in dance, without grace and wit in lighter pieces. But the newspapers then admired the [illegible] and academic "Defeated at Paris, in spite of her newspapers, in spite of the praise given her dancing and domestic virtues, Mlle. Noblet wished to tempt fate across the channel; she entrusted Terpsichore and her fortune to a packet boat. At London she had success as has everything that comes from Paris, like the King of Siam's elephant, like Chatellier's powder that now costs its weight in gold, for it preserves one, they say from the cholera morbus." The malicious writer tells how Mlle. Noblet, who was not beautiful, returning to France, won the friendship of a general, high in court favor, one of Ney's judges, one of those men on whom the Restoration heaped positions and pensions that pay for secret services. Mme. Noblet was the more influential. The newspapers again sounded her praises. "La Muette de Portici" was then preparing. Mlle. Noblet must have the part of Fenella, otherwise the director of the Opera would have been replaced." It made no difference what Auber or the ballet master thought. Mlle. Legallois rehearsed the role in secret. She was said to be infinitely superior in the part. When Mlle. Noblet played it she was inimitable—in the newspapers. "She did not believe it herself; is only just to say this, for never did she allow the management to put another in her place. Sick or tired, she insisted that the performance be deferred; perhaps she had an eye to the receipts." The sketch end: "God gave her long life—far from the 'Opera and our amusements'"

In 1846 L'Indiscret des Coulesses was simply brutal: "Mlle. Noblet is one of the most antediluvian reputations of the Opera. Praise is dulled. To attack her would be cowardly. One does not attack old people."

Mark the courtesy of one writing four years before this: "The Misses Noblet are still, as we have always seen them, agreeable dancers, not holding such a position that it would be impossible to shine after them. We that were present when they began have memories that they are still able to revive."

In the 'Histoires des Theatres" (1845) the writer recalls her merits as Fenella. There is this malicious note: "Her talent has no price. Inquire of Gen. Claparede, if he comes back from the other world."

Jacques Arago, in "Foyers et Coulisses" (1852) does not mention her. Nor does M. Darthenay in "Les Acteurs et les Actrices de Paris" (1853). Lisa died in 1853.

Theophile Gautier saw a revival of "La Muette de Portici" in October, 1837. Duprez then took the part of Masaniello. Lise Noblet then handed over, "with a generosity perhaps rather perfidious" the part of Fenella to Fanny Elssler. The latter did not wholly please Gautier. She reminded him of Debureau of the Funambules, famous in pantomime, by her make-up. But Gautier found the role itself vexing and boresome. On that evening Mlle. Noblet danced the cachucha. Seeing her he preferred Dolores Serral in the dance, preferred her also to Elssler, for to Dolores the cachucha was a faith, a religion. In this article Gautier analyzes finely the character of Masaniello and tells how the part should be acted.

In 1882 there had been 505 performances of "La Muette de Portici" at the Paris Opera. The centenary of Aube was observed with pomp and ceremony on Jan. 29. Fenella was then mimed by Mme. Sanlaville. The leading singers were Mme. Lacombe-Duprez, Villaret, Laurent and Lassalle. The catastrophes of 1870 had much to do with the death of Auber, for, though he was then nearly 90 years old, he was still wonderfully alert. Delibes therefore arranged the famous duet in the opera "Amour Sacre de la Patrie," to be sung by all the principals and the chorus of the opera. This was introduced by Gille at the end of his memorial poem.

"La Muette de Portici" was an epoch-making work. Rossini's "Guillaume Tell" appeared in 1829; Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diable" in 1831. With these three operas began an illustrious period at the Paris Opera.

Revolution was in the air when Auber wrote this opera. Before 1828 he was known as an amiable melodist in opera comique. Never again did he meet with like success in grand opera. "Le Dieu et la Bayadere" (1830) was an opera ballet with Mmes. Noblet and Taglioni as bayaderes. "Gustave III." (1833) was famous for its galop, but the opera was afterward eclipsed by Verdi's on the same subject, "Un Ballo in Maschera," "L'enfant Prodigue" (1850) suffered from an undramatic libretto. Auber is known by his sparkling and graceful operas in a light vein, and by "La Muette de Portici."

In "La Muette" he is for once in earnest—after the first act is over, for that is in his lighter vein; he is emotional, not merely superficially sentimental; his Neapolitan music was at the time amazing for its vivacity, its color, its Italian spirit, yet Auber never saw Italy. A sojourn in London when he was a young man, imposed upon him by his father for business purposes, was his only absence from his country, and for many years he seldom left Paris even for an outing. A man of the boulevards, renowned for his wit and gallantry, he was apparently the last man to write music so charged with revolutionary fire. The Auber of "La Muette de Portici" was not the man to whom light melodies came easily, and who whistled them approvingly while he was lathering his face in the morning before the looking-glass. Always admirable in orchestration, for Fenella he invented orchestral music so descriptive, so expressive, that ultra-moderns can examine it with profit. He knew how to achieve dramatic result with an economy of means.

Julia Arthur in Her New Play in New York

Miss Katharine Wright of The Herald staff saw the performance of "The Eternal Magdalene," with Miss Julia Arthur as the heroine, in New York last Monday night. She contributes the following review:

A brilliant audience welcomed Miss Julia Arthur upon her return to the stage at the Forty-Eighth Street Theatre, New York, in Robert H. McLaughlin's dream play, "The Eternal Magdalene." The actress disappeared from professional life at a time when she had made an enviable reputation in roles of polished comedy, as well as those of a more emotional nature. Her radiant beauty and bewitching femininity as the Empress Josephine in "More Than Queen" will not soon be forgotten. Now Miss Arthur returns with talent undimmed by years of inactivity. Her voice, of unusual depth and richness, her admirable diction, her personal charm remain the same.

Mr. McLaughlin is probably familiar with "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" and "The Servant in the House." He has chosen a theme which would appeal to modern audiences. There is variety and contrast in his drawing of character. The familiar types speak naturally, and the author has been more successful in his portraiture of character and in his dialogue than in his management of the plot, the story of the stern reformer Elijah Bradshaw and of how his hardness of heart was changed.

Miss Arthur's role is exacting and her art is equal to its every requirement. The wronged women created by the modern dramatist habitually face life, even when reformed, with a certain bold and brazen cynicism. They are talkative, brutally frank in discussing sociological questions. Mr. McLaughlin's Magdalene is continuously brokenspirited, gentle, compassionate. She changes Bradshaw by her acts and influence, not by haranguing him. Miss Arthur's facial play, her nobility of pose and gesture are impressive, and in the third act she soars to heights of religious exaltation.

The supporting company is efficient and excellently cast. Mr. Corrigan plays Bradshaw with becoming rigidity. Mr. Sherman's clever and amusing impersonation of John Bellamy is a feature of the performance. Arnold Lucy, remembered for his fine work in "Fanny's First Play," is capital as the Rev. Smollett, and Miss Lucile Watson as Blanche Dumond plays a difficult scene deftly, with distinction and a sense of humor.

Notes About Local and Visiting Musicians

Edward Baxter Perry, pianist, who will give a recital this afternoon, was for many years prominent in Boston. He has not been heard here since 1897, but he has been busy giving concerts throughout the South and West.

Mr. Oulukanoff, who will give a concert of Russian music tomorrow evening, was a member of the Boston Opera House company. Last season he gave a concert here with Mr. Eichheim, the violinist.

Mr. Graveure, who will sing here for the first time on Monday, appeared with success at the last Maine festival. He gave a recital in New York last month, when the critics wondered whether he was Louis Graveure or Wilfred Douthitt, who was in the "Lilac Domino" company.

The reappearance of Evan Williams will be welcomed by many who remember his brilliant work in oratorio and cantata with the Handel and Haydn Society and the Cecilia Society.

Mme. Martha Richardson, who will sing at the Copley Plaza morning musicale a week from tomorrow, a Bostonian by birth, studied here with various teachers. She sang in an operatic performance conducted by Bimboni of the New England Conservatory 10 years ago. Her maiden name was Martha Dowling. Marriage and children did not deter her from going on the stage. In Paris she studied with Jullenne and Labis. She made her debut at the Gaite-Lyrique as Leonora in "Il Trovatore," in 1910. Other performances followed to the number of 19 or 20. Mme. Richardson has also sung in opera on the Pacific coast. Massenet taught her "Thais" and "Herodiade," and took great pains with her.

Mme. Marguerite Melville-Liszniewska, pianist, will play here for the first time next Saturday. The late William Steinway sent her to Europe for study when she was very young. A pupil of Ernst Jedliczka, in Berlin, she gave her first concert there [illegible] in Vienna [illegible] gave a concert of her own works, [illegible] her music and songs. She went to that city in 1904 to study with Leschetitzky and Mandyczewski. She has given many concerts in leading European cities. Among her compositions are a piano concerto, sonata for violin and piano, piano quintet, smaller pieces for violin or piano, and songs. In 1908 she married Dr. Karl Liszniewsku, a government official of Vienna.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3 P. M. New York Philharmonic Orchestra, with Harold Bauer, pianist. See special notice.

Haynes Hall, Franklin Square, 3. P. M. Piano recital by Edward Baxter Perry.

MONDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Song recital by Louis Graveure, baritone, of New York. His first recital here. Schubert, Adieu, Der Neugierige, Wanderers Nachtlied, Auf dem Wasser zu singen; Jackson, To Anna; Lawes, While I Listen to Thy Voice; Arnold, Flow Thou Regal Purple Stream; Bemberg, A toi, Il neige, Aime-moi; Felitz, Elland cycle; Ronald, O Lovely Night; Margetson, Tommy, Lad; Dix, the Trumpeter.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Nicola Oulukanoff's evening of Russian music. Mr. Oulukanoff will sing these songs: Borodin, Aria from "Prince Igor"; Koeneman, "When the King Went to the War"; Liebin, Ballad (text by Heine); Tschaikowsky, Pilgrim's Song; Rimsky-Korsakoff, In the Pale Pink Fades the Distant Sunset; Rachmaninoff, The Islet. Mme. Kalova-Ondricek, violinist, will play these pieces: Vibtoi, Andante; Rachmaninoff, Serenade; Tschaikowsky, Serenade Melancholique; Liceard, Russian Dances. Alfred De Voto will be the pianist.

TUESDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Heinrich Gebhard's piano recital. Bach, Italian Concerto; d'Indy, Poeme des Montagnes, op. 15; Bartok, No. 4 from Esquisses, op. 9, Baerentanz; Engel, Nos. 1, 2, 3, from Au coin d'une ruelle sombre; Schoenberg, No. 2, from Three Piano Pieces, op. 11; Ornstein, Wild Men's Dance; Chopin, Ballade No. 1, G minor, Waltz, op. 42; Liszt, Hungarian Rhapsody No. 12. The pieces by Bartok, Engel, Schoenberg and Ornstein will be played for the first time in Boston.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. George Copeland's piano recital. Rameau, L'Egyptienne, L'Enharmonique; Mozart, Fantaisie; Chopin, Valse, Ballade, No. 1, Nocturne; Schumann, Finale of Etudes Symphoniques; Satie, Gymnopedie No. 3; Rachmaninoff, Two Preludes; Stravinsky, Berceuse; Debussy, Danse de Puck, Et la lune descend sur le temple qui fut, Les Fees sont d'exquises Danseuses, Feuilles Mortes; Granados, Deux Valses poetique; Grovlez, Evocation, Recuerdos. The pieces by Satie, Stravinski and Grovlez's Evocation will be played here for the first time.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Song recital by Evan Williams, tenor. Beethoven, Cycle; Mozart, The Violet; Schubert, Thy Ways are Peace; Rubinstein, The Asra; Schumann, Dedication; Wolf, Secrecy, Weyla's Song, Would'st Thou Behold Thy Lover Sadly, Song to Spring; Cornelius, Monotone; Dvorak, Songs My Mother Taught Me; Grieg, A Swan; Brahms, The Message; MacFadyen, Inter Nos; Cadman, The Moon Drops Low; Hammond, The Pipes of Gordon's Men; Huhn, Israfel.

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Mme. Fanny Bloomfield Zeisler's piano recital. Scarlotti, Pastorale, Capriccio, Allegrissimo; Bach, Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue; Chopin, Sonata, op. 58; Beach, Ballad, op. 6; Signe Lund, Ballade, op. 37; Marie Prentner, Caprice in D major; Chaminade, Le Retour, op. 134; Liszt, Hungarian Rhapsody No. 15 (Rakoczy March). The pieces by Mmes. Beach, Lund, Prentner and Chaminade are dedicated to Mme. Bloomfield-Zeisler.

Tremont Temple, 8 P. M. First concert of the course. Mme. Scotney, soprano, will sing these selections: Thomas, Mad Scene from "Hamlet"; Saint-Saens, The Swan; Ruebner, Pierrot; Renaud, All's Right with the World; Gilberte, Minuet; Scottish, John Anderson, Will Ye No Come Back Again, Within a Mile o' Edinboro Town; and with Howard White, bass, a duet from "Thais" and Seiler's "Barque of Dreams," written for the two. Mr. White will sing Massenet's "Vision Fugitive," Flow Gently Sweet Afton, A Man's a Man for a' That, Rogers's War, Cadman's O Moon Upon the Waters, and Stock's Rout Marchin'. Miss Irma Seydel, violinist, will play two movements of Lalo's Symphonie Espagnole, and pieces by Gluck-Kreisler, Saydel, Kreisler and Brahms-Joachim.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert by Roland W. Hayes, tenor and William S. Lawrence, pianist. Songs: Thompson, An Emblem; Lond, In Maytime; Burleigh, Memory; Brogi, Visione Veneziana; Polloni, Domani; Beethoven, Adelaide; Massenet, Le Reve, from "Manon"; Bemberg, A Toi; Rubinstein, Es blinkt der Thau; Schubert, Du bist die Ruh; Cadman, Call Me No More. Piano pieces: Chopin, Prelude, op. 28, No. 20; Liszt, Liebestraum in A flat major; McDowell, Polonaise, op. 46, No. 12.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Fourth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor; Mme. Melba, soloist. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Piano recital by Mme. Marguerite Melville-Liszniewska. Her first appearance in Boston. Bach-d'Albert, Prelude and Fugue in D major (originally for organ); Chopin, Sonata, B minor; Schumann, Scenes of Childhood; Brahms, Rhapsody, op. 79, No. 1, Intermezzo, op. 117, No. 2, Intermezzo, op. 119, No. 3.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Fourth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Dr. Muck, conductor; Mme. Melba, soloist. See special notice.

STAGE NOTES

There is a mystery about diction in English opera. One production can be followed almost line by line, while another remains relatively unintelligible, and there is no obvious reason for the difference. A plausible theory is that when one of the principals enunciates clearly the others are shamed into emulation.—Pall Mall Gazette.

A second hearing of Sir Edward Elgar's "Polonia" does not modify to any extent the earlier impression. It is obvious that a musician such as he will impart a certain element of vitality to whatever material he may elect to use, and in this case the symphonic quality is in itself impressive. But when all is said the work remains a skilful "piece d'occasion" made out of topical paragraphs concerning the present situation and future hopes of a much tried country, but devoid of the inspired creative impulse that could alone weld them into an epic.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Mr. Sheldon's "Romance," brought out at the Duke of York's, London, Oct. 6, did not please. "As a piece of very trashy and frankly vulgar, but at times [illegible]

... comedy ... of ... otic sentiment—it had its ... appeal. But could no more be called 'romance' than could a succession of average ... red pictures from the 'jackets' of ... tall novelettes. It is, for the most part, just a farrago of second-hand ... trical notions, reminding one now of 'The Christian,' now of 'Rosemary,' now of 'Milestones,' and all soused in a mixture of syrups and sentiousness ... one cannot believe even the most ... sionable New York audience could have taken seriously as good and ... tiful art. It is, briefly, a passion-... parson play * * * The play brings with it in Miss Doris Keane, an actress of undoubted temperament and a manner something between Miss Mabel ... ell and Miss Fanny Ward. Her ... n is so American and her American Italian that sometimes we really cannot tell what she is saying, but she ... nd means an unattractive per... The sentimentality is, of course, not her fault."

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Onward we move! a gay gang of blackguards! with mirth-shouting music, and ... flapping pennants of joy!

At 10 P. M.

As the World Wags:

... I fancy it was, though not sure, ... the moment far from my little ... once made the general statement that the essential iniquity of humanity reaches its height daily at the hour of 1.30 in the morning. This may be true of Paris or London or New York, but not, I am convinced, of Boston. Diligently have I explored our ... s in later weeks and most amazingly have I made discoveries. Discoveries are, I take it, nearly always startling to a middle aged adventurer who has never ... red before.

All my life I have been cursed, or ... d, with a general timidity, a ... of agoraphobia, if there is such ... d. I spent my boyhood and youth in a little country parsonage apart from ... boys and taught by my saintly ... Later a small legacy allowed me ... l year in England. My last 10 years have been spent almost as a recluse among my books in my cottage in Goldenrod Court.

... with the waning of September I ... d for new things. My sister, ... married quite happily, a thing ... to marvel at, to a hard-... man in Roxbury, went some... with her, husband on a ... weeks it is to be. And I ... ordered I might say, to oc... flat to keep away burglars. ... knows such a thought were ... one thief would be perfectly ... with it.

... night or two with my brother-... hed bookshelf I became ... lonely, and, with a cer... truly but with courage, ... so, went into the city. ... l ... from the first. And ... I have been down to ... fed alone in flash res... by drinking men ... signated quantly, so ... fellow tells me, as ... who by the way inter... I have ventured, dar... you may well believe, on ... of whiskey, a beverage ... distasteful to one who has ... but magical in its effects. ... n sparingly in commons ... in a London pub, but never ... these things and many more ... n ... reading but never by ... I ... them. As a petite ... but aptly trilled a night ... is the ...

... hour of iniquity. As ... The hour of supreme ... from ten to half ... in the evening I know. I ... It is the unwholesome ... from my peregrin... from eight to one. ... the sad dog at the latter hour, I ...

... I have taken stock of people. ... at least, the hour of ten is ... with vice. Earlier in the even... the travelers are on the way to ... food. Later come the theatre-... and the rounders of midnight have ... their fill of dissipation and are on ... to bed. The early crowd smells ... The later crowd smells of ... flavored subtly with a ... aphrodisiac perfume.

... ten o'clock men carry bottles ... cts. Slightly elevated by ... potations in the city they ... their liquor home to grovel in ... It is deliberate. At ten ... young girls who have drunk too ... are on their way. Rarely is it ... Last night I saw two. They were ... flushed, but well under the control of two young pimps. The men were ... er, hook-nosed, greasy-skinned, sprinkled with blackheads, greedy-... shaven as to the neck. * * *

... ten men and girls who have dined ... perhaps moving-pictured hurry ... it is too late for "him" to ... for little or long but while it ... late enough for the rest of the ... to be in bed. Incontinent they ... and I overhear their fa... veiled baldltudes of salac... many ...

... is the hour of the aged ... ler or book-keeper ... It is the hour of the ... falsifying the day's expense account ... the hour of the * * * susceptible servant girl and her pursuer. * * * It is the hour of many other things.

Ten o'clock is the unwholesome hour. Its people smell tubercular. They are white grubs. They squirm. They look out with unclean minds through unclean eyes. * * *

I shall study them again tonight. The thought comes to me that I too may become a ten o'clocker. Who knows?

PERCIVAL SMALLWEED.

10 Fairland street,
Late of Goldenrod Court,
West Medford, Nov. 4.

P. S. Have you ever tried Meadow Lark whiskey? One soars under its influence. Chaffing, of course, old top. Quite the merry bon mot. What?

We too have gone home at 10 o'clock, but plumb sober, clothed and in our right mind. We have not seen shocking sights. The last time we ventured out, returning by street car at about 10 o'clock, an elderly man with blue spectacles, a muffler and rubber overshoes was reading the Christian Science Monitor. Two women directly in front of us, with dishevelled back hair, were discussing the late campaign. We noticed a servant girl with her young man. She was a modest thing. He sat silent, gazing on her with sheepish but honest admiration. Pray, what line of cars does Mr. Smallweed take at 10 P. M.? We should like to go with him—once—only from sociological curiosity.—Ed.

Philharmonic Gives Concert in Afternoon—Harold Bauer Soloist.

16.W.

The Philharmonic Society of New York, Joseph Stransky conductor, gave a concert yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall. Harold Bauer was the soloist. The program was as follows: Rimsky - Korsakoff, "Scheherazade," symphonic suite; Reger, variations and fugue on a theme by Mozart; Saint-Saens, Concerto C minor, No. 4, op. 44; Wagner, overture "Tannhaeuser."

Reger's work was performed for the first time in Boston. It was played for the first time in America by the Philharmonic Society at its opening concert in New York, Oct. 28, 1915. Perhaps Mr. Stransky's friendship for the composer is responsible for the work's present hearing in America. Composed and published in 1914, it was played in German cities last season. Mozart, himself wrote variations to the theme, a charming and familiar melody from his clavier sonata in A major.

Reger's composition lacks imagination, spontaneity. At times the theme is ingeniously treated, as in the fourth and sixth variations. There are, too, occasional effective climaxes. The most striking among these appears at the end of the fugue when the Mozartean theme is triumphantly intoned.

Saint-Saens's concerto, dedicated to Anton Door of the Vienna Conservatory, was composed in 1875. Three years later it was played in Boston by John A. Preston at a concert given by the Harvard Musical Association at Music Hall. It has been performed here at Symphony concerts by Mme. Madeline Schiller, Mme. Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler, Carl Stasny and, in 1892, by Mr. Paderewski.

In this concerto Saint-Saens has reduced the role of the piano almost to that of an orchestral instrument. Seldom is it the leading voice. The work bristles with technical difficulties and the pianist is constantly confronted with endless runs and arpeggios of a purely ornamental nature. The last movement is the most interesting. Mr. Bauer played with ease, aplomb and vigor. In fact his brilliant technic and polished performance lent additional significance to the music.

Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Scheherazade" is gorgeous in instrumentation, infinitely varied in melodic repetition. The story of the sceptical Sultan who, doubting feminine fidelity, swore to slay each wife after the first night, and of how his intention is thwarted by the beautiful Scheherazade with her golden tales, is told with a wealth of oriental imagination, color, poetry.

The orchestra and Mr. Stransky were warmly welcomed. The orchestra has been improved in certain ways by changes and the engagement of new players. The string choir is excellent. The general tone is warm and rich. Reger's work was performed with sincerity, with clearness in the exposition of the general structure, but Mr. Stransky's reading of the suite left much to be desired. There was little imaginative fire, little poetic eloquence.

nov 9. 1915

"Maid in America" Greatly Enjoyed by Large Audience Opening Night.

By PHILIP HALE.

SHUBERT THEATRE: First performance in Boston of "Maid in America," a revusical production," in two acts and twelve scenes; book and lyrics by Harold Atteridge; music by Sigmund Romberg and Harry Carroll. Produced here by the Winter Garden Company of New York. First performed at Buffalo, N. Y., Feb. 10, 1915.

Mlle. Dazie, Nora Bayes, Maud Lambert, Blossom Seeley, Harry Fox, Charles J. Ross and Bert Clark were members of the original company.

Last evening the chief comedians were Katheryn Andrews, Florence Moore, Louise Mink, Rita Gould, Minerva Coverdale, Bly Brown, John G. Sparks, Sam Adams, William Halligan, Will Stanton, Swor and Mack, Jack Coogan and the dancer, Mlle. Dazie.

This is a Winter Garden show; the plot is summery and the costumes as a rule are tropical. The revue opens in Madison Square Garden; then there are various scenes in New York life; a glimpse of Cleopatra and her Roman lovers near Alexandria; an orgie, place not named; a glimpse behind the scenes of the Metropolitan Theatre with Mr. Belasco rehearsing a benefit performance. The curtain finally rises and falls—not on a stone-cutter's yard in Detroit, but on Grecian gardens.

There are a few really amusing features in the revue. Chief among them are the first colloquy of the Negroes Swor and Mack; the rehearsal of the melodrama; and some of the gags and wheezes of Miss Florence Moore. We say "some," for unfortunately Miss Moore has not learned the value of moderation. Her lecture on European geography in connection with the war might have been cut down one half with profit to herself and the audience, and in other monologues there were stretches when her natural high spirits flagged and there was too evidently a forced draught.

There are a few old friends in the revue; as the song about teh girlhood of grandmama sung by Miss Gould, and the game of poker that brought with it the memory of Mr. Bert Williams. "An American-made Souse," acted acrobatically by Mr. Stanton, had an illustrious predecessor in the Follies some years ago.

The revue included a burlesque of "The Phantom Rival," also a burlesque act for Cleopatra, Caesar and Mark Antony. The former was entertaining, especially the quarrel scene in the restaurant; the latter was dull.

But a revue of this kind does not call for solemn discussion. Spectators know what they will see and hear. They expect to see battalions of girls in varied costumes or scantily draped. Last night the girls paraded on a runway to the great joy of some who sat nearly under the walk and to the sheepish annoyance of the more staid. They expect to be amused by songs, dances and comedy. They expect to hear lively and loud music, with a liberal use of rag-time.

The expectations of the greater part of the audience were satisfied last night for there was laughter, there was applause and the song, "I'm Looking for Someone's Heart," sung by Miss Mink, Miss Moore and chorus, as they pranced up and down the board walk with their electric lights in the darkened theatre was repeated many times. Other songs met with favor. Nor did any one of the principals escape flattering attention. Among them The Souse, Miss Calvert, the dancing violinist, and Mlle. Dazie, with her toe drill and other muscular display are to be included.

These entertainments are in high favor here as elsewhere. No doubt "Maid in America" will have a prosperous run.

Wishing to read an improving book last Sunday, we opened "Perroniana," a collection of the "judicious thoughts, witty remarks, agreeable jests and curious observations" of Cardinal Perron. Several editions of this little book, compiled by Christophe Dupuy, appeared in the 17th century. Opening it we came upon the following description of the Germans: "According to my opinion the most envious and the most brutal nation is Germany, an enemy of all other nations. The minds of the Germans are beer and frying pans. They are envious beyond belief. For this reason their affairs go badly in Hungary, because they are so envious of strangers and displeased when they do well, while they themselves do nothing. If a Frenchman or an Italian happens to go out by himself, they kill him; that is certain. The English are far more polite. Their aristocracy is highly civilized; there are men of fine minds among them. The Poles are an honest folk; they like the French, and there are men of parts to be found there. The Germans are wickedly disposed toward them."

Before we began to dose we learned that the cardinal had a wretched dinner at the house of Monsieur de Bourbonne: "badly prepared, badly furnished, and with bad meat." We also learned that the cardinal preferred cider of lower Normandy to wine. He quoted St. Augustin as his backer. But the cardinal added: "Cider intoxicates like wine, and the drunkenness is the worse because it is colder."

Another Sociologist.

As the World Wags:

Two recent visits out of town enabled me to extend to unfamiliar regions my studies in barrooms. At Pittsfield I found several interesting resorts of the kind, one, not far from the railway station, of unusual charm and considerable distinction. There were several others that conformed more nearly to an unattractive type familiar to Boston. Haste prevented me from visiting any bar in a charming little village of Connecticut whither business took me, but I was fortunately able to see some saloons of a somewhat unfamiliar type in Poughkeepsie. The saloon business has been somewhat less harried by unfriendly legislation in New York than in New England, with the result that the type of saloons in the smaller cities is far more agreeable than in the cities of Massachusetts or Connecticut. Unfortunately I have had no chance to extend my studies to other New England states, though I fully intend to visit a bar at Providence celebrated for its cocktails, even if I have to break bulk one day on my way to the city of New York. My recent outing carried me thus far, and a discriminating friend took me to a most delightful bar, the cocktails of which he praised not above their worth. When I think of that clean, quiet, cosey and orderly resort, with its intelligently prepared free lunch, I despair of Boston, where so few barrooms are dedicated to aught save the swift and copious consumption of strong drink. Comfort in these matters is the mother of moderation.

My present topic naturally leads me to your recent discussion of treating. It would be well could that custom be abolished in the clubs as savoring of less select places. South of Mason and Dixon's Line, treating used to be highly developed at the public bars. If the local doctor, lawyer, boss carpenter or other person of comfortable means entered for a drink, he waved a comprehensive hand and said "Come up, boys," and the "boys," mostly seasoned loafers, responded with alacrity. Not one of them returned treat, but if two men of means were present the "boys" had at least two drinks round. There were red-letter days long remembered in local tradition, when accident or some form of public business kept the "boys" coming up every half hour. My great-grandfather, who ran for Congress in western Pennsylvania toward the close of the 18th century, was defeated, it is said, because he declined to furnish the customary barrel of whiskey to the electors. So excellent a bird in the hand was well worth at least one election in the bush. My people always hated to part with good liquor for uncertain or insufficient consideration.

SEMPER SICCUS.

Boston, Nov. 6.

Sweet Auburn.

As The World Wags:

The discussion as to the class of girl meant by "tart" reminds me of the chorus of a ditty that went the rounds of the London music halls in the eighties. It ran:

Our village, our village is a tasty little spot,
The home of sweet simplicity where they no tarts have got.
They have no music halls, no sign of three brass balls.
The village on the slow and dirty line.

BELATED BRITON.

Boston, Nov. 5.

Self-Satisfied.

As the World Wags:

In the good old times when Du Maurier's cartoons appeared every week in Punch, this couplet appeared in that unparalleled paper:

Ain't I the cheese, ain't I the cheese, as I walk in the Park with my pretty Louise!
Ain't I the cheese, ain't I the cheese, as we stroll by the Serpentine under the trees!

I don't recall whether that was the whole of it. I don't even remember that it was original with Punch. It sounds like an echo from the Alhambra—the Leicester Square Alhambra, I mean. Anyhow, it illustrates fairly well the significance of "cheese" as a slang appellation, and is quite in line with your philosophical reflections on the subject.

W. E. K.

Boston, Nov. 6.

'EXPERIENCE,' TO CONTINUE RUN, MOVES TO THE WILBUR

Third Playhouse Secured for Extension of Remarkable Engagement

"Experience," the modern morality comedy drama which has been playing to large audiences in Boston since last August, will continue its engagement here for four weeks only at the Wilbur Theatre, beginning next Monday night, so that "Experience" will not depart when it closes its engagement at the Boston Opera House next Saturday night.

AT B. F. KEITH'S

Music is the predominating note at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Heading the bill is "The New Producer," a grand opera travesty. It opens with a bare stage, showing properties strewn round

[illegible] profusion. This is the scene that greets the opera singer at rehearsal. There are the producer, the orchestra leader and the singers, ready for dress rehearsal.

A new singer appears, applies for a position and is at first refused, but she sits at the piano and sings "The Kiss," made famous by Fritzi Scheff. Following this the company rehearses the "Toreador" song and the "Prayer" and finishes with the Sextet from "Lucia."

The company included 14 persons and, under the leadership of Ignacio Castro, went through each number with dramatic appeal. Miss Marie Irene Kolb was the premier danseuse.

Beatrice Herford in a repertoire of characterizations was received with enthusiasm.

The Avon Comedy Four, old-timers at B. F. Keith's Theatre, returned in their farce, "The New Teacher," with new jokes and new songs.

Mitt Collins, "the Speaker of the House," still retains his hold on Boston audiences.

Agnes Scott and Henry Keane, in "The Final Decree," written by Miss Scott, have a skit entirely unlike any dramatic sketch seen at Keith's. It tells the story of a young couple on the eve of being separated for life by the final divorce decree. While humorous, it is pathetic.

Others on the bill are the Arco brothers, billed as the modern Samsons; Elida Morris, singing comedienne; John and Winnie Hennings, the "Kill Kare" couple, in burlesque songs and dances, and the Danube quartet, acrobats.

LOUIS GRAVEURE

By PHILIP HALE.

Mr. Louis Graveure, baritone, of New York, gave his first recital here in Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon. His program was as follows: Schubert, Adieu; Der Neugierige, Wanderers Nachtlied, Auf dem Wasser zu Sinzen; W. Jackson, To Anna; H. Lawes, While I listen to thy voice; S. Arnold, Flow thou regal purple stream; Bemberg, A Toi, Il neige, Aime-moi; Feiitz, song cyclo "Elliland"; Ronald, O lovely night; Margetson, Tommy, Lad; Dix, The Trumpeter.

When Mr. Graveure gave a recital in New York (Oct. 20) some of the critics asked if he were not a young Englishman who appeared last season in "The Lilac Domino." One of them went so far as to say that Mr. Graveure, announced as a Belgian, sang "with the face, figure, manner and voice of Douthitt, plus a monocle and a three months' beard." Mr. Douthitt, by the way, was supposed to be at present fighting in the English army in Flanders.

With these momentous questions we are not concerned. The only question is, How did Mr. Graveuro sing yesterday afternoon?

His program was unconventional. Some one should have told him that "Adieu" was written by A. H. von Weyrauch, not by Schubert. Weyrauch, born at Riga, published the song in 1824. It then had other words. About 1840 it was published in Paris as a song of Schubert's with French words by Belanger. It was first known in Germany as "Adieu" through Doehler's transcription for the piano. Afterwards some German put to the melody the words sung yesterday. The groups of English songs were unfamiliar to many. William Jackson, chiefly known by his Church Service in F major, wrote many things, among them the music to a play by Gen. Burgoyne; hence the General's name on the program. The air by Lawes, to whom Milton addressed a sonnet "Harry whose tuneful and well measured song," has considerable dramatic force. Arnold's setting of O'Keefe the playright's verses is a sturdy old fashioned song, typically English, with the conventional roulades.

Why in the world did Mr. Graveure exhume the cycle "Elliland," which, we had fondly believed, was as safely burled as King Pandion whose bones were lapped in lead?

Mr. Graveure has an uncommonly good voice, virile, rich, and of large compass. He has evidently studied faithfully the art of singing. His control of breath, his tonal emission are excellent. As an interpreter he errs on the side of sentimentalism. Take, for example, the first two songs of Schubert. In nearly every line there was an unmeaning and disturbing alternation of forte and piano. Sometimes the singer would suddenly, without any possible rhetorical reason, sink his voice to a whisper. Yet it would not be fair to call him a master of the inaudible pianissimo.

These errors and others in taste can be easily overcome. Mr. Graveure at present is too anxious to sing with "great expression." He double dots his "i's" and double crosses his "t's."

The audience applauded heartily. Mr. Francis Moore was the accompanist.

RECITAL OF RUSSIAN MUSIC IN JORDAN HALL

Given by Nicola Oulukanoff and Mme. Kalova-Ondricek.

Nicola Oulukanoff, baritone, assisted by Mme. Kalova-Ondricek, violinist, gave a recital of Russian music last evening at Jordan Hall. Mr. Oulukanoff sang these songs: Borodin, Aria from "Prince Igor"; Koeneman, "When the King Went to the War"; Lichin, Ballad; Tschaikowsky, Pilgrim's songs; Rimsky-Korsakov, 'In the Pale Pink Fades the Distant Sunset"; Rachmaninoff, "The Islet." Mme. Kalova-Ondricek played these pieces: Vihtol, Andante; Rachmaninoff, Serenade; Tschaikowsky, Serenade Melancholique; Liccard, Russian dances.

Borodin wrote "Prince Igor" under difficulties. Torn between lectures, laboratory work, wards of examination, medical commissions, he devoted his rare intervals of leisure to this opera based on an old Russian epic. In winter, illness was his only opportunity for remaining at home and the chorus in the last act was written on a certain Christmas, when he was housed with an attack of influenza. Two orchestral numbers from the opera were played at a concert at the Boston Opera House in 1912. The air sung by Mr. Oulukanoff is that of Prince Igor in the second act, mourning his captivity. The aria is nobly planned, sombre in character. The despair of the prisoner is eloquently voiced.

Koeneman's song has been sung here by Mr. Olshanski. It presents in effective contrast the varying fortunes of war of a king and a humble soldier.

Gregory Lichin, a pupil of Rimsky-Korsakov and Solaviev, died in 1888. Three operas of his have been produced. His song is not in any respect striking nor can it be compared with Sinding's dramatic setting of Heine's verses sung here by Dr. Wuellner in his vivid manner.

Mr. Oulukanoff has a manly voice, generally pleasing in quality. He sang in Russian with intelligence, taste and appreciation of both poets and composers. He was especially successful in Rachmaninoff's song, the Islet, a song exquisitely poetic and fanciful.

Mme. Kalova-Ondricek's abuse of portamento throughout the evening did not add to the significance of her numbers. Otherwise she displayed a fair technique to advantage.

An audience of fair size was interested and appreciative.

Nov 10 1915

MR. COPELAND

By PHILIP HALE.

Mr. George Copeland gave a piano recital last night in Jordan Hall. His program was as follows: Rameau, L'Egyptienne, L'Enharmonique; Mozart, Fantaisie; Chopin, Valse, Ballade No. 1, Nocturne; Schumann, Finale from Etudes Symphoniques; Satie, Gymnopedie, No. 3; Rachmaninov, two Preludes; Stravinsky, Berceuse; Debussy, Danse de Puck, Et la Lune descend sur le Temple qui fut, Les Fees sont d'exquises Dansueses, Feuilles Mortes; Granados, Deux Valses poetique; Grovlez, Evocation, Recuerdos. The pieces by Satie, Stravinsky and the Evocation of Grovlez were played here for the first time. A large audience was enthusiastic.

Erik Satie is an extraordinary person. Over a dozen years ago he called himself a "Symbolist Musician." He was interested with the Sar Peladan in a Rosicrucian Salon and wrote strange music for a still stranger play, Peladan's "Son of the Stars: a Chaldeon Wagnerism." Taking himself very seriously, he applied in 1892 for the chair of composition at the Paris Conservatory. Two years later he wrote to Saint-Saens complaining that he had not been taken into the institute although he was the "Chapelmaster of the Metropolitan Church of Art of Jesus Christ, conductor." Of late years he has published piano pieces that to some are impertinent foolishness; to others they are delightfully humorous, parodies of esteemed composers, sly cracks at traditions and conventional ties.

Two of the Gymnopedies, orchestrated by Debussy, were performed here at a concert of the Boston Orchestral Club, led by Mr. Longy, in 1905. They then made a profound impression by the classic simplicity and nobility of the music, and the effects of stately rhythm and chaste coloring. The Gymnopedia was a yearly festival in honor of those who fell at Thyrea. Naked boys then danced and went through a gymnastic exercise. According to Athenaeus the gymnopaedic dance was analagous to the tragic, in that the spectator observed something majestic and solemn. The dancers interrupted in cadence their movements and gesticulated in a free and graceful manner, so that they pictured a combat, even the contest in which boxing and wrestling were combined.

Rachmaninov's preludes are original and interesting, with a touch of orientalism not disturbing to western ears. It is a pleasure to find him not yet Germanized. May he escape the fate that befell Glazounov! The Berceuse of Stravinsky is from his ballet, "L'Oiseau de Feu," and even as a piano piece exerts a singular fascination.

We spoke of Erik Satie somewhat at length because the performance of his little piece showed the rare art of Mr. Copeland. He is known to many chiefly as a remarkable interpreter of Debussy. It is not too much to say that no pianist visiting us, however renowned, is in this field his equal. It is perhaps to be regretted that the program included "Et la Lune descend sur le temple qui fut" and "Feuilles Mortes," because they are not among the more poetic of Debussy's compositions. Mr. Copeland, with all his rare talent, could not raise them to the level of the other selections.

But Mr. Copeland is something more than Debussy's interpreter. It would be hard to imagine anything more exquisite than his performance of the pieces by Rameau; more Mozartian than the reading of the Fantaisie. De Pachmann himself would have applauded the interpretation of Chopin. And then Mr. Copeland showed conclusively that the music of Schumann is not foreign to him.

This pianist reconciles us to the piano, which under the hands of many, even men of world-wide reputation, is too often an instrument of torture. There are very few that have such a beautiful, brilliant, fascinating touch; such a command of tints and demi-tints; such a variety of expression. It is not easy to say whether he excels in the music of old days, in that of the early masters, in that of Chopin, or in that of men with new thoughts and curiously individual expression now living. There are few who can carry one back to the 18th century, play Mozart with such purity of line, infinite grace and tender sentiment, and at the same time be heroic or brilliant with the music of later days and poetize with Achille Claude Debussy.

GEBHARD GIVES PIANO RECITAL

By PHILIP HALE.

At his piano recital in Steinert Hall yesterday afternoon Mr. Heinrich Gebhard played these pieces that were unfamiliar: Bartok, No. 4 from Esquisses Op. 9, Baerentanz; Engel, Nos. 1, 2 and 3 from "Au coin d'une ruelle sombre"; Schoenberg, No. 2 from three piano pieces, Op. 11; Ornstein, Wild Men's Dance. These pieces were preceded by Bach's Italian Concerto and D'Indy's Poeme des Montagnes. The final group was as follows: Chopin, Ballade No. 1, G-minor, and Waltz, Op. 42; Liszt, Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 12.

Bach goes singularly well with the saner composers of the ultra-modern school. He would be the first to appreciate the harmonic ventures and adventures of Franck, d'Indy and Debussy and recognize the last named's mastery of form, which some fail to see, as they would be puzzled by the declaration of Plotinus that fire has the one perfect form in all nature. But what would Bach say of the pieces by Engel and Schoenberg played by Mr. Gebhard?

There is method in the madness of Bartok, and his Bear's Dance has a peculiarly grotesque humor. Four years ago young Mr. Ornstein descended upon us. He was then comparatively tame in composition. We remember his "Paris Street Scene at Night." Now he is a bold and aggressive futurist, cubist, what you will. His Wild Men's Dance is certainly wild, but it is intelligible, and inasmuch as the Wild Man himself will play some of his pieces here next week, let us wait patiently before discussing his theories and practices.

Mr. Carl Engel lives in Boston, a man of marked musical attainments, modest withal. It would be flagrantly unjust to call him a poseur in his profession. Having dwelt in Paris for a long time, closely associated with Charpentier, he no doubt hears and feels music as he expresses it. His "Vieux Monsieur" expresses a mood. As Mr. Gebhard played it we thought at once of the desolate, old man with his dog—both apparently saying: "We are so old," as Dostoievsky describes them at the beginning of "Humiliated and Offended." "Lucarne Fleurie" and "Fanfreluche," the other pieces, had less profile. There were sounds, not all of them agreeable; not rude or ugly enough to hold the attention.

But these pieces were as music by Hummel in comparison with Schoenberg's composition, or decomposition. The man has written beautiful, passionate and noble music, witness his quartet and sextet; and in the orchestral pieces played here there were surprising bits of color, romantically imaginative measures. The piano piece, however, is an illustrious example of the unpardonable sin in music: it is intolerably dull. Not on account of formlessness or abuse of dissonances, but because there is nothing to arouse any feeling of admiration or repulsion. Not merely because there is an absence of rhythm and any melodic phrase, but because it does not suggest any sentiment or emotion, not is it even emptily decorative.

Mr. Gebhard gave a smooth and polished performance of Franck's concerto. To d'Indy's music he gave the mountain atmosphere and the folk spirit. His courage in introducing the new pieces and his ability to memorize them are to be commended. He evidently enjoyed the Bear Dance; he played "Le Vieux Monsieur" with fine sentiment and the Wild Men's Dance demoniacally.

An audience of good size applauded, was amused by the Bear Dance and laughed out loud during the performance of Ornstein's savage achievement.

I freely will own I the muffins preferr'd
To all the genteel conversation I heard.

The Curate's Assistant.

We saw a day or two ago a handsome piece of furniture, known to some as the curate's assistant, displayed in a shop window on Boylston street. A placard advertised it as a "muffing stand." "Muffing"? We found in the dictionary these variants of "muffin." Chiefly heard in English provinces: moolin, mouffin, moulin. No "muffing"; but in the book on cookery attributed to Mrs. Glasse (1747) there is an allusion to "muffings and oat-cakes."

The frequenters of afternoon teas are familiar with the curate's assistant. It is often passed about by a young man with pleasingly combed hair anxious to please his hostess and serve the ladies. The stand is laden with buttered toast, muffins, delicate sandwiches, including that abomination of desolation the lettuce sandwich, cakes, chiefly rich and indigestible, candy. Mr. Herkimer Johnson informed us when we last saw him that he had never seen, when he went "into society," doughnuts and cheese on the stand. The young man passing it presses in a mutton tallow voice the ladies to partake. He is solicitous, importunate. The tea has gone to his head. "Won't you have a sandwich? They are delicious. Try this chocolate cake."

In the Dictionary.

Reading the dictionary, we learned that "Muffin" is the name for a kind of flat earthen ware or china plate. Thus, in England, a muffin maker may be busied in the manufacture of china. We also learned that in Canadian slang a muffin has a tenderer meaning. "Every unmarried gentleman who chooses to do so, selects a young lady to be his companion in the numerous amusements of the season; when she acquiesces she is called a 'muffin.'"

Then there is the Muffineer: either a small castor for sprinkling the muffin with salt or sugar; a covered dish to keep toasted muffins hot; a seller of muffins; or a muffin bell.

The word just before "muffin" in the dictionary is "muffetee." We heard some one at the Porphyry speaking of the muffetees he wore when he used to coast as a boy. The word was new to us. In western Massachusetts we went sliding down hill, not coasting, and we wore wristlets, not muffetees. Yet the Porphyrite spoke by the card. A muffetee was first a muffler worn round the neck. The word in this sense is obsolete in England except in the provinces. The word came to mean a worsted cuff worn on the wrist. Thus the excellent Cornelia Mee in her "Complete Work Table" spoke of "a new cross-way pattern for gentlemen's muffatees" (sic): "For a muffatee make a chain of 52 stitches," etc.

A Return to Muffins.

But let us return to our muffins. Mr. Beauclerck, talking with Dr. Johnson, told a story of Mr. — "who loved buttered muffins, but durst not eat them because they disagreed with his stomach." He resolved to shoot himself. "He ate three buttered muffins for breakfast, before shooting himself, knowing that he should not be troubled with indigestion." Mr. Croker says that this unfortunate person was a Mr. Fitzherbert, but he hanged himself. Dr. Hill, the voluminous annotator of Boswell, was reminded of the man in "Pickwick" who killed himself on principle after eating three shillings' worth of crumpets.

De Quincey in an essay, "National Temperance Movements," preaches a sermon on the muffin text. He is talking about breakfast: how tea or any fluid is bad for a feeble stomach at breakfast: broiled beef with a little bread, at least 60 hours old is the only tolerable diet. The rich can afford game. "In relation to this earliest meal it is that human folly has in one or two instances shown itself most ruinously inventive. The less variety there is at that meal, the more is the danger from any single luxury: and there is one known by the name of 'muffins,' which has repeatedly manifested itself to be plain and direct bounty upon suicide." Then he tells a story similar to that told by the elegant Mr. Beauclerck. "Darwin in his 'Zoonomia' reports the case of an officer . . . who could not tolerate a breakfast in which this odious article was wanting: but as a savage retribution invariably supervened within an hour or two upon this act of insane sensuality, he came to a resolution tha

[illegible] intolerable without [illegible] could stand the nuisance [illegible] being a just man, he would give [illegible] one final chance of reforming her [illegible] atrocities. Muffins, therefore, [illegible] laid at one angle of the breakfast [illegible] and loaded pistols at another, with [illegible] equity the colonel awaited the re[illegible].

De Quincey then argues that probably [illegible] not the special want of muffins, but the general torment of indigestion was the curse from which the sufferer sought relief by suicide.

Muffins for breakfast are only for men of heroic frame. There was a time when our one wish for breakfast was sausages and buckwheat cakes on the same plate soaked with maple syrup. Alas, the fleeting years! "Jemima, bring a baked apple, one dropped egg and a little dry toast."

By the way, is Mima, a Christian name used in England and Scotland, a contraction of Jemima?

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Some of our correspondents are thirsting for information. This thirst should not go unslaked. Surely there are men and women in this city and the suburbs who will rush to their assistance.

A Queer Hat Band.

As the World Wags:

What is the origin of the expression "Queer as Dick's hat band"? F. F.

Cambridge, Nov. 8.

We remember two Dicks in fiction. One is Mr. Dick in "David Copperfield"; the other is the hero of "Dick and His Friend. Fidus," a Sunday school book greatly in demand among us boys 40 or 50 years ago. Its only rivals were "Tim the Scissors Grinder," "Irish Amy" and a book about a highly moral circus girl who died young after she had converted the profane ringmaster and the cynical clown. We forget the title.

But "Dick" figures in English slang. As a verb it is used by thieves with the meaning to look, to pipe. The noun means a riding whip, an affidavit, a dictionary, an Irish Catholic. Here are some queer phrases. Again we consort with thieves: "Dick in the green," that is, weak, inferior. "In the reign of Queen Dick" is synonymous with the Greek kalends or "When two Sundays come in a week." "To swallow the Dick," of course, means to use long words without knowledge of their meaning. "Up to Dick" means not to be taken in, artful, fly, wide awake; also, up to the mark. Counsellor Sullivan's "Criminal Slang" informs us that in Canada a "Dick" is a cop or detective.

The phrase, "He's a queer Dick," is common. But who was the Dick whose hat band was queer, and why was it queer?—Ed.

The Thimble.

As the World Wags:

I wonder if Mr. Herkimer Johnson would not like to turn his attention to the origin of the thimble. I find in The Boston Herald of Feb. 20, 1915, an excerpt from the Troy (N. Y.) Times on that subject, in which it is stated that the thimble was invented in the year 1681. Now, if Mr Johnson will consult the British Museum "Guide to the Exhibition Illustrating Greek and Roman Life," page 160, he will see an illustration of a bronze thimble dating back to Roman times. Any further data regarding the origin and history of this small, but useful, article might be of interest to some of your more curious readers.

POLYHISTOR.

Williamstown, Nov. 6.

There is mention of a thimble in English literature as early as 1112, or thereabouts. Probably the first form of a thimble in England was a leather thumbstall. Metal thimbles apparently came into use in England in the 17th century. The parliamentary army of the civil war was described in 1647 as the thimble and bodkin army. The Troy Times is hopelessly wrong.—Ed.

"Kibosh."

As the World Wags:

Knowing that the origin of slang is often found in the adaptation of foreign words, I should like to ask Mr. Herkimer Johnson if the word now used as slang, "kibosh" (which I think originated with the London Yidden) is only a corruption of the Arabic "koorbash," the whip used to punish offenders in Egypt. SYDNEY HARROCKS.

Westminster, Nov. 8.

The Egyptian whip, made of dried and twisted hippotamus hide, is spelled "kurbaj" by Burton, and "kurbag" by Lane. The great Oxford Dictionary says that the derivation of "kibosh" is obscure. Some think the word is of Yiddish or Anglo-Hebraic origin. The question was discussed in Notes and Queries, 9th series, vii., 10.

The most important slang dictionary says nothing about the derivation. In English slang "kibosh" has several meanings:

1. It means nonsense; anything worthless.

2. Style, fashion, form: "That's the proper kibosh."

3. It is vulgarly used for a discharge of mucus from the nose.

As a verb it means to spoil, flummox, queer; to bewilder, or knock out of time. "To put the kibosh on," meaning to stop, silence, is found in one of Dickens's sketches (1836): "'Hooroar,' ejaculated a pot boy in parenthesis, 'put the Kye-bosh on her, Mary!'"

The phrase also means to wheedle or talk over; to run down.

A Good Provider.

As the World Wags:

While you are on the subject of walking-sticks, please let me call to mind and tell you of a little incident in the college life of the beloved Prof. Arthur Latham Perry at Williams. Dr. Perry was very proud of his possession of a number of walking-sticks of historic association, and he promised one to each of his sons as a legacy, there being just enough to "go 'round."

Before the good doctor acquired another stick, a fifth son was added to the family. It so happened that the annual birthday gift of the junior class for the year following the birth of the fifth son was a gold-headed stick. In his little speech of acceptance and appreciation, Dr. Perry said, "And now the youngest is provided," a remark somewhat cryptic until he explained to the class his plans to bequeath his walking-sticks to his sons.

The doctor's remark was current about the campus for a long time, and did duty on many occasions with more or less point. W. S. C.

"Sing Us a Song."

As the World Wags:

Some thirty years ago we used to hear a song with these lines:

My name is Tommy Atkins,
I do not care by Jove,
As long as I get three square meals a day.

I'll endeavor to show to you,
In a way excelled by few,
Some new clog steps in good old English style.

Can you tell me where the lines may be found? C. M. GLAZIER.

Hartford, Ct., Nov. 8.

MR. WILLIAMS

Evan Williams gave a recital last evening at Jordan Hall. Carl Bernthaler was the accompanist. The program was as follows: Beethoven, "O'er the Purple Crested Mountains," "On the Cliffs or In the Caves," "Lark That Sing'st," "O Would That My True Love Were Here," "The Spring Is Returning," "Wake Thy Lute"; Mozart, The Violet; Schubert, "Thy Ways Are Peace"; Rubinstein, The Asra; Schumann, Dedication; Hugo Wolf, Secrecy, Weyla's Song, Wouldst Thou Behold Thy Lover Sadly Dying, Song to Spring; Cornelius, Monotone; Dvorak, Songs My Mother Taught Me; Grieg, A Swan; Brahms, The Message; MacFayden, Inter Nos; Cadman, The Moon Drops Low; Hammond, The Pipes of Gordon's Men; Huhn, Israfel.

Mr. Williams has been a favorite here for 20 years. His voice is a virile organ capable of varied expression, a voice that can be at will robust and resonant, tender and moving.

The program was well chosen. The songs voiced various sentiments, emotions, passions, from simple joy to black despair.

At first the singer appeared not vocally well disposed, but he recovered himself with the second group. Interesting in songs of purely lyrical character he was impressive in "The Asra," "Weyla's Song," "Monotone," and "A Swan." The last four numbers, which were of a more dramatic character, were sung with characteristically Welsh fervor and irresistible warmth of interpretation.

An enthusiastic audience of good size was loath to let Mr. Williams leave the stage.

Nov 12. 1915

MME. ZEISLER

By PHILIP HALE.

Mme. Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon at Jordan Hall. The program was as follows. Scarlatti, Pastorale, Capriccio, Allegrissimo; Bach, Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue; Chopin, Sonata, op. 58; Mrs. Beach, Ballad, op. 6; Signo Lund, Ballade, op. 37; Marie Prentner, Caprice, D major; Cecile Chaminade, Le Retour, op. 134; Liszt, Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 15 (Rakoczy March). The pieces by the women named are dedicated to Mme. Zeisler.

Mme. Zeisler has long been known here. Her indisputable talent and the individuality of her interpretations have long been recognized and applauded. Nor has she wearied the public by her continual coming. Why then was there a lamentably small audience to hear a pianist of pronounced ability?

Other pianists, singers, violinists of established reputation visiting Boston might also ask this question. It has been said that automobiles bear hundreds away from concert halls; but it is unfair to attribute neglecting every art to the devil-wagon. Some say that the people feel poor. The people have the money to go to shows that attract them. Mark Twain and a companion had talked of a journey on foot through the Rhineland, but when the day came for their setting out, Twain remarked that the weather was too fine for walking, so they took a boat. Perhaps yesterday was too fine a day for attending a piano recital.

Nothing daunted by the presence of only a few hearers, Mme. Zeisler played exceedingly well. It is a pleasure to hear music by Scarlatti when it is well played and even when the pianist does not depart from the beaten track. Scarlatti wrote many other delightful compositions than the three that are so often on a program, but let us hear them as Scarlatti wrote them, not as Buelow tinkered them, often with a flagrant disregard of Scarlatti's harmonies and the taste of his period. Mme. Landowska has written savagely but not too savagely concerning such "editing."

As Mme. Zeisler played them these ancient pieces were as fresh and sparkling as though they were just from the publisher. Her performance was crisp, clear, euphonious, and when occasion demanded it was characterized by the vivacity that comes from exuberance of spirits, not for the sake of technical display. Excellent, too, was her performance of Bach's Fantasy and Fugue. The Fantasy was appropriately rhapsodic, not archaic in repression, not too modern. The pianist's musicianship was shown in her contrapuntal reading in the Fugue, which was not analytically dissected as though the audience were a class; but there was musical exposition, with the various walks of the voices well defined, yet as part of the gradual majestic procession.

Perhaps there was a tendency to play the purely lyrical sections of the first movement of Chopin's Sonata two much in the nocturne manner, thus discounting the effect of the Largo. The Scherzo was performed brilliantly.

Four pieces on the program were dedicated to Mme. Zeisler. There is an old saw about the impropriety of looking a gift horse in the mouth.

ROLAND W. HAYES GIVES CONCERT AT JORDAN HALL

Roland W. Hayes, tenor, assisted by William S. Lawrence, pianist, gave a concert last evening at Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Thompson, An Emblem; Loud, In Maytime; Burleigh, Memory; Brogi, Visione Veneziana; Polloni, Domani; Beethoven, Adelaide; Massenet, Reve de Des Grieux from "Manon"; Bemberg, A Toi; Rubinstein, Es Blinkt der Thau; Schubert, Du Bist die Ruh; Cadman, Call Me No More; Chopin, Prelude, op. 28, No. 20; Liszt, Liebestraum; McDowell, Polonaise.

Mr. Hayes gave much pleasure to an audience of good size. He has an uncommonly fine voice, appealing and emotional in quality. His voice is well trained and responsive to every demand of the singer. There is constantly the sense of reserve, for Mr. Hayes does not indulge in forcing tone, and he is the more effective in dramatic outbursts. His management of breath is admirable and his phrasing therefore polished. As an interpreter, he reflects the mood of every song with imagination, sincerity and native fervor. He is conscious of nuances and he colors tone effectively.

Not the least pleasurable feature of his singing is his excellent diction and clear enunciation alike in English, French, German and Italian.

Mr. Lawrence has an agreeable touch, which is not lacking in depth. His technic is commendable and he has a certain facility. Both he and Mr. Hayes were deservedly applauded and the program was lengthened.

Tremont Temple Season Begins with Evelyn Scotney, Howard White and Irma Seydel.

The fourth season of the Tremont Temple concert course opened last evening. There was a very large and appreciative audience. The principal singers were Evelyn Scotney, soprano, and Howard White, bass; Irma Seydel was the single instrumentalist.

Miss Scotney's contributions to the program were as follows: Mad scene from "Hamlet," Thomas; "The Swan," Saint-Saens; "Pierrot," Rubner; "All's Right With the World," Renaud; Minuet, "La Phyllis," Gilberte; "John Anderson, My Jo," "Charlie is My Darling," "Within a Mile o' Edinboro Town," Mr. White sang "Vision Fugitive," Massenet; "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton," "A Man's a Man for a' That," Border ballad; "War," Rogers; "O Moon Upon the Waters," Codman; "Route Marchin'." Miss Scotney and Mr. White were heard in two duets. Miss Seydel's selections included Symphonie Espanole, Lalo; Melodie from "Orfeo," Gluck-Kreisler; Hungarian Dance, Brahms-Joachim. Besides all this the artists were generous in responding to the insistence of the audience.

"THE CASE OF BECKY" GIVEN BY THE CRAIG PLAYERS

Problem of Dual Personality Based on Dr. Prince's Book.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—The Craig Players in "The Case of Becky." A comedy-drama in three acts by E. J. Locke.

Dr. Emerson.....William P. Carleton
Prof. Balzamo, a professional hypnotist.. Theodore Friebus
John Arnold.....Donald Meek
Dr. Peters, Dr. Emerson's assistant..... Robert Capron
Thomas, an electrician.....Al Roberts
Miss Petingill.....Miss Betty Barnicoat
Dorothy.....Miss Mary Young

This is undoubtedly the age of scientific discovery. Novelists and magazine writers have popularized science; and dramatists base their plays on popularized versions of modern investigations. This play of Mr. Locke's is based on a book by Dr. Morton Prince, the celebrated Boston neurologist. It deals with the problem of dual personality, and it brings home to its audience the dangers and inestimable value of hypnotism.

All three acts take place in Dr. Emerson's sanatorium. He is a nerve specialist of reputation and integrity. One case particularly interests him. When normal this patient is Dorothy, innocent and charming, engaged to a fine young man, John Arnold. But in an abnormal state she becomes Becky, a vulgar little gutter snipe. How Dr. Emerson discovers that her mental disease is due to prenatal influences, and that the professional hypnotist, Prof. Balzamo, is not in reality her father, is well told in the play.

Mary Young as Dorothy was clever in a difficult part. Mr. Carleton as Dr. Emerson was good in the second act; and Mr. Friebus as Prof. Balzamo, although reminiscent of Svengali, was excellent in his final scene. Miss Barnicoat showed versatility as the trained nurse of Puritanical instincts. There was energetic love making by Dr. Peters, in real life Robert Capron. Donald Meek was a serious and devoted lover.

The play as a whole teaches a scientific lesson; and the audience learns a good deal about the different methods for inducing hypnotic sleep. The last act, which took place in Dr. Emerson's laboratory, was excellently staged.

4TH CONCERT

Severe Cold Prevents Mme. Melba from Singing—Mendelssohn's Overture Added.

By PHILIP HALE.

The fourth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows.

Symphony "Antar".....Rimsky-Korsakoff
Carnival Overture to "Princess Brambilla".....Praupfels
Concerto in F for two wind-choirs and strings.....Handel
Overture, "Sea Calm and Prosperous Voyage".....Mendelssohn

Mme. Melba was expected to sing at this concert airs by Handel and Mozart. Suffering from a severe cold she was unable to appear. Mendelssohn's overture was therefore added to the orchestral compositions that had been announced.

For the first time in the history of this orchestra the Program Book announced the "Public Rehearsal" as a "concert." The change was welcome. There was a time when the concert of Friday afternoon was a rehearsal. In the earlier years, the conductor would stop the performance to explain or correct. Compositions have been performed on Friday and not repeated on Staurday night. The significance of the phrase "Public Rehearsal" long ago passed away. The orchestra now gives two concerts in a week.

Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Antar" has not been so popular here as his "Scheherazade." Until yesterday it had been performed only twice while the Suite has been played here six times. Is the popular verdict well founded? When "Antar" was composed (1868) it was years ahead of the time for appreciation. Nevertheless 10 years later Buelow spoke of it as a "gorgeous tone-picture." Liszt thought highly of it. Mr. Nikisch conducted it at Magdeburg in 1881 with marked success at a meeting of the Allgemeiner Deutsche Musikverein. It was written in the year that the composer left the marine service of Russia and entered upon what he once described as the most adventurous period of his life. "Associating with students, workingmen, poor artists and vagabonds, I learned the very depths of human miseries and got the first impulse of my best creations. I learned to realize the power of legends and fairy tales."

It is easy to see why the average hearer prefers "Scheherazade" to "Antar." In the first place he knows his "Thousand Nights and a Night," the wondrous tales told by Scheherazade, the adventures of Sinbad, the story of the two Princesses. The music of "Scheherazade" reeks with benzoin, frankincense, all the perfumes of the East. The melodic phrases are more defined, more obvious. There is greater rhythmic piquancy, there is a more sensuous atmosphere; there are sharper contrasts, as that between the marvellously pictorial description of the shipwreck caused by the lodestone mountain and the lyrics of swooning lovers; there is the constant suggestion of the wild tales of cruel jests, sensual beauties of the harem, strange inhabitants of the air, hashish-inspired dreams, terrible revenges, and what Sir Richard F. Burton called "the tedium of the East."

The dominating feature of "Antar" is barbaric splendor. What is Antar to the average hearer or he to Antar? He might ask with the undergraduate: "What are Keats?" Yet this symphony makes a deeper impression with every repetition. The opening measures picture the desert in a manner that Borodin, Goldmark (in his "Queen of Sheba" and Feliclen David have not surpassed. Splendid in its ferocity is the second movement, while in the march movement there is the portrayal of triumphant invading hordes. And after this blare and fury and barbaric din, the composer had the courage to end his symphony with amorous strains; to end it as a tale that is told. This music is wildly romantic, highly imaginative, oriental in endless repetitions, music expressed in an instrumentation that is strangely devised and strangely effective.

After the symphony, the overture of Braunfels seemed noisily empty. The opera "Princess Brambilla" was produced at Stuttgart in 1909. This overture was not published until 1912 and is not found in the edition of the opera for voice and piano. Was it composed after the production of the opera? The title now reads: "Carnival Overture to E. T. A. Hoffmann's 'Princess Brambilla.'" but when the overture was performed at Dresden the program book stated that it was a "Carnival overture to the joyous opera 'Princess Brambilla.'" Braunfels took his libretto from Hoffmann's story; he also took so great liberties with the story that he was roundly abused at the time. He said that his chief object in writing the opera was to picture in tone the Carnival at Rome. Well, one Hector Berlioz did this before him, but more vividly, more musically, and with fewer instruments. Braunfels's overture is not only impotently noisy; it lacks continuity; too much of it is mosaic work; the Carnival spirit quickly disappears. In all probability certain episodes have to do with lovers at the Carnival; but while they chatter, the Carnival itself disappears. Flaubert in "Madame Bovary" did in prose what Braunfels failed to do in music. At the fair that resembled our cattle shows Emma and her Rudolph talked amorously while the exercises were in full blast on the platform; but the one did not cause the other to be forgotten; the two themes were contrapuntally treated.

After all, the performance of Handel's concerto was the feature of the concert. "Mr. George Frideric Handel," Mr. Runciman once wrote, "is by far the most superb personage one meets in the history of music." This concerto is in the true meaning of the word superb. When Handel wrote "Pomposo" on a page, he wrote not idly. What magnificent simplicity in outlines! Nor did he permit technical ability to darken his thought. No wonder that Messrs. Longy and Mueller were twice obliged to bow in response to the applause for their brilliant playing of the oboes. Yet to some the crowning glory of the work itself is the slow movement. For melodic lines of such chaste and noble beauty, such Olympian authority no one has approached Handel. "Within that circle none durst walk but he." His nearest rival is the Chevalier Gluck.

The program of the concerts next week is as follows: Bruckner, symphony No. 7; Mozart symphonic concerto for violin and viola (Mr. Witek, violin; Mr. Ferir, viola).

When they to whom we have been unknown or indifferent begin to speak a little well of us, we are sure to find some honest old friend ready to trim the balance.

Concerning "Ana."

We quoted a few days ago some sour remarks of the Cardinal Perron about the Germans of his day. Let us see what is said of them in "Scaligerana, or the witty sayings, agreeable quips and judicious and learned sayings of J. Scaliger." We quote from the edition published at Cologne in 1695. "The Germans look on the world the wrong way. There is no prince among them however insignificant who does not think that he is of a nobler house than the King of France and of greater consequence. The Germans and the Dutch seldom keep their promises, but they will not rob you as the French do. When a German has promised me anything I have no confidence in him until I hold it in my hand. In lower Germany they are barbarously cruel towards strangers. The Germans of today are very fatuous and uninstructed."

Did the Hon. Joseph Justus Scaliger ever say these things? All books of the "Ana" species are suspicious. In our copy of "Scaligerana" there is a frontispiece representing the deep thinker seated in a chair near a tree in a garden. He wears a huge flapping hat; he has a beard like unto that of the venerable inventor of some nostrum or innocuous whiskey, and he is talking with one hand outstretched while five men stand near him, facing various ways, no one of them apparently listening. A former owner of the book wrote in French on a fly leaf: "This book is a very trifling affair." We all know how seldom a conversation is reported correctly when only 10 minutes have elapsed. Yet there is one book of recorded talk in which we all implicitly believe: That is Boswell's Johnson. If Dr. Johnson did not say word for word what is therein put down, he should have, for it was "just like him." The Table Talk of Coleridge sounds like the dreamer. Eckermann's conversations with Goethe are amusing. Was not Goethe at times bored nigh unto death by his worshipper? Yet it is pleasant to note how often Eckermann begins: "I was at supper at Goethe's. I was the first to arrive."

This Scaliger, according to his recorder, was an extraordinarily abusive fellow. On every other page one reads that So-and-so is an ass; Thingamy is a knave, and Dingekirche should be hanged, drawn and quartered for some petty misstatement. Scaliger's "bon mots" are about as funny as an open grave, but there are pleasant things in his account of himself. If he had plenty of money he would not spend so much on books, but would travel and meet people. He wrote in Arabic better than in any other language, but only when he had a good pen. His father could not cut his quills, and the son made a poor job of it.

Still we prefer to read Cardinal Perron discussing the advantages of cider over wine. Listen to him. "Cider is **kept better in bottles than in vessels. It** resists the effects of a sea voyage better than wine. It came to us from the Basques and they had it from Africa. Monsieur de Tiron said that if he left off using cider and took to wine he would die. And there is nothing that burns up the radical humor more than wine, while cider maintains and foments it; but it does not go well with fruit. The only really good cider is in lower Normandy." The Cardinal thought poorly of perry. What would he have said to old Robert Burton who classed cider with perry and condemned them as "both cold and windy drinks, and for that cause to be neglected"?

Scaliger had nothing to say about cider, but he remarked that in Italy, during the great heat, the women drank wine not sufficiently diluted. He observed this when he was supping or dining with seven or eight countesses. This reminds us of the story beginning: "When I was with Sir Arthur on the peninsula, I became acquainted with a Condesa, which is Spanish for countess."

But listen again to the cardinal. "Wine quenches thirst more than cider; yet in the long run cider is more efficacious. Wine takes away the effect of thirst; cider removes the cause. Wine is a great executioner There is nothing more difficult to digest, nothing that so muddles the stomach, especially the wine of France which is fumy. This is not true of Italian wines which are mature and mellow and convert themselves into nourishment." What a pity that the excellent cardinal is not now living and a member of the Porphyry Club. We should be inclined to write a letter against J. J. Scaliger if he were proposed for membership, even though his sponsors were Harvard professors.

Probably Not.

A queer story was recently published in the Pall Mall Gazette about Gen. de Bois-Joffre and the Emperor William, both guests of the Tsar Alexander years ago at Russian manoeuvres. The Emperor did his best to be agreeable to the Frenchman, who avoided him as much as possible. They met, however, one day, for the Emperor was importunate in his desire to talk with him. The Emperor asked: "Who was the best cavalry leader in the past?" "In my opinion, sire, Hannibal." "And in mine, Napoleon," answered the Emperor. "It was on the occasion of these manoeuvres that the Kaiser said what the papers have never recorded: 'I am the Emperor of Peace. But there are wars which are necessary. And it is in London that the world's peace will be signed."

Favorable Weather.

Mr. R. C. Temple, writing to Notes and Queries, remarks: "If the split infinitive is going to be used by this or any future generation of English writers and speakers, it is going to be used, and no amount of sarcasm on the part of purists will stop it. Languages grow by a law of nature, and no law that can be invented by man will stop the growth."

Let's go out and split a few baskets full of infinitives early in the morning. The weather is favorable, and the exercise **will do us all good.**

1 W 14 1911

MME. LISZNIEWSKA

By PHILIP HALE.

Mme. Marguerite Melville-Liszniewska gave her first piano recital in Boston yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. There was a friendly audience of fair size. The program was as follows:

Beethoven, Rondo, G major; Brahms, Rhapsody op. 79, No. 1, Intermezzi op. 117, No. 2, op. 119, No. 3; Schumann, Scenes of Childhood; Debussy, La Cathedral engloutie; Moniuszko, Two Polish Folk-Songs—Spring, arranged by I. Friedman, and Spinning Song, arranged by H. Melcer; Brzezinski, theme and variations; Chopin, Sonata, B minor.

Mme. Liszniewska, when a young girl, was sent to Europe by the late William Steinway. She studied in Berlin, and afterwards in Vienna. She has given concerts in leading European cities and been praised as a pianist and as a composer of chamber music, piano pieces, violin pieces and songs. A piano concerto is among her works. Her home is in Vienna. Last season she was in this country, but she did not give concerts.

Yesterday afternoon she was undoubtedly nervous at the beginning, otherwise she could hardly have so misconstrued the nature of Beethoven's Rondo. Her performance was restless, as though she wished to give the piece an emotional character and a rhetorical importance that the music does not contain or suggest. This rondo was written in the year of Beethoven's second Symphony. In the performance there should be the calm purity of the Mozartian line; certainly no suggestion of Sturm und Drang; but Mme. Liszniewska endeavored to be obviously "emotional" in the very first measures.

She was more fortunate with the pieces by Brahms. The Rhapsody was played with musical understanding and the two Intermezzi, which with others persuade doubting Thomases that Brahms after all could write agreeably for the piano, although some of his Viennese friends regretted that he had so lowered himself to trifles, were played with nice appreciation of their character.

It is a mistake to play Schumann's cycle, the "Scenes of Childhood," in public. A great pianist, choosing a few, may by his personality, his mastery of nuances and by a display of fancy that is now whimsical, now tender, charm an audience. Schumann objected to Rellstab's criticism of the cycle as "clumsy and commonplace" because he thought Schumann had imagined a screaming child and fitted the notes to it. Schumann answered that it was just the other way about; "but I will not deny that a vision of children's heads haunted me as I wrote." He also said that the inscriptions arose afterwards and were only finger-posts to the interpretation. At another time he spoke of the pieces as mere bagatelles, but descriptive enough. Mme. Liszniewska's performance of them was not very "descriptive," although the finale was not without poetic feeling. After all they are pieces for a music room, to be played intimately, and to a few sympathetic friends—but after the children have been safely put to bed.

Mme. Liszniewska was more successful with the Polish transcriptions and the theme and variations than with Debussy's bit of impressionism. Debussy's Cathedral yesterday afternoon was as sharply defined as though it were shown on an architects's plan for the consideration of a building committee. In the Polish pieces she displayed facile mechanism, a singing tone when it was required, and a certain and appropriate elegance in fleetness and bravura. Moniuszko, chiefly known in our concert halls by a bravura air from his opera "Haika," wrote other operas, church music, in fact a mass of things including about 400 songs. Ignaz Friedman, born at Cracow, was a pupil of Leschetizki. He has composed piano pieces and songs. He made his home in Berlin. Henryk Melcer, an older man, born at Kalisch, studied at Warsaw, also with Leschetizki. In 1895 he took the Rubinstein prize by a piano concerto, and in 1898 the Paderewski prize by a second concerto. After teaching at the Vienna Conservatory, he went to Warsaw to the director of the Philharmonic Society. He has written operas, chamber music and other works. Franz Brzezinski attracted attention about six years ago by his Polish Suite. He was then living in Leipsic.

We should like to her Mme. Liszniewska again. We doubt if she did herself full justice yesterday.

"Some Musicians of Former Days," by Romain Rolland has been published by Henry Holt Company of New York. It is a translation by Mary Blaiklock of "Musiciens d'autrefois." The third and revised edition was published in Paris by Hachette & Co., three years ago. It is a companion volume to "Musicians of Today," which has already been published in English by the Holt Company.

It has been said that the present volume is not so interesting as the other; that it will appeal to the antiquarian rather than to the general reader. We fail to see the justice of the remark. Take Rolland's life of Handel, for example. The general reader will enjoy it as he will the life of Michael Angelo by the same writer, whose life of Beethoven, on the contrary, is disappointing.

In "Musicians of Former Days," M. Rolland discusses, by way of introduction, the place of music in general history; then he controverts the statement that opera was necessarily invented by a group of Florentines at the end of the 16th century—and no one is better qualified to write on this subject than M. Rolland. The pages about Mazarin and Musio and Rossi's "Orfeo," the first opera played in Paris, are surely of more than antiquarian interest, as are the notes on Lully and his time. The chapters on Gretry, on Mozart according to his letters, and on the Chevalier Gluck are delightful in every way, vividly descriptive, informing without pedantry, the work of a man so well acquainted with the periods in which these musicians worked that it seems as if he must have lived with them and known them intimately.

Note this description of Gluck: "He was tall, broad-shouldered, very strong, moderately stout, and of compact and muscular frame. His head was round; and he had a large red face strongly pitted with the marks of smallpox. His hair was brown, and powdered. His eyes were gray, small and deepset, but very bright; and his expression was intelligent, but hard. He had raised eyebrows, a large nose, full cheeks and chin, and a thick neck.' Some of his features rather recall those of Beethoven and Handel. He had very little singing voice, and what there was sounded hoarse, though very expressive. He played the harpsichord in a rough and boisterous way, thumping it, but getting orchestral effects out of it. In society he often wore a stiff and solemn air, but he was very quickly roused to anger. * * * He was insensible to flattery, but was enthusiastic about his own work. * * * He was a jolly fellow, nevertheless, especially after drinking—for he drank and ate heartily until apoplexy killed him. There was no idealism about him; and he had no illusions about either men or things. He loved money and did not conceal the fact. He was also very selfish, 'especially at table,' von Mannlich says, 'where he seemed to think he had a natural right to the best morsels.' * * * Born among trees, he spent his youth wandering about Prince Kinsky's great forests, with naked feet, even in winter. * * * His manner of life was precarious and troubled until he married a rich woman when he was 35 years old." There he stands for you, "a rough sort, and in no way a man of the world: for he was without sentiment, seeing life as it was." Yet this was the man that wrote "Alceste," could be sensuous in "Armide," and nobly tragic, pondering the fate of Iphigenia.

How sympathetic the sketches of Gretry and Mozart. M. Rolland quotes freely from Gretry's naive yet shrewd memoirs, published in three volumes as "Essays about Music," an autobiography to be ranked with those of Cellini, Herbert, Rousseau, or the personal confessions of Montaigne scattered through the essays. But did Gretry write these memoirs? Fetis says he only put some ideas haphazard on paper; that one of his friends, Legrand, wrote the volumes as they stand. The point is immaterial. M. Rolland does not raise it. The book is certainly a personal document, and surely Gretry must have been constantly looking over this Prof. Legrand's shoulder while he wrote.

A strange character, this Gretry. As a composer, he took no side in the operatic wrangling in Paris. "I wondered if there was any means of pleasing everybody." He haunted the theatre to learn truth in operatic expression by studying the declamation of good actors. At the Theatre Francais he wrote, "A musician learns to examine the passions, to scrutinize the human heart, to observe the stirrings of the soul. In that school he learns to know and express their true accents, to mark their nuances and limitations." His name as a composer is still honored. He anticipated Wagner in certain theories about opera and its production. Like Leonardo da Vinci, he was curious about many things. As M. Rolland remarks, reading Gretry's memoirs, "We get amusing inventions in physics and musical mechanics; a rhythmometer for marking time; a musical barometer * * *, which played two airs, a lively one in a major key for fine weather and a slow one in a minor key for rain. He had theories about occultism and telepathy; on the use of music in medicine, particularly in nervous maladies and madness; on heredity; and on diet, which he thought had a great influence on character." At last he was dissatisfied with music. "I frankly admit that musical expression is at present too vague for me; and now

nothing more positive. His selections of the Reign of Terror are serious reading, while his account of the death of his children is most pathetic.

M. Rolland wrote his study on Mazarin and Rossi's "Orfeo" before M. Henri Prunieres published his authoritative book, "L'Opera Italien en France avant Lulli" but it is pleasant to see M. Prunieres in his preface and elsewhere gracefully and thankfully acknowledging his indebtedness. Of course, M. Rolland has something to say about Leonora Baroni, the famous singer, the idol of her day, to whom Milton dedicated a piece of Latin verse, having heard her at Rome.

Progress should not be thought of in art. "However far we look behind, we see that perfection has already been attained; and that man is absurd who thinks the efforts of the centuries have advanced us a step nearer beauty since the days of St. Gregory and Palestrina. There is nothing sad or humiliating in the idea. * * * In our auxiety and pride we tell ourselves that we have reached the pinnacle of art, and are on the eve of a decline. That has been said since the beginning of the world. In every century people have sighed: 'All has been said; we have come too late.' Well, everything may have been said; yet everything is still to say. Art, like life, is inexhaustible."

We cannot praise this book too highly. Many volumes about music have been published within the last dozen years. Few have been worth reading; still fewer have been worth keeping. In England there was Vernon Blackburn; there are Messrs. Newman and Runciman. In France there are Saint-Saens, Rolland, and Jean Marnold in spite of his acerbity and amusing prejudices. Pierre de Breville should collect articles that he contributed to the Mercure de France. In this county the volumes of William Foster Apthorp were not duly appreciated. There are books by Messrs. Krehbiel, Huneker and Henderson that should be in the library of every one interested in music as pertaining to human life. Few have succeeded so deftly in combining the knowledge that comes from personal research with a sympathetic spirit and a rare literary charm as Romain Rolland.

We are sorry to find the translator into English spelling Handel, "Haendel."

Random Notes More or Less Personal

We are indebted to Mr. Benedict FitzGerald of Cambridge for interesting information about Walter Braunfels, whose overture to "Princess Brambilla" was played at the symphony concerts of last week. "Working in Munich in 1908 with Hermann Bischoff and Dr. Ernest Boehe, both believed that an exceptional technical equipment could be obtained from Braunfels. Braunfels was to be found in an atelier near the roof, shut off from everybody and everything. He had some pupils in composition, others in pianoforte. They were an unusual few as he was unusual. He was a serious 'musiker,' however, and from studying with him during a year one would learn that he began his career as a pianist, was associated with Leschetitzki in Vienna, played the pianoforte tolerably well, was a devotee of Strauss, sharing some, and reflecting others, of his opinions, a frequenter of the Bischoff, Boshe, von Hausegger circle, appearing as a free lance. Musicians thought him a young wonder with a Reger capacity for intricacies. After being put through some of his paces one would think so, and if able to survive the ordeal would gain no little insight into the various manifestations of sound. Motti was particularly partial to Braunfels, and the latter assisted him often. Braunfels was constantly active at the Royal Opera House in Munich and coached principals and others, and preferred newly studied old as well as new works. After Princess Brambilla,' Braunfels took to writing epithalams and those for his nuptials which occurred still a little later. At this juncture he terminated his teaching activities for that season."

The Pall Mall Gazette said of "Mavoureen," produced at His Majesty's Theatre, London, Oct. 23. "Why will our romantic dramatists persist in sentimentalizing over Charles II.? It is not as if he had been in the remotest degree unjustly treated by history, or is in the faintest need of a champion. All the other way! He was about the worst King we ever had. He was a traitor on the throne—probably in the pay of our enemies. His reign saw the England for which he did not care weakened and degraded to a point of shame we hardly like to think about. And yet here we get play after play that sets up this selfish and lazy voluptuary as a subject for slow music and sympathetic condonation! He is, in actual statistics, the most popular figure in historical melodrama there is. There are reasons, of course; but 'Mavoureen,' Mr. Louis Napoleon Parker's so-called comedy, produced at His Majesty's on Saturday night, is really too flagrantly false. 'Mavoureen' is otherwise a very harmless, thoroughly Parkerian, colored pictorial supplement to Pepys and the Grammon memoirs. As a show it is quite pretty. Mr. Parker's scenery, Mr. Percy Macquoid's costumes, Mr. Percy S. Fletcher's musical arrangements, are effective. There is, to be sure, very little action, and nothing to grip the attention. It is to a great extent a melodrama without the drama. It is content (according to Mr. Parker's method) if it can 'get the picture.' The writing is often terribly woolly. None the less, though the sentiment be false and the story hackneyed, the incidents betray conscientious industry. There are also other good points."

Mr. Robin H. Legge says in the Daily Telegraph (London): "Some considerable time ago I pointed out the absurdity of concert hall managements insisting that a certain number of seats in their halls should be priced at the ridiculous half-guinea. I believe that now very few halls actually insist on that point, and frankly I am not sure that there is even one left. But we do still see printed upon the programmes of recitals the prices of seats ranging from a shilling or so to half a guinea, or even on occasion to a guenea. How many years, do you think, will have to pass away ere the halcyon days return when any number of people, a sufficient number to be worthy of consideration, will be in a position to pay even half a guinea for a seat for a recital save when that said recital is given by one of the half-dozen musicians who can command the highest prices? This foolish fashion of youngsters and little-knowns asking prices for their tickets as if they were of the most exalted is even more foolish now than ever before. It is the romains of a form of snobbism that we can well dispense with."

"Stop Thief," produced at the New Theatre, London, Oct. 21, reminded one critic of "And they all played at catch-as-catch-can till the gunpowder ran out of the heels of their boots." He added: "This is really the neatest thing in tale or history to last night's new American 'crook' farce.

As for "A Little Bit of Fluff," by Walter W. Ellis (Criterion Theatre, London, Oct. 27), it is the kind of play "which tempts people to throw off manly or maidenly reserve, as the case may be, and just lie back and crow . . . And it is all done by old-fashioned farce—frank old notions that have run through from Plautus to Moliere and on to 'Charley's Aunt!'"

A new sketch, "The Old, Old Story," by Sir J. M. Barrie, will be produced in London, Nov. 19, at a matinee in aid of the Australasian wounded soldiers.

Ysaye fiddled in London on Oct. 21. "And how glorious his playing! In spite of all the horrors of the past years Ysaye has lost not one whit of those elements which are associated with his greatness. Extraordinary delicacy amounting almost to fragility, exquisitely pure tone, and immaculate technic are there still, unimpaired, as near perfection as you can get."

Sir Herbert Tree, in the course of an address on "Humor in Tragedy," as president of the Birmingham and Midland Institute told the following story: "I had constantly relieved the importunities of one who claimed to be a literary man on the grounds. I subsequently discovered, that he addressed envelopes for an advertising firm. His constant plea with me was that he wanted to get a glass eye out of pawn. So frequent were his applications on this head that at last my secretary revolted. I received a letter couched in these terms: 'Sir unless I receive 10s. this evening by 10 o'clock, my body will be floating down the Thames. On your head be it.' I will call at the stage door.' I was placed in a most invidious position, and told my secretary that he had better send out the 10s. At the end of the evening I thought of my friend. 'Did you send out the money to that deserving suicide?' I asked. 'No,' replied my secretary, 'I did not.' A horrible picture presented itself to my mind. I felt myself guilty of manslaughter at the least. I was much relieved on leaving the stage-door to find the importunate literary man outside, dancing a hornpipe to keep himself warm. 'Good evening, my friend,' I said, in cynical revulsion; 'I thought you were in the Thames.' 'Don't be flippant, sir' he said. 'I did mean to submerge myself, but on gazing on the dark river, my better feelings conquered, and I've come back—for the 10s.' I think he deserved it."

"Sweet Lavender" has been filmed, and Sir Arthur Pinero says: "I am simply delighted."

"Do not suppose," says Sir Herbert Tree, "that the cinema is likely to cold-shoulder the drama out of existence. No: that, I firmly believe, will prove a most momentous factor in the cinema's ever growing development, just as it has already become the corner-stone of the variety theatre. These two industries are, in truth, only branches of the legitimate theatre, which must inevitably and always, hold the leading position it now occupies. I go even further, and affirm that these two noweomers in the field of entertainment can only sharpen the edge of the people's appetite for drama. The cinema has this further merit, that it is providing for the needs of posterity, accomplishing the same useful purpose as the gramaphone by perpetuating the voices of singers and of actors for the benefit of generations to come. The sceptic may suggest that it thus pays them a doubtful honor by affording opportunity for posthumous criticism."

Among the letters received by the editor of La Musique pendant la Guerre from musicians to whom he had written asking what they were and had been doing at [illegible] we liked best, for its simplicity, directness, and modesty, that signed by Reynaldo Hahn, the composer of so many poetical songs. Addressed from the 10th division, it ran thus: "I have done nothing, musically, philanthropically, or from the military standpoint, that is worth recording. I have been mobilized since Aug. 3, 1914 and at the front for nine months. That is all."—London Daily Telegraph.

A Sketch of David Powell, Actor.

The following sketch of Mr. Powell, leading man in "Outcast," now playing at the Hollis Street Theatre, has been handed in:

David Powell has passed so large a part of his career in this country that, although an Englishman born, he may almost be considered an American actor. Mr. Powell has been on the stage only about 10 years. He received his early training under Sir Herbert Tree at His Majesty's Theatre. At the outset he played "bits" in Shakespearian productions. After a time he became assistant stage manager. An incident in connection with his duties in helping to "run the stage" led to his coming to America.

Miss Ellen Terry was playing at His Majesty's and Sir Herbert Tree had gone on a provincial tour, taking the chief stage manager with him. Young Powell was left in full charge—and was considerably upset over his responsibilities, particularly as Miss Terry was inclined to be "fussy" over details. Mr. Powell had been long enough in the theatre to know that a soft rose tint in the stage lighting is most becoming to the actors, and therefore whenever Miss Terry was on the stage he had the rose "strips" and "borders" switched on, whether the plot required it or not. Miss Terry sought out the young assistant stage manager and invited him to join her company, which was about to come to America to present "The Good Hope" and "Captain Brassbound's Conversion."

Mr. Powell made his first appearances in this country as Barend in "The Good Hope" and as Sidi-el-Asif in "Captain Brassbound's Conversion." After a season or two in America he went back to England and appeared in the Vedrenne and Barker productions of "Man and Superman," in which he played Octavius Robinson, and in "Arms and the Man." He came again to America with Forbes Robertson, playing Christopher Penny in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." Among the other important plays in which Mr. Powell has appeared here are "The Yellow Jacket," "Across the Border," "The Fallen Idol," "The Trap" and "The Hyphen." He was also for one season leading man in stock company at the Municipal Theatre in Northamptou.

Local Activities of the Drama League

The Drama League of Boston announces a series of activities of special import to its members and to others interested in the educational work which the league is seeking to further.

Stress is put upon the various methods of observing the tercentenary of the death of Shakespeare. Drama League centres throughout the country are working to this end. Many interesting plans for Boston are now under advisement. Several pageants will be given in and around Boston under competent coaching, as well as plays by amateur and professional companies, many of which are in process of organization.

Discussion of modern plays appearing in Boston theatres will be conducted at least once or twice a month. The times and the places will be announced later. The first of the meetings will be held at the Boston University, 688 Boylston street, Nov. 18, at 4:30 P. M. It will be conducted by Mrs. George P. Morris, a member of the executive and playgoing committees of the league.

For those interested in the reading of plays a group to carry it on is forming. The organization has been made so elastic that members may listen to readings or take part in them as they choose. These meetings will be under the direction of Mrs. Virginia Tanner Green, 26 Arlington street, Cambridge.

A play-writing group is being formed to hear original plays and to aid authors by discussion and constructive criticism. Miss Edith Burnham, 212 Newbury street, is chairman.

A special course in Shakespeare will be given by E. Charlton Black of Boston University, president of the league. This will consist of four public lectures on phases of the drama expounded by Shakespeare. Dates and places of the lectures will be announced later.

A series of modern plays will be read by experienced persons, notably members of companies playing in the city from time to time. The next reading will probably be Miss Alice Brown's "Children of Earth" by Oliver Hinsdell of the "Experience" company. Others will be announced from time to time. This group is under the direction of Richard J. Davis, 87 St. Stephen street, secretary of the league.

A drama study group for purposes of considering the principles of play construction, bases of judgment and standards of appreciation is under the direction of Frank Chouteau Brown.

During the season lectures will be given by persons prominently identified with the drama. These meetings will be held in the various theatres, and attendance will be restricted to members only.

In connection with the Shakespeare tercentenary movement, lectures upon Shakespearian subjects are now being conducted at the Public Library on Sunday afternoons at 3:30. A partial list follows:

Nov. 28—"Shakespeare on the Stage," F. W. C. Hersey.

Dec. 5—"Poets of the Elizabethan Age," Mrs. Lionel Marks.

Dec. 12—"Theatres of Shakespeare's Time," Frank Chouteau Brown.

Dec. 19—"Elizabethan England," Roger B. Merriman.

Dec. 26—"Shakespeare, the Man," E. Charlton Black.

Jan. 9—"Shakespeare and Religion," William A. Neilson.

Jan. 16—"Shakespeare, the Playwright," George P. Baker.

Feb. 6—"Architecture of Shakespeare's Time," H. Langford Warren.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Concert by Miss Geraldine Farrar, soprano; Reinald Werrenrath, baritone; Miss Ada Sassoli, harpist; Richard Epstein, pianist, and an orchestra of Symphony players, led by Ernst Schmidt, assistant conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra. See special notice.

MONDAY—Copley-Plaza Hotel, 11 A. M. Second Morning Musicale, directed by S. Kronberg. Mme. Martha Richardson will sing an aria from "Herodiade" and an aria from "Thais." Vernon d'Arnalle will sing these songs: Monteverde, Lament of Orpheus; Gaffi, Menuetto Allegro; Giordano, monologue from "Andrea Chenier"; Saint-Saens, Le Cloche; Folk songs, L'Angelus, A Serenata mia, Castiglione. Mme. Yolanda Mero will play these piano pieces: Mendelssohn, Rondo Capriccioso; Brahms, Capriccio, B minor; Vogrich, Staccato Caprice; Debussy, Clair de Lune; Liszt, Rhapsody No. 2. Albert Stoessel, violinist, will play Vieuxtemps Concerto in A minor and pieces by Beethoven, Stoessel and Brahms-Joachim.

Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Violin recital by David Hochstein. Mozart, Concerto in A major; Bruch, Concerto in D minor; Schumann, Romance; Brahms, Two Waltzes; Zsolt, Air, Valse Caprice; Sevcik, Bohemian Folk songs and dances.

Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Miss Frances Nevin, reader, and Miss Marion Tufts, pianist, with an interpretation of "Haensel and Gretel" for the benefit of the Armenian sufferers.

TUESDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Piano recital by Leo Ornstein. Cyril Scott, Sonata, op. 66; Ravel, Valses Nobles et Sentimentales; Albeniz, Rondela; Ornstein, Improvisata, Impression de la Tamise, Wild Men's Dance; Korngold, Fairy Pictures (The Enchanted Princess, The Real Princess, Rubezahl, The Brownies, The Fairy King's Ball, The Brave Little Tailor, The Fairy Tale recites an Epilogue.)

Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert by the New York Symphony orchestra, Walter Damrosch, conductor, and Mischa Elman, solo violinist. See special notice.

Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. First concert of the Apollo Club (46th season). Emil Mollenhauer, conductor. Part songs: Sturm, Gnay we ride; Nentwich, The Brownies; Bartlett, Little Indian, Sioux or Crow; Osgood, In Picardie; Cadman, A Mighty Vulcan (with baritone solo by Mr. Denghausen); Pache, Silent Recollection; Kremser, Prayer of Thanksgiving; Gerieke, The Autumn Sea; Harker, Sleep, Baby, Sleep; Zerlett, Evening (with tenor solo by Mr. Hobbs); Stevenson, Omnipotence (with solo by Mme Scotney). Mme. Scotney will sing the Polonaise from "Mignon" and these songs: Schubert, Du bist die Ruh; Wolf, Elfenlied, Mollinson, Snowflakes; La Forge, To a Messenger.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Violin recital by Sascha Jacobsen. Handel, Sonata in D major; Saint Saens, Concerto in B minor, op. 61; Bach, Chaconne; Gerussi-Randegger, Jr., Gavotte and Musette; Rachmaninov, Romance; Cecil Burleigh, Legend and Village Dance; d'Ambrosio, Introduction et Humoresque.

THURSDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Song recital by Mme. Gladys Weil Axman. Her first appearance in Boston. Gluck, O del mio dolce ardor; Handel, O sleep; Bach, Willst du dein Herz mir schenken; Brahms, Die Mainacht, Botschaft; Strauss, Traum durch die Daemmerung; Marx, Lied; Hausegger, Lied des Harfenmaedchen; E. Wolff, Ein solcher ist mein Freund; Themisot, Novembre; Tremesit, L'Adoration Profane; G. Fauro, Clair de Lune; Zundonal, Lontana; Moussorgsky, Song of the Hebrew Maiden; Rachmaninoff, Floods of Spring; Kramer, For a Dream's Sake; Colburn, Song of the Slave-Girl; Linetor, Julia's Hair, Night Piece.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. First concert (16th season) of the Longy Club (flutes, Messrs. Maquarre and Brooke; oboes, Messrs. Longy and Lenom; clarinets, Messrs. Sand and Mimart; horns, Messrs. Hain and Lorbeer; bassoons, Messrs. Sadony and Mosbach; piano, Mr. De Voto). Raff, Sinfonietta (op. 188) for two flutes, two oboes, two clarinets, two horns and two bassoons; Brahms, Trio in A minor (op. 114) for piano, clarinet and 'cello; Juon, Divertimento (op. 51) for flute, oboe, clarinet, horn, bassoon and piano (first time here). J. Keller, violoncellist.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Fifth Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Fifth Concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra. **Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.**

Nov 15 1915

In persons of character we do not remark manners, because of their instantaneousness.

Footpads of Speech.

As the World Wags:

Quanti est sapere! Precisely, but Quae nacent docent.

Recently I have been disclosing to myself my assured elemental ignorance of things, and I find that enlightenment is frequently paid for dearly by a measure of mental or narrowly averted physical anguish. This anent certain matters of the argot of the streets invariably most puzzling. I find I know nothing of it, this, I suppose, by reason of a studied avoidance through many years of newspaper reading, it being

[illegible] the last two months that I have perused carefully each issue of your really valuable sheet. The magazines [illegible]! The London Times and Punch, [illegible] even here only superficially.

You will understand, then, what I set down as the happenings of last Monday night. Early in the evening, to be exact at a half after 8, I found myself in the lower regions of the city, in which is located, I believe, the West, or perhaps the North, end. Here, attracted by the lure of somewhat villanous music from the interior of a tawdrily decorated drinking place, I entered through a sort of tunnel bedecked as to the roof and walls with artificial vines and autumn leaves, and found myself in a large room filled with many tables and chairs. A bar there was at one side. And an orchestra in a little balcony. All about there were a score or more of men and women.

Having secured my pint of bitter, I was engaged in a careful study of my surroundings when I heard a young girl at the next table, almost at my elbow as it were, say: "Pipe the old guy in the morgan kelly." The words came to me clearly. I glanced at the girl and found her staring directly at me. Her companion, a thug in appearance, turned and favored me with a malevolent scowl. Whereupon the girl giggled. I was embarrassed. I always am embarrassed by the attention of women, and particularly when they laugh. But a night or two ago I essayed a moving picture show and a fat woman in the most exciting part of the film climbed over my legs, trod on my feet and exploded in a shriek of laughter. I felt a perfect stupid. In spite of the darkness I felt a perfect ass, I assure you, and departed from the place in confusion.

So, stared at by the young ruffian and his consort I suddenly went rather panicky. For I sensed that she referred to none other than myself, though I am not a guy, being, in fact, quite neat in my raiment. Nor am I old. However, it was not the unjust indictment of the epithet that disturbed me, but rather the injunction to pipe me. My mind works very quickly at times. And I suddenly recalled that the lower order of thieves are said to strike down their victims with leaden or iron pipe. I made, no doubt, that the girl was inciting her companion to violence. Fortunately both left the room shortly after, doubtless to seek other prey, and my equanimity was somewhat restored.

The remark lingered. Setting aside the threat and the aspersion on my age and appearance, why the morgan kelly? I beckoned the waiter, a prognathous person with no brow.

"What," I asked, "is a kelly?"

The fellow flushed darkly and bending low, hissed in my ear:

"Dont start nottin here, feller. Dont start nottin yer carnt finish." The man was distinctly warlike. I trembled. I stuttered a feeble disclaimer.

"Git gay wid me," he continued, "an I'll hand yer a bunch o'fives where dey'll do de most good."

I again attempted apology though for what I knew not.

"Sop up yer suds an' beat it," quoth the waiter. "Take yer little bundle an' go while the goin's good."

Now I had no little bundle and managed to say so.

"A'n't yer?" he asked with fine scorn. "That's for me to say. A nice little bun yeve got. Take it an' git." This was intelligible and I departed.

Accurately I think I have reported this amazing jargon though, possibly, with deficiencies. What pray can be the nature of a bunch of fives? And where could it or anything be handed one except in the hand? Why the accusation of starting something and why the assumption of levity? What suds? Why the mysterious reference to a non-existant parcel? Could anything be more confusing?

On the street and hurrying home I thought again of the morgan kelly. Vaguely it dawned that perhaps reference had been made to my hat. I seemed to recall a usage of this sort as in your paper of September, something of the outgoing fashion of "hay kellys" or "straw kellys." But why a morgan kelly? Is it a possible injection of German into the language meaning a hat for morning wear? Privately I resented the attention called to my hat. It is a perfectly good one, bought many years ago at one of the best shops in Bond street. It is of the hard or bowler type, with a flat top, and is still good for long service. It is always economy to purchase a superior article. However, I think that I shall buy a soft felt, or perhaps a cloth cap, for my further excursions. PERCIVAL SMALLWEED.

Tuesday, the Ninth of November.

The hat worn by Mr. Smallweed on the evening of Nov. 8 was evidently of the species favored by the late J. P. Morgan. We do not remember when the word "Kelly" for hat came into familiar use. Did it immediately follow lid"? Those who insist that a "dicer" is necessarily a "Derby" err. The term "dicer" has a more extended meaning. A gentleman from South Boston recently referred to his "Derby" as a "stone crusher." The other terms used by the waiter are well known to us, particularly "suds," whether they are served in a bucket or a pail.—Ed.

MISS FARRAR

Miss Geraldine Farrar, assisted by Ada Sassoli, Reinald Werrenrath, Richard Epstein and an orchestra of Symphony players conducted by E. Schmidt, sang at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Miss Farrar sang arias from Mozart's "Don Giovanni," Thomas's "Mignon," Puccini's "Mme. Butterfly" and songs by Moussorgsky, Schumann, Grieg and Gretschaninov. Mr. Werrenrath sang an air from Donizetti's "Don Sebastiano" and Chadwick's "Lochinvar." Miss Sassoli played pieces by Saint-Saens, Bach and Pierre.

The concert began with Weber's overture "Euryanthe," played by the orchestra. Miss Farrar's numbers, three operatic arias and four songs, were varied and well contrasted. She has been heard here in recital so recently that an extensive discussion of her art in song is now unnecessary. Vocally well disposed, she again displayed the admirable qualities, which now characterize her singing. H. W.

Mozart's "Batti, Batti" was deftly sung with fluency and in an engaging manner. Her conception of the air from "Mignon" was emotional and imaginative, not unduly sentimental. Mme. Butterfly's aria was touching, effective. In the four songs, which were on the program at her recital, Miss Farrar again showed surpassing skill as an interpreter.

Donizetti's "Don Sebastiano" has been described as a burial in five acts. It failed as an opera owing to a dull libretto by Scribe. The air sung by Mr. Werrenrath is mournful, on the whole tedious. This and Mr. Chadwick's "Lochinvar" were sung with Mr. Werrenrath's usual intelligence and sound musicianship.

Miss Sassoli's technic excited admiration. Mr. Epstein is well known as an admirable accompanist.

A large audience was heartily enthusiastic and the program was lengthened.

Next Sunday afternoon, Mr. Kreisler will play for the first time this season.

Mr. Paderewski will give his first recital of the season at Symphony Hall on Friday afternoon, Dec. 3.

NOV 16 1913

OPERA HOUSE

By PHILIP HALE.

The Boston grand opera company, in conjunction with Miss Anna Pavlowa and her Imperial Ballet Russe, Max Rabinoff managing director, began an engagement of four weeks last evening at the Boston Opera House. The opera was Montemezzi's "L'Amore dei Tre Re." Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

The cast was as follows.

Archibaldo	Mr. Mardones
Manfredo	Mr. Bakianoff
Avito	Mr. Zanatello
Flaminio	Mr. Giaccone
Un Giovanetto	Mr. Nava
Fiora	Mme. Vilani
Ancella	Miss Campbell
Una Giovanetta	Miss Clement
Una Vecchia	Miss Leveroni

OLD GLORIES RECALLED.

"The Boston Grand Opera Company!" There was one for five seasons in the handsome and well equipped building erected for it. The appearance of an opera company taking the name of this city; the opera chosen for the first performance; the names of Zenatello, Baklanoff, Giaccone, Leveroni, Moranzoni, so familiar to our opera goers—these tempt one to reminiscence if not to a Jeremiad. How many of us remember with a pleasure whetted by reasonable expectation the appearance of Mr. Baklanoff as Barnaby, the spy, when the Boston Opera House opened its doors for the first time, Nov. 8, 1909! The opera that season was indeed, for the public. The singers were soon as familiar friends. It is true that some of them were of moderate reputation and ability; that some of our own country were only beginners; but the audiences were more than tolerant; they were enthusiastic over Mme. Lipkowska, Constantino, Baklanoff, and over the stage settings devised by Mr. Menotti. There was then a certain intimacy that was too soon lost. With the departure of Mme. Lipkowska and Mr. Baklanoff came the beginning of the end, which should not have been inevitable. But we are now concerned with the performance of last night.

Montemezzi's opera was performed here three times in the latter half of the last season under Mr. Russell's management. The chief parts were first taken by Miss Bori and Messrs. Flerari Fontana, Amato and Ludikar. At the third performance Mme. Vilani, who created the part of Fiora at Milan, came to us from Montreal. She then sang and acted, but had nothing to say about the "psychology" of the part. Early this month she "analyzed her feelings in regard to the character of Fiora," for the benefit of a reporter in New York. It seems that Fiora represents the old Latin civilization. She is a mysterious enigma to Archibaldo; to Manfredo she is "the beautiful image of a superior light to which he would like to ascend"; to Avito she represents his "hopeless desire for the sublime things that are lost to him"; to all—perhaps the spectators are included—she appears "as the genius of my imperishable race." And so Mme. Vilani lays more stress on "the symbolic meaning of the character than on its feminine weakness."

In spite of this analysis, the spectator going to this opera sees Fiora married to one man from political necessity when she is in love with a more romantic person. She may have appeared as a "mysterious enigma" to Archibaldo, but he was bound to solve it; old man as he was. Instead of the well-worn problem of two men and one woman, we have that of a woman and three men, an ingenious deviation. The spectator's interest is in the dramatic action and the accompanying music. He wonders what the end will be. He does not bother his head about "psychology" or "symbolism." Some have written fluently about the "symbolism" of "Pelleas and Melisande." We have yet to find any one that could give a clear idea of this "symbolism." There is a moving drama to which Debussy set wonderfully beautiful music.

And so in "The Love of the Three Kings" Montemezzi succeeded admirably in illustrating and emphasizing the drama of Benelli. He avoided barren recitative; he did not imitate the formulas of heightened speech shaped by Wagner and Debussy. The one great tribute to the power of this music is that it cannot be separated from the text. The Italian did in an Italian way for an Italian drama what Debussy did in a subtly French manner for the shadowy dreamlike play of Maeterlinck. Only in the third act does he fall somewhat from the high and sustained dramatic flight.

Mme. Vilani's Fiora is an excellent impersonation dramatically and musically. Her conception of the part differs materially from that of Miss Bori, who was girlishly charming, a child-wife. Mme. Vilani's Fiora is the grown woman, not wholly unsophisticated. Her suspicion and fear of the blind King, her coolness towards Manfredo which she would gladly disguise, her passion for Avito which she vainly attempts to master after Manfredo leaves her, then the ecstasy of her self-abandonment, the defiantly triumphant acknowledgment of her consuming love—for the shadow of approaching death does not chill her blood—these were forcibly but naturally expressed; and her song was the voice of each emotion.

Mr. Mardones gave a surprisingly good impersonation of Archibaldo. We say "surprisingly" because in past years he was as a rule phlegmatic with a sonorous voice, not an imaginative singer. But as Archibaldo he gave character to the part. Not that he was quietly sinister, fearful in a mysterious way; on the contrary, his doubts, his passion, his murderous attack and his remorse when the poisoned lips of Fiora had been kissed by his son were conceived in the higher melodramatic vein.

Mr. Baklanoff was inclined to sentimentalize the part of Manfredo. His voice was as virile and robust as ever, he bore himself gallantly; but there should have been a sterner note in his lines even when he was entreating Fiora, as if he had not already wedded her. Mr. Zenatello sang the music of Avito effectively. The part dramatically is not one to be sharply defined. The character is simply one in the huge gallery of conventional operatic lovers.

Mr. Moranzoni conducted with more fire than discretion. The orchestral performance was too often boisterous, covering the singers even when they were singing with full voice. The chorus in the last act had been well drilled. The stage settings were those that Mr. Urban provided for the last season of the local company; interesting in certain ways, but, as was often the case with Mr. Urban's scenery, prejudicial to the action; as his cramped stage with the few steps to the left, whereas the music and the dramatic effect demand that the approach of the blind king should be long continued and visible. The management of lights in the first act was whimsical.

The opera was followed by the scene of the Elysian Fields from Gluck's "Orfeo," in which Mme. Gay took the part of Orfeo, and Miss Saroya that of Eurydice, while the ballet was led by Mme. Pavlowa and Mr. Volinine. Mr. Schmid conducted. The whole opera has been performed here in Italian and in English. When it was performed at Mechanics building in 1892, the Ravogli sisters took the chief parts and Miss Salmoiraghi was the first dancer.

The double bill should have completely filled the house. Is it possible that opera in Boston is out of fashion? Perhaps it would have been wiser if operas and ballets were given on alternate nights. When the opera is a long one, the ballet will come at an hour when dwellers in the suburbs are thinking of their trains and the respectable Bostonians of bed.

The opera tonight will be "Carmen," with Mmes. Gay and Scheider and Messrs. Martin and Baklanoff. The ballet music, which has not been performed here within our recollection, comes in the fourth act. It includes an entr'acte, bolero, farandole and oleo. Pavlowa and her whole company will take part.

Mr. S. Kronberg Directs Second of Series of Entertainments at Copley-Plaza.

The second of the Morning Musicales directed by Mr. S. Kronberg took place yesterday at the Copley Plaza. Mme. Martha Richardson sang "Il est doux" from Herodiade and the Mirror song from "Thais." Mr. Vernon d'Arnalle's songs were as follows: Monteverde, Lament of Orpheus; Gaffi, Menuetto Allegro; Giordano, Monologue from "Andrea Chenier;" Saint Saens, La Cloche; Folk songs, L'Angelus, A Serenata Mia, Castigliane. Mme. Yolando Mero, pianist, played these pieces: Mendeissohn, Rondo Capriccioso; Brahms, Capriccio, B minor; Vogrich, Staccato Caprice; Debussy, Clair de Lune; Liszt, Rhapsody, No. 2. Mr. Albert Stoessel, violinist, Vieuxtemps's concerto in G minor, and pieces by Beethoven, Stoessel and Bhahms-Joachim. P.H

Mme. Richardson sang at an operatic entertainment given by pupils of Oreste Bimboni when she was at the New England Conservatory. She went to Paris for further study and then for several seasons was engaged at the Theatre Lyrique de la Galte. Having been coached by Massenet for his operas, it is not surprising that she chose yesterday two arias by that composer. The choice was evidently wise, for the voice and style of the singer are better suited to opera than to the interpretation of Lieder. The voice is a brilliant one, well controlled, with an emotional quality in the middle register. The Singer's phrasing was intelligent, and her performance of the air from "Herodiode" dramatically appealing.

Mr. d'Arnalle made his first appearance here. He has a pleasing voice, and while exception might occasionally have been taken to his technic, he sang with much taste. Mme. Yolando Mero is not a stranger here. Yesterday her crisp playing and her brilliant fluency greatly pleased the audience. Mr. Stoessel, a young violinist, played with pure intonation, a warm tone, and commendable facility. There was a very appreciative audience of good size.

The next musicale will be on Monday morning, Nov. 22. Miss Marcella Craft of the Munich Opera House will sing airs from "Madama Butterfly" and songs by Scarlatti, Pergolese, Beach, Heinrich, MacDowell, Hadley and Horsman. Paul Reimer will sing songs by Schumann, Schubert, Hahn, Hue, and a group of folk songs. George Copeland will play piano pieces by MacDowell, Debussy, Albeniz and Grovlez.

wise men, methinks, ascribe too much to gravity, and our superiors too much affect a solemn and venerable accent; the medium between both extremes is a becoming cheerfulness and affability. All persons of good sense commonly keep to this medium, neither sinking into a gloomy gravity nor rising into a mercurial levity; the middle way is now and then to be cheerful and gay to a moderate degree.

Style Is the Man.

As the World Wags:

One of the Waggers of the World recently afforded me cause for a quiet smile; which I take it is one prime purpose of the department. Having "gone out upon the roof of his residence for a daily 15 minutes of setting-up exercises," he had vouchsafed a solution of a problem that had troubled him, to wit: the mental status and attitude of a contributor to the more northeasterly and bleak regions of this page, with whom the exerciser did not agree. Out of his vision he constructed a full likeness of his unknown subject, even more, laid out a course of "treatment," for his total renovation. And the whole affair suggested this question: How much of themselves do people really write into their casual outgivings, and what are the judgments of readers

... to the characters of the ... probably hastily considered ...

... reason I smiled was that I know ... man well. At least, I have known ... a long time, and intimately, which ... not always equivalent to knowing a man well. And having taken a bit o' pains to make sure, I know that he has read, and greatly enjoyed, at least 14 out of the 18 books prescribed in the "cure" volunteered by his critic. Harry Lauder he never misses, nor a Beethoven program; Dooley is his chosen friend, and of all Americans, Abraham Lincoln his model man. He does fail slightly in appreciation of the aristocratic Mr. Jefferson.

As for having "lost the common touch," I know that he once had it, anyway; for he has worked, with a shovel, for wages; and in recent years I have heard him talk with farmers—and stoop down and tie up with the centuries-old straw band a broken sheaf left by the grain binder, and grin at the farmer's surprise. And nobody greets him with a more cordial handshake in his native town than old Andy Ryan, the "Finnegan" of section No. 12 on a great railroad. And he carries a ticket that lets him in where the young chaps cuff each other with gloves, and the North end is no unknown land to him.

All in all, Mr. Spencer's prescription reminds me of the one the doctor gave, "Take a good, long walk before each meal," before he learned that his new patient was by occupation a letter-carrier. If after using all the mental emollients and stimulants character-fil...s recommended, he still flares out a bit in his writings, I suppose it must be because he hates a fraud, and believes in calling a fool by his right name, occasionally. His friends don't think of him as a chilly aristocrat. The "ridge-pole" does not appear to be a spot conducive to accurate prophecy.

As an irreverent, brash and uncultivated "contributing editor" might remark, it would be well to "come off the roof" and try again.

Once again, how much of themselves do people put into their writings; how much can they, or ought they, might they, must they? And how near to real judgment can the average reader, or even the exceptional reader, come in his estimate of a writer's character?

SPENCLETON HAZER.

Boston, Nov 11.

We know one writer that reveals himself as frankly and unabashed as Sterne's baby rolling on the floor. The name is not Shakespeare, Moliere, Goethe, Casanova, Artemus Ward. It is the name of a man that one day will be ranked with them. Is it necessary to say that we refer to Mr. Herkimer —ohnson, the eminent sociologist?—Ed.

Continually Misquoted.

As the World Wags:

In a communication to your department of The Herald's issue of Oct. 26 I stated that Lincoln's expression, "government of the people, by the people, for the people," is almost always misquoted, and called attention to a garbling of a part of the expression on a yellow streamer carried in the recent woman suffrage parade by Miss Margaret Foley. That attempted quotation on Miss Foley's streamer of a part of the expression had one error, viz., "for the people, by the people," instead of "by the people, for the people." On a flyer entitled "True Democracy," which was lately issued by the Massachusetts Woman Suffrage Association, and which bears the signatures of Gertrude H. Leonard and Teresa A. Crowley, an attempt was made to quote Lincoln's above-given expression, but the attempt was as unsuccessful as was the attempt to quote a part of it on Miss Foley's streamer, for while in the case of the attempt to quote on the streamer nine of the ten words of which the expression consists there was, as I have said, one blunder, there are in the case of the attempt to quote on the Massachusetts Woman Suffrage Association's flyer the entire expression two blunders. The last eight numbers of the World Almanac have each contained the whole address of which that oft-quoted, but oftener misquoted, expression of Lincoln's is a part, but there is one blunder in the expression as given in that almanac. The inaccuracy of the expression as given in that work consists in the interpolation of the conjunction "and" between the last two of the three adjuncts embraced in the expression—being the third of the three errors of which one or more, as I stated in my above-mentioned communication to your department of The Herald, are almost always to be found in any attempted quotation of the expression. In such a work as the World Almanac, being a work of reference, accuracy is a prime desideratum, and it is a matter of surprise that Lincoln's famous expression is there given inaccurately.

SCRUTATOR.

Brookline.

DAVID HOCHSTEIN GIVES RECITAL AT STEINERT HALL

Audience, of Fair Size, Heartily Applauds Violinist.

David Hochstein, violinist, gave a recital at Steinert Hall yesterday afternoon. Maurice Eisner was the accompanist. The program was as follows: Bruch, concerto in D minor; Mozart, concerto in A major; Schumann, Romance; Brahms, Two Waltzes; Zsolt air, Valse-Caprice; Glazounow, Pirouette, Rudiaski, Praeter Reigen; Sevcik, Bohemian Dances.

Mr. Hochstein is a well-trained violinist. His tone is large, eminently virile, often aggressive, not always sympathetic. His technic is well grounded. He plays with assurance and poise. As an interpreter his individuality is not marked. While he plays the hearer is sometimes pleased, seldom engrossed. As a rule his playing is conservative, detached, and his dreams and aspirations are not revealed through his music.

His program yesterday was not well balanced. Few young artists can afford to begin an afternoon with two concertos. His performance of Bruch's work was emphatic, almost defiant, and it was surprising that his mood changed little with Mozart's grace and freshness.

At present Mr. Hochstein appears to sacrifice nuances in an effort to force his tone. This is not necessary, since his tone in itself is not lacking in breadth and depth. As yet immature in interpretation, he too often delights in the exercise of youthful vigor or in the sharply outlined display of a technical proficiency, which, though commendable, is by no means so brilliant as to deserve such prominence at the expense of nuances and emotional significance.

An audience of fair size applauded heartily.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE — "Sadie Love," a romantic farce in three acts by Avery Hopwood. First performance in Boston.

Sadie Love	Miss Marjorie Rambeau
Prince Luigi Pallavicini	Pedro de Cordoba
Comtesse De Mirabole	Miss Betty Callish
Jim Wakeley	Franklyn Underwood
Lilian Wakefely	Miss Ethel Grey Terry
Mrs. Warrington	Miss Ethel Winthrop
Mumford Crewe	Allyn Lewis
Billy Heaton	Douglas McLean
Edward	John Lyons
Steward	John Ivan

Mr. Morosco, the producer of "Peg o' My Heart," "The Bird of Paradise," "Pretty Mrs. Smith" and other plays has again showed his shrewdness and flair in the choice of a successful and entertaining piece. Mr. Hopwood, known by his "Seven Days" and "Nobody's Widow," also deserves congratulations for in "Sadie Love" he has treated an ever engrossing theme, one man and two women, with ingenuity, uncommon skill and Gallic lightness of touch.

Sadie Love, a pretty and engaging widow is confronted on the day of her second marriage to a temperamental Italian, Prince Luigi Pallavicini by a hysterical French countess who declares herself the Prince's twin soul. She has known him since before the world began. Moreover she has come all the way from Paris to claim him and prevent the marriage. Unfortunately she has miscalculated by a week.

Sadie, angry and indignant, declares that there shall be no scandal. The countess will accompany them on an "ostensible" honeymoon. After six months the princess will desert her husband, there will be a divorce. Jim Wakeley calls to offer congratulations. Sadie had flirted with him one summer when he was slim, eager and carried white lilacs." Now he has a bay window and a dowdy wife. Nevertheless, why should he not join the ostensible honeymoon and provide Sadie with a companion?

Sadie's Aunt Julia, in whose house these events occur, is scandalized. The prince frets and fumes, torn between his bride and the countess. Jim's wife adds to the general confusion by appearing, accompanied by a timid knight, in search of convincing evidence upon which to gain a divorce.

Sadie, impatient for action, suddenly determines upon scandal. If she and Jim are to be forcibly prevented from eloping they will provide all necessary evidence for divorce on the spot. They fly to Sadie's boudoir.

In act II. the plot thickens. Sadie in bewitching negligee becomes reconciled to the Prince passionate in his entreaties for forgiveness only to be separated again by the pursuing countess. The prince enraged at his bride's temper swears to sail with the countess, but again changes his mind after an amusing and cleverly handled scene of cajolery and reconciliation with his bride. What promises to be the beginning of a real honeymoon is rudely and finally interrupted by Jim and Mrs. Wakeley's swain who climb through the window to protect Sadie, for Aunt Julia, with statesmanlike precaution, has locked doors. The countess, however, demands entrance and the prince. Sadie locks him in her bedroom and Jim's wife in her closet and flies with Jim to the waiting boat.

Act III. takes place in the cabin reserved for the prince. Sadie and Jim, after absurd discussions and squabbles, are followed by the prince, the countess, Mrs. Wakeley, her timid adorer, a knowing detective and a reporter. the countess tactfully farewells the titled pair, the prince makes satisfactory explanations and the superfluous members of the honeymoon party leave by the pilot boat.

The first two acts are the most amusing, the third is chiefly explanatory. The characters are cleverly drawn and Mr. Hopwood is slily ironical at ... expense. Even the reporter is lifelike with his stock questions, including Would the princess advise American girls to marry foreigners? The situations are more amusing than the dialogue, though there are momentary flashes of wit, and the lines allotted to Sadie and the prince are by no means tame.

The company is excellently cast. Mr. de Cordoba, an accomplished romantic actor, is equally effective as a comedian. His impersonation is polished, suave, yet intense with his outbursts of amorous fervor and flaming anger. How magnificent his scorn of Jim! How irresistibly comic his irresponsibility, his helplessness in the face of two beautiful women.

Miss Rambeau played the title role with piquancy and distinction. Her lines were effectively delivered. She was good to look upon.

Miss Callish, who came to America two years ago armed with an impressive letter from Mme. Bernhardt and further recommendations from Jean de Reszke, Mme. Melba and other celebrities, displayed a fine technic and a French accent which, for once, was not forced or artificial. She played with appropriate exuberance and occasionally effective hysteria.

The other members of the cast were excellent. A large audience was amused and hearty in its expressions of enjoyment.

NORA BAYES WINS MUCH APPLAUSE AT B. F. KEITH'S

Bill Also Includes Creatore, Beatrice Herford and Others.

The act of Nora Bayes at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week is one of the treats of vaudeville. A singing comedienne with an uncommonly good voice, she uses it with facility. Few artists on the stage today that essay the style of Miss Bayes can measure up to her in the dainty subtleties that go to make up the complete illusion that she desires and fulfils. Thus it is a pleasure to analyze her dialects in their nicety of detail. Whether she sings with her delightful bit of a brogue, in the coon dialect or again with the lusty shouts of the roustabout, there is the finish evident that reveals not only effects of studious application, but the natural, the inborn talent that is the only foundation of true art. Perhaps the best of Miss Bayes's numbers was "How Things Have Changed Since Mother Was a Girl." Then there was the medley with snatches of many of the successes of the comedienne's career. Donald Ganlard was at the piano.

Creatore and his band were heard in a group of operatic selections that included Gounod and Donizetti.

Jack Donahue and Alice Marion Stewart appeared in an act called "Him and Her." The sketch, while nonsensical, is none the less a great laugh-getter. Besides Mr. Donahue introducing something new in the dancing line, the sketch has the advantage of offering features new in vaudeville.

Others on the bill were Fred Whitfield and Marie Ireland, assisted by Lew Murdock, in a rural satire, "The Belle of Bingville"; Mechan's troupe of leaping dogs; John Cutty, in a musical act; Gere and Delaney, roller skaters, and Beatrice Herford.

"EXPERIENCE" AT WILBUR

"Experience," George V. Hobart's modern morality play, made the third change of theatres in its long Boston run last evening, when it moved to the Wilbur Theatre.

Nov 17 1915

LEO ORNSTEIN

By PHILIP HALE.

Mr. Leo Ornstein gave the first of five piano recitals yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. There was an audience of good size that was now perplexed, now pleased, and now heartily amused. The program was as follows: Vannin, The Night, The Waltzers; Cyril Scott, Sonata op. 66; Ravel, Oiseaux Tristes, Valses Nobles et Sentimentales; Albeniz, Rondena; Ornstein, Improvisata, Impression de la Tamise, Wild Men's Dance; Korngold, Fairy Pictures.

Mr. Ornstein, born near Odessa, in 1895, came to New York. While he was a boy he was hailed as a musical prodigy. He gave a recital here in Steinert Hall four years ago this month. His interpretation was then yeasty. He had the reckless exuberance of youth; he delighted in speed and din; the passion that rages and spumes. Even when he played pieces by Cesar Franck, Schubert and Chopin there were few moments of repose. He then allowed us to judge of his own gifts as a composer by playing "Paris: Street Scene at Night," "In the Style of Scarlatti."

It is not so long ago that Mr. Ornstein came out as a "futurist" in music. To quote from the inspired circular that heralded his approach this fall: "Only about three years ago did the strange new impulse begin to manifest itself in the young man and his efforts along these novel paths were evolved in New York. They manifested traits similar to those characterizing the music of Schoenberg and Stravinsky as if through some mysterious community of spirit—for Mr. Ornstein was quite unacquainted with their work. . . . In all of this music he has sought primarily to convey emotions in the sounds into which his superconsciousness has translated them. For him music, like poetry, is intended to be felt, not analyzed, and his writings are quintessentially subjective." The staggered reader, however, is cheered by the remark that Mr. Ornstein's pieces do not present insurmountable problems if they are "approached intellectually"; and of course each reader at once says to himself: "I am full of 'intellects'; let us hear the young man." He is also assured by Mr. Calvocoressi's statement that Mr. Ornstein is a bigger man than old man Schoenberg or Stravinsky. In London Mr. Ornstein was taken very seriously by some of the critics who devoted much space to the consideration of his art.

The program yesterday was certainly an interesting one, a welcome straying from the beaten path. The music of Cyril Scott is too little known here. A few of his smaller piano pieces have been played and his "Tallahassee" suite for violin and piano has been heard. Scott, born at Oxton, in Cheshire, England, in 1879, was a pupil of Knorr at Frankfort. A modern of the moderns, he has been enthusiastically praised by Debussy. Ravel's waltzes written for the piano in 1910 were orchestrated by the composer in 1912, and used that year for a ballet "Adelaide," danced by the Russians at the Chatelet, Paris. The brilliant Albeniz and the young Korngold are not unknown here.

The most interesting group as played by Mr. Ornstein was that including the pieces by Vannin and the sonata of Scott. The former's "Night" is not the "huge and thoughtful night" or "the bare-bosomed night" of Whitman. It is a murky, sinister night, one of nightmares and horrid deeds; a strange, powerful bit of impressionism. "The Waltzers" is as some coarse, grotesque sketch by a beer-puffed illustrator of Jugend or Simplicissimus. There are noble and beautiful thoughts in Scott's sonata, often expressed, however, in an idiom which, as it is not familiar, is at times repugnant. The sonata is well worth hearing again.

Mr. Ornstein is not the man to play Ravel's music. There is no vaporous quality in his performance. He lacks the peculiar elegance that is necessary. Nor do we believe that, played by another more in natural sympathy with Ravel, the valses would seem so lacking in continuity, so meandering and halting. So, too, one could easily imagine the piece of Albeniz interpreted with greater brio. Yet the middle section with the entrancing melodic figure was played effectively.

And what is to be said of Mr. Ornstein's own pieces? "Improvisata" is pretentiously rhapsodic and—dull. "The Impression of the Thames" led one to believe that Mr. Ornstein was unfavorably impressed; a muddy and noisy river with the tooting of steam whistles and the unloading of coal barges. It would be interesting to compare Mr. Ornstein's impressions with that of Rogue Riderhood, if that worthy were alive. On the other hand, "Wild Men's Dance" is an example of splendid savagery, and it was played with drunken, maniacal ferocity.

Let it be said in all kindness that Mr. Ornstein would make a more favorable impression on an audience if he sat up in his seat and played like a man. As a "futurist," "cubist," what-you-will, he certainly does not wish to be taken for a poseur.

His next recital will be on Tuesday afternoon, Dec. 7.

Though the advantages that result from a superior manner in speaking and acting be never so great, yet we are to remember that it is liable to its failings and inconveniences. He that pushes it too far will be tax'd with pride, insolence, pedantry, and an affectation of a despotic, arbitrary authority over the rest of mankind.

As the World Wags:

That was a reckless proposal you made Saturday morning: "Let us go out and split a few baskets full of infinitives!" Right here in Boston, too; the city of compulsory hose and gracefully gesticulating policemen.

But what is the crime connected with a split infinitive anyway? During an interesting period of my career no less a person than Prof. Barrett Wendell had—and seized—every opportunity to remonstrate with me for abuses of my mother tongue; but if I ever split an infinitive he must have overlooked a bit, because I have no recollection of any splash of red ink calling attention to such an indiscretion. In fact, to the best of my knowledge and belief I never heard of these awful splinterings until some ten or 15 years ago. Even then, after carefully considering this literary misdemeanor, I was skeptical as to the degree of sin involved—nay, more; I was bold enough to believe it a benefit to the language that the infinitive is splittable.

For example, in order to intimately connect an adverb with a verb, is it not

ter to cruelly and recklessly split the infinitive than it is gently, carefully and in fear of those who worship form and care nothing for force, to preserve the infinitive in its pristine unsplitness and meekly to bow down to the disciples of prunes and prisms?

By all means let a minister writing a sermon or a suffragist making a speech respect the infinitive; for unquestionably it is more elegant when not fractured. On the contrary, one who is trying to say something—a critic, for example, an editor, a "columnist," or even a "valued contributor," should feel at liberty to wield the axe relentlessly and cut a hole big enough to pack in half a column. If he has occasion to do so, so to do, or to so do. H. J. L.

Medford, Nov. 14.

The poets have sinned; witness Byron's line, "To slowly trace the forest's shady scene." A passage from "The King's English" by H. W. Fowler and F. G. Fowler may comfort H. J. L. "The split infinitive has taken such hold upon the consciences of journalists that instead of warning the novice against splitting his infinitives, we must warn him against the curious superstition that the splitting or not splitting makes the difference between a good and a bad writer. The split infinitive is an ugly thing as will be seen from our examples below; but it is one among several hundred ugly things, and the novice should not allow it to occupy his mind exclusively. Even that mysterious quality 'distinction' of style, may in modest measure be attained by a splitter of infinitives: 'The book is written with a distinction (save in the matter of split infinitives) unusual in such works.'—London Times."—Ed.

An Aid to Reflection.

As the World Wags:

Is not your Society for Creasing the Trousers of our Statues—or whatever its exact title may be—in danger of doing harm to the memory of some of our illustrious men who have been sculptorially honored—or traduced?

Don't you remember that when we were young the crease down the front of the leg was the hall mark of ready-made "pants"? If poverty compelled us to wear such, we at least tried to conceal it by having the crease pressed out so that the "pants" might look like real custom-made trousers.

If, therefore, your Society creases the trousers of Sumner and Everett, may it not seem to the future historian that those men pandered to the proletariat by assuming to wear the vulgar "pants"—an act to which they never would have stooped.

This may lead to a further question as to whether this creasing of the trousers may not partly account for the democratization and decadence of the race. P. C. K.

Boston, Nov. 10.

"Dimple of Fear."

As the World Wags:

In the Herald of Nov. 2, "D. N." desires to know the name of the eminent writer from whose works the phrase "dimple of fear" is taken. Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll is the eminent writer referred to. C. R. L.

Everett, Nov. 8.

Poor Boston.

Boston cannot afford to have its own opera company even for 10 weeks. Yet in windy Chicago a season of 10 weeks has opened brilliantly and among the singers engaged are a half-dozen to a dozen that belonged to the late company of the Boston Opera House, and were here furiously applauded.

Queer Indexing.

A librarian in London consulted the index of Parliamentary papers to find the German White Book. He looked under "Germany," "War," "European War" and other favoring headings, but in vain. At last he found it under "Miscellaneous No. 10." Indexing is a subject that will invite discussion later in this column.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Bizet's "Carmen," performance by the Boston Grand Opera Company, with a ballet by Mme. Pavlowa and her Ballet Russe. Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Carmen	Maria Gay
Micaela	May Scheider
Frasquita	Belle Gottschalk
Mercedes	Poly Clement
Don Jose	Riccardo Martin
Escamillo	George Baklanoff
Zuniga	Alfred Kaufman
Morales	Giorgio Puliti
El Dancairo	Paolo Ananian
El Remendado	Romeo Boscacci

Bizet's music with its irresistible and sharply marked rhythms and its wealth of melody and color is constantly inviting. How ironical the remark of the composer a few days before his death to a friend who strove to sympathize over the failure of the first performance by railing at the critics: "After all, they may have been right!"

Last evening's performance was generally uninspired. There have been many Carmens, some of them fascinating in coquetry, some of them tragic in demoniacal spirit, and as instruments of fate, some merely sensual or needlessly vulgar. Mme. Gay's impersonation has changed little. Her business, often boldly realistic as her antics with orange peel and handkerchief, still excites the laughter of the audience. No doubt Merimee's Carmen was vulgar, but superbly so, not merely vulgar in unessential things. Mme. Gay was constantly amusing from the time of her entrance. There was no seductiveness, no tragedy. In the second act there was the coquetry of the gutter. She sang with her familiar vocal mannerisms. Formerly she was effective in the third act, but unfortunately the card scene is now both vocally and histrionically melodramatic.

Mr. Martin was not in good voice, nor is Don Jose one of his best parts. Few tenors have been so sheepish in the second act, few have sung the music with less inspiration.

Miss Scheider of New York was a newcomer as Micaela. She has studied with Earl Brown, Lamperti and Jean de Reszke and has sung in opera abroad. Her voice, a light soprano of limited range, is not always agreeable in quality. Last evening she was inclined to be tremulous, plaintive, lachrymose in the aria in the mountain scene and her acting did not exceed the conventional limits.

Mr. Baklanoff's appearance was histrionically a welcome relief. As before, the character of the Torcador was faithfully presented by him. Here was the dashing, fatuous, jaunty cock of the arena in flesh and blood.

Mr. Moranzoni and the singers were not always in perfect accord. Members of Mme. Pavlowa's company danced in the second act, while she herself appeared in the fourth with an elaborate ballet of Spanish dances.

The opera this evening will be Puccini's "Mme. Butterfly," in which Mme. Tamaki Miura, the Japanese soprano, will be heard here for the first time. This will be followed by "Snowflakes," from Tschaikowsky's "Nutcracker" ballet.

BABY CARRIAGE IN MUSIC SUITE

Brilliant Composition by Chicago Business Man Played Here by New York Orchestra.

The New York Symphony orchestra, Walter Damrosch conductor, gave a concert last night in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Symphony No. 5, C minor; Carpenter, Suite, "Adventures in a Perambulator" (first time here); Goldmark's concerto for violin (Mischa Elman, violinist).

Since this orchestra last visited us it has been put on a sure foundation through the munificence of Mr. H. H. Flagler. Art is a noble thing, but, like Venus, an orchestra freezes unless it has corn and wine. The assurance of a substantial pecuniary backing fires the zeal of the players and gives more power and elasticity to the conductor's good right arm. Before this gift the orchestra contained excellent material and had given interesting and brilliant concerts. Mr. Damrosch has a happy faculty of making attractive programs. During the last years he has been greatly interested in the modern French school, and therefore New Yorkers have had the opportunity of hearing works of importance that are at present known to Bostonians only by name.

Nor has he neglected the American composer—that is, when a composition by an American was worth playing. We say this, for there are some who maintain that not to perform any work when it is written by an American is flagrantly unpatriotic.

This time Mr. Damrosch acquainted us with a Suite by John Alden Carpenter, a business man in Chicago, now in his 40th year, who in his leisure moments cultivates the Muse. He was already favorably known here by his violin sonata, a composition of marked originality, and some pleasing songs. His little volume of children's songs with quaint illustrations is in many households. His interest in children and the thought of Strauss's "Domestic" Symphony may have led him to write the music descriptive of a child's view of life as seen from a perambulator. The Suite was composed last year and first performed by the Chicago Orchestra March 19, 1915.

It is in six movements: (I) En Voiture, a sort of prologue in which "My Nurse," "My Perambulator," "Myself," are represented by typical themes, which appear in varying form throughout the Suite; (2) The Policeman; an episode of which suggests a conversation between the policeman and the nurse; (3) the Hurdy Gurdy; (4) the Lake; (5) Dogs—"Little dogs, with sisters; big dogs with aged parents, kind dogs, brigand dogs, sad dogs, and gay"; (6) Dreams. "It is pleasant to live over again the adventures of the day. . . . It is pleasant to lie quite still and close my eyes, and listen to the wheels of my perambulator. How very large the world is! How many things there are!"

The Suite is evidently intended as an extended and colossal bit of musical humor. The score calls for the large orchestra with an unusually full battery of percussion instruments. Some might dismiss the work with the remark that the instrumentation is exceedingly clever; but that there is something more in good music than cleverness. The majority would answer that a work of art may be gay and fanciful. This may at least be said: The music is not, like so many "serious and impressive" works that come from Germany, muddily intricate and portentously dull. Nor should it disturb anyone to recognize the fact that Mr. Carpenter is well versed in modern musical literature, and particularly with the compositions and the methods of one Claude Debussy.

Mr. Carpenter's baby is sophisticated, no mere round-eyed, apple-cheeked, gurgling youngster. This child has an imagination, the world is to him a strange and wonderful place. Each new sight rivets his attention but, wise beyond his years, he signals to his nurse with a private signal when her flirtation with the policeman has gone far enough.

The music is charming, whimsical, fanciful, brilliantly humorous. The suite has striking distinction and in it the composer's personality is dominantly assertive. Moreover, Mr. Carpenter writes for a large orchestra with the skill of a seasoned composer of orchestral works. All six numbers of the work are delightful. The musical imitations are realistic. The nurse, the policeman, the child himself, the wheels of the perambulator are all readily recognized by their respective themes. Mr. Carpenter's representation of canine revelry, however, is less successful. With the exception of a few introductory barks and yaps the resemblance is not marked and those who dislike descriptive notes might be justified in questioning.

On the other hand, the episode of the Hurdy Gurdy is cleverly contrived, and the lake, with its quivering waves, dancing sunbeams and circling gulls is a picture of poetic beauty. The last episode, too, is fascinating with its reminiscences of the child's adventures, its exquisite berceuse, and the nurse theme in a glorified and sweetened version changed to represent "My Mother."

Mr. Elman was heartily applauded for his performance of Goldmark's concerto, now a bit shop-worn.

Mr. Damrosch conducted with his customary enthusiasm. A large audience was deservedly pleased with the novelty.

APOLLO CLUB HAS CONCERT

The Apollo Club, Emil Mollenhauer conductor, gave the first concert of its 45th season last night in Jordan Hall. Mme. Evelyn Scotney, soprano, assisted. The program was as follows: Part songs: Surm, Gaily We Ride; Nentwich, the Brownies; Bartlett, Little Indian; Osgood, In Picardie (by request); Cadman, A Mighty Vulcan (with baritone solo by Mr. Denghausen); Pache, Silent Recollection; Kremser, Prayer of Thanksgiving (by request); Gericke, The Autumn Sea; Harker, Sleep, Baby, Sleep; Zerlett, Evening (with tenor solo by Mr. Hobbs); Stevenson, Omnipotence (with solo by Mme. Scotney, organ and piano); Mme. Scotney's selections were: The Polonaise from "Mignon" and these songs: Schubert, De bist die Ruh; Wolf, Elfenlied; Mollinson, Snowflakes; La Forge, To a Messenger.

Mr. Mollenhauer was generous in repeating all the concerted numbers, for the large audience was enthusiastic in its approval. Cardinal O'Connell was one of the interested listeners. His eminence was attended by the Rev. Joseph Coppinger.

The performance was characteristic of all its predecessors. There were the same magnificent ensembles; there was the precision in attack, elegance of enunciation and the spontaniety so essential to choral work. Both Mme. Scotney and Mr. Denghausen gave pleasure in solo parts.

Nov 18 1915

Tamaki Miura Proves Charming, Consistent Heroine of Familiar Tragedy.

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Puccini's "Madama Butterfly." Mr. Jacchia conducted.

Cio-Cio-San	Tamaki Miura
Suzuki	Elvira Leveroni
B. F. Pinkerton	Riccardo Martin
Sharpless	Thomas Chalmers
Lo Zio Bonzo	Paolo Ananian
Goro	Romeo Boscacci
Kate Pinkerton	Elizabeth Campbell
Prince Yamadori	Giorgio Puliti

The performance was an uncommonly interesting one. Nor was it interesting solely because Mme. Miura is a Japanese. To say that a native of Japan would necessarily be a realistic and emotional Madama Butterfly would be like insisting that a melancholy inhabitant of Copenhagen would inevitably give a thrilling performance of Hamlet. It is true that Mme. Miura is a Japanese, but Puccini's opera is Italian, and his characters, including Pinkerton the cad, Mrs. Pinkerton, who had no business in Cio-Cio-San's dwelling house, and Sharpless, the consul with sound advice, are all musically Italians, who happen to be at Nagasaki in order to carry out the purposes of the libretto. In the strict sense of the word, "Madama Butterfly" is no more a Japanese opera than is "The Mikado."

No one has impersonated in this city Madama Butterfly with such freshness grace, joy and pathos as Mme. Miura. Some have had more sonorous voices; some have sung louder; some have had more airs and graces and indulged themselves in fussy business, fondly believing that they were the real Japanese article. Two or three have told reporters about their studies of Japanese character, just as Emma Abbott's press agent used to tell of her visits to a mad house in order to play the part of Lucia in a truly maniacal manner.

Mme. Miura is a Japanese and therefore does not have to worry herself about an appropriate make-up, but she is also a most accomplished actress and a singer who does wonders with her voice. This voice, though small, is peculiarly adapted to her interpretation of the part. It has a girlish quality; it is a voice of innocence and trust. It can be petulant, the voice of indignation, and by its very smallness the more pathetic in the scenes of emotion that lead to the end of the tragedy foreseen by Sharpless.

This voice, well trained for lyrically light and also emotional music, has character in parlando passages.

Mme. Miura's conception of the part is a natural one. She comes to her marriage with Pinkerton, unsophisticated, free from coquetry, without the mincing or effervescent manners, without the boldness of look and speech that some of her predecessors have studiously cultivated in hope to be realistic. She rejoices in her nuptials, yet with what charming modesty! At the remembrance of her father's suicide, she does not suddenly become melodramatic. She accepts it, as a fatalist. And so in the interviews with Sharpless and Yamadori in the second act, in her treatment of Suzuki and Goro, every musical phrase, every gesture had significance. Who can quickly forget her outburst of joy at seeing the letter, her play with her child, her preparation for the meeting.

The third act is musically weak and dramatically injured by the unnecessary introduction of Mrs. B. F. Pinkerton in the flesh. There is little opportunity for the singer. There is nothing to be compared with Butterfly's description of her approaching reunion with Pinkerton, in which Mme. Miura showed a remarkable mastery of dramatic details, which all contributed to the triumphant climax. Yet in this last act the little woman with the small voice by her quiet intensity touched all hearts. There was no taint of melodrama; there was not the despair of a tragedy queen; the heart of the little woman was broken; the curse had come upon her; the same knife served father and daughter.

The Pinkerton of Mr. Martin and the Suzuki of Miss Leveroni are familiar to Bostonians. Mr. Martin's voice has been more brilliant on former occasions, but his singing last night was often effective. Mr. Chalmers was evidently not in voice. He was suffering from a touch of tonsilitis, but did not wish to disappoint the audience. Sick as he was, he phrased intelligently and played the part in a manly and sympathetic manner. Mr. Boscacci was an excellent Goro, more knavish and less of the busybody than many we have all seen. Nor should Mr. Ananian's thundering of the curse be forgotten.

Mr. Jacchia led the orchestra with authority, dramatic understanding, with a care for nuances and a regard for the singers. His command over the players, with his appreciation of the dramatic and musical requirements, was one of the features of the performance. The stage business was well managed and the chorus did well the little it had to do.

The audience called Mme. Miura many times before the curtain and was not unmindful of her associates.

After the opera the ballet "Snowflakes" from Tschalkowsky's "Nut Cracker" was performed with Miss Pavlowa, Mr. Vollnine and the Russian ballet.

The opera tonight will be Auber's "La Muette di Portici" (in Italian), with Miss Pavlowa as Fenelia, Mr. Zenatello as Masaniello and Miss Lync as the Princess.

Who is this that cometh from Domremy? Who is she in bloody coronation robes from Rheims? Who is she that cometh with blackened flesh from walking the furnace of Rouen?

Strange Bedfellows

As the World Wags:

In a recent issue I read an article by Frederick Palmer under the caption "Edith Cavell, a Joan of Arc to Allied Troops." In a country where unhappy head-lining has been reduced to an exact science, this out-Herods Herod. If there is one historical character whose name should be avoided during the Franco-English partner-

[illegible] Parisian magazine L'Assiette au Beurre, which is devoted to "Perfide Albion," and the bitter Gallic wit is freely and even shockingly exercised in the illustrations. The cover design represents English soldiers burning the militant maid at the stake. No more unfortunate rallying cry could be suggested for the brothers-in-arms now holding the French and Belgian trenches. In the trial of Joan no charge of espionage was made, I believe. To England she merely represented an unusually troublesome adversary, who interfered with her policy of expansion. Nor can France regard her own attitude toward the maid with entire complacence.

This war has indeed formed strange partnerships. Their permanence depends in no slight degree upon the policy of discreet forgetting. Russia and Japan for example; they have much to forget or ignore. And Bulgaria and Turkey—What ghosts of mutual atrocities must be laid before they can fight side by side! Nor can it be a satisfaction to England to recall that because, in the past, she stayed Russia's hand at the throat of Constantinople, a hundred thousand of her sons lie dead on the Gallipoli peninsula, half the Armenian population of Turkey has been massacred, and the Central Powers are enabled to make their deadliest thrust since the initial drive on Paris. Awkward memories must stalk through the sombre reflections of the Mohammedan levies who are fighting for the allies, and what think the Poles and Jews in many a bloody trench? A few captions as intelligent as the one above, properly calculated, would be worth a division of Uhlans. Why not suggest the name of Dreyfus as a patriotic slogan for French Hebrews?

Comparisons are odious—also at times dangerous. Edith Cavell and Joan of Arc will long be revered by mankind, but the connotation is untactful in view of past history and present alliances.

JOHN H. CARRICK.

Plymouth, N. H.

It is true that French and English alike have dealt hardly with Joan of Arc even in literature. The author or authors of "Henry VI.," attributed to Shakespeare, were no more indecent towards Joan than Voltaire in "La Pucelle." On the other hand there is the eloquent essay of De Quincey by the side of the study by Anatole France. Dr. Icard, a Frenchman, accounted for Joan's visions by describing her physiologically, as he would a female pyromaniac, kleptomaniac, or murderer under certain physical conditions. Mr. Carrick should remember that in the heroic France of today there is neither Jew nor Gentile. The people are all one in the defence of their loved land. Ed.

Dick's Hatband

As the World Wags:

You want to know why was "Dick's hatband queer"? The answer is, because it went 19 times round his hat, then it would not tie.

It is a Lancashire expression that we use when anything is awkward. I once asked the meaning when I was a child, as it used to puzzle me too.

LANCASHIRE LASS.

Hopedale, Nov. 14.

The phrase is not peculiar to Lancashire. It is found in other English provinces. In Cheshire the hatband went nine times round, as in Lancashire. In Northamptonshire the hatband was of sea-green color. In Shropshire the hatband went round 19 times and was crooked. The phrase, which refers to the obsolete custom of presenting hatbands at funerals, is used both of persons and things that are perverse or unmanageable." Like phrases are, "As contrary, false, crooked, twisted as Dick's hatband"; "All across like Dick's hatband"; "As tight as Dick's hatband." In Kansas the phrase is "Odd as Dick's hatband," or "Contrary as Dick's hatband." Dick's name is taken in other phrases: Dick and his team, that is the constellation of the Great Bear; "Dick upon sis," all in confusion, at sixes and sevens; "As thick as Dick and Liddy"; while a local preacher is called in Yorkshire a local Dick. A dickass is a male ass; a dick bird, a cock bird.

We now ask "Lancashire Lass" if the fair beauty of Lancashire women is still proverbial? The late Reverend and learned J. Ray, M. A., fellow of the Royal Society and author of the "Historia Plantarum" and "Wisdom of God in His Works of Creation," spoke of fair women in Lancashire and commented in a guarded manner: "Whether the women of this County be indeed fairer than their neighbors I know not, but that the inhabitants of some Countries may be and are generally fairer than those of others is most certain. The reason whereof is to be attributed partly to the temperature of the air, partly to the condition of the soil, and partly to their manner of food. The hotter the climate, generally the blacker the inhabitants, and the colder the fairer: the colder I say to a certain degree, for in extreme cold countries the inhabitants are of dusky complexions. But in the same climate that in some places the inhabitants should be fairer than in others, proceeds from the diversity of the situation, [illegible] or low, maritime or far [illegible] the soil and manner of living, which we see have so much influence upon beasts as to alter them in bigness, shape and color; and why it may not have the like on men I see not." Yet Aristotle, as Sir Thomas Browne reminds us, in two definitions of pulchritude, and Galen in one, have made no mention of color.—Ed.

JACOBSEN GIVES VIOLIN RECITAL

Sascha Jacobsen gave a violin recital at Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon. Mr. Chotzinoff was the accompanist. The program was as follows: Handel, Sonata in D major; Saint-Saens, Concerto in B minor, opus 61; Bach, Chaconne; Gerussi-Randegger, Jr.; Rachmaninoff, Romance; Cecil Burleegh, Legend, Village Dance; d'Ambrosio, Introduction and Humoresque.

Mr. Jacobsen, a pupil of Franz Kneisel, won the Loeb prize of $500 at the New York Institute of Musical Art last June. He had played but a few phrases yesterday when it was apparent that an artist to be reckoned with was on the stage.

His tone, though not phenomenally large, is uniformly agreeable, often sensuously beautiful, virile in sturdy passages. His technic is well developed, excellent, his execution facile, brilliant.

Mr. Jacobsen is interesting as an interpreter. He no doubt sees visions and dreams dreams. He has the latent musical intelligence of his race. His phrasing is polished and his tones colored for emotional expression. Mr. Jacobsen unquestionably has a future. It would be a pleasure to hear him again.

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: Puccini's "Tosca." Mr. Jacchia conducted.

Mario Cavaradossi ..... Mr. Zenatello
Scarpia ..... Mr. Baklanoff
Angelotti ..... Mr. Kaufman
Sacristan ..... Mr. Ananian
Spoletta ..... Mr. Bourgat
Sciarrone ..... Mr. Pugi
Tosca ..... Mme. Villani

Auber's "La Muette de Portici" had been announced for performance last evening, but Mr. Michailoff, who was to have taken the part of Alfonso, was indisposed, so "Tosca" was substituted.

The performance was characterized chiefly by vigor. Mr. Zenatello was fully in voice and he did not spare it. Mme. Villani acted the part in a melodramatic manner, that is to say, she did not raise the second act to tragedy, as Mme. Ternina ennobled it. She, too, sang vigorously. There was more jealousy than coquetry in the first act, there was little lightness in the first scene with Mario. Mr. Zenatello sang his air before the picture with fine effect, and in the duets he varied expression, when he was not obliged to shout above his Floria. Mario is one of Mr. Zenatello's brilliant parts.

Yet the dominating figure in the opera is Scarpia. Mr. Baklanoff's entrance was effective, as was his business with Floria and his minions. The sacristan was in terror of him and shook and shivered according to tradition; but this tradition is a poor one. Scarpia was not a bully; he was a cool, polished scoundrel. Knowing the cruelty that was behind the mask, his servants might well have feared him, but we doubt whether he would have put hands on them when he was displeased. Perhaps we have in mind the Baron Scarpia as he is pictured in Sardou's drama by Frenchmen. However this may be, there were fine points in Mr. Baklanoff's acting in the early acenes. Vocally he was not so expressive. His singing was almost unvaryingly robust. It was curious to see the chorus and Scarpia shouting to the audience in the final Te Deum with their backs to the altar and a right about face at the last moment.

There was a slip in stage management towards the close of the second act. Scarpia, it may be remembered, is interrupted in his pressing attentions to Floria when she is on the sofa by a knock at the door. Last night there was no knocking though Scarpia asked who was there. No one entered. But Mr. Baklanoff had the presence of mind to give his treacherous orders through the open door, as if the retainer were standing without. With the exception of this slip, the second act was melodramatic enough to suit those eager to sup full with horrors. Scarpia thundered his commands to the torturers; Floria shouted her agony and fear. One of the features of the act was the outburst of frenzied exultation when Mario heard the news of victory.

Mr. Jacchia gave the orchestra a free rein. His reading of the score was not so discriminative and musical as was that of "Madama Butterfly" the night before.

The performance pleased the audience and there were many curtain calls. The "Egyptian Ballet" with music by Luigini followed. It was danced by Mme. Pavlowa, Mr. Volinine and the ballet company. There should have been a larger audience.

The opera tonight will be "Carmen" with Mmes. Gay, Scheider and Messrs. Martin and Mardones the chief singers. The ballet will again be a feature. The program speaks of the Spanish dances as performed "at the Grand Opera in Paris." "Carmen" in Paris is performed at the Opera-Comique.

MME. AXMAN

By PHILIP HALE.

Mme. Gladys Axman of New York, soprano, gave a song recital in Steinert Hall yesterday afternoon. There was a very friendly audience. The program was as follows: Mozart, Deh vieni non tardar; Gluck, O del mio dolce ardor; Bach, Willst du dein Herz mir schenken; Brahms, die Mainacht, Botschaft; Strauss, Traum durch die Daemmerung; Marx, Lied; E. Wolff, Ein solchen ist mein Freund; Tremisot, Novembre; G. Faure, Clair de Lune; Moussorgsky, Song of the Hebrew Maiden; Rachmaninoff, Spring Floods; Kramer, For a Dream's Sake; Quilter, Night Piece; Colburn, Song of the Slave Girl; Rogers, War. Samuel C. Colburn was the accompanist.

This was Mme. Axman's first recital in Boston. Her program was interesting, well contrasted, and not too long. She was more successful in the first group with Gluck's air than with that from "The Marriage of Figaro." The melodic lines were more evenly sustained, and defined with more repose. The air of Bach was sung with the requisite simplicity and light heartedness. In the second group of German songs, her interpretation of "Traum durch die Daemmerung" was the most noteworthy; and it might be said that in songs of a meditative, sombre, quasi melancholy nature, she was more effective than in songs of conventional sentiment and more objective emotion; witness her rendering of "Novembre," and Moussorgsky's beautiful melody. These songs also displayed the richer tones of her voice. The upper tones at present lack body. Now and then a lack of breath-control was noticeable.

Mme. Axman has evidently a musical nature. She should apply herself for some time to technic rather than to interpretation, for there were times yesterday when the aesthetic purpose of the singer was not fully carried out.

LONGY CLUB GIVES FIRST CONCERT OF ITS SEASON

Membership Unchanged at Start of 16th Year.

The Longy Club, assisted by J. Keller, violoncellist, gave the first concert of its 16th season last night in Jordan Hall. The membership is unchanged (flutes, Messrs. Maquarre and Brooke; oboes, Messrs. Longy and Lenom; clarinets, Messrs. Sand and Mimart; horns, Messrs. Hain and Lorbeer; bassoons, Messrs. Sadony and Mosbach; piano, Mr. De Voto).

The program contained Raff's Sinfonietta, Op. 188; Brahms's trio, Op. 114, for piano, clarinet and violoncello, two works that are well known here to lovers of chamber music, and Paul Juon's Divertimento, Op. 5, for flute, oboe, clarinet, horn, bassoon and piano.

Raff's Sinfonietta, fluently written and melodious, goes back to 1873. The composer made a four-handed arrangement of it for the piano. Brahms wrote his clarinet trio at Ischl in 1891, after a period of great mental depression, when he thought gloomily about death. This perhaps accounts somewhat for the elegiac tone of the composition. He wrote this work and the clarinet quintet inspired by the tone and proficiency of Richard Muehlfeld, the first clarinet of the Meiningen orchestra. The two works were first played at a Joachim quartet concert in Berlin by the composer, Muehlfeld and Hausmann. The faithful admirer Herzogenberg could not see why the quintet should be preferred to the trio. In the former the strings predominate; in the latter, the piano. The trio was first played here by Messrs. Staats, clarinet; Foote, piano, and Giese, 'cellist, in 1892.

Paul Juon, a Russian by birth, who has been thoroughly Germanized by living in Berlin, is known here by an orchestral fantasia on Danish airs played at a Symphony concert, and by chamber music. His music is to be respected for its solid workmanship, which is often lightened by a whimsical fancy; but it is not easy to trace in his music that we have heard any suggestion of his native country.

It is needless to say that the compositions were admirably played, and the audience was duly appreciative.

So Theodor Leschetizky, pianist and pedagogue, is dead. He was in his 85th year, and had been in the habit of marrying. Most men would have stopped willingly with the radiantly handsome Annette Essipoff, who was his No. 2; but he left her, [illegible] because he was not satisfied with her technique, and married another pupil in Miss Benislawska. After that we lost count.

Mr. James Huneker said that Liszt is famous for having invented the Liszt pupil. As in old days, young pianists who had only been introduced to Liszt or had seen him, or had seen his portrait, spoke and wrote about "Dear Old Weimar," and advertised themselves as "a pupil," if not "the pupil," of Liszt, so the Leschetizky pupils are as thick as blackberries. You cannot escape them. Go to Tarbell, N. H., Putney, Vt., Spokane or Monterey, throw a stone at random, and you will hit an exponent of the Leschetizky method. Some of these pupils play well, in spite of it.

And let it be said to the credit of Leschetizky that he disclaimed any copper-bottomed, nickel-plated, patented method. He laid down certain principles which were made much like those of Oskar Raif, the great pedagogue of Berlin, in the eighties. That these principles were sometimes carried out extravagantly, distorted or wholly misunderstood by constant praters about "the method" was not the fault of either teacher.

A Musical Scorcher.

It is whispered that the mysterious composer, Vannin, whose name appeared on Mr. Leo Ornstein's program, is no less a person than Mr. Ornstein himself. So this futurist must have his little joke. Some one was describing Mr. Ornstein's crouching attitude in the fury of performance to Mr. Philip S. Marden of Lowell, who has a pretty wit. "Ah!" said Mr. Marden, "he must be the scorcher among pianists."

The Cut Loaf.

The encroaches upon the Common began with the favor granted the Boston Elevated railway when the citizens awoke one fine morning and found that the Boston Public Library, to quote Mr. Alexander S. Browne's mot, had pupped on the Common. Unfortunately, there are now citizens of Boston who argue that a slice from a cut loaf is never missed.

A Strange Adventure.

As the World Wags:

Referring to the recent interesting adventures of the 10 o'clock seeker after sociological disorders, as portrayed in your column, I would like to relate my own daylight observances. Today I entered an eminently respectable restaurant (though high-licensed) for my noontime meal, after which, with a cigar drawing well, and my demi-tasse before me, I found time to observe my fellow-mortals, while listening to an orchestra of female performers. Suddenly I first felt, then saw, a glazed pair of eyes fixed on me with intensity. Back of them was an elderly and portly woman, at a table across the room, who (it is a safe bet) had been a good liver for years. Holding my gaze, she first smiled, then beckoned. I began to feel discomfort, as her eyes impelled me. I looked at the orchestra for protection. The first violin (then at leisure) smiled and then winked. I am a self-conscious person, and I blushed. Trying to assume a nonchalance I did not feel, I called for my check. The waitress, also portly, and past the meridian, brought it with this remark: "I almost brought you the wrong check. It had two cocktails on it for two women." Then, confidentially, "They ain't swell dames, or I'd given it to you." "Any time," I murmured politely, and rose. As I reached for my hat hanging under the orchestral gallery, the clarinet leaned over and whispered: "Come in early tomorrow; I want to speak to you." (God knows why). Again I flushed, at which the person at the piano smiled wickedly. Am I too good-looking, or only gauche? I admit youth. My only beverage had been a demi-tasse.

DUBIOUS NOYES.

Boston, Nov. 16.

Split Infinitives.

As the World Wags:

If a phrase were ever made clearer or more euphonious by "splitting the infinitive" one might condone the usage, but who can cite an instance of the kind? Your correspondent H. J. L. writes: "In order to intimately connect an adverb with a verb is it not better to cruelly and recklessly split the infinitive?" etc. I contend that the words quoted would be more pleasing to the ear, quite as lucid to the understanding, besides being orthodox in construction if they had been written: "In order intimately to connect an adverb with a verb is it not better cruelly and recklessly to split the infinitive?" etc. The same is true of Byron's line which you quote, "Slowly to trace the forest's shady scene," conveys to my mind a more pleasing picture than "To slowly trace the forest's shady scene." From what one hears in crowd-

ed public conveyances, among the throngs in moving-picture palaces and at the crowded porcelain tables in the great white eating houses it is safe to say that a majority of the inhabitants of Boston habitually use the double negative in their daily walk and conversation, i. e., "They ain't a-goin' to be no core," "I didn't do nothin'," "It isn't no way to do," etc. Among those committed to this usage the greater part, I dare say, regard the employment of only one negative particle as a Back Bay affectation, an affectation like omitting the native terminal "r" from "saw" and "idea," an affectation like clinging tenaciously to the terminal "g" in "giving" and "being," when everybody knows that "goin'" and "bein'" mean the same thing and save an infinite amount of labor. W. E. K.

Boston, Nov. 17.

BRUCKNER AT SYMPHONY HALL

By PHILIP HALE.

The fifth Friday afternoon concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program included Bruckner's Seventh Symphony and Mozart's Concertante Symphonie for violin and viola played by Mr. Witek (violin) and Mr. Ferir (viola).

Bruckner's Seventh Symphony has now been performed here six times. There have been 13 performances of symphonies by Bruckner since 1887. Audiences have often been impatient or openly bored. It is said that letters have been written protesting against any music by Bruckner at these concerts. Conductors, however, have gone on undisturbed. They might have said with Carl Bergman, who, when he was told that the people did not like Wagner's music, answered: "Then they must hear it till they do like it." Yesterday poor Bruckner had his revenge. His Seventh Symphony, superbly played, was loudly applauded, and it was not only the solemn Adagio that was thus appreciated.

Dr. Muck is evidently fond of the seventh symphony. He conducted the first performance in Austria in 1886—it was at Graz; in Berlin in 1894, and he conducted it in Boston in 1906 and in 1913.

It certainly is a gigantic work, abounding in lofty and noble pages, abounding also in trivialities, tiresome repetitions and fussy and insignificant details. As in the other symphonies of Bruckner that we have heard, there is a lack of continuity in each movement; there are impressive preparations that lead to nothing: "In the name of the Prophet! Figs!" The composer had little sense of structure. To use Disraeli's phrase, he was intoxicated with his own verbosity. His taste in ornamentation was more than doubtful. He would crown a noble facade with gingerbread work; he would plan an extension of cheap stucco to a pure temple of marble.

And yet in this seventh symphony ther are pages that come closer to Beethoven at his greatest than we find in the symphonies of other composers. There are grand thoughts expressed in a masterly manner in Franck's symphony and in the symphony in B-flat by Vincent d'Indy; the Introduction to the Finale of Brahm's first symphony has elemental grandeur and spiritual intensity; but Bruckner's spirit in the Adagio and in the main body of the Scherzo of the seventh symphony is nearer akin to that of Beethoven.

We must take Bruckner as he is, with all his childish, endless garrulity, his delight in saying the same thing over and over again, his stopping as if he were taking breath and wondering what he should do next, his dallying with straws and pebbles. It is not necessary to accept him in bulk as Victor Hugo was eager to take Shakespeare; but we may forget his inanities, every now and then realizing that it was given to the composer of the seventh symphony to be caught up to the seventh heaven, where he heard that which was ineffable, to be repeated to mortals only in music.

Nothing is known about the origin of Mozart's concerto for violin and viola. No one knows where it was composed or for what occasion. The autograph manuscript is lost. Mozart does not refer to the concerto in his letters. The indefatigable Jahn could furnish no information. It is doubtful whether Mozart valued the concerto highly. He probably wrote it as in a day's work; it served some purpose and he forgot it. The first movement was played at a Symphony concert in 1892 by Messrs. Loeffler (violin) and Kneisel (viola). Then, as yesterday, a cadenza by Hellmesberger was used; and yesterday another cadenza by Hellmesberger was introduced. Much of this music is in Mozart's amiable and light-hearted vein. The Andante in C minor has the plaintive grace peculiar to him. By mistake the title page of the Program Book stated that this movement was in E flat). Messrs. Witek and Ferir gave a highly artistic performance and the accompaniment was sympathetic, as is always the case when Dr. Muck conducts.

The program of the concerts next week is as follows: Mozart, Symphony in E flat major; Beethoven's violin concerto, Rachmaninoff's symphonic poem to Boecklin's picture, "The Island of the Dead." Mr. Kreisler will play the concerto.

OPERA AND BALLET

At the Boston Opera House last night there was a repetition of "Carmen," with Mmes. Gay and Scheider and Messrs. Martin and Merdones as the chief singers, and with Mme. Pavlowa, Mr. Volinine and the Ballet Russe in the ballet of the fourth act.

This afternoon the opera will be "Pagliacci," with Mme. Teyte and Messrs. Zenatello and Bakianoff; after which Delibes's ballet "Coppelia" will be performed. Tonight "Madama Butterfly" with Mme. Miura as the heroine, and "Snowflakes" from Tschaikowsky "Nutcracker" ballet will constitute the bill.

As the World Wags
By PHILIP HALE.

Mr. Siegfried Wagner, who is reckoned by his followers at Bayreuth among composers and conductors but is known to the great world merely as the son of his father, is reported at this late day as talking about America with a visitor at Bayreuth from this country. "The war is America's opportunity. America ought to grab Canada and grab Mexico and grab everything else she can get."

We met Siegfried Wagner, when he was a gentle, amiable boy about 13 years old. It was at Dresden. He was visiting an American dentist—Dr. Jenkins was his name, if we are not mistaken—who used to pull or plug the teeth of Siegfried's honorable father and perform the same sanitary office at Vienna for the Imperial Court. Siegfried then told us that he did not intend to be a musician; he wished to be an architect. He studied architecture, and planned the tomb of Liszt at Bayreuth. After he had achieved this feat, his friends advised him to study music. Now there are irreverent persons who say he should have continued his career as an architect. It's the same old joke about Ebers, and what the novelists and the Egyptologists said in turn about his romances. No doubt the joke was made at the expense of others centuries before.

A Song of Hatred.

Apropos of the Hymn of Hate. Do Germans now ever sing the "Song of Hatred," by Georg Herwegh? James Clarence Mangan translated it. Here is the first verse:

Yes! Freedom's war! Though the deadly strife
Make earth one charnel bone-yard!
The last kiss now to the child and wife,
And the first firm grasp of the poniard!
Blood soon shall run in rivers above
The bright flowers we today tread;
We have all had more than enough of love,
So now for a spell of Hatred!
We have all had more than enough of love,
So now for a spell of Hatred!

A Question of Accent.

London journalists have been discussing at great length the proper pronunciation of "gladiolus." This leads Mr. Edward Bensly to say: "One is inclined at times to accept with patience the principle formulated by a Cambridge humorist that the meanest flower that blows has a right to be described with two false quantities."

Mr. Kilby's Letter.

As the World Wags:

One of your readers recently asked about a song which he remembered as beginning:

"Oh, my name is Tommy Atkins, and I do not care, by Jove."

A song-and-dance man of the early eighties tells me that the gentleman's name was Dobkins, not Atkins. We first heard of Tommy Atkins through Kipling some years after that. The song, "Oh, Tommy, Tommy Atkins," was sung in "The Black Crook," at the Boston Theatre in 1895.

By the way, I wish some one could chronicle the names and fame of the great dancers who were born in one short period in the North end of Boston. There was the entire Daly family—Tim, Bill, Tom, Bobby, Dan, Lizzie, Maggie, Lucy and Vinie and Nellie of the next generation. There were Wayne, Lovely, Cotton and Birdue, Sherman and Parks, Fenton, Redmund, and many whom I cannot recall, not forgetting Barney Fagan, who was billed as "The Greatest Dancer on Earth," and both George Primrose and Billy West, noted dancers themselves, told me that the billing was correct, and that Barney had no equal.

I am reminded by the date of this letter that William Hanlon, once the greatest gymnast on earth, is 76 years old today. I went with him last Saturday to Cohasset to the auction sale of the Hanlon workrooms, no longer of use in their line. The costumes, armors, scenery and properties of "Superba" went to a junkman for $22. They had done their work faithfully and had given millions of dollars' worth of enjoyment in their day, but their day is done. And this after they had known their predecessors destroyed by fire three times, once with the Globe Theatre in Boston, once with a theatre in Cleveland and once on the cars at North Adams. "Into the night go one and all."

Mr. Hanlon and I called Sunday on Henry Clay Barnabee to congratulate him on his safe arrival at 82. It was the first time the two had ever met, and it did my heart good to hear Mr. Barnabee say that when he saw him on the flying trapeze in the early sixties he thought that William Hanlon was the handsomest man he had ever laid eyes on.

Of the six original Hanlon brothers three are still living, and all in New York. George, William and Edward. George's four sons are all in the theatrical profession. QUINCY KILBY.

Brookline, Nov. 17.

"Kibosh."

As the World Wags:

"The derivation of 'kibosh' is obscure," according to "the great Oxford Dictionary," as stated in the item on that word in the Boston Herald of Thursday, the 11th inst. "Kibosh" is a contraction of the Irish words "coip," a cap or head-dress applied to that worn by women in bygone days, and "baise," of the palm of the hand, meaning a harmless blow on the head with the open hand, as if reminding the person of some mistake or inconsistency committed. In the union of both words the final "p" of "coip" is eliminated, making the compound "coibaise" (kibai-se). There are thousands of compound words in everyday use in the English language whose meanings are familiar to everybody, but whose derivations are "obscure" to English etymologists, as they do not know the Irish language. Those who know anything of the history of the Anglo-Saxons since they came to Britain in 449 A. D. must know that the Gaelic language, now generally called Irish, was the first language through which these Anglo-Saxons got any book knowledge, and that Anglo-Saxon students were learning that language for centuries afterwards in Ireland. During these centuries, and even later, Anglo-Saxon students were borrowing from the copious vocabulary of the Irish language to supply the deficiency in their own vocabulary, which was limited to not more than 300 words when they came to Britain. Consequently, the Irish language ought to be a profitable place to look for information on anything "obscure" in the English language. But English etymologists don't seem to care for the Irish language, so that the explanation etymologically of a percentage of the English language will yet devolve upon Irish scholars with a knowledge of English.

Boston, Nov. 14. P. J. O'DALY.

NOV 21 1915

Tomorrow evening that delightful actress, Miss Marie Tempest, will be seen at the Hollis Street Theatre in a revival of "The Duke of Killicrankie" and a first performance here in a public theatre of Barrie's "Rosalind."

Robert Marshall's comedy "The Duke of Killicrankie"—produced at the Criterion, London, in January, 1904, and revived in London at the Playhouse, June 3, 1914—has been described as "a little supper-party of four—the two ladies being catty to one another and the two gentlemen being thereby dreadfully embarrassed." The late Capt. Marshall had a pretty wit. In this comedy as acted at the Playhouse, with W. Graham Browne as MacBayne, Weedon Grossmith as Pitt-Welby (his original part), Miss Tempest and Miss Marie Illington, "the fun was in the detail, the grim faces of the women as each scratch drew blood, the hopelessly clumsy efforts of the men to pretend that all was going pleasantly, Mr. Grossmith's misadventures with his wine-glass and the saltcellar." Another critic wrote: "Many a more solemn piece of work is worth less than Capt. Marshall's genial essay in romantic farce. Good nonsense is so rare a blessing in this too sensible world." At the revival Miss Tempest took the part of Lady Henrietta which had been created by Miss Eva Moore. "There was," said the Pall Mall Gazette, "some hesitancy on her part in deciding to play the character. There need have been none. She is entirely charming in it."

When the comedy was first produced in New York, Sept. 5, 1904, at the new Empire Theatre, the chief players were Miss Margaret Dale, Miss Fanny Brough, John Drew and Ferdinand Gottschalk.

Revived in New York, Sept. 6, 1915, at the Lyceum Theatre. Miss Tempest took the part of Mrs. Mulholland and Miss Mary Forbes that of Lady Henrietta.

Barrie's "Rosalind" was produced at the Duke of York's Theatre, Oct. 14, 1912. It was the third play of a triple bill arranged by Charles Frohman. Shaw's "Overruled" was a disappointment, according to report; Pinero's "Widow of Wasdale Head" utterly failed; while "Rosalind," played by Irene Vanbrugh, Helen Haye and Donald Calthrop was enthusiastically received. It was said at the time that the theme of the piece was derived from one of Barrie's early confessions: that, as a young man he always found that as soon as he became engaged to the daughter he discovered it really was the mother he loved. The story is a simple one, that has been used by many playwrights, an eternal theme with countless variations; the disillusionment of a boy who fell in love with an actress as he saw her across the footlights. The little comedy strongly resembles Reade's "Nance Oldfield," but the story is told again in Barrie's charming manner. "Mr. Barrie," said the Pall Mall Gazette, "goes farther than Charles Reade did, for he shows his actress changing her dowdy attire for fashionable clothes to her own rejuvenation and the rekindling of the young man's passion." Early in 1913 Miss Vanbrugh took the little comedy to the Coliseum.

It was announced on Nov. 8, 1912, that Miss Maude Adams was to have "Rosalind" for her first appearance at the Empire Theatre in New York the next season. This story was then told: "While Miss Adams was preparing for her production of 'As You Like It' in the University of California Greek Theatre, Barrie decided whimsically to write and send her a new play as a sort of 'Here's luck!' He finished the manuscript in time to reach her just before she went on the stage. In the rush of attending to 'As You Like It,' Miss Adams had no time to open the package until after the show was over. She then found the little play, 'Rosalind.' She kept it until recently, when she allowed Mr. Frohman to borrow it for his triple bill in London. The London season over, the play will revert to its owner, Miss Adams."

It is also said that Sir James Barrie rewrote "Rosalind" and sent the manuscript to the Frohman office, "a script all revised and fondly elaborated with drawings and suggestions and stern technical directions."

Mr. Kreisler this afternoon will play Schumann's "Phantasie" for violin, on which he has worked diligently, it is said, revising it and re-arranging it so as to make it more acceptable to modern ears. This Fantasia is one of Schumann's latest compositions. It was composed at Duesseldorf in 1853 and produced there on Oct. 27 of that year, when Joachim, to whom it is dedicated, played it from manuscript under the composer's leadership. The completed score was put on Clara Schumann's birthday table on Sept. 13, and Joachim played it at the Schumanns' house three times in succession on Sept. 23. At the concert Joachim's overture to "Hamlet" was performed for the first time. It was the last concert conducted by Schumann. The last words from Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Night," which closed the concert were tragically ironical: "Who can rob us of thy light." In 1854 (Jan. 21) Joachim played the Fantasia at Hanover. The Schumanns and Brahms were there. Clara played Beethoven's E flat concerto, and her husband then heard her and Joachim for the last time. The next month he lost his mind and tried to drown himself. Schumann wrote to Joachim before the performance at Duesseldorf that he had thought of him while writing the Fantasia. "It is my first attempt. Write to me what is not practical in it, and please mark the bowing for the arpeggios." He thought his cadenza too short and intended to replace it by a longer one. About a month later he sent a violin concerto to Joachim. This concerto was not published. Schumann thought it easier than the Fantasia and said that the orchestra had more to do. It is said that Joachim played the Fantasia in a bewitching manner. When he played it at sight at the Schumanns' house, Schumann whispered in the ear of a friend: "One cannot be too fond of him."

Mr. Kreisler has this to say about his own work as revisor:

"I think I can say in all truthfulness that no one has studied Schumann more assiduously than myself, for I know every note of every composition he penned. I have not only played them con amore but have pondered them for the deeper purpose of their philosophy.

"I have tried to live, or rather grow into, the atmosphere of Schumann and grasp his spirit in a really reverential mood. I began this study at the age of 14 and I am now 41, so this was no recent resolve. For years I had hoped that Joachim, to whom this fantasy was dedicated, would undertake the task of making its paths straight; but for some reason he never did.

"While Schumann was erratic, to put it mildly, in many of the things we term practical, this weakness did not ordinarily mar his music, but the fantasy was evidently set down in possibly irrational rapidity, so that the unevenness of the work was pronounced and left so many loose ends that it was puzzling. One might say it was a fine fabric, but patchy, leaving gaps to be filled, and then needing to have all its splendid but tangled threads drawn together for a final that should crown and complete it.

"I have given the past eight years to carrying out this work and it is only 20 pages long.

"One might say that I almost reconstructed it from the inside in order to restore its original patterns and to make its dark spots luminous. I tried also to overcome the obvious errors and to restore what seemed to be the omissions so that they should comport with the real spirit investing the work.

"In the piano part I endeavored to maintain the orchestral colors and in

[illegible] I eliminated a certain [illegible]dness. It was a fixed purpose with me to restore this work and I approached the task with humility and wrought in reverence. I lived up to my own ideals and I trust that I have not violated Schumann's in this reconstruction and restoration."

Miss Marcella (Marcia) Craft, known in Italy as Marcella Cratti, will sing at the Copley-Plaza Morning Musicale tomorrow. Born in California, she studied singing and appeared in oratorio at Pasadena and Los Angeles in 1895. The next year she came to Boston. Her teacher here was the late Charles R. Adams. She soon became known as a concert and oratorio singer, and made many friends as solo singer at the First Church of Christ, Scientist. In November, 1900, she went for further study to Milan. She made her debut in opera at Marbegno in May, 1902, as Leonora in "Il Trovatore," and then sang in many Italian towns, small and large. Her reputation grew. She became a member of various German opera house companies, and finally was conspicuous at the Royal Opera House of Munich. Her repertoire is a very large one. Two roles which have won her special renown in Germany are Madama Butterfly and the Salome of Strauss. Not long ago she took part in the production of Horatio Parker's prize opera produced at Los Angeles. Paul Reimer, who will also sing at this morning musicale, has won success in European cities and in New York as a Lieder singer. George Copeland needs no introduction.

Arthur Shattuck, the pianist who will give his first recital here tomorrow afternoon is an American, born at Neenah, Wis. He began to study there when he was six years old. When he was twelve he went to Vienna to study in the Leschetizky school. After thirteen years of study abroad he made his debut in that city. He has made extensive tours, playing in the chief European cities and visiting Iceland, Finland, the Balkan countries and Egypt.

Mr. Malkin, who will give a recital on Monday night, is already well known as a virtuoso of international reputation, and one of the two leading violoncellists of the Boston Symphony orchestra.

Ralph Lewando will give his first recital since his return from Europe on Tuesday night. He was born in Boston; his first studies were here and he played in public before he went to Europe in 1910. At Vienna he studied with Franz Ondricek, and later with Sevcik. At the Meisterschule of the Royal Academy of Music he was graduated with honors.

The last recital given in Boston by Katharine Kemp-Stillings was eight years ago when she was a young girl and about to leave for study in Europe. Since that time she has lived chiefly in Russia. Her concert with Mr. Maier will be the first of her own since her return.

Miss Edith Thompson, pianist, will give her annual concert. Miss Estella Neuhaus, also a pianist, played here two seasons ago, and has given recitals throughout the country. Her program is an unconventional one. Mr. Gabrilowitsch in the course of his historical recitals will reach next Saturday the "romantic composers," beginning with Schubert. But to some, Couperin, Rameau and Bach were also romanticists.

Random Notes About Stage and Music

Mme. Blanche Marchesi gave a cong recital in London, Oct. 29. A critic said that her voice "had lost none of its splendor, least of all in that part of her register which has always been remarkable for the richness of its tone-color." Mme. Marchesi is an accomplished singer, a remarkable interpreter; but surely her voice was never "splendid" or "rich.' The wonder was that she gained striking effects, descriptive and emotional, with the voice that nature gave her.

Reviewing a performance of "Tosca" (Oct. 30) the critic of the Daily Telegraph (London) wrote that the sacristan and the police officer should be less melodramatic. "Scarpia, especially as represented by, as now, Mr Frederic Austin, is not the kind of man physically to assault and batter his minions or those who disobey his orders; he is much too subtle for physical and vulgar violence. Yet the sacristan seemed to suffer from unconquerable nerves when the august presence, while the other so completely lost control of himself that one movement forward by Scarpia he fell trembling on the floor; both, of course, imaginative exaggeration." The Pall Mall Gazette remarked that Scarpia is "not altogether a part that falls between the four corners of sensational melodrama."

Mignon Nevada, singing Nov. 1 the Letter Song from "Eugene Onegin," by "the delightful freshness of her flexible voice secured an honor rare at a Philharmonic concert—that of an encore."

"There was," according to an account of a Sunday concert, "Mr. William Samuell, for instance, who quite lived up to the reputation he has lately made for himself in opera by a 'Largo al factotum.'" We were quite aware that this clever young artist has been making a reputation in opera. Yet somehow the fact had escaped us that it was made by a Largo al factotum. But the end presumably justifies the means.—Daily Telegraph

Music from Stravinsky's ballet "Petroushka" was performed Nov. 1 at a Philharmonic concert in London. The Times protested against pantomime music in the concert hall, for the selections were neither symphonic nor dance music. Almost every phrase accompanies some piece of stage action or gesture. To those who had not seen the ballet, "Much of the sound, which does not pretend to be music, must have seemed sheer nonsense." On the other hand the Pall Mall Gazette found that the music in a concert hall "sounded cleverer than ever when dissociated from the stage." "The tragic element, that was so poignant in the theatre, receded entirely into the background, or merged itself into the bizarrerie of the setting." This critic had a few days before discussed the advisability of transferring ballet music from the theatre to the concert hall. He argued in consideration of three classes of ballet. "Thamar" was originally a symphonic poem. A ballet had been fitted to Balakireff's music (as Pavlowa has fitted a ballet to Liszt's "Preludes.") Then at the same concert a dance episode from "Prince Igor" was played, also music from "Petroushka." The critic argues sagely that the question of transference depends entirely on the composition. "The modern ballet d'action, as the Russians have developed it, is like the Wagnerian music-drama, a synthesis. Its musical portion is of equal importance, and conceived symphonically."

"I am not sure whether Stravinsky really viewed his 'Petroushka' from that angle, but I have good ground for stating that its successor, 'Le Sacre du Printemps,' is built upon the lines of a symphony in two movements. The composer had even some idea of having it first performed under that description, and only subsequently disclosing that it was also a ballet. That suggestion was not adopted, but it has been played several times since at the symphony concerts directed by M. Pierre Monteux in Paris. Curiously enough, the opposition which the uncompromising nature of the music had aroused in the theatre broke down completely in the concert hall, and the work ended by becoming quite popular, the composer receiving an ovation that was little expected after the cat-calls of the first performance at the Champs-Elysees. This led to an amusing incident. Stravinsky, while much gratified at the rapid education of Paris opinion, does not enjoy such demonstrations. The enthusiasts were not satisfied with acclaiming him indoors. They awaited him in the street in such numbers that he nervously turned back, as he thought, into the hall. But if so happened that there was a music-hall next door, and he chose the wrong entrance. The man at the door naturally stopped this suspiciously dishevelled-looking person escaping from a pursuing crowd, and demanded to know his business, whereupon poor Stravinsky innocently stated he was the author of the piece—some revue or musical comedy that was being played there. Of course, his interlocutor knew better than to believe him, and he was on the point of being handed over to the police when somebody came in from next door and identified him. Of course, many musical people whose ideas have not yet advanced to full appreciation of 'Le Sacre du Printemps,' would have sanctioned his imprisonment, with or without 'peine forte et dure,' but on this occasion, at least, he escaped his fate. I have constantly endeavored to persuade our conductors to emulate M. Monteux's courage in securing acceptance for one of the most remarkable works of this generation. At present, of course, they have every reason not to do so, for are we not told every other day to avoid all controversy in war time—an injunction which, by the way, I have been defying in another place? It is, however, at least a plausible suggestion that a real old-fashioned quarrel about music, with letters to the papers, pamphlets, lampoons, and the usual paraphernalia, might alike relieve our feelings and distract our minds from the trying obsession of the moment. Think of being able to unload on Stravinsky or his detractors some of the criticism which, but for the censor, we should like to address elsewhere! There are quantities of adjectives burning to be used. Here is congenial employment for them."

Sir Herbert Tree said just before he left London for this country: "Does it not strike you that the true function of the theatre of today is rather to provide emotional solace than to act as an intellectual irritant? After all, we all have to serve the state as best we can, and artistic longings must yield occasionally to financial necessities. At such a moment a man's first duty to the state and to himself is to secure the wherewithal to pay his income tax and satisfy other equally stringent obligations. Each of us has his part to play, and it all comes down to a question of 'trench or retrench.'"

The Echo Belge learns from Ghent that Baronne de Crombrugghe and her son have been sentenced to one month's imprisonment for singing the "Brabanconne" within doors.

With reference to our notes last week on "'Carmen' and Some Carmens," Mr. S. J. Adair FitzGerald writes: "May I point out that the first English version of Bizet's masterpiece was produced at Her Majesty's Theatre on Feb. 5, 1879, when Selina Dolaro acted and sang the title-role? I think of all the Carmens I have seen, and I fancy I have seen the majority of several nations, not forgetting Calve and Madame Rose, in English at any rate, Selina Dolaro, who was of Spanish descent, was the very best in every way, although Emily Soldene, who had the country rights and presented it at Leicester in the following May, was perhaps on account of her physique more impressive. But Selina Dolaro, if I may use the word, had the better 'accent' of the music. There is no need to refer to all the great stars who have appeared in the part, but few writers seem to remember Adelina Patti at Covent Garden in the long ago. When Emily Soldene was captivating the province with her impersonation and reached Dublin, where the jarveys thought the title was a special compliment to themselves and where she was hailed with Irish delight, a flute player in the orchestra wrote:

'Soldene's collaring all the chips,
Bizet's gone to heaven,
While I sit here a-playing the flute
For a paltry three-and-eleven!'

"This 'three-and-eleven' referred to the matinee renumeration."—Daily Telegraph. Miss Soldene in her delightfully scandalous memoirs admits that her impersonation of Carmen was very good.

Concerning Too Serious Performers

Mr. Edwin Evans wrote to the Pall Mall Gazette of Oct. 22 about concerted music:

"One of my earliest recollections connected with music is of an engraving entitled 'The Quartet,' and representing four players about to attack a great work. There was a solemnity about their expression that suggested the preparation of a religious rite, mingled with an anxiety that almost made one think some malignant divinity was about to be propitiated by sacrifice. The impression has remained with me, and I have constantly wondered at the super-seriousness that seems to overtake musicians when they join forces in small numbers. It has made thousands of chamber concerts incomprehensibly dull to the layman who happened to venture thither, but if one dared to mention it, the verdict of musicians was always dulness of comprehension.

I remember many such concerts—so many, in fact, that for a time I, too, almost reckoned with this element of dulness as an indispensable ingredient. Yet how preposterous it was that an art which originates with youth and joy should, in its higher forms, be set in surroundings where a smile was an irreverence! It was just a tradition—one of many that came to us from Germany with the works of the great classics, but far from helpful to their enjoyment. I am not sure but that a work which is the product of a composer's maturity actually requires youth, and all it connotes, in the playing to maintain its vitality. That is one of the reasons why I take such delight in the doings of our own talented quartet parties. They are young. They have the gift of making the old music sound as if it had been written for, and dedicated to, them, and they make the newer music sound as if they made it themselves.

"Neither Mr. Sammons of the 'London,' nor Mr. Beckwith of the 'Philharmonic,' has as yet exhibited any symptoms of premature age. As for Mr. Morris of the 'English,' I understand that he is on service with the Royal Naval Air Squadron. I suppose many members of the various quartets which have visited us from beyond the Rhine have been pressed into the ranks of the Kaiser's army. I cannot, however, recall one of them who can be, by the wildest freak of imagination, associated with aircraft. They were not at all airy. In fact, they were very earthy, and it is at least a plausible theory that much of their portentous solemnity was merely earthness with pretensions.

"Singers who cultivate concerted music might well meditate upon this subject. Why does a vocal quartet look so pathetic, even when singing sprightly music? Even the conventional pose is pathetic; two ladies in the centre with their heads set at a demure angle, flanked by two gentlemen of apologetic demeanor. Early last year a party of this description performed a cycle of several songs, in the interval of which late comers were admitted to the hall, but not to their seats. The music being a little tedious, I happened to look around, and saw at the back of the hall another party, in the same formation, demure angles and apologetic attitudes included. The horrible thought came over me that they, too, might burst into song at any moment. I fled, but it was some time before I shook off the depressing influence.

"There is no excuse for this. It is not art. It is not even human. To describe it properly calls for a vocabulary that has gone out of journalistic use with party politics. I cannot imagine that the part-singing which the Diarist records as taking place wherever there was good company was of this description. Yet those were days, if our information may be trusted, when a madrigal held the place in our entertainment that is now much less worthily allotted. There is some mystery about it. Perhaps the rite has acquired some mystical significance. We have no love for Neitzsche, but the title of one of his books, 'The Joyous Wisdom,' springs to the mind. Music, properly understood, is joyous wisdom, not sad folly."

A Poetical Tribute to H. C. Barnable

Mr. Quincy Kilby paid this poetic tribute to Henry Clay Barnabee on the occasion of his 82d birthday:

HENRY CLAY BARNABEE.
1863—November 14—1915.

The bookcase at my elbow holds a row of volumes old,
Whose chronicles could many a dramatic tale unfold.
Behind the staid seclusion of their covers there appears
The story of a theatre for half a hundred years.

The contents of the volumes tell of histrionic fame,
Of vividly-remembered or of half-forgotten name.
The grand old Boston Theatre is that of which they tell,
Which started life in Fifty-Four, and still is sound and well.

Within those covers naught is said of how a star could act,
His power to draw the public shows in unembellished fact.
The figures on the pages make a narative complete or defeat.

I turn the pages idly and the thought occurs to me
Of slight or recognition, royal triumph,
That five successful stars therein were born in Thirty-Three.
And one was the tragedian, the idol of our youth,
Iago, Hamlet, Richelieu, the Master, Edwin Booth.

That unctuous comedian, the John S. Clark of yore,
Whose Waddilove, De Boots and Noggs changed smile to laugh and roar.
The trenchant skeptic Ingersoll, keen orator and wit,
Who, when he saw a hostile head, was not afraid to hit.

Dear, quaint old Denman Thompson, with his odd New England ways,
With power to reach the common heart, too fine for fulsome praise.
And one survivor, Barnabee, droll, joyous Henry Clay,
Who made us all forget our woes, and chased our cares away.

Five men who strove by tireless work to reach the cherished place;
Five men who touched the public heart; five men who won the race;
Five men who gained deserved success, all born in Thirty-Three;
Each one a genius in his way, and none alive but he.

I saw him only yesterday. His voice is deep and clear;
His eye is bright and cheery yet, its twinkle still is here;
His mind is sprightly as of old, and radiant with mirth.
May all the saints protect him and prolong his stay on earth.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M., Fritz Kreisler's first recital of the season. See special notice.

MONDAY—Copley Plaza, 11 A. M. Third Morning Musicale, under the direction of S. Kronberg. Miss Marcella Craft, soprano, will sing these songs: Scarlatti, Se Florindo e' fidele, Violette, Pergolese, Nina, Ritornerai; Beach, June; Heinrich, Autumn Eve; McDowell, Idyll; Hadley, Butterflies; Horsman, Bird of the Wilderness, Four arias from Puccini's "Madama Butterfly." Paul Reimer, baritone, will sing: Schumann, Du bist wie eine Blume; Schubert, An die Laute, Allinde, der Musensohn; Hahn, D'une Prison, Hue, La Fille du Roi de Chine, Le Passant and a group of Russian, German, Swedish, French, Welsh, Breton and Swiss folk songs. George Copeland, pianist, will play the first movement of MacDowell's Sonata Tragica; Debussy's Clair de Lune and Danse de Puck; Albeniz's El Polo and Groviez's Recuerdos.

Jordan Hall, 3 P. M., Arthur Shattuck's first piano recital in Boston. Bach-Liszt, Fantasia and Fugue, G minor; Lully-Diemer, Air Tendre, Courrante; Bach-Busoni, Choral; Hahn, Sonatina; Brahms, Sonata, F minor; Nicolaiff, En Automne; Friedmann, Music Snuff Box; Whithorne, The Cuckoo; d'Albert, Scherzo, F sharp; Liszt, Tarentella.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Joseph Malkin's violoncella recital. Manfred Malkin of New York, pianist. Locatelli, Sonata; Chopin-Glazounoff, Etude; Beethoven, Menuet; Francoeur-Kreisler, Sicilienne et Rigaurdon; Boellmann, Variations Symphoniques; Malkin, Sarabande; Sammartini-Elman, Canto Amoroso; Popper, Danse des Elfes.

TUESDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Miss Edith Thompson's piano recital. Schumann, Novelette op 24, Bird as Prophet; Beethoven, Sonata Appassionata; Chopin, Impromptu, Etudes op. 25 No. 1, op. 10 Nos. 7, 12, Polonaise (splanato); Rachmaninoff, Prelude C minor; Liszt, Cantique d'Amour; Verdi-Liszt, "Rigoletto" Paraphrase.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M., Ralph Lewando's violin recital. Handel, Sonata, A major; Tschaikowsky, Concerto, D major; Chopin-Wilhelmj Nocturne; Kreisler, Liebesfreud, Caprice Viennois; Sarasate, Romance, Andaluza; Wagner-Wilhelmj, Albumblatt; Zarzycki, Mazurka. Mrs. Jessie Morse Berenson, soprano, will assist.

Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Sonata Concert, by Katherine Kemp-Stillings, violinist, and Guy Maier, pianist Grieg Sonata in G major; Beethoven, "Kreutzer" Sonata; Schuett, Suite in D Minor.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Piano recital by Miss Estella Neuhaus. Beethoven's Last Sonata; a group of Spanish pieces by Albeniz; a Slav cradle song; a group of Russian pieces, including Balakireff's "Islamey."

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall. Sixth concert (A) of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.

—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Third recital of Ossip Gabrilowitsch, "The Romantic Composers." Schubert, Moment Musical, A flat major op. 94, Menuet, B minor, op. 78; Impromptu B flat major, op. 142. Weber, Invitation to the Dance; Mendelssohn, Songs Without Words, op. 19, No. 1, op. 102, No. .., op. 38, Nos. 2, 4, Variations Serieuses; Schumann, Des Abends and Aufschwung, from op. 12; Nachtstueck, op. 23, No. 4, and Carnaval.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Sixth concert (B), of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.

Miss Teyte Seen in Part of Nedda—Pavlowa Charming in "Coppelia."

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: Afternoon performance, Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci." Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Nedda	Miss Teyte
Canio	Mr. Zenatello
Tonio	Mr. Baklanoff
Beppo	Mr. Boscacci
Silvio	Mr. Pulitl

Miss Teyte took the part of Nedda for the first time at this opera house. During the last season of the Boston Opera House Company she was seen and heard as Mimi, Zerlina and Madama Butterfly. Yesterday she sang the air in the first act in a pleasing manner and acted vivaciously in the lighter moments of the tragedy. But she, as many others before her, failed to give us a definite idea of Canio's wife. Was she merely a vain, linnet-headed coquette? Was she a rake and not only at heart? Miss Farrar represented her in the first act as an inherently vulgar, brazen beauty, and played with marked authority.

We have never seen a Nedda that caused us to mourn her fate or induce us to shed the tear of sensibility, from the time that Mme. Basta-Tavary introduced the opera here with a wretched company and an orchestra ludicrously inadequate.

Mr. Zenatello's Canio is familiar and it has often been applauded. A tenor might well object to the role, for the air at the end of the first act has been worn threadbare. It has been parodied amusingly in vaudeville. Perhaps De Lucia if he were now at the zenith of his fame could not thrill an audience as he did in Mechanics building 21 years ago. Yet each tenor is cheered by the thought that he can be more emotional than the others, so we are often obliged to hear the air sung with sobs, groans, shrieks, with the sight of the man tearing his hair, staggering to the booth and back again, wondering to himself whether the audience will insist on a repetition, and whether the conductor will give way to the imperious demand. Mr. Zenatello is to be praised for an intensity that did not pass the bounds of art. Admirable, too, was his entrance, followed by the little address to the country folk about the stroller's art. The music of this address is more spontaneously expressive than many of the other pages. Although Mr. Zenatello was in excellent voice, he did not abuse it, and while he was effective in the final scene, he did not tear passion to tatters.

No one has written a pamphlet to set forth the moral purport of "Pagliacci" as Pudor did for "Cavalleria Rusticana." He argued, and in all soberness, that Mascagni's opera should be frequently performed as a plea for the sanctity of wedlock. But an article inquiring into the true character of Tonio might be readable, if not instructive. How should Tonio be played? Was he a stupid, blundering fellow honestly in love with Nedda? Was he a sour, surly, malicious dog who had a sudden fancy for her? As Mr. Baklanoff plays him—and on the whole his impersonation is subtle and striking—he was a broken-down actor, forced to leave the theatres where he had played low comedy roles. Drink had muddled his brains. He was down at the heels, fit only to clown it in booths or on a platform in the public square. We like to think of him as having a sentimental side. He adored Nedda. Her singing when she thought she was alone enchanted him. He could not see himself as she saw him, red-faced, pot-bellied, old and shaky. He that made others laugh could not endure ridicule. And then she struck him with a whip! Revenge was in his heart and brain.

Mr. Baklanoff makes a mistake in singing the Prologue with his face half-masked. He wears a domino. Tonio pawned or sold his long ago. The half-mask prevents any facial expression during the Prologue. This was sung by Mr. Baklanoff in a straightforward, virile manner, without much attempt at finesse, without fine details. After the curtain rose we saw Tonio in the flesh. Throughout the play Mr. Baklanoff's facial and vocal expression, with a wealth of significant stage business, commanded admiration. In the final scene he was perhaps a little too much in evidence. Canio is here the one great figure. Tonio leaving the booth to join the audience and then returning two or three times distracts the attention. Nor do we care for this Tonio's Mephistophelian grin as he looks down on the two corpses. In Germany they give the final line, "The comedy is finished," to Tonio. We prefer to think of him as pitying Nedda at the end, wishing that she were alive, so that he could try his luck again.

All in all, the performance was uncommonly good. Silvio's music was well sung by Mr. Pulitl, and Mr. Boscacci gave a decided character to Beppo. The chorus work was good, and Mr. Moranzoni conducted with spirit.

It was a great pleasure to see "Coppelia" again. Mme. Pavlowa first enchanted us in this pretty ballet which followed a miserable performance of "Martha" by the Metropolitan Opera House Company. This was in March, 1910. (Does any one remember the woman that danced in "Coppelia" when the National Opera Company produced it at the Boston Theatre in 1887?) Yesterday Mr. Volinine danced and mimed the part of Franz; Mr. Zalawski took the part of Coppelius, and among the many charming dancers were Miss Plaskovietzka and Miss Kuhn. The audience applauded heartily the Mazourka, the Ballade, the Czardas. The solo and duo dancing and the graceful or dashing ensembles, and was delighted when Miss Pavlowa introduced the Pizzicato from "Sylvia." Mr. Schmid conducted.

The opera last night was "Madama Butterfly," with the cast as before. Mme. Miura again gave her remarkable impersonation of the heroine. Mr. Chalmers was in better voice. The ballet "Snowflakes" followed.

Nov 22 1915

FRITZ KREISLER

By PHILIP HALE.

Fritz Kreisler gave his first concert of the season yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Carl Lamson was the accompanist. The program was as follows: Handel, Sonata in A major; Friedmann Bach, Grave in C minor; Tartini, Fugue in A major; Schumann, Fantasia in C major; Godowsky, Largbetto Lamentoso; Kreisler, Rondino on a theme by Beethoven; Schubert, Impromptu; Chopin, Mazzurk A minor (posthumous); Tartini, Variations; Dvorak-Kreisler, Indian Lament; Viennese popular song arranged by Kreisler; Spanish Dance, Granados-Kreisler; Kreisler, Tambourin Chinois.

Again a great and enthusiastic audience! Again the sight of many entranced upon the stage!

Mr. Kreisler and Mr. McCormack have reached the height of popularity. Let either one hang out his banner on the outer wall of Symphony Hall and the people draw near to hear him. It matters not what the program may be; whether Mr. Kreisler chooses what are known as "solid" pieces, or light pieces of a sparkling nature, or that class of composition known as "gum-drops." The hall is crowded, and the applause is of the hair-trigger order.

How many in the hall yesterday applauded the violinist when as "Master Kreisler" he gave a concert here with Moritz Rosenthal 27 years ago this month? When Mr. Kreisler returned as a mature artist in 1900 and gave his first recital in Steinert Hall, there was no curiosity to hear him except among a few professional musicians, and there were comparatively few to applaud. And now—

To account for this popularity it is not necessary to inquire laboriously into the psychology of the crowd. Mr. Kreisler is not only one of the foremost violinists now alive; he also knows—and this is more to the point—what a great audience likes, what it expects and wishes to hear. His personal magnetism persuades his hearers to relish music which, if played by another, even of high reputation, would leave them cold.

Mr. Kreisler introduced his revised edition of Schumann's Fantasia for the violin. The history of this Fantasia was told in The Herald of yesterday: how Schumann wrote it when his powers were failing; how Joachim played it to the composer's huge satisfaction. Violinists for many years have avoided it. They thought it unworthy of Schumann and an ungrateful task for the violinist. Mr. Kreisler has told us that he reverently undertook the labor of revision. But not all his experience as an arranger, transcriber, reviser and not all his skill as a violinist can give importance to the Fantasia. The themes have no profile; the treatment is uninteresting; the decorative passages are not particularly brilliant. Nowhere in the work do we find the romantic characteristics that set Schumann apart from other composers.

Mr. Godowsky's Larghetto, written expressly for Mr. Kreisler, made a pleasant impression chiefly by reason of the performance, although certain measures have an archaic flavor not without charm. The pretty little Rondino was played here three weeks ago by Mr. McBeath at Mr. McCormack's recital. It may rival in popularity the Humoreske of Dvorak with Mr. Kreisler's audiences.

After all, the old music by Handel, W. F. Bach and Tartini was the most welcome. Did Handel write his sonata with others, as some say, for the Prince of Wales, who deigned to take lessons of Dubourg; or was it for some chamber concert at Burlington or Chandos? We are apt to forget that Handel was a violinist, and as one joined the opera orchestra at Hamburg; that very young, as he said in later years, he composed like the devil and for all sorts of instruments. The great melodist is discovered in the works that are less familiar, and his lively movements have a vivacity, an indisputable distinction all his own; for Handel, like Bach, had "style," which M. Achille Claude Debussy grants them and Mozart, while he refuses it to Beethoven. In this music by Handel, Bach, Tartini, Mr. Kreisler is heard in the plenitude of his rare ability.

A book of any value should be thoroughly indexed, as we remarked a few days ago, apropos of extraordinary indexing of parliamentary papers. A still more curious indexing, by the way, annoyed a Londoner searching in a collection of obituary articles for one about Queen Victoria.

He could not find it under "Q" or "V." At last by accident he discovered it under "T"—"The Queen."

We would go so far as to have certain novels indexed; those of Fielding, Scott, Thackeray, Balzac, Dickens—also Reade's "Cloister and the Hearth." There is an elaborate index to "The History of Sir Charles Grandison"—we speak of the edition published in 1754. The sayings and opinions of even the minor characters are indexed faithfully. Perhaps there is some old edition of Scott or Fielding thus enriched. We should like to see the complete works of Artemus Ward indexed.

There is a fairly good index to Sir Richard Burton's "Thousand Nights and a Night"; an exhaustive one to Birbeck Hill's edition of Boswell's "Johnson," a stately volume in itself. The volumes of Frazer's "Golden Bough" are each carefully indexed with a special volume for a general index. Sometimes indexes are unconsciously humorous, as that of Sergt. Hawkins's "Pleas of the Crown" (1795). The cross references include "Cattle, see Clergy"; "Chastity, see Homicide"; "Convicts, see Clergy"; "Elections, see Bribery"; "Incapacity, see Officers"; "Writing, see Treason."

Queer Cataloguing.

As the World Wags:

Anent "rare" instances of cataloguing I pass on the following: The catalogues of a certain public library in a New England city places Daniel Gregory Mason's book, "From Grieg to Brahms," under Travel! And pray, under certain aspects, why not? J. D. D. C.

Fall River.

Noble Dames.

As the World Wags:

While searching backwards into volumes of —ana and the like for passages of timely comment, have you come across this far, faint rumble of modern London life in the letters of Lady Mary Montague (to the Countess of Pomfret, March 1839)? Of course the event is merely prototypical, and doubtless very elementary to the modern militant, yet for their benighted age the ladies didn't do a bad job. At least two generations of eminent and mighty suffragettes were lost to the world between 1690 and 1759. How they would have revelled in it, all the while retaining the veneer of sentimentalism, and fainting before and after each encounter!

"At the last warm debate in the House of Lords it was unanimously resolved there should be no crowd of unnecessary auditors, consequently the fair sex was excluded. . . . Notwithstanding which determination, a tribe of dames resolved to show on this occasion that neither men nor laws could resist them. These heroines were Lady Huntingdon, the Duchess of Queensbury, etc., etc. . . . They presented themselves at the door at 9 o'clock in the morning, where Sir William Saunderson respectfully informed them that the chancellor had made an order against their admittance. The Duchess of Queensbury, at the head of the squadron, pished at the ill-breeding of a mere lawyer, and desired him to let them upstairs privately. After some modest refusals he swore by G—— he would not let them in. Her grace, with a noble warmth, answered by G—— they would come in, in spite of the chancellor and the whole House. This being reported, the peers resolved to starve them out; an order was made that the doors should not be opened until they had raised their siege. These Amazons now showed themselves qualified even for the duty of foot soldiers. They stood there until 5 in the afternoon, without either sustenance or evacuation, every now and then playing volleys of thumps, kicks and raps against the door, with so much violence that the speakers in the House were scarce heard. When the lords were not to be conquered by this, the two duchesses (very well apprised of the use of stratagems in war), commanded a dead silence of half an hour, and the chancellor, who thought this a certain proof of their absence, . . . gave order for the opening of the doors, upon which they all rushed in, pushed aside their competitors, and placed themselves in the front rows of the gallery." (Whence they seriously affected the eloqnence of the parliamentarians.)

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Tamworth, N. H.

Good Old Drills.

As the World Wags:

I have long wanted to recall through your column a unique feature in Boston school days in the late seventies: The annual prize drill of the English High school on the stage of the Boston Theatre. The theatre used to be filled to the roof with interested relatives and friends. One saw hundreds of very young and pretty girls in gala dress, carrying one or more bouquets which were to be thrown upon the stage later. As each company of youthful soldiers, to the call of the music, marched from the stage, the girls threw their flowers to their favorite boys until sometimes the stage was piled thick. Probably the practice which came in afterwards of having these drills out of doors was a more appropriate and sensible one—I do not know—but there was a gayety and a charm about those earlier occasions, peculiar to themselves, which must be remembered by a great many other Bostonians with as much enjoyment as by myself. E. M. M.

Northboro.

As the World Wags:

Will you please ask Mr. Herkimer Johnson to include in his colossal work the psychological reason for the smiling and smoking so evident in recent newspaper portraiture of celebrities and others; the former seen in "the female of the species," and the latter in the "less deadly." Are women prettier or more interesting looking grinning and with mouths wide open? Are men handsomer or more manly looking if holding a cigar between the teeth? H. P. C.

Jamaica Plain.

Nov 23, 1915

SHATTUCK PLAYS

By PHILIP HALE.

Arthur Shattuck, pianist, played for the first time in Boston yesterday afternoon. His program was as follows: Bach-Liszt, Fantasia and Fugue, G minor; Lully-Diemer, Air tendre, Courante; Bach-Busoni, Choral (Awake, the Voice Commands); Hahn, Sonatina, C major; Brahms, Sonata, F minor, op. 5; Nicolaieff, En Automne; Friedmann, Music Snuffbox; Whithorne, The Cuckoo (Chinese); d'Albert, Scherzo, F sharp; Liszt, Tarentella (Venice and Naples). There was a rather small audience.

This program might be called a formidable one. Mr. Shattuck evidently thought, as too many newcomers have thought before him, that he would at once command respect by riding several battle horses at once, as Robert Stickney excited wild applause years ago in Lent's Circus. The program was curious in this respect: there was no composition by Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann or Chopin. The pieces by Bach were transcriptions of organ pieces. Either the Fantasia or the Fugue could be played alone, for they were not composed by Bach to go together.

The Sonatina by Hahn, best known hero by his songs and one orchestral piece, is gracefully written and demands chiefly fluency and elegance in the interpretation. Nicolaieff's "En Automne" belongs to the better order of salon muse. Friedmann's "Music Snuff-box" pleased the audience so much that Mr. Shattuck was obliged to repeat it, but it is not so good in its way as Liadov's which Mr. Siloti introduced here 17 years ago. "The Cuckoo," dedicated to Mr. Shattuck, is a trifle, and not a humorous one. D'Albert's Scherzo is a brilliant show piece that is well constructed and has inherent worth.

Is it really necessary for a pianist to play the whole of Brahms's sonata in F minor? Clara Schumann used to play the Andante and Scherzo alone in her concerts when Brahms was little known, and the composer himself followed this course for some years. It is all very well to say that the Sonata was inspired by the scenery of the Rhine, that it is the only one of Brahms's surviving compositions that Schumann criticised, that in it Brahms is revealed as a seer of visions, etc. It is also said that Buelow thought highly of it, but he was a late convert. He did not begin to study the Sonata until 1882 when it was nearly 30 years old. He had his own ideas about the interpretation. Thus he insisted that the metronome mark of the first movement applied only to the first theme; he played the rest of the allegro much faster and rubato; nor would he accept the indication "maestoso" for the second melodic major motive.

Mr. Shattuck is to be treated with respect. He is evidently a pianist of marked acquirements who has studied diligently and intelligently. His technic is thoroughly developed so that he can set forth the peculiar idiom of Brahms, play crisply and fleetly the Sonatina of Hahn, and be brilliant in the music of d'Albert and Liszt.

As an interpreter he now belongs to that class of pianists known as "intel-

... It ... was more than he feels, or rather his own feeling is subdued and ... contagious. Perhaps it is too much to say that he is lacking in imagination, ... there was little suggestion of the ... century in his performance of the pieces by Lully. To use a cant word, these pieces were without "atmosphere." The Fuge of Bach was more effective than the Fantasia. In the latter there was too marked a dissection of chords as they came; there was too great deliberation, too little of rushing fancy. The Andante of Brahms has been extolled as a rapturous duet of lovers. When a girl brought the piece to Buelow, he smiled and said "You are too young yet to play it." Of a pianist, he remarked that he played it with more enthusiastic yearning than he (Buelow) could, for this pianist was then nearer the Thirties. Mr. Shattuck with this Andante left us cold. The Scherzo of the sonata should have been more sharply rhythmed.

After all the best music should be emotional, whether it be by Bach or Brahms. It need not be passionate; it may be tender, graceful, rhapsodic, contemplative; but it should move, thrill or at least by suggestion take the hearer out of this too daily life. The music is there, ready to work its spell. The hearer is there, ready to meet the interpreter half way. It all depends on the interpreter.

JOSEPH MALKIN

By PHILIP HALE.

Joseph Malkin, violoncellist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, gave a recital in Jordan Hall last evening. Manfred Malkin of New York assisted him. The program was as follows: Locatelli, sonata; Chopin-Glazounov, Etude; Beethoven, Menuett; Francoeur-Kreisler, Sicilienne and Rigaudon; Boellmann, Symphonic Variations; Joseph Malkin, Sarabande; Sammartini-Elman, Canto Amoroso; Popper, Dance of Elves.

It is natural that a virtuoso should be enamored of his instrument, yet many musical instruments once popular in solo performances at orchestral concerts have lost their vogue. Look over the programs of the Conservatory concerts in Paris; the German programs of the first half of the 19th century; the early programs of the Philharmonic Society of New York or those of the early orchestras in this city. Horn, flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon were heard in concertos, or in airs with variations. During the last 25 years we have heard at Symphony concerts a solo piece for flute played by Charles Mole with orchestra, and by an oboe concerto played by Mr. Longy—two artists of the very first rank. The great public likes solo performances. No doubt if the excellent first trombone of the Symphony Orchestra should get up and play Stigelli's "The Tear" he would be vigorously applauded by some.

The violoncello as a solo instrument still has many admirers, whereas the horn and other wind instruments we have named are now seldom heard with orchestral accompaniment. The violoncellist will tell you, if he is an honest man, that the literature for his instrument is not rich; the good concertos can be counted on one hand. If he gives a recital, he is forced to pad his program with transcriptions, and they are the pieces that often win the most favor. Hanslick of Vienna once remarked that the violoncello soon cloys the hearer. After a cantilena or two sung with great expression—Walt Whitman described the violoncello as "The voice of the young man's complaint"—there is nothing left for the player to do but to catch flies up and down his instrument. Perhaps the secret of Mr. Casal's success is that he makes the violoncello sound like a violin.

Mr. Malkin is a violoncellist of high reputation in more countries than this. His program was more pleasing than the one usually presented. He showed technical skill, a pure and pleasing tone, musical phrasing, and a thoroughly artistic spirit. A large audience containing many of his colleagues and other musicians rewarded him with hearty and well-deserved applause.

MARIE TEMPEST

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—"Rosalind," a play in one act by J. M. Barrie, preceded by "The Duke of Killicrankie," a farcical romance in three acts by Robert Marshall.

The Duke of Killicrankie	W. Graham Browne
Henry Pitt-Welby, M. P.	Ferdinand Gottschalk
Ambrose Hicks	Francis Redford
Alexander MacHayne	Jock McGraw
Mrs. Mulholland	Marie Tempest
Countess of Pangbourne	Kate Serjeantson
Lady Henrietta Addison	Grace Carlyle
Mrs. MacBayne	Mercedes Esmonde

Rosalind, a stage pet in London wearies of artificial life, the forced gaiety which is sometimes unfortunately the fate of those constantly on exhibition, even when on the street or at home. She seeks rest in reality and the comforts of middle age, for she is forty and a bittock." In a remote village. Here she is dowdy in dressing gown and slippers, gossips comfortably with her landlady over tea and busies herself with parochial activities. To complete the illusion a photograph of herself addressed "to darling Mumsy" stands on the mantle piece. Dame Quickley is for ever asking questions about her daughter Beatrice, famous for her acting as Rosalind.

Charles Roche a young and passionate adorer of the supposed Beatrice happens upon the scene. He sees the photograph and thinks he is talking with the mother of his charmer. Realizing the earnestness of his devotion Rosalind unmasks. The young man is stunned but recovers himself in time to renew his proposal of marriage. Rosalind, however, is called to London by her manager to begin rehearsals for a revival of "As You Like It." After a momentary disappearance she returns arrayed for her journey, no longer middle-aged but the Rosalind of his dreams.

Mr. Barrie's play is whimsical, romantic. To those who see a touch of poetry in the unsatisfied longings of middle age it is no doubt enchanting. To others it is a well made little play which provides an invaluable role for an experienced actress. There is opportunity for the display of humor, coquetry, cynicism, tenderness, tragedy, even the maternal instinct.

Miss Tempest revealed unsuspected emotional qualities. She played with consummate intelligence, grace and true womanliness and was in every respect adequate to the demands of an exacting and many-aided character.

Miss Serjeantson was amusing as Dame Quickley and Mr. Denny a boyish Charles.

Mrs. Mulholland in "The Duke of Killicrankie," showed Miss Tempest in pleasing contrast, in a role calculated to reveal her polished technique as a comedienne. Her brilliance, piquancy and aplomb were, as usual, admirable. Her thrusts at Lady Henrietta were delivered with the utmost assurance. The scene of the dinner party was capitally played.

Mr. Gottschalk's Pitt-Welby were with difficulty surpassed. He, too, is a comedian of the first rank, and to him fell the second fattest part in the play.

Mr. Browne's technical equipment is hardly that of his associates, yet he played in a romantic manner, with an intensity in the first act which gave way to a becoming nonchalance.

Miss Carlyle was acceptable and feminine as Lady Henrietta.

The play itself would be tedious were it not for the amusing dialogue and for the excellence of the acting. The stage settings were attractive. A large audience was amused and appreciative.

GIVE MORNING MUSICALE AT THE COPLEY-PLAZA

Miss Craft and Mr. Reimer Are the Singers; Mr. Copeland, Pianist.

The third morning musicale under the direction of S. Kronberg took place yesterday at the Copley-Plaza. Miss Marcella Craft, soprano, sang these songs: Scarlatti, Se Florindo e' fidele, Violette; Pergolesi, Nola, Ritornerai, Beach, June; Heinrich, Autumn Eve; MacDowell, Idyll; Hadley, Butterflies; Horsman, Bird of the Wilderness, and four arias from Puccini's "Mme. Butterfly."

Mr. Paul Reimer's numbers included Mendelssohn's "Auf Flugeldes Gesanges"; Schubert's "Der Musensohn"; Schumann's "Im Rest Wie Eine Blume," Dalcroze's "Le Coeur de Ma Mie," Hahn's "D'Une Prison" and a group of folk songs. George Copeland played these pieces: MacDowell, sonata Tragica, first movement; Debussy, Clair de Lune, Danse de Puck; Albeniz El Polo; Grovlez, Recuerdos.

The concert was an attractive one both by reason of the program and the participants, a celebrated opera singer, a Lieder singer of distinction and a pianist who is among the elect.

Many were interested to hear Miss Craft. Born in California, she studied singing here. She was also known as a concert and oratorio singer. For a time she sang at the First Church of Christ, Scientist. After further study abroad she made a reputation in opera. Her performance of Madame Butterfly and Richard Strauss's Salome have been loudly praised.

Yesterday Miss Craft displayed conspicuous operatic gifts. Her voice, high, brilliant, resonant, is chiefly effective in the upper tones, which are emotionally colored and dramatic in quality. The middle voice has less body. Both in voice and singing she is eminently suited to the theatre. Like many opera singers in concert, she was at her best in songs of a decided character, of well defined mood, songs that admit of sharp contrasts, as for instance, Hadley's "Butterflies" and in the airs from Puccini's opera, which she sang with flaming intensity. She was less fortunate in the Italian songs, Scarlatti and Pergolesi do not readily lend themselves to such broad and declamatory treatment. As sung by Miss Craft, Scarlatti's violet might have been a sunflower.

Mr. Reimer changed his program. Some regretted Hue's charming song, "La Fille du Roi de Chine," which had been announced. Tenors, however, have their moods.

Mr. Reimer is a polished singer. He controls a light voice skilfully. His phrasing is finished. He has finesse in diction, elegance of style. As an interpreter, he can be sweetly sentimental, gently amorous, tenderly mournful and discreetly humorous, seldom more.

Mr. Copeland, the magician of tonal coloring, in turn subtle, exotic, gorgeous, and irresistible rhythms, was delightful in familiar pieces.

There was an audience of good size. All three artists lengthened the program.

GEORGE MACFARLANE HEADS B. F. KEITH'S BILL

Sings Gilbert & Sullivan Songs and Others—Enjoyable Program.

The act of George Macfarlane, the baritone, is one of the most pleasing in a splendid bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. A singer, with an unusually good voice, he is a comedian as well. In a group of songs that consisted of many of the baritone selections from the works of Gilbert and Sullivan, he was especially at home.

Grace LaRue, who was substituted for Emma Carus at short notice, is again seen in an act that for the bizarre in dress is bidding fair to rival the adornment of Gaby Deslys. The singer was heard in a group of songs.

One of the real hits of the bill was the act of Walter Deleon and "Muggins" Davies. The sketch is appealing in its refinement. And yet with all this daintiness on the part of Miss Davies they could be funny in an unusual way. The dancing of Miss Davies was especially commendable, and the burlesque of the movies entertaining.

Mullen and Coogan also provide a laugh getter, that while nonsensical and a reminder of kindergarten days, is none the less funny. Harry Gilfoil, "the gayest old sport in New York," provides a monologue that gives him opportunity to give some clever feline imitations.

One feature that held the attention of the audience was the pictures of the Harvard-Yale football game. All the big plays were pictured as well as the big crowd.

Others on the bill were the Werner-Amoras troupe in a novel juggling act, Corbett, Shepard and Donovan, in a singing act; Marie Wright and Armand Sabbott, in songs and dances, and Corradini's Menagerie.

"PAGLIACCI" REPEATED AT BOSTON OPERA HOUSE

Boston Opera House: Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci" repeated, with Mr. Moranzoni again conducting.

Nedda	Miss Teyte
Canio	Mr. Martin
Tonio	Mr. Baklanoff
Beppo	Mr. Boscacci
Silvio	Mr. Pulitl

Mr. Martin replaced Mr. Zenatello as Canio; otherwise the cast remained unchanged from that of Saturday afternoon. Miss Teyte added little to her previous characterization of Nedda, singing with the same vocal ease and dramatic indifference. Mr. Baklanoff again showed us a sardonic Tonio. It remained for Mr. Martin to carry the double burden imposed on him by his Nedda, as far as emotional progress and contrast were involved; and he achieved the task brilliantly throughout. In voice, demeanor, and action.

"Coppelia" again followed the opera; and Mme. Pavlowa was in exceptionally fine spirits. Her spontaneity, her supreme artistry in the ballet soli and in pantomime infected her audience. Schmid conducted for the ballet; and it might be said in all candor that his ability to keep his players within bounds was far more noticeable than that of Mr. Moranzoni.

Tonight "The Dumb Girl of Portici," with Mme. Pavlowa, Mme. Lyne, and Messrs Zenatello, Michailoff, Chalmers, Ananian, Aleotti and Pulitl, with the entire ballet Russe, will be presented.

"Prisoner of Zenda" Given—John Craig Makes His Reappearance.

Mr John Craig reappeared at the Castle Square Theatre yesterday after an absence of several months, in the dual leading roles of "The Prisoner of Zenda." He is at his best in romantic plays, and this one has few equals if any superiors. Its plot involves the resemblance between the King of Ruritania and a young Englishman who chances to be visiting that country. Its atmosphere of romantic love and political intrigue makes its action continuously appealing. Its dialogue is vivacious and its characters varied.

Miss Mary Young played the Princess Flavia, with Mr. Carleton, Mr. Friebus, Mr. Meek, Miss Barnicoat and Miss Sidney in the other leading roles. An especial engagement is that of James Seeley for the part of Col. Sapt.

Bayard Veiller's drama, "Within the Law," will be presented next week. Mary Young will appear for the first time as Mary Turner, and others in the cast will be William P. Carleton, Theodore Friebus, Donald Meek, James Seeley and Al Roberts.

NOV 24 1915

Auber's "La Muette de Portici" Revives Memories of Elders —Young Folk Wonder.

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—First performance at this opera house of Auber's "La Muette de Portici" (sung in Italian). Mr. Jacchia conducted.

Alfonso d'Arcos	Mr. Michailoff
Lorenzo	Mr. Aleotti
Selva	Mr. Pulitl
Masaniello	Mr. Zenatello
Pietro	Mr. Chalmers
Borella	Mr. Ananian
Elvira	Miss Lyne
A Maid of Honor	Miss Clement
Fenella	Miss Pavlowa

It is hard to realize in 1915 that Auber's opera, born in revolutionary times, was itself a revolutionary work. The chord that begins the overture was considered audacious. The music of revolt fired audiences so that in kingdoms where kings were uneasy performances of the opera were forbidden, and, what to some is perhaps more significant, it excited the admiration of Richard Wagner.

To many in the audience last night the opera was wholly unfamiliar. Has there been a performance here since 1870, when Marie Sand mimed Fenella at the Boston Theatre? Yet some remembered that they had once played the overture on the piano and sung the fishermen's chorus in school. For many years before they were born the opera was exceedingly popular in England and this country. When Miss Cann played on the old and weazened piano to J. J. Ridley, Thackeray tells us that the dreaming young artist saw Mas niello prancing in on his cream colored charger with other heroes of opera, Don Juan, Fra Diavolo and Huon of Bordeaux.

The management is to be thanked for allowing us to hear the old music, cut as it necessarily was. To the older persons it brought memories; the younger wondered, perhaps, at the taste of their ancestors. The student was glad to hear a work of historical importance, which, with its followers, "Guillaume Tell" and "Robert le Diable," exerted a mighty influence in the development of operatic art.

The opera was handsomely staged. Mr. Urban's scenery was effective. The Russian Ballet was well employed. The chorus sang well, especially the unaccompanied prayer. The orchestra, under Mr. Jacchia's leadership, respected the claims of the singers to be heard.

The first act is hopelessly old-fashioned. The florid music given to Elvira was Auber's obligatory tribute to Mme. Cinti-Damoreau. This music may have seemed brilliant in 1828, but it is plachbeck today. The only relieving features last night were the orchestral music for Fenella and the vivacious dancing led with splendid abandon by Miss Kuhn. And how these dances are introduced by the ingenious M. Scribe! Elvira says to her companions: "Oh, friends, who to escort me, left your happy shores, and braved the surging billows, let a song or a dance remind me of the flow'ry banks of the Tagus ever dear."

As soon as Auber is alone with his fishermen and the common folk of Naples he is happier in his invention. We have heard so much about local color of late that Johannes Weber wrote an essay to prove that there can be no such thing in music; but Auber, a man of the boulevards, who never visited Italy, caught the Neapolitan spirit without the use of folksongs. And in this opera there is one truly pathetic melody, the one sung by Masaniello over his sister asleep. Mr. Zenatello, excellent everywhere else in the opera, did not do full justice to this song, for he was not content to sing it as a lullaby, but he turned it into a grand aria.

With this exception Mr. Zenatello gave a noteworthy performance of the part, especially in the robust pages. Miss Lyne came to the Boston Opera House in 1914 after she had made a sensation in London, and here aroused enthusiasm as Gilda. Last night she did not make so favorable an impression. While her coloratura work was even clearer than before, the voice seemed for the most part pale, and her intonation was faulty. Mr. Michailoff, who took the part of Alfonso, is the sort of tenor that we associate with Arthur in Donizetti's opera who plaintively inquires on the day of his betrothal, "Where is Lucia?" Mr. Chalmers was more than an acceptable Pietro. He bore himself like a hardy fisherman and deep plotter, with manly voice and vocal art.

Mme. Pavlowa mimed Fenella. We regret to say that this incomparable dancer, an enchanting vision of lightness, elegance and grace in ballet, was a disappointment in pantomime requir-

...a continued exhibition of histrionic art. Accomplished actresses have failed dismally in pantomime, witness the fate of Miss Ada Rehan, when she attempted in New York to play Pierrot in "L'Enfant Prodigue." Mme. Pavlowa rushed up and down and across the stage, always in the same manner, with about the same waving of arms in air, whatever the emotion she was called upon to express. Her facial play was not significant. The spectator was often at a loss to know why she was so physically disturbed. There was little revelation by physical means of the mental distress and agony. There was no eloquent repose. An impersonation of Fenella should be pathetic. It should at once awaken sympathy and pity. This Mme. Pavlowa failed to do.

MISS THOMPSON

By PHILIP HALE.

Miss Edith Thompson gave her annual piano recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. Her program was as follows: Schumann, Novellette, op. 21, Bird as Prophet; Beethoven, "Appassionata" sonata; Chopin, Impromptu, etudes op. 25 no. 1, op. 10 nos. 7, 12, Polonaise (spianato); Rachmaninoff, Prelude, C minor; Liszt, Cantique d'amour; Verdi-Liszt, "Rigoletto" paraphrase.

There was an appreciative audience of good size.

The program contained nothing new, but the familiar pieces were well arranged. The polonaise is not often heard and the Cantique d'Amour has not been worn threadbare. It may also be said that we were spared transcriptions of Bach's organ compositions.

Miss Thompson has gained in emotional expression. This was shown at once by her performance of the middle section of the Novellette, and the other piece by Schumann. It takes courage to play "The Bird as Prophet" after Mr. de Pachmann. Some turn the bird into a chattering bluejay. From the interpretation by others one would judge that the bird was at least six feet high with a voice in proportion. Miss Thompson allowed Schumann's bird to sing poetically, but the middle section might have had a more dreamy quality. Her interpretation of the sonata was sane, not too thoughtfully considered, not too passionate. The impromptu displayed a nimble mechanism.

It is not necesary to speak of the manner in which the remaining compositions were performed. It is enough to say that Miss Thompson has gained in the more important matters, in the conveyance of emotional feeling. She can gain further in tonal color. One fault noticeable in previous performances was not so much in evidence yesterday. She gave a longer breath to melodic lines and showed a singing quality, whereas in former years these lines were too often metallic and brittle.

The New York Times of last Sunday spoke of Mr. James Huneker's "Ivory, Apes and Peacocks" as a "bizarre" title. This title has been used before; witness "Ivory, Apes and Peacocks," by "Israfel," a volume of warmly colored and strikingly original essays published by M. P. Mansfield and A. Wessels, at the Sign of the Unicorn, London, 1899. It is in this volume that "Israfel"—we have been told that the author is a woman—expresses a charitable wish: "Fourthly, I would have all critics made into soup for the deserving poor." "His passion," she says, "is as highly glazed as his shirt front. . . . He is sometimes useful as well as ornamental. He stimulates young artists by slating their work. (His words are about as persuasive as a bludgeon; they lack the incisive delicacy of the tomahawk.) He causes grateful showers of invective to descend on their delighted heads, he rouses their slumbering self-esteem. Sometimes he sends a chilling blight of approval on the callow artist (for he is as capricious as our climate). Then that artist is indeed cast down and full of sorrow. For praise is deadly poison, praise is the confirmation of our worst fears, praise is the hall-mark of the Beast. In short, praise is the brand set on mediocrity. The critic is likewise instructive. He illustrates the fallacy of human judgment; for he and his colleague invariably take up precisely opposite points of view with reference to any work of art, and they can't both be right; whereas it is quite possible that both of them are wrong."

A Pitiable Confession.

As the World Wags:

I signed the pledge in my boyhood, as I subscribed 10 cents to the good missionary ship Morning Star. The pledge and the receipt are even now in a drawer of my desk with a tintype of Jennie Sprague, who passed away years ago; that is to say, she married a hardware merchant who failed and then moved out West.

I have kept the pledge, and not only in my desk. It is true that several times I have been persuaded to drink hot buttered rum, but only for medicinal purposes when I had a sorry rheum—and I blush to record ... wayside into a beer saloon ... many years neither firewater nor malt liquor has passed these lips.

Yet I was flattered yesterday by receiving the circular of wine, liqueur and brandy merchants in London, who assured me that they had served every sovereign of England since George III.; that their brandies, 60 years old, are to be met with everywhere in India and the East. "Our business is to recommend and furnish wines, liqueur brandies and old Scotch whiskey to gentlemen for their own use." The names of prominent customers in this country are given—so the circular is a sort of "Alcoholic Social Register." I also read that these merchants do business with the Somerset Club of this city. I do not belong to this club, but I am now **tempted to order champagne of 1906; a** little Coronation port (1837); a case of Berncastle Doctor, and some of that 60 years old liqueur brandy, so that I may in my own modest dwelling-house enjoy the privileges of the club.

Why should I feel flattered on receiving this circular? I should have thrown it into the waste basket with words of indignation and contempt, but here I am reading the circular again and again, and wondering how some of these wet goods would taste.

How weak and irresolute is man!

THURSTON DRYSDALE.

Boston, Nov. 21.

"Bostonese."

As the World Wags:

Your column's discussion of the split infinitive and the double negative has appealed to me. I want to start something else now. It concerns the letter R—the grand old letter which, in triplet form, is the foundation of education.

The average Bostonian has an R-less vocabulary. In the Hub's environs a lad christened A-r-t-h-u-r by his parents is forever "Ahthuh." His own name, correctly pronounced, is unfamiliar to him.

A sample of Boston talk:

"They's a big fi-uh in Chalstown."

"Have you seen the glass flowuhs at Hahvud?"

"Come ovuh hee-uh."

"Papez" from the newsboy; "transfays" from the street car conductor when he doesn't say "fays plz"; "cigahs" from the tobacco dealer.

As a friend says, we are the bleating Bostonians. The New Yorker, with his "woild," "wold" and "boin" sins no more than the Hubbite who tries to purchase a "Hahpez Buh-zah." J. D. D.

Cambridge, Nov. 19.

Skilful Splitting.

As the World Wags:

In The Herald of Nov. 19, W. E. K., in adversely criticising the use of the split infinitive, claims that a phrase is never made clearer or more euphonious by the use of an infinitive of that kind. While perhaps it is not often necessary to resort to the use of the split infinitive in order to guard against ambiguity of expression, I yet think that there are cases in which, if an infinitive is to be used at all, the meaning is made clearer if the infinitive is split, as in the following sentence: "He was urged to emphatically recommend severe punishment in the case of every one convicted of such an offence." Where in that sentence, without rendering the meaning ambiguous, could the adverb "emphatically" be placed otherwise than as it is placed? With the infinitive split by the placing of that adverb between "to" and "recommend." there can be no misunderstanding of the fact that the adverb modifies that infinitive "to recommend," and I don't see where else in the sentence than between "to" and "recommend" that adverb could be placed without rendering the sentence equivocal in meaning. SAXO GRAMMATICUS.

Brookline, Nov. 20.

Ralph Lewando Heard for First Time Here—Miss Stillings at Steinert Hall.

Two concerts took place last evening at Jordan Hall. Ralph Lewando, violinist, gave his first recital in Boston. Born here, he began his musical education in this city. Later he went abroad and continued his studies under Franz Ondricek and the famous Sevcik. He was granted a prize scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music in Vienna and graduated with honors.

Mr. Lewando has evidently studied diligently. At present he plays with little authority, as though still in the presence of his teachers. His tone is small and often lacking in quality. He has no doubt given much attention to technic, but with the result that he has allowed his imagination to become stunted, his fount of emotion to become choked.

Handel's Sonata in A major, the first movement of Tschaikowsky's Concerto in D major, pieces by Bruch, Kreisler, Sarasate were played with little differentiation in mood or sentiment. The glow of inspiration was not felt. There was conventionality, discretion, but in these days it is necessary to have something more than a respectable technic.

Mr. Lewando was assisted by Mrs. Jessie Morse Bernson, soprano, who sang songs by Brahms, Liszt, Wolf, Strauss and Puccini. There was a friendly audience.

At Steinert Hall Miss Katharine Kemp Stillings, violinist, and Guy Maier, pianist, played Grieg's sonata in G major, Beethoven's sonata in A major (Kreutzer) and Schuett's suite in D minor.

Miss Stillings gave much pleasure by her playing. Her tone has beauty, warmth and virility. She has a sound and well-developed technic, artistically used for purposes of interpretation. She has individuality and style, breadth and delicacy. She thinks for herself and plays with authority.

Mr. Maier is now well known as a finely equipped pianist, an excellent musician. It was refreshing to hear this concert, for the playing had the flavor of youth, with its enthusiasm and its illusions. A large audience was justly appreciative.

Nov 25 1915

'TOSCA' GIVEN

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Puccini's "Tosca." Mr. Jacchia conducted.

Floria Tosca	Mme. Fremstad
Mario Cavarodossi	Mr. Zenatello
Baron Scarpia	Mr. Baklanoff
Caesare Angelotti	Mr. Kaufman
Sacristan	Mr. Ananian
Spoletta	Mr. Boscacci
Sciarrone	Mr. Pul'ti
Jailer	Mr. Tosti
Shepherd Boy	Miss Clement

Mme. Fremstad took the part of Floria Tosca for the first time in Boston. Her impersonation was admirable, in that she turned the vulgar melodrama into heightened drama that was akin to tragedy. In this respect her acting surpassed that of any soprano we have seen here in the part since Mme. Fernina left the stage. In the first scene with Mario there was a lightness that was lacking in Mme. Fernina's impersonation, for the latter wore the tragic mask from the very beginning. But Puccini's Tosca was a prima donna, a woman of the opera house, and, to use the Biblical phrase, desirable. The coquetry, the jealousy, petulant at first rather than consuming the amorous insistence when Mario was thinking chiefly of the escaped prisoner, the womanly abandonment even in the church—these, expressed but not exaggerated, entered into a well-rounded and consistent portrayal of character.

The second act was ennobled by Mme. Fremstad. The scene for once was not after the manner of a nymph pursued by a satyr painted by Jordaens or Rubens. For once the sofa was decorative and not the article of furniture that suggested Balzac's famous epigram. There was no doubt of Scarpia's treacherous proposal or of his cruel desire, but there was little playing tag about the room, and no attempt at violence interrupted by a too attentive gendarme. The sobriety of the scene probably disappointed those who go to a performance of "Tosca" to see what Scarpia will do.

Throughout this act Mme. Fremstad bore herself like a woman accustomed to queen it on the stage. We have seen petted prima donnas who played this act as though Floria were a vaudeville soubrette. Not that Mme. Fremstad was stilted; not that her unwillingness to comply with Scarpia's proposal arose from natural coldness of blood. Her heart was wrung while Mario was tortured. She feared for him when he exulted at the news of the victory; she loathed the touch of the Baron. Her face and figure eloquently expressed the various emotions. She did not find it necesary to rant and squirm, and rage and wriggle to show that she was "really acting."

In dialogue, especially in the lighter episodes of the first act, her voice was expressive, and in the tragic scenes her diction was significant, wedded to the situation and the text. In any long melodic phrase the voice showed signs of wear, and in the air of the second act there was no sensuous quality; the emotion was in the rhetoric of the diction, not in the tones themselves. It is a pity that this true artist was not content with her natural and glorious vocal compass, but insisted on taking parts that were unsuited and dangerous. It is not necessary to moralize on this subject. She is not the only one that has thus tempted fate.

Mr. Zenatello never sang here with greater vocal wealth, freedom, power and beauty. There are few tenors like him today; no one that we know who maintains so high a standard of excellence in so many and varied roles.

The Scarpia of Mr. Baklanoff is impressive by reason of his imposing figure and his virile voice. His composition of the part is not subtly conceived; he is seldom sinister; his sensuality is not that of the cave man, nor could it be easily mistaken for sadism. Yet there were fine points in his stage business last night which varied occasionally from that of last week. Vocally his performance was too unaeviating, too rigidly commanding, except possibly in his first scene with Mario in the second act.

The minor parts were well taken. Mr. Jacchia conducted with great spirit. Why does the chorus continue to come down to the footlights with their backs to the altar and the sacred procession when they intone the "Te Deum"? We thought that this trick to astonish the audience had passed away with the constant lace handkerchief of the joyous or afflicted prima donna.

The audience, not nearly so large as it should have been, was warmly appreciative. The lack of attendance at these performances is unaccountable. Here is a first class company, with Mme. Pavlowa and her ballet added, finely equipped as far as the stage is concerned, giving better performances than Bostonians have been in the habit of seeing. Yet they do not attend. Must the truth be confessed? Many who could afford to sit in the boxes or subscribe for orchestra seats the season long do not really care for opera. They may not be afraid of it, but they prefer musical comedy.

"BUTTERFLY" REPEATED AT BOSTON OPERA HOUSE

A matinee performance of "Madama Butterfly" was given yesterday afternoon with the same cast as on the two previous occasions. Miss Tamaki Miura repeated her former triumphs, and was obliged to answer a number of curtain calls after each act. Mme. Pavlowa gave "Snowflakes" as before. There was an audience of fair size.

Whenever we read of a "prophecy" uttered years ago by some monk in Russia about the war now raging and its outcome, or of what Tolstoi dreamed or said, we recall the prediction of a certain Russian prophet who had been in jail for several years. His prophecy was recorded by Gogol in "Dead Souls." "This prophet had come from no one knows whence, in bast shoes and a sheepskin coat, which smelt horribly of stale fish, and had announced that Napoleon was Antichrist, and was held fast by a strong chain behind six walls and seven seas, but that hereafter he would break the chain and obtain possession of the whole world. This prophet had been lodged in jail for his prophecy, as he deserved to be; but nevertheless the prophecy had done its work, and the merchants were thoroughly alarmed."

Mr. Kilby's Memory.

Reviewing the performance of last Saturday afternoon at the Boston Opera House we asked if any one then present remembered the woman that danced and mimed Coppelia at the Boston Theatre. Mr. Quincy Kilby thereupon wrote to us as follows:

"It was Marie Giuri who appeared as Coppelia in the Boston Theatre in 1887. The Franz was Felicita Carozzi, who had been brought to this country by Eugene Tompkins in 1884, to dance in 'Zanita,' as second premiere. The Coppelius was Mamert Bibeyran, or Bibeyran Mamert (I never knew which was right, as I have seen him billed both ways). He, too, was brought here by Eugene Tompkins in 1880 for 'The Voyagers in Southern Seas.' He was the only Frenchman I ever heard pronounce the word 'ballet,' as if the last syllable were our word 'let,' and with a hint of accent on that syllable. He lost a leg in a street car accident in New York and died of a broken heart in consequence, for sound legs mean everything to a ballet dancer.

"I would like to pay him one little tribute. We were playing 'Jalma' in Chicago in February, 1884, when Edwin Milliken died. (Poor Ned. We played as amateurs together more than 40 years ago.) Mamert knew the actor but slightly, but he met me on the street and said: 'You know that I have not much money to spare, as I have to take care of my family in Bordeaux; but if any money is needed for that poor, young man's expenses, please let me give my share.' And now they are together in what Joe Bradford called 'alien lands, unknown of sun or star.'"

Miss Carozzi was also seen at the Boston Theatre in 1886 as Cupid when "Sylvia" was performed for the first time in Boston (April 24). Mr. Bibeyran—for that was his name—then took the part of Aminta. Sylvia was danced by Miss de Gillert.

Mr. Sinclair's Papers.

We read in a New York journal that the papers and manuscripts of the late Albert Thomas Sinclair of Allston pertaining to the Gypsies and their language are now in the New York Public Library. Why are they not in the Boston Public Library? Mr. Sinclair had collected a mass of material with reference to many curious and interesting subjects. Some of his contributions to the Journal of the Gypsy Lore Society, the Journal of American Folk-Lore, and the American Anthropologist were reprinted in pamphlet form, as "Tattooing—Oriental and Gypsy," "The Secret Language of Masons and Tinkers," "Folk Songs and Music of Cataluna," "Gypsy and Oriental Music," "Gypsy and Oriental Musical Instruments," "The Oriental Gypsies." Some years ago Mr. Sinclair was a frequent contributor to this column. Some of our readers may remember his letters concerning the origin of the waltz in "The Merry Widow."

Not at All.

As the World Wags:

I see that you are still discussing as to where the accent falls in the word "gladiolus." Is not that settled yet? Forty-odd years ago I heard a Cambridge girl say: "He called it gladiolus with the emphasis on the 'o.' I thought every one knew that all words ending in 'olus' and 'ilus' have the accent on the antepenult." M. J. C.

Boston, Nov. 20.

We have not been discussing the pronunciation of this word. We do not think we ever did discuss it. We certainly have no intention of starting an unprofitable controversy. We merely stated that in London and in war time certain persons were discussing it.

It is a matter of indifference to us whether Mr. Hercules Jones pronounces "gladiolus" with a sharp accent on the first syllable, which is now approved by many, or on the "i" or on the "o." If "M. J. C." wishes to plunge into the fray let him look over the numbers of Notes and Queries for October. He will find Mr. Boothby-Heathcote writing: "Gardeners say 'gladiolus' (accent on the 'o'), and it is not wrong, as the short 'o' became long in late Latin"; but he cites no authority for his saying that this short "o" became long in late Latin. Riddle's critical dictionary of the Latin language gives all the syllables in "gladiolus" as short, "glad-e-o-lus." This is the only Latin dictionary at hand. Mr. Samuel Waddington thinks that the accent on the "i" or on the "o" is merely the incorrect pronunciation of gardeners. In these Notes and Queries, "M. J. C." will find articles concerning the virtues and dangerous properties of onions; also an exciting discussion of the question, was Edgar Allan Poe a Scotchman by descent. Truly, this is a little world of huge interests and dark mysteries.

The Old Hatband.

As the World Wags:

Many years ago I was told that "Dick's hatband" was odd because "it went halfway around and tucked under." M. J. W.

New Bedford, Nov. 21.

Nov 26 1915

It is hard to understand how a mortal is constructed: No matter what a saying may be, so long as it is a novelty, he instantly communicates it to another mortal, if only for the sake of saying, "Just see what lies are disseminated!" and the other mortal inclines his ear with pleasure, although he himself afterwards says, "Why, that is a stupid lie, which is not worth noticing!" and then he instantly sets out to seek a third mortal, tells him all about it, and then they both exclaim, with noble indignation, "What a stupid lie!" And all this will infallibly go the rounds of the whole town; and all the mortals therein, no matter what their number may be, will inevitably talk their fill, and then confess that it deserves no attention and is not worth talking about.

Aids to Appetite.

As the World Wags:

I appeal to you as a gastronomic connoisseur and, as it were, theoretical chef de cuisine.

I have, as you know, been for several weeks living at the temporarily vacated flat of my sister on Fairland street, Roxbury. Alone necessarily and quite, I think, without the necessity of so saying. You know of my incursions into and upon the highways and byways of our city—an experience new and therefore interesting to me if not to others.

In my own little cottage on Golden Rod court I have always provided my own sustenance, tending rather to a vegetarian diet as being suited to a cooling of the blood and conducing to favorable physical conditions for study and meditation. But finding myself for a little time without mental resource and within reach of the distractions of the town, I have, as you know, experimented daringly in urban life, in particular and especially, alcoholically. So,

I find that after a brief period of what Mr. Muensterberg calls alcoholic poisoning he being without doubt right, I am afflicted,—the word is well chosen,—with, or by, a ravening appetite. It has then been my custom to take home with me from my noctambulations certain comestibles of which I partake late at night.

But, and this is the point, as I shall show, I awake with a like voracity. I have always in my normal life been an early riser. Up at daybreak. Quite the lark I assure you. In my present, or rather late, abnormal manner of life it was the same. Always up at the crack of dawn. And, being ever hungry in the early hours have eaten of whatever was at hand.

I find for instance that after a night of large, for me, consumption of whiskey I first of all crave a measure, quite liberal, of Johnny Walker or some such brand. After that, solids. My favorite on an early morning after is a soft and balmy slice of moderately ripe Brie cheese spread with crab apple jelly. Or a vigorous portion of Limburger bedaubed with comb honey eaten in alternate bites with a slab of nut chocolate and washed down with sour milk. Beside being pleasant to the taste this last is, as I estimate, a well balanced ration and rich in phagocytes.

I have a leaning, too, at 5 in the morning, to an underdone chop with raw bacon and stale ale which has been mildly heated and sweetened. I have discovered other combinations equally appetizing, but these must suffice. As ever, I become prolix.

So, again. But a short week since my sister and her husband returned to Boston. They came without warning. On the night I had been investigating the wilds of upper Shawmut and Harrison avenues. At 10 I had brought home a succulent kidney purchased at what purported to be a Koscher market, very smelly. Arriving home I concocted a stew, liberally garlicked and peppered, odoriferous and, as I had left in the fat heart of the kidney, swimming in grease. I sought my couch of virtue at 11:30. My sister arrived home at 12:30.

As I was sleeping soundly I did not hear them come in. And so it happened that at 6 my brother-in-law came into the kitchen to find me gorging the cold, caked remains of the stew and drinking with it a beaker of bottled ale mixed in the proportion of about four to one with good, new, raw, biting Everett Spring rum. He gagged once or twice and denounced me as a degenerate, which I regard as unjust.

Thank God I am now back in my own place though no longer subsisting on an oatmeal diet. Nor am I much longer to be under the necessity of cooking my own meals as, I hesitate rather to record it, I am soon to be married to a young woman whom I met in my recent short period of escapading. Curiously enough she too has been a contributor to your column. You will therefore have a grandfatherly interest in the union. Ah, I had nearly forgotten. Is an appetite in the morning indicative of anything that might be termed degeneracy?

PERCIVAL SMALLWEED.

Golden Rod court, West Medford, Nov. 22.

The Cook's Oracle.

As the World Wags:

Perhaps no one eats coot on Thanksgiving day, yet it is a delicious dish. Some like it stewed with pieces of loon meat in it. I prefer it baked. There is only one way to insure tenderness. Put a brick in the coot's belly, before it is thrust into the oven. When the brick can be easily pierced by a fork, the coot is done to a turn.

ELIPHALET NICKERSON.

Mashpuit, Nov. 23.

"L'AMORE DEI TRE RE" REPEATED AT OPERA HOUSE

Gluck's "Orfeo" Ballet Given After the Performance.

"L'Amore dei Tre Re," Montemezzi's beautiful and romantic opera, was repeated at the Boston Opera House last evening with the same cast heard on the opening night of the present season. Miss Villani's conception of Flora is more mature than Miss Bori's. She was again effective and emotional in song and action. Mr. Mardones's Archibaldo was strikingly portrayed. Mr. Zenatello's Avito was in romantic vein. Mr. Baklanoff, slightly indisposed on the first night, conveyed an appropriately sterner note in his impersonation of Manfredo. The scene of the Elysian Fields from Gluck's "Orfeo" was the ballet following the opera.

This evening "La Boheme" will be presented with Mmes. Teyte and Amazar and Messrs. Botta, Chalmers, Mardones and Patiti, followed by "Chopiniana."

Nov 27 1915

Rachmaninoff's "The Island of the Dead" a Feature of the Program.

By PHILIP HALE.

The sixth afternoon concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows: Mozart, Symphony in E flat major (K 543); Beethoven, Concerto for the violin (Mr. Kreisler, violinist); Rachmaninoff, "The Island of the Dead."

If Arnold Boecklin's picture, "The Island of the Dead," had been in full view of the audience, many would have wondered how the composer of the symphonic poem written to it could have found in this picture some of the thoughts that he expressed in tones.

To most of us this sombre painting suggests infinite quiet, eternal rest.

> Then star nor sun shall waken,
> Nor any change of light;
> Nor sounds of water shaken,
> Nor any sound or sight:
> Nor wintry leaves nor vernal
> Nor days nor things diurnal;
> Only the sleep eternal
> In an eternal night.

The symphonic poem opens in a spirit all in harmony with the painter's expression. There is the "tranquil lapping of the water"; there is the thought of the island with its funereal trees and awful rocks; there is the mysterious figure near the coffin standing as the ferryman rows as with muffled oars. This symphonic poem has been conducted here by the composer, Mr. Fiedler, and now Dr. Muck. When the composer conducted, the scene as painted by Boecklin was brought marvellously to the mind of the hearer. The mood was one of melancholy monotony, sustained, impressive, but never tiresome. Neither Mr. Fiedler nor Dr. Muck succeeded in giving this strange, indescribable impression of death, its quiet and loneliness.

This mood passes. There is not only a lament that rises to a frantic pitch; there is apparently the picture of the Last Great Day, with music that Puccini might have found for the torture chamber in "Tosca"; there is the sound of the dread hymn for the dead, the plain song, "Dies Irae" of the Holy Church. The music is powerful, dramatic if you please; but what has it to do with the moody Boecklin's picture?

It would be interesting to know how Rachmaninoff saw "The Island of the Dead." No two persons see a picture, a landscape, a seascape in exactly the same way. No two persons hear music in precisely the same manner. Yet two ordinary men would feel that Boecklin expressed the thought

> That no life lives forever;
> That dead men rise up never;
> That even the weariest river
> Winds somewhere safe to sea.

If there were to be a theme from the service for the dead, it should be the "Requiem Aeternam," not the "Dies Irae"; for what have wrath and terror to do with Boecklin's picture?

Behold, here is a mystery. Did Rachmaninoff conjure up thoughts of a frightful afterlife awaiting the passenger making the last journey? Was he obsessed by Poe's terrible tale "Silence"? What fired his imagination? He is a man of brains, and not merely musical brains. He is also a Russian. He gives no explanation. He simply points to the picture, in which he sees things not visible to the great majority.

This symphonic poem was played dramatically. While the symphony of Mozart had the serene beauty of a Grecian frieze. The last movement performed with great spirit and with a fine treatment of the charming chattering might have been written by Mozart for his "Nozze di Figaro."

Mr. Kreisler, stormily applauded, repeated the remarkable performance of Beethoven's concerto which he gave three years ago this week. Yesterday, as then, the orchestral accompaniment, as led by Dr. Muck, was as remarkable as Mr. Kreisler's interpretation, upon which it is not necessary to dwell: an interpretation conspicuous for triumphant technic, and for an appreciation of the music that rose to devotion, which, however, was not slavish, but as if one master recognized another.

MISS TEYTE IN "BOHEME" AT

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Puccini's "Boheme." Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Rodolfo	Mr. Botta
Mimi	Miss Teyte
Marcello	Mr. Chalmers
Colline	Mr. Mardones
Musetta	Miss Amazar
Schaunard	Mr. Paltti
Benoit	Mr. Ananian
Alcindoro	Mr. Ananian
Parpignol	Mr. Boscacci
Sergente	Mr. Aleotti

The opera is as young as when it was first performed here by Mr. Ellis's company with Mme. Melba as Mimi. It wears better than Puccini's later works. He had lived in Bohemia; in a garret, in the brave days when he was 21. He wrote from the heart. The characters of the librettists had been his friends and companions. Writing "Boheme," he did not experiment; his vein of melody was rich; he was not constantly striving after stage effects or inventing stage music, for which in his sophisticated days he shows a diabolic cleverness. He was first of all lyrical with a talent for characterization. Take him aside, ask him to give you his honest opinion about his work, and ten to one he will tell you his favorite is "La Boheme."

Welcome Mimi fresh and fair! Welcome the light-hearted and linnet-headed Musetta, not exactly the Musette of Murger's romance! Welcome the poet and the painter, Colline with his coat and hook, Schaunard with his high spirits and Benoit with his bill! True, they are a graceless lot. In New York some years ago the men were condemned as improvident, reckless fellows, wholly unsuited to grand opera, but with all their faults, singing Puccini's music, they are dearer to us than prosing heroes and heroines of myths and legends.

The performance last night was a delightful one. The audience, the largest and most brilliant of the season, was enthusiastic.

Mr. Botta, who appeared as Rodolfo through the courtesy of the Metropolitan Opera House, made a favorable impression when he sang here at an operatic concert in Symphony Hall. He was no starving poet in the opera; on the contrary he was well-nourished and had taken care of his voice. This voice is a pleasing one, smooth, pure, free, expressive, skilfully employed. The colloquial passages in the first act were finely delivered, with a lightness that is rarely found among lyric tenors. In sustained song he was effective without undue stress. In bursts of emotion there was no straining, no forcing of tones. Seldom have we heard Rodolfo's music in the third act sung with such comprehension of the text and the situation.

Miss Teyte's Mimi had been applauded here before. Her impersonation is still charming in its simplicity, its sweetness and its pathos. The upper tones of her voice have lost a little in quality—this was observable when the music called for passionate delivery—but with this exception, the voice was the voice of Mimi.

Miss Amazar, a new comer, is a pretty little body with the voice and the vivacity of a soubrette. Her costume in the second act, robe, petticoat, etc., gave the spectators reason to believe that her friend was a Russian Grand Duke, or at least a Brazilian on a holiday.

Mr. Chalmers was an excellent Marcello, lively, not clumsy in his liveliness; amusing, but in comedy vein, not farcical spirit; a sympathetic figure with a manly voice artistically used. Excellent, too, was the impersonation of Schaunard by Mr. Puliti. The orchestra and chorus contributed largely to the success of the performance, although at times Mr. Moranzoni, carried away by passionate instrumentation, had too little consideration for the singers.

The opera this afternoon will be "Madama Butterfly," with Mmes. Miura and Leveroni and Messrs. Martin and Chalmers. Mr. Moranzoni, conductor. To be followed by "Snowflakes" from Tschaikowsky's "Nutcracker" ballet, with Mme. Pavlowa and the Ballet Russe.

This evening the program will consist wholly of dances: the ballets "Amarilla" and "Puppen-Fee" and divertissements. Mme. Pavlowa and the Ballet Russe.

One of the formulas ever ready for use in a newspaper office is: "It is well to see ourselves as others see us." It goes with: "It's a far cry," and such phrases as "the gallant fire laddies," "there are lobsters and lobsters," "the small wee hours," "a member of an excellent club," "a pretentious production," when the writer had in mind an elaborate or sumptuous production of a play or tingle-tangle show.

We still as a nation are curious concerning the opinions of visiting foreigners. Let us listen to Mr. Percy A. Sholes, the editor of the Music Student (London). He sojourned in Boston last season and is coming again. In the last issue of his valuable magazine he furnishes information to English organists who think of coming to this country. Under the sub-head, "Tho Lavish American," is this paragraph:

"My informants here, English people, told me that a good deal of the expense of American living is pure extravagance, and especially in little things. Candy, ice cream and soda drinks run away with money. Unnecessary car riding (with the universal American 5-cent fare—even for the shortest distance), boot-blacking (at 10 cents) outside, when a brush and a tin of polish at home would save the money, shaving (at 10 cents or 15 cents)—all these minor expenses add up. The American seems to the Englishman very careless in money matters, and I suppose the newly arrived Englishman must seem to him mean."

The Letter "R."

As the World Wags:

In answer to your correspondent, "J. D. D.," I should say, "Bewar-r-re the letter-r-r R—it's danger-r-r-ous!" but it's quite impossible to give an idea of the danger-r-r in writing, or, for me, vocally, since I don't come from the Middle West, thank Pr-r-rovidence!

Concord, Nov. 24. M. A. A.

"Gladiolus" Again.

As the World Wags:

In re "Gladiolus," see "Coriolanus," v. 6, 115:

> "That, like an eagle in a dove-cot, I
> Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli."

Not "Cory Oly."

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Boston, Nov. 23.

In Lancashire.

As the World Wags:

The beauty of Lancashire women is still proverbial. As the song goes:

> "Tho' she dresses in clogs and shawl,
> She's the prettiest of them all.

The American girls spoil their complexions by powdering too much. In Lancashire the girls are noted for their milk and rose complexions. Probably it is due to our damp climate.

Hopedale. LANCASHIRE LASS.

Yes, and there is an old rhyme about the Lancashire men:

> He that would take a Lancashire man at any time or tide,
> Must bait his hook with a good egg-pie or an apple with a red side.

Can the Lancashire lass of Hopedale make an egg-pie? In old times there was this saying: "Lancashire law, no

[illegible] it was quoted by any [illegible] a wager endeavored to [illegible] when the wager was [illegible] stake was deposited. Still [illegible] phrase

[illegible] ves, that is, hands without [illegible]—Ed.

Good Old Drills.

As the World Wags:

[illegible] the caption, "Good Old Drills," [illegible] to make mention of the drills [illegible] in the years 1866, 67, 68, [illegible] English high.

We [illegible] have any "kid actions" at [illegible]. We drilled in the old Boylston [illegible] Hall, and Capt. (afterward [illegible]-general) Hobart Moore was the drillmaster. Our prize drills were held in that old hall, and each private had a ticket given him, and each officer had two. There were no bouquets, no ribbons, no candy, no girls, but there were father and mother, and friends, and we drilled for all we were worth. After the roll was called at drill any boy who spoke in the ranks was marked the same as though he were in school at study.

On the Fourth of July we paraded at 11 A. M., and had a dress parade and review on the Common, and the thermometer was between 90 and 100 degrees.

In 1868 we acted as escort to Gen. Philip H. Sheridan, and in June, 1869, we were reviewed in front of the St. James Hotel (now Franklin Square House) by Gen. Ulysses S. Grant.

Our drill was brought to that perfection that Gen. Moore asked that he might pick 100 boys from the High and the Latin battalions to drill against the famous Montgomery Guards.

On Wednesdays and Saturdays from 1 till 2 P.M., from April to November, we marched to the Common to drill. We had five companies, something less than 200 boys.

CHARLES C. LITTLEFIELD, 1866-69.
Boston.

Natural History.

As the World Wags:

I spent an hour or so in the Zoological Park the other afternoon, and as I approached the elephant inclosure I overheard the following remark: "Isn't it singular, they say an ordinary bullet will not pierce the hide of a rhinoceros." I looked to see who the speaker was and found it was a small boy, 6 or 7 years old. He was an anaemic little chap and wore spectacles. He addressed the remark to his nurse, and I thought if a New Yorker had seen and heard him he would have said, "typical Bostonian." A. P.

Brookline, Nov. 23.

But think what he might have said if he had been standing in front of a monkey cage!—Ed.

The Baby's Delight.

Good old Dr. Evans writes: "Don't give baby beer." The line would be an excellent one for a sentimental ballad, one of the heart-and-home kind that pleased before rag-time came in. But in Munich they give babies beer and the young ones thrive on it. We have seen a nursery maid, a baby and a soldier all drinking heartily out of the same "mass"; a beautiful sight.

Nov 28. 915

GABRILOWITSCH

By PHILIP HALE.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch gave the third concert of a series illustrating the development of piano music yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. His program was as follows: Shubert, Moment Musical, A flat major, op. 94, Menuet, B minor, op. 78, Impromptu, B flat major, op. 142, Weber, Invitation to the Dance; Mendelssohn, Songs without Words, E major op. 19 No. 1, A major, op. 102 No. 5, E flat major, op. 53 No. 2, F major, op. 53 No. 4, Variations Serieuses; Schumann, Des Abends, Aufschwung, Nachstueck, Carnaval.

This recital was devoted to "the Romantic Composers." The composers represented in the preceding concerts were men of the 16, 17, 18th centuries and Beethoven. Was not Bach a romantic? Were there no romantics among the French and English in those early years?

Romanticism Matter of Spirit.

For romanticism is a matter of the spirit, not of form. One might say with Stendhal that all good art was romantic in its day, rather than paraphrase smirkingly the saying attributed to Thomas B. Reed: "A classic composer is a romantic one that is dead." The romantic spirit has been ever present in the true artist's composition. Perhaps, as Pater said, romanticism is the addition of strangeness to beauty, the addition of curiosity to the desire of beauty. One period may be more imbued with romanticism than another, but in the most prosaic time a romantic may arise to perplex and astonish his smug contemporaries. That which disturbed one generation and was neglected or flouted, may easily be accepted by the one following and the composer be reverently worshipped in the temple of the immortals. There is romanticism in the music of Buxtehude—passages that might have been written by Schumann—Bach, Pachelbel, Froberger, Frescobaldi, Couperin.

Romanticism should never be confounded with sentimentalism. Mr. Gabrilowitsch might easily prepare another program and head it "The Sentimental Composers." The concert might be devoted wholly to music by Mendelssohn, although fine specimens of sentimentalism might be found in piano pieces by Tschaikowsky, Grieg, MacDowell and others who have also written virile and imaginative music.

Schubert Well Represented.

Schubert, romantic to the core, was well represented yesterday. Weber was romantic in opera rather than in his piano music, which shows the brilliantly chivalric side of his nature. A movement from one of his sonatas, or one of his rondos, would have been more to the purpose than the hackneyed "Invitation to the Dance," although this piece was the forerunner of the waltzes of the Strausses and others. The chief interest in hearing the "Invitation" today is in wondering whether the audience will applaud madly at the wrong time, just before the reprise of the introductory measures. A printed slip in the program notes yesterday thoughtfully gave warning. To give freshness to the old piece, Mr. Gabrilowitsch played with a free use of rubato, which checked at times the rhythmic flow of the waltz, a waltz that is a dance, not one after the manner of Chopin, exquisite salon pieces for Countesses and Duchesses to purr approval.

Displays Beauty of Tone.

A scherzo or a prelude and fugue of Mendelssohn would have shown the better side of his musical nature. There were four "Songs Without Words," pieces written for a piano house, as some ill-natured contemporary remarked; yet Mr. Gabrilowitsch played them with such beauty of tone that the more sentimental of those selected were for the moment redeemed.

Schumann was well represented by his "Nachtstueck," which, he once said, brought to his mind Hero and Leander, and also by his "Carnaval." Why is it that so many pianists will never, no never, abandon "Des Abends"? Do they play it in order to show that they can do it without becoming maudlin in expression, or that they can play it "too sweetly for anything"?

Gabrilowitsch the Artist.

It is hardly necessary to dilate on the art of Mr. Gabrilowitsch. He is always a welcome visitor, this sensitive, poetic, interpreter. He plays as if for his own enjoyment, as if he wished to share with intimate friends his emotions on hearing beautiful music by the masters. Amid the herd of pianists, virtuosos, "intellectual," "formidable," some come before us who make life more endurable; who remind us that there is such a thing as beauty in this everyday, materialistic age; that there are ideals, hopes, aspirations that cannot be expressed in words; that work the spell of Orpheus or Hunold Singuf: De Pachmann, Paderewski, Copeland, Siloti—Gabrilowitsch—Joseffy, alas, is dead.

The next recital, on Dec. 18, will be devoted to Chopin.

MME. MIURA REPEATS "BUTTERFLY" WITH CHARM

Boston Awakens to Merits of Rabinoff-Pavlowa Management.

Mme. Tamaki Miura repeated her charming and realistic performance of Mme. Butterfly at the Boston Opera House yesterday afternoon. The Japanese singer excites continued admiration for her indisputable eloquence in song and action. No impersonation of the character seen here has been more joyous, graceful or pathetic. As before in other performances Mme. Miura's chief associates were Messrs. Martin and Chalmers, both consistently in the picture. Mme. Miura was again provided with a live child instead of a doll. The child was a credit to its parents for it behaved naturally and was not anxious to dominate the scenes in which it appeared. The opera was followed by "Snowflakes," from Tschaikowsky's "Nutcracker" Ballet. The opera house was well filled by a warmly appreciative audience. The large audiences of Friday night and yesterday afternoon show that the people are beginning to realize that the Rabinoff-Pavlowa management is more than fulfilling its promises. It is to be hoped for the credit of the city that there will be continued appreciation.

The ballet program given last evening gave much pleasure and was a happy thought. Suburbanites, who, owing to the lateness of the hour were forced to miss Mme. Pavlowa's performance on other evenings, were permitted to enjoy her art and that of her company to the full. "Amarilla," "Puppen-Fee" and divertissements were performed. The two ballets present Mme. Pavlowa in roles of striking contrast.

OPERA IN BOSTON

Bostonians were known as lovers of opera before the Havana company, nearly seventy years ago, aroused enthusiasm at the Howard Athenaeum. For many years afterward the public gave generous and enlightened patronage to visiting companies, but this city had no local company until, chiefly through the munificence of Mr. Jordan, an admirably equipped and handsome home for opera was provided and a company formed that Boston could with pride call its own.

When this company was disbanded, many who had come to look upon this form of entertainment not as a luxury, but as entering into the more pleasant routine of life, were unhappy. They did not sit in the more expensive seats, but their attendance was faithful, their appreciation genuine. The seasons of opera benefited Boston in many ways, commercial and aesthetic.

For a fortnight an opera company carrying the name of Boston has been giving performances at the Boston Opera House. There has been no dispute concerning the quality of the performances. The leading singers have international reputation; the minor parts are well sustained; the chorus and the orchestra are first-class; the scenery and costumes would do credit to the opera houses of Paris, Vienna, Berlin, rivalling or surpassing, as they do in some instances, those of the Metropolitan in New York. Furthermore, the incomparable Mme. Pavlowa and her ballet appear at each performance. Yet the attendance has been, as a rule, discouragingly, pathetically small. That is to say, those whose incomes would easily allow the luxury of boxes and orchestral seats, by the sale of which the success of opera is assured, have not shown the expected interest.

It was the intention of the management, if the people of this city gave the necessary support, to re-establish opera in this city; to provide a continuous season of ten or twelve weeks. Who can blame Mr. Rabinoff if, with all his zeal and high artistic purpose, he feels himself obliged to abandon this project?

It comes to this: either Bostonians do not wish grand opera at all, or they will be content with a short visit of the Metropolitan Opera Company, a visit that will depend on the sulted convenience of the New York management. In the latter case Boston will be ranked on the musical map with Atlanta, Ga.

Two new plays and a new musical comedy will be produced here tomorrow evening; new to Boston. Our "novelties" come late, but they come.

"Quinney's," a comedy in four acts by Horace Annesley Vachell, which will be performed at the Tremont Theatre, was produced at the Haymarket, London, on April 20, 1915. The part of Joseph Quinney, Yorkshireman and dealer in curios, was taken by Henry Ainley; Sydney Fairbrother, that of the wife; Marie Hemenway played Posy; Mary Malone was the jealous typewriter; E. J. Caldwell played the American, Hunsaker; A. G. Poulton, Tomlin, and Godfrey Teale the young foreman. Not one of this company was in the first performance in New York.

There is not much of a story. As the Pall Mall Gazette remarked, that does not matter. "Playgoers who saw 'Le Marriage de Mlle. Beulemans' will remember that one of the most dramatic passages in it was concerned with no more than the fixing of a gas-mantle. Similarly the most enthralling scenes in 'Quinney' deal with such seemingly undramatic material as the morality of the furniture business and the manufacturer of faked Chippendale. The 'sound' dramatist, accustomed to get his stagey effects with the usual conventional means, will smile at such a conception of the playwright's art. Let him go to the Haymarket and see it in operation! Last night's audience sat fascinated 'like birds the charming serpent draws,' under all the detail of the business in Soho square."

The Daily Telegraph said that Quinney should have been in Dickens. "Old Joe Quinney, with his oddities and his angles, his humor and his pigheadedness, and his turn for giving people nicknames, he is a fellow that Dickens should have thought of. And Dickens would have loved to set him up against just such a background as Mr. Vachell selects, the holy of holies of a Soho furniture dealer, with a priceless Chinese cabinet ready for your love letters and priceless, but not wholly honest, Chippendale chairs to help out your plot." Some shivered however, by anticipation, the Times said, when they heard that Quinney was a Yorkshireman, remembering that impossible hybrid monster, the usual stage Yorkshireman.

The play was performed for the 100th time on July 7. A company went on tour with it in August.

Frederick Ross took the part of Quinney at a special performance, chiefly for actors and actresses, on Sept. 11, when the company then about to sail for New York appeared.

The Daily Chronicle of July 8 published the remarks about the play purporting to fall from the mouth of Quinney's brother John 'Enry:

"Nah,' then. Aw've seen our Joe! 'Ave you? Ee, it wor a surprise! Aw knew 'e cud sell owd furniture, but Aw wor upset at seein' 'im mekkin' a fool of 'issen ont' stage!

"'Undred times! Aw never knew 'at our Joe cud remember owt once, let alone 'undred times, except the Owd 'Undredth!

"The theayter wor packed, an' Aw saw some chaps in khaki, Yorkshire lads too, an' some in that blue stuff wot the wounded lads wear. They all laffed fit ter split, so Aw suppose it's all right. But then there's lot a chaps up our way a sight funnier than our Joe. John Gilpin an' Pliny Scarth an' lots.

"Aw telled me mother when Aw got back 'ome t'other day, an' she said, said me mother, 'Well! Our Joe ont' stage! Ee, it must be dangerous jumpin' thro' all them there 'oops! An' Aw brought 'im up that Righteous! Still, 'e cud make a cat laff cud our Joe! But Aw can't trust our Joe in that London. Aw must go there misen, an' see wi' me own eyes, an' if 'e doesn't stop it, Aw'll belltinker 'im!'

"Me mother knows! So may the Lord 'elp our Joe!"

"Quinney's" was produced at the Maxine Elliott Theatre, New York, on Oct. 18.

"Beverly's Balance," a modern comedy in three acts, by Paul Kester, which comes to the Plymouth Theatre, was produced at Baltimore, Md., April 4, 1915. The play was then entitled "The Desert Island." Miss Margaret Anglin was then supported by Ruth Holt Boucicault, Mrs. Charles G. Craig, Pedro de Cordoba, Harry Barfoot and William Boyd. As "Beverly's Balance" it was produced in New York at the Lyceum Theatre on April 12. "The character is that of a young Virginia church choir singer, who has been reared in the more cultured environment and is suddenly thrown into the turmoil and excitement of New York life." The comedy is said to be a satire on the prevailing social conditions of New York life.

It is also said that the play was acted in "distant places" with Miss Annie Russell as the heroine. It was then known as "The Woman in the Case." Another title used was "The Balance."

Miss Anglin and the comedy met with favor at the hands of the New York critics. It was noted by one that several seasons ago Miss Anglin "retired from the front rank of the dramatic 'sob squad' and decided to make the world smile." She is, indeed, an admirable comedian. Many of us remember with great pleasure her delightful and subtle, witty and charming performance of the heroine in "Green Stockings."

"The Only Girl," a musical farcical comedy in three acts, words by Henry Blossom, music by Victor Herbert, was produced at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre, New York, on Nov. 2, 1914. The comedy is really an adaptation of "Our Wives," a comedy by Frank Mandel and Alice Kraft, presented about 1912 at Wallack's Theatre and then at the Gaiety. This, in turn, can be traced back to Fulda's "Jugend freunde." In the original version a bachelor taunts his three boon companions when they go to the altar and swears that he will remain single; but a girl, a musician whose melody fascinates him as he hears it from an apartment above, fascinates him at first through her musical gifts, and he asks her to collaborate with him in an operetta on the condition that they be mere machines, not a man and a woman.

The leading parts in "The Only Girl" at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre were taken by Wilda Bennett, Adele Rowland, Ernest Torrence, Thurston Hall, John Findley. Victor Herbert wrote the music when he was sojourning in the Adirondacks.

Ernest Torrence, who made a very palpable hit as "Bunkie," a Scotch painter who discovers that there is "more money in moving pictures than in painting them," is a brother of that excellent actor, David Torrence, who is now again one of the three brothers in Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows." Ernest came to this country in 1911 to appear with Walter Damrosch, for he studied singing at the Royal Academy of Music in London and at Stuttgart. He first went on the stage in a romantic part at the Savoy Theatre, London; then went into musical comedy and sang at the Gaiety. When he was 19 years old he wrote the music for a Greek play produced at Edinburgh, and he wrote the music for "The Lady From Lyons." In this country he was with Kitty Gordon in "The Enchantress." He

... Scott pictures, on the Paul Rainey ... and was with Donald Brian "The Marriage Market." The part he ...ys in "The Only Girl" was originally foolish Englishman. It was Mr. Jo...r, who, thinking that type had be...e boresome on the stage, suggested ...t the painter should be a Scotchman. "The Only Girl" was taken to London, ...here it was brought out at the Apollo ...heatre Sept. 25, with Fay Compton, ...thel Baird, Mabel Russell, Madeleine ...ymour, Wanda de Baron, Kenneth ...ouglas, Laurence Cavid and Herbert ...yvyan. The Pall Mall Gazette began ... favorable review: "The great crafts...an will write a thrilling story round a ...ece of orange peel. But the great ...tist's motto when he wants material ... 'Look into thine own heart.' This is what the librettist of 'The Only Girl' has done. He has looked into his own heart and seized the first thing found ...ying there."

Notes About Concerts of the Week

Singers and pianists and players of stringed instruments, some known in our concert halls, others newcomers, follow one another now in quick succession. The audiences in many cases are small. Deadheads saunter in at any time and go wearily out without regard to the person on the stage and those already seated. It may be said that in many instances the price of admission is too high. Many charge a dollar and a half for an orchestra chair when the entertainment offered is really worth anywhere from a quarter to a dollar. But the pride of the "artist" would suffer if he or she would sing, fiddle or ...ste the keyboard for less than $1.50.

The programs of the week are unusually interesting. It is not necessary ... speak in praise of Mme. Julia Culp ... Mr. Paderewski, of Mr. de Gogorza, ... the Kneisel or Flonzaley Quartet.

Mr. Paderewski will play the "...anderer" Fantasia of Schubert, which he has not played here for ...ny years. It is known also by the ...mphonic arrangement by Liszt for ...no and orchestra. Schubert wrote the ...sic of his song "The Wanderer" in .... The verses were by G. P. ...midt. Schubert sold 12 sheets of ...gs—among them this one, "Erlking," ...d "Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel" ...r 800 florins. It is said that the "The ...anderer" alone brought to the pub...hers from 1821 to 1861 the sum of 27,- ... florins. The Adagio of the Fan...ia is a set of free variations on a ...me that occurs in this song—the ...u... to the lines that have been thus ...ely translated:

> All faded flowers, all life grown old,
> And here the sun appears so cold,
> Their speech I cannot understand,
> A stranger still in every land.

...chubert composed his Fantasia prob...y in 1820, when he was 23 years old. A contemporary wrote: "He never could ...y it, he always stuck fast in the last ...vement, and on one occasion he ...mped up and cried: 'Let the Devil ...mself play it.'" William Mason was ... first to play Liszt's arrangement ...th orchestra in this city. It was at a ...ilharmonic concert in 1862.

Mr. de Gogorza's program is far from ... conventional. He has sung the ... by Gluck and Monsigny before. ...ere are three of Carpenter's songs ... one by Scott that should attract at...ntion, as well as the group of songs ... Granados "written in the old style ...d dealing with the gallants immortal...d by Goya 'El majo y la Maja.'" By ... way, Mr. Ernest Schelling seems to ...nk that he discovered Granados. Pi...o pieces by this Spaniard were played ...e by Mr. Copeland before Mr. Schel...g made his discovery. Debussy's "...heveaux de Bois" should be a grate...l one for Mr. de Gogorza.

Mrs. Caroline Hudson-Alexander has ...ten been applauded here by audiences ... the Handel and Haydn concerts. She ...g here at the Centenary Festival ...t April. Her program ranges from ...ndel to Debussy, from Brahms to ...parc, who is one of the greatest of ...ng writers, and there is a group of ...ngs in English of a "popular" nature.

There should be curiosity to hear Mme. Coudert who will give her concert with Mr. Amato; there should also ... curiosity to hear Anne Arkadij, a ...der singer, who does not state whether she is maid, wife, or widow. Mme. Coudert is Mrs. Conde-Nast. The program made up by her and Mr. Amato is pleasingly varied.

As for Anne Arkadij, she is an Amer...n, born at Rome, N. Y. Her agent ...peaks of her "impressive career" and ...pitalizes the first "I" in "impressive." ...e at first intended to be a pianist—...e tell the tale as it was told to us—...nd studied the piano in New York. Then she found out that she should ...ng. She went to Dresden for study ...d after two years became the leading ...ntralto at the St. Gall opera house. ...e also sang in opera at Zurich and ...rne. After a year of study in Munich ...e decided that her voice was a so...no, so she went to Berlin for further ...sons. The war broke out, and now ... is announced as a mezzo-soprano. ...r program, with the exception of a ...p of songs in English, is "echt ...tsch."

...e visiting violinist will be Miss Vera ...tow, who is not a stranger. Born ...in Cincinnati, she is a pupil of Luigi ...s.

... Flonzaleys will play the noble quartet of Cesar Franck. A quartet by Haydn will separate it from three new pieces in manuscript by Stravinsky, who is known here by his "Fireworks," played at a Symphony concert, and a charming little piano piece, transcribed from ballet music, which Mr. Copeland introduced this season.

The Kneisels will also bring out a novelty—David S. Smith's quartet in A major. The The quartet's press agent writes as follows: "The quartet in A writes as follows "The quartet in A major op. 37, by David Stanley Smith, is a recent work and is being played from manuscript. The quartet is in two sections; the only pause occurs after the first movement. The first two movements are expressive of cheerfulness and grace. Towards the end of the Allegro glorioso (4-4 time, F major), the brilliancy is intensified; but the unexpected addition of a dissonant note to the final chord, followed by dramatic tremolos in the Recitativo immediately plunges the music into tragedy. The Recitativo is in part a transformed presentation of the theme of the previous movement for the strings in unison. The finale elegiaco (2-4 time, A minor) is serious and pathetic, with a certain amount of moderately fast music in which new material is developed. The A major close of the work is tranquil. The sharp division of the quartet into contrasted moods of joy and sorrow suggests a program, which finds its realization in the life of individuals or nations who have experienced a sudden reversal of fortune. The composer is assistant professor of the theory of music in Yale University. He has written much orchestral, chamber and choral music. The Quartet in A major is the second work in this form by him to appear on the programs of the Kneisal Quartet. The first, in E minor, was performed in 1912."

Mme. Coudert.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Concert by Mme. Clarisse Coudert, soprano, and Pasquale Amato. See special notice.

MONDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Song recital by Emilio de Gogorza. Gluck, Air of Thoas from "Iphigenia at Tauris", Monsigny, air from "Le Deserteur," "Je ne deserterai jamais"; Granados, three Spanish songs; Carpenter, On the Seashore of Endless Worlds, When I bring to you colored toys, The Cock Sh... Crow; J. H. Rogers, Wind song; Homer, The Fiddler of Dooney; C. Scott, Why so pale and wan; Elgar, The Pipes of Pan; d'Indy, Lied Maritime; Ropartz, Lever d'Aube; Debussy, Chevaux de Bois, Voici que le Printemps.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Mme. Caroline Hudson-Alexander's first song recital in Boston. Handel, The Meeting ("Rodelinda"), O sleep, why dost thou leave me ("Semele"), Allelujah ("Esther"); Brahms, Maedchenlieder, Duparc, Chanson Triste, Extase; Debussy, Fantoches; M. T. Salter, Last night I heard the nightingale; Lehman, The Charmer's Song; Milligan, Tomorrow; Marzials, Twickenham Ferry; Somervell, Shepern's Chadle Song; H. J. Stewart, Awake, Dear Heart.

TUESDAY—Seinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Second Kneisel Quartet, Josef Kovarik, viola, and Leo Schulz, assistant. Brahms, Sextet in G major, op. 36, Smith, Quartet in A major, op. 37 (Ms. first time); Schubert, Quintet in C major, op. 163.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Song recital by Anne Arkadij, her first appearance here. Schumann, Des Sennen Abschied, Fruehlingsnacht; Franz, Vergessen, Es hat die Rose sich bek...gt; Grieg, ... ist wohl gut; Brahms, Auf den K... fe, M...lied, Dort in den Walden, Liebestreu, Vergebliches Staendchen; H. Wolf, Heb' auf dein blondes Haupt, Ich hab' in Penna; E. Wolff, Glaub 'es mir, In der Seele ein Wachsen und Keimen; Marx, Und gestern hat er mir Rosen gebracht; Harris Reinecke, From the Rubaiyat, The Seal's Lullaby; Foote, I'm wearing awa' Jean; H. Burleigh, The Grey Wolf; Chadwick, The Rose leans over the Pool; J. H. Rogers, The Star.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Violin recital by Miss Vera Barstow. Tartini, Sonata in G minor; Cartier-Kreisler, La Chasse; Schumann, Garden Melody, At the Fountain; Vieuxtemps, Rondino; Brahms, Sonata, A major; Tirindelli, Pierrot gai, Kunits, Albumblatt; Sarasate, Spanish Dance, No. 8. Anton Hoff, pianist.

THURSDAY—Copley-Plaza Hotel, 2:30 P. M. Concert by Mme Homer, Miss Ada Sassoli and Timothee Adamowski in aid of the Frances E. Willard Settlement. See special notice.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. First concert this season of the Flonzaley Quartet. Cesar Frank, Quartet in D major; Hadyn, Quartet in D minor, op. 76, No. 2; Stravinsky, Three Pieces for Quartet (Ms.).

Tremont Temple, 8 P. M. Second concert of the Tremont Temple Course. Miss May Scheider, soprano, of the Boston Opera Company, will sing the Gavotte from "Manon" and these songs: Horn, I've been roaming; La Forge, Expectancy; Moore, The Last Rose of Summer; Tosti, La Serenata. Miss Elvira Leveroni of the same company will sing "Connais-tu" from "Mignon," De Koven's O promise me and Bishop's Home Sweet Home. Michael J. Dwyer's selections are as follows: An Irish Love Song, A Little Bit of Heaven, Let me like a soldier fall ("Maritana"), Come, rest on this bosom, I'm sitting on the stile, Live in my heart, I'm not myself at all, Silver Threads Among the Gold. Ralph Smalley will play 'cello pieces by Locatelli, Drdla, Casella, Grieg, Larsen, Cossman, and John A. O'Shea, organist, will play Reminiscences of Erin.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Piano recital by Mr. Paderewski. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Song recital by Mme. Julia Culp.

Nov 29 1915

MME. COUDERT AND SIG. AMATO

By PHILIP HALE.

Mme. Clarisse Coudert (Mrs. Conde Nast) of New York, mezzo-soprano, and Pasquale Amato, baritone of the Metropolitan Opera House, gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Richard Epstein accompanied Mme. Coudert and Giuseppe Bamboschek Mr. Amato.

Mme. Coudert's songs as announced were as follows: Franz, Auf dem Meere, Er ist gekommen; Grieg, Gruss; Wolf, Auf einer Wanderung, Gesang Weylas; G. Faure, Les Berceaux; Hue, Il a neige des fleurs; Chausson, Le temps des lilacs; Rimsky-Korsakoff, Rossignols, Moucherons, tout se tait; Aubert, Roses du Soir; Temple, An Old Garden; M. T. Salter, Come to the Garden, Love; Tosti, Good-bye.

Mr. Amato sang an air from Verdi's "I Due Foscari" and these songs: Tschaikowsky, Pendant le Bal; Rachmaninoff, Lilac; Moussorgsky, Aria from "Boris Godunoff," Varlaam's song from "Boris Godunoff"; Debussy, Beau Soir; Hahn, Trois jours de Vendange, Fetes galantes; three old French songs: Etoile du Matin, Me promenant au matin, Le beau sejour; Paisiello, Nel cor... piu; Secchi, Lungi dal caro.

Mme. Coudert sang for the first time in public. She was ill-advised to choose Symphony Hall for the scene of this appearance. Steinert Hall might have revealed certain niceties of diction that were yesterday lost.

For the voice is a small one with tones that are reedy, not crystalline, not sensuous. It was at once evident when she came upon the stage that she was exceedingly nervous. This nervousness undoubtedly worked her injury in the group of German songs, though "Gesang Weylas," which demands a broad and commanding delivery, is wholly unsuited to her voice and manner of singing.

It is said that Mme. Coudert, without compelling reason save ambition, longs for the career of a professional singer. It would seem from her performance yesterday that she is not yet prepared for concert work. At present she should content herself with singing for friends, or in entertainments of an intimate nature. There must always be a beginning. In her case the beginning should be in a small way. Then she might gain in confidence and learn by experience. It is hardly necessary to inquire into her present technical proficiency or lack of proficiency. It is enough to repeat that she has not yet reached the artistic stature expected of singers at these Sunday concerts. She has musical taste, although one wonders at her selection of the songs that made up the English group. There were moments when she showed a nice appreciation of the composers' intentions, but too often her honorable purpose was thwarted by technical deficiencies, as lack of breath support, and by the inability to color tones. Her enunciation in the English songs was uncommonly good, better than in the French and German songs.

When Mr. Amato first visited Boston his voice was smooth and oily. He then sang emotionally, heroically, but with artistic reserve. Yesterday, as on the last occasion we heard him in concert, his singing disappointed those who were once his ardent admirers. He slid from tone to tone; his attack was often not incisive; he had little regard for the beauty of a melodic line; he forced tone in climaxes. Naturally, the louder he sang, the more enthusiastic was the applause. He chose the Romance sung in Verdi's "I Due Foscari," by the Doge, a part in which Ronconi was famous. The opera, by the way, has been heard here; first at the Harvard Athenaeum in 1847 when Louis Vita took the part of the Doge, and again in 1864 with Bellini in the part.

Mr. Amato was more effective in the aria from "Boris Godunoff" than in Varlaam's wild son from the same opera. The aria is practically a declamatory monologue, heightened speech, and Mr. Amato expressed dramatically the various emotions of the Tsar. In Varlaam's song there was not the fury of battle and slaughter, the demoniacal exultation in victory that characterized Mr. Marcoux's singing of it; yet Mr. Marcoux's voice is far inferior to Mr. Amato's, as is his vocal art when Mr. Amato respects his own.

Italians are seldom fortunate in their interpretation of French songs, as Frenchmen are often unsatisfactory in Italian opera. The group by Debussy and Hahn were sung with too little finesse, although in Hahn's "Trois jours de Vendange" there was an exhibition of broad differentiation.

An audience of good size recalled Mme. Coudert and waxed enthusiastic over Mr. Amato.

Mme. Coudert and many in the audience were annoyed by the entrance of late comers between the songs of her first group. The management of Symphony Hall could easily put an end to this evil practice by refusing admission until the **end of a group of songs or piano pieces.**

I am happy in thinking that there is in the world a certain amount of good and of evil which, in a sense, makes all conditions of life equal.

Help!

As the World Wags:

As a constant reader of this department, I noted with great pleasure Miss Jane Pride's graceful allusion to your omniscience. In last Sunday's Herald Miss Pride, in answer to a correspondent's question, pays you a handsome compliment by quoting your explanation of the letters "T D" on clay pipes. This is fame.

Any man capable of helping Miss Pride is surely a competent authority on the British peerage, baronetage and knightage. As I live in a community where every man, from pauper to millionaire, is known by his first name, we are naturally interested in foreign titles, though we are sometimes sorely puzzled. We are not quite sure that American papers are right when they speak of "Lady Arthur Paget" or "Lady Ralph Paget." Why was Winston Spencer Churchill, formerly first lord of the ad-

[illegible] referred to as "Lord Churchill," and why is his successor in that high office Arthur James Balfour, called "Lord Balfour"? Foreign Secretary Sir Edward Grey frequently appears in print as "Earl Grey," and a society reporter recently promoted Sir Gilbert Carter to "Lord Carter," perhaps in recognition of Sir Gilbert's achievement in winning a Boston girl for his bride. These are ticklish times. In the midst of their troubles we should be careful not to offend our Anglo-Saxon cousins of the British aristocracy by playing fast and loose with their titles. On behalf of myself and my neighbors I crave your assistance.

MICHAEL FITZGERALD.

East Brewster, Cape Cod, Nov. 21.

Cataloguing.

As the World Wags:

Sir: As to cataloguing—even in the solemn Harvard stacks, where the obscurity of a book is apt to measure its popularity, Sannazaro's "Piscatory Eclogues" were but recently discovered under "Angling," while some intanso modernist had put Sutherland Edwards's "History of Music" under "Archaeology." Shortly before a long-forgotten volume of feminine 18th century Sentimental Reflections turned up as "Psychology." However, the librarians occasionally get as good as they send—witness the confused member of an undergraduate course on the History of Religions, who demanded, in all persistent seriousness, "Wild Religions I Have Known."

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Tamworth, N. H., Nov. 24.

In the Public Library of a Cape Cod village we found Belloc's delightful record of a tramp, "The Path to Rome," on a shelf over which was the heading "Theological."—Ed.

Delusions and Snares.

Quite as bad as the cryptic alphabetical headings under which important subjects are sometimes hidden in an index are the delusive cross-references that lead to nothing. The present writer, looking up the subject of silver plate in an index read "silver plate, see gold plate," then "gold plate, see plate," then "plate, see hall marking," then "hall marking, see plate marks," and finally "plate marks, see silver plate," which brought him back to where he had started.—Daily Chronicle, London.

"Mr. H." In Boston.

As the World Wags:

Some months ago you inquired if anyone could give the date of the first performance in Boston of the farce entitled "Mr. H" written by Charles Lamb. At that time I gave the dates of the first performances in London, Philadelphia and New York, but could not find the record of the first time here. In searching a file of old newspapers, I see that "Mr. H" was acted on November 22, 1813, at the Boston theatre in Federal street "for the first time in Boston," according to the advertisement. The title part was acted by Spiller, an English player of eccentric and broadly humorous characters, who had come to this country three years before from London, where he had been acting at the Haymarket. Some of the present bearers of that name are afraid that they will not be accounted of English descent, judging by the following advertisement in the London Times of October 26 last:

"I, GEORGE SPILLER, of 32 Wigmore street, W., wish to ACKNOWLEDGE the many CONGRATULATIONS received on having survived the ordeal of tracing my descent back some hundreds of years—in order to prove the apparently obvious—that I am Devonshire with a dash of Cockney." J. B. CLAPP

Dorchester, November 25.

"Kibosh" on the Coast.

As the World Wags:

If it is not too late I would like to make a contribution to the discussion of the theme "kibosh, and its derivation." The word, as its signifiance was made known to me in the first year on the Pacific coast means something vastly different from O'Dalay's "harmless blow with the open hand." A rider had gone forth to encounter some gentle herder of yet more gentle kine on a neighboring range, said gentle herder having voiced some sentiments not at all flattering to the first mentioned dramatis personae. When he rode back to the ranch house some hours later I asked no questions, having been among the punchers long enough to absorb the lesson that the tenderfoot who wants to know will find out sooner if he keeps his curiosity carefully concealed. Presently I heard the adventurer telling the other men about the corrals that he had "put the kibosh on that sucker, and did it right." A kindly "old-timer" saw I was thirsting for information, and too wise to ask questions, and explained that according to his understanding the word "kibosh" was a corruption of the Spanish "cabesa," and among the punchers it meant to beat an adversary over the head, deeming the quarrel too trivial to warrant using a forty-five in the manner its maker planned. Later I heard the expression "put the kibosh on him with a 4-year-old oak grub." That was among the more peacefully inclined wheat raisers of the Willamette valley.

CHIOCHAKO.

Melrose Highlands, Nov. 25.

"Cabesa"? We know the word "cabeza," meaning head?—Ed.

Nov 30 1915

'QUINNEYS'' HAS

By PHILIP HALE.

TREMONT THEATRE—First appearance in Boston of "Quinneys'" a comedy in four acts by Horace Annesley Vachell. Produced at the Haymarket Theatre, London, April 20, 1915, with Henry Ainley as Joseph Quinney.

Joseph Quinney.....Frederick Ross
Susan, his wife.....Margaret Watson
Posy, his daughter.....Peggy Rush
Sam Tomlin.....Arthur Grenville
Mabel Dredge.....Cathleen Nesbitt
James.....Cecil Fletcher
Cyrus P. Hunsaker.....Herbert Evans
Dupont Jordan.....Cyril Griffiths

If only Mabel Dredgs had not been lugged by the heels into this delightful comedy! Not that Miss Nesbitt is an unwelcome visitor, for her personality is pleasing and shs actsd the part well, but this sullen, melodramatic figurs is out of place. She serves no useful purpose to the dramatist. The familiar intrigue—stubborn husband and father, meek but equally obstinats wife, virtuous young foreman who prefers his Posy to a check and a raise of salary—this intrigue could have come to a satisfactory ending without Miss Dredge, ths stenographer, who had a French-maid passion for young hopeful.

A delightful comedy in spits of Miss Dredge, and in spite of the fact that the other characters have many times been set in motion by novelists and dramatists. Mr. Vachell has succeedsd in putting them into situations and giving them a new background so that they seem fresh, newly created.

Quinney deals in old furniture and rars curios. His fame as an honest dealer is world-wide. With the knowledge of the connoisseur, and the shrewdness of a Yorkshire business man, he has the passion of a collector. His sanctuary is filled with costly articles that he would not sell at any price. His wifs says that he loves his sticks and stones more than he does her and their daughter. This daughter, Posy, is his pride. She has been at a finishing school. She loves James, the foreman, and James loves her. They are surprised by her parents when they are spooning at a late hour. Quinney tells Posy to choose between her home and James. She leaves the house and her mother goes with her.

Now, Quinney had sold some Chippendale chairs to the American Hunsaker, after whom a town has been named out West. Quinney bought them as genuins and sold them as genuine. James tells him before they are all packed that they are fakes. He proves it. Quinney admits that his eyesight is not so keen as it was, but pride forbids spectacles. James knows, for he, while working with Tomlin, an unscrupulous dealer, had used Chippendale material and faked the other halves of the chairs. Tomlin is Quinney's brother-in-law, at whose house Mrs. Quinney and Posy seek refuge. Quinney follows them and blusters and storms. He takes with him Mabel, who has led him to believe that James had been intimate, perhaps too intimate, with her. But the two women are obdurate. They will not believe Mabel.

The end is as joyous as a Christmas story of Dickens. It turns out that Tomlin placed the faked chairs in the auction room where Quinney bought them. The latter nobly returns the check to the rich American, for he knows he will get what he paid for them out of Tomlin, who is in his hands and in the hands of James. He offers James a handsome sum if he will give up Posy. The virtuous youth refuses. Then Quinney at last appreciates James and gives his blessing to the couple. He woos again his wife, first giving her a "butterfly" kiss, which he had seen James that night of rage and sighs administering to Posy. As this is nothing to a Yorkshireman and as Mrs. Quinney pouts, he catches her to him and holds her closo as the curtain goes down.

A simpls story, but it is pleasantly told and the characters are drawn to the life. The dialogue is natural, often humorous, never so epigrammatic or so brilliant that we see the dramatist turning his men and women into mere pipes for the sounding of his wit. The characters are eminently human. Quinney is a Yorkshireman, but he is also a New Englander. Mrs. Quinney has her set ways, hut she is still romantic and has the saving grace of humor. Then there is the shifty dealer Tomlin; there is the foreman who fondly believes that he and Posy can be happy on four or five pounds a week.

The comedy is exceedingly well acted. Mr. Ross gives a carefully composed impersonation of Quinney, with his violent outbursts, his rough jests, his enormous appreciation of his own worth as merchant, husband, father, citizen, his bullying and nagging. The tenderness that lies beneath his boisterous and imperious ways was deftly portrayed. Charming was the scene in which he and his wife recalled their own courtship. If his quick, sharp retorts, his bitter and contemptuous words were delivered with telling force, the moments in which his pride nearly gave way in his affection for his wife and daughter were equally effective. And throughout the play there was never any unmasking. There was no glimpse of the actor. There was only the sight of Joseph Quinney.

Miss Watson gave a most pleasing performance of the wife with her pretty and reasonable obstinacy, with the romantic feelings that had not been choked by Quinney's passion for sticks and stones, with her sympathy for the young lovers, with the well of her deep affection for Quinney, who now caressed her, now jeered at her. Miss Rush pleased by her natural girlishness. Mr. Grenville's impersonation of Tomlin was fine portraiture. Mr. Fletcher was manly as the virtuous foreman, a character that could easily be made ridiculous by a too ambitious young actor.

An audience that filled the theatre was highly entertained and warmly appreciative of the comedy and the acting company.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Verdi's "Otello." Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Desdemona.....Luisa Villani
Emilia.....Elvira Leveroni
Otello.....Giovanni Zenatello
Iago.....George Baklanoff
Cassio.....Romeo Roscacci
Roderigo.....Palmiro Aleotti
Ludovico.....Alfred Kaufman
Montano.....Paolo Ananian

For some reason or other "Otello" and "Falstaff," which contain Verdi's finest operatic music, have not enjoyed the popularity of his earlier works. Perhaps the reason for a comparative lack of appreciation in the former case is the tragedy itself. To soms supersensitive souls the Moor is a blackamoor, and Desdemona's love is to them repulsivs. The horror of the tragedy is too much for others, who will complacently sit with their children at a matinee when "Tosca" is performed.

A performance of "Otelio" leads to reminiscences. Thers was the first performance at the Grand Opera House, when Italo Campanini, as producer, lost his little fortune. Then there was the first performance at Mechanics building, with Tamagno, Del Pusnte and Mme. Albani. Later in that building Maurel was associated with Tamagno and we saw Emma Eames, a beautiful Dssdemona to eye and ear. At the Boston Theatre Alvarez and Scotti were ths Moor and Iago. There havs been many performances at ths Boston Opsra House.

"Otello" was first added to ths repertoire of the Boston Opera Houss five years ago this month, when Mmes. Aida, Claessens and and Messrs. Slezak and Amato took the chief parts. Mr. Baklanoff made his first appearance as Iago on any stage Nov. 23, 1910. Mme. Villani was heard hers as Desdemona on March 11, 1914. She was substituted suddenly for Mme. Weingartner. Her associates were Miss Leveroni and Msssrs. Zenatello and Ancona, the most amiable of Iagos, who only stooped to villany to oblige the librettist.

Next to Tamagno, whose voice has been unique in the history of opera, we put Mr. Zenatello as the impersonator of the Moor. No one has approached Tamagno in ths entrance scene, in Othello's farewell to the camp, in the great duet with Iago, or in ths horror of the last act, but in the love music he bleated and was usually shockingly false to the pitch. We do not forget Alvarez, a memorable figure, whose intonation was not always secure, nor do we forget the striking impersonation of Slezak; but Mr. Zenatello as singer and actor, amorous and jealous, trusting and easily perplexed, comes next to Tamagno in vocal energy, overpowering force, while sublety is not lacking.

Mme. Villani as Desdemona sings and acts with genuine emotion. Few have given so convincing a performance of the fourth act; few have conveyed to ths audience so irresistibly the apprehension of something terrible, the melancholy of the Willow song, or have cried out so wildly to Emilia.

The character of Iago is still a subject for academic discussion. He surely should not be played as a scowling, sinister villain. It is more likely that he was a clubman, a sociable fellow in spite of his cynical quips and jests. No one suspected him, except his wife, and he thought he had reason to suspect her. The Iago of opera should be a well-graced, subtle actor and an accomplished singer. Mr. Baklanoff has given excelleent impersonations, characterizations, in this opera house. He thinks for himself; he works out his own conceptions. His Tonio and Escamillo, for example, are wholly unlike those to which we are accustomed. He was reported five years ago as saying that Iago was not to him a thankful part. We cannot put his Iago among his best roles. His performance is too direct, too obvious in villany. There should be more lightness in the earlier scenes with Otello. In the recitatives and in melodic phrases there should be more varied inflection; not so much straightforward, vigorous singing.

Let us begin the day cheerfully. A volume of memoirs recently published in London contains this improving anecdote: Dean Stanley, in the heat of conversation and carving a duck, landed the bird on the floor. A guest cried, "The cat is coming." "Never mind," said the dean, "I've got my foot on the duck."

Intelligent Censorship.

The censor of the stags in Paris is a worthy brother of the censors of the stage in Boston and of the incensors of the press in London. Performances of Corneille's "Horace" and Moliers's "Le Malade Imaginaire" were held up at the Comedie Francaise for a few days because the censor "had not had time to read the plays." The same theatre wished to revive a play by Scribe. The censor telephoned to the Comedie and said: "We have not yet had time to read M. Scribe's play. Will you kindly let us have at once M. Scribe's address in Paris?"

With Spats, Sir.

We like to see an elderly man, or a professional "dresser," walking along with irreproachable spats. Pleased yesterday by the sight of Mr. Hyacinth Lovage, mincing on Tremont street, we wondered who invented spats, who was the first man to sport them. The name of the hero that first used the umbrella and that of the one who first donned a plug hat are on a memorial tablet in the vast hall of fame. The dictionary informs us that "spat" is an abbreviation of "spatterdash," and gives the date, 1802, as that of the first appearance of "spat" in literature. But here comes a writer who, beginning his story "One of those things not generally known," says that the wearing of spats originated as a compliment to the kilted regiments who wore them in the Indian mutiny. "The glorious deeds of the Highlanders in that campaign made them popular heroes, and the public adopted many things in dress in imitation of Scotch uniform. Among these things were spats, and they have never been out of fashion among smart people since the days of Sir Colin Campbell."

Sunbeams from Cucumbers.

Here is a curious attempt at derivation. Mr. A. Kipling Common of the Cocoa Tree Club, London, is disturbed because in the dictionary he finds the derivation of the slang term "to kid" as possibly "kid," a child, "which, however, is only to derive one slang word from another." He suggests a "more probable" derivation. He invokes the awful shade of Capt. Kidd, and tells the thrice familiar tale of how Kidd, sent out to clear the Indian ocean of pirates, turned pirate himself for the sake of gain. "Whether or not the word 'kid' is derived from this source it may be impossible to say; but it is very certain that, on this occasion, the wily Capt. Kidd completely succeeded in 'kidding' his too credulous and confiding patrons."

And so the work of extracting sunbeams from cucumbers goes bravely on even at ths Cocoa Trse Club. We should like to examine the bumps on Mr. A. Kipling Common's cocoanut. Can any one explain why ths Christian name of Capt. Kidd—"I see him now on his long, low, black, rakish craft"—is given by some as Robert, by others as William?

The Split Infinitive.

We have received letters about the "split infinitive." They have been publishsd in The Herald. The London Chronicle looks on ths splitting as a criminal act. Nots this paragraph: "Ths defenders of the split infinitive are committed to strange blunders. 'An Oxford Graduate' writes to Notes and Queries of his joyful discovery of one of these things in Shakespeare. 'To be truly touched'—there you are! But, inasmuch as 'be' is the only infinitive in this sentence and follows its sign, 'to,' immediately, and seeing that the only other verb is a participle, where, in the name of the commonest sense, does the splitting come in? The 'Graduate' is anonymous, so one may ask, without personal discourtesy, how, with that amount of logical faculty, he graduated."

Mr. Edward Smith, writing to Notes and Queries of Nov. 13, is less irritated by the splitting. "This artificial grievance," he says, "is quite modern. The late Mr. Andrew Lang began it in Longman's Magazine, I think, some 20 years ago or more. Since then every second-rate journalist who is ready to pose as a purist has fallen foul of the split infinitive. There is nothing absolutely wrong about this locution, although, perhaps, it is inelegant, and the matter may well be left to ths pedants. It probably arises from a French idiom. The French are more accustomed than ourselves to put a tonic force upon an adjective or adverb that is placed before an active verb. Hence their very frequent use of the split infinitive when writing English. For example, Du Maurier:

> The only way to keenly appreciate and thoroughly enjoy the priceless gifts.
> To suddenly find himself at dusk.
> Works that she grew to thoroughly master.

The tonic force I allude to occurs in

> His eyes quiveringly glittered.
> While he surreptitiously read.
> A power of immediately inspiring affection,

by the same clever and really elegant writer."

"The Only Girl," musical comedy in three acts, words by Henry Blossom, music by Victor Herbert, produced at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre, New York, Nov. 2, 1914, first time in Boston.

Alan Kimbrough.....Thurston Hall
Sylvester Martin.....Richard Bartlett
John Ayre.....Jed Prouty
Andrew McMurray.....Ernest Torrence
Ruth Wilson.....Wilda Bennett
Saunders.....John Findlay
Birdie Martin.....Louise Kelley
Margaret Ayre.....Olga Roller
Jane McMurray.....Vivian Wessell
Patrice La Montrose.....Leona Stephens
Ruby.....Marion Sitgreaves
Violet.....Gladys Schultz
Viola.....Antoinette Morton
Paula.....Gretchen Thomas
Pearle.....Gertrude Thurston
Renee.....Janet McIlwaine

An expectant audience, tired of the tuning of instruments, kept wistful eyes on the orchestra pit, awaiting the entrance from beneath the stage of Mr. Herbert, who had been announced to lead the opening performance. They saw only a smooth-faced man, who might have been Mr. Kautzenbach, but who never by the most inept could have been mistaken for Mr. Herbert, arise, baton in hand. The orchestra struck a chord and sustained it—and Mr. Herbert pattered down the right aisle from the rear of the house. The stage was set for his entrance, with Mme. Fritzi Scheff, for whom he wrote "Mile. Modiste" and "The Prima Donna," in a right-hand box. And so Mr. Herbert, composer of at least 22 scores of operettas and musical comedies, a musician of note and of national distinction, permitted himself to be "circused." That, perhaps, was the only undignified note in an evening of otherwise unalloyed enjoyment.

"The Only Girl," which is frankly admitted to be an adaptation, as far as theme is concerned, of Frank Mandel'a comedy, "Our Wives," is the fourth of record in which Mr. Blosasom and Mr. Herbert have collaborated. Sometimes, as in "The Red Mill," Mr. Herbert has won the greater glory because of the dominance of the acore over the libretto; sometimes, as in "Mile. Modiste," each has achieved equal distinction. It ahould be said that in "The Only Girl" Mr. Blosaom runs firat. That should matter little, however, in a broad rcview of the performance, because here, as always, the two men have worked in absolute sympathy and harmony. Wherever the book called for melody it was supplied aptly, gracefully, most satiafyingly. Mr. Herbert has plenty of time, especially in the aecond act, to watch the performance; but, once he rises and waves his magic wand, the situation is his as long as an eager audience wills it.

At the end of the second act the composer, who happened to be on the stage at the moment, made a neat little curtain speech in which he expressed his satisfaction that the producer had given to Boston the original company which had appeared for 10 months in New York. With several exceptions Mr. Herbert was quite right. Miss Stephens has replaced Miss Adele Rowland as "Patsy," and the parts of Ruby, Violet, Viola, Paula, Pearle and Renee are in fresh hands. This is no detraction, however, from the individual and collective merits of the present company.

Thanks to the good lines supplied by Mr. Blossom, the fluent score of Mr. Herbert, and the almost scholarly direction of Mr. Latham, it may be said that seldom has a musical comedy "troupe" made a better impression. Each of the 16 characters has a part to play; each part calls for intelligent acting; and in no instance was it possible to find a weak link in the chain. Of the men Mr. Torrence, as the lanky Scot, and Mr. Findlay, as the ingratiating valet, Saunders, were especially fine. Mr. Bartlett and Mr. Prouty, in the first act, misjudged the acoustics of the theatre, and were vocally boisterous.

As to the women, it would be ungallant to express an opinion as to superiority; in truth all were delightful. Miss Bennett acted with charming simplicity and sang her one solo, "When You're Away," with a finesse and brilliancy which must have reminded Miss Scheff. In her box, of that haunting waltz song which fell to her in "Mile. Modiste." Indeed, Mr. Herbert wrote the two numbers apparently when in the same exalted mood. Miss Stephens made it quite obvious, as Mr. Blossom intended, that "Patsy" was of the vaudeville, trying to "break into musical comedy." She reminded one of Rose Stahl in a musical setting.

The story of "The Only Girl" was sketched in the musical and dramatic columns of The Sunday Herald, and need not be retold. It suffices that Mr. Blossom, who has been quiet for several seasons, has written one of the cleverest books of his steady career; line after line sparkles, not with the cold brilliance of the dialogue of the most recent British farce and comedy successes, but with the quiet humor and the "big town" sophistication which an average American audience can catch and chuckle and laugh at before he gets to sleep that same night. His lyrics are smooth and, what is extremely rare, co-ordinate and progressive with the story he is telling.

Mr. Herbert, as has been said, knows exactly how to match Mr. Blossom's moods and lines and verses. Worthy of note was the quartet for the four men, "Be Happy, Boys, Tonight"; the trio, "Be Fresh, Bunkie and Corksey, When Your Ankle Wears the Ball and Chain"; another trio, "Equal Rights," for the three wives, the waltz theme which is woven in and out of the story; and "You Have to Have a Part to Make a Hit," which "Patsy" sings in the third act. Thanks, also, to Mr. Herbert's power in his profession and to his invariable insistence, there was an orchestra fit in strength and quality to interpret adequately the beauties of the score. The two settings were in excellent taste and the costumes, if a trifle bizarre, were of apparent interest to the women.

"The Only Girl" is clean, refreshing, and wholly worthy.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE — Margaret Anglin in "Beverly's Balance," a comedy by Paul Kester. First performance in Boston.

K. W.

Watt Dinwiddie.....Donald Cameron
Murphy.....Howard Lindsey
Mrs. Maria Randolph....Mrs. Charles G. Craig
Beverly Dinwiddie.....Miss Anglin
J. Courtland Redlaw.....Alfred Lunt
Mrs. Redlaw.....Saxone Moriand

Mr. Kester's piece has been acted variously as "The Desert Island," "The Woman in the Case" and "The Balance." It has been described as a satire on prevailing social conditions of New York life.

It is true that facetious remarks are flippantly exchanged about mariage, divorce, corespondents, that a social butterfly is contrasted with a woman of character and sentiment, but Mr. Kester aa a satirist is not succesaful. His wit is not keen, incisive, scintillating.

The story might be quickly told. Beverly Dinwiddie, a young choir singer of Virginia, comes to New York to sing at a fashionable church. Her voice fails and she loses her position. Penniless she accepts an engagement in the chorus of a musical comedy "where the voice does not matter," according to the press agent, who rechristens the young woman Bobbie St. Ledger. More lucrative employment, however, is found in acting as platonic co-respondent for J. Courtland Redlaw, an amiable millionaire, whose wife wants a divorce that she may marry an earl. The play is chiefly concerned with Miss Dinwiddie's successful efforts to reunite Mr. and Mrs. Redlaw and with her cousin's procrastination in addressing his proposal.

The first act begins well with Mrs. Dinwiddie and her highly respectable aunt entreating financial aid from their only relation in New York, Watt Dinwiddie. He haa posed as a flourishing lawyer. Instead, he has no clients and less money. The scene with Redlaw is amusing and there is promise of entertaining developments. The second act, however is disappointing, and consists solely of dialogue. This resolves itself mainly into duets between the leading characters. There is a sparring for time before Miss Anglin's entrance. Aunt Maria interviews the janitor and urges the backward Watt to pursue his suit, with ecstatic comments on the southern chivalry of her day. Redlaw grows amorous, imagines he loves Beverly. She lectures him on love, marriage and ideals. The sudden return from Europe of Mrs. Redlaw, cured of her infatuation, and burning to rescue her adored husband from the clutches of "that creature," restores a temporary impetus to the action. Beverly locks husband and wife in her flat, determined on reconciliation.

In the third act Mr. and Mrs. Redlaw are seen embracing. Beverly and Aunt Maria have spent the night in the waiting room of the Pennsylvania station. There la general rejoicing and mutual admiration. Beverly's financial and marital future is assured.

Miss Anglin, herself, was wholly admirable. It is a pity that the play is not more worthy of her. She acted as is her wont with charm, grace and individuality. Her delineation of character was both clever and subtle. Her lines were delivered with customary distinction. She was feminine, lovable.

Mr. Lunt, for a time a member of the Craig Players, was warmly welcomed. Mrs. Charles Craig played the southern aunt admirably. Mr. Cameron was in turn reluctant and impetuous as Watt.

A large audience applauded Miss Anglin and the company.

DE GOGORZA

K. W.

Emilio de Gogorza, baritone, gave a recital at Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows: Gluck, Air de Thoas, from "Iphigenie en Tauride"; Monsigny, Air du Deserteur, "Je ne deserterai jamais"; Granados, "Ah Muerte Cruel," "De Aquella Maja Amante," "El tra la la y el punteado"; Carpenter, "On the Seashore of Endless Worlds," "When I Bring You Colored Toys," "The Cock Shall Crow"; Rogers, Wind song; Homer, "The Fiddler of Dooney"; Scott, "Why So Pale and Wan?"; Elgar, "The Pipes of Pan"; d'Indy, Lied Maritime; Ropartz, Lever d'Aube; Debussy, Chevaux de Bois, Voici que le Prin temps. Richard Hageman was the accompanist.

The songs by Granados on yesterday's program were inspired by paintings by Goya. They are included in the song cycle the "Maja Dolorosa" and were written for a woman's voice, but Mr. de Gogorza became so enamored of them that he changed words and cases for his own use.

Goya's works might well be a fertile source of inspiration for composers. Monks, muleteers, bull-fighters, harlots, statesmen, aristocrats were his companions. He saw life in every phase and painted it with unflinching realism. Though he would leave the company of Spanish nobles to consort in low haunts with night birds he could play the courtier at will. Titled women threw themselves at him. There is the famous dispute as to the identity of his portraits the Maja naked, and the Maja clothed. Legend has it that the sitter was none other than the beautiful Duchess of Alba and that the second portrait was painted for her husband's inspection. Others say the lady was a simple light o' love, more or less known to the Prince de la Paix, who ordered the paintings.

In one song, as arranged by Mr. de Gogorza, the lover mourns his Maja's death; in another the charms of the departed are described; in the third the lover answers the Maja's pointed questions flippantly. The first has tragic significance, the second elegiac tenderness, the third whimsical humor.

Although the singer's voice was not in good condition, the charm of his diction, the finesse and warmth of his interpretation and his personal authority gave great pleasure to a large audience. He sang the air of Monsigny, the melodist, with elegance of style, and his dramatic and musical intelligence served him well in the Spanish songs. Vitalized by his emotional nature the songs by Homer, Scott and Elgar assumed momentary importance. Rogers's song was repeated. There were many instances of fine phrasing, as in the "Chevaux de Bois," and the songs by Carpenter. "On the Seashore of Endless Worlds" has not been more poetically sung here or with a more eloquent appreciation of the contrasts in the text.

Recalled many times, Mr. de Gogorza lengthened the program.

FRITZI SCHEFF GETS WELCOME AT B. F. KEITH'S

Popular Prima Donna Heads Excellent Vaudeville Bill.

Fritzi Scheff, Vienneae prima donna, returned to Boston yesterday to head a musical bill at B. F. Keith'a Theatre. Her repertoire of classical selections, followed by a medley of popular songs, waa greeted by unstinted applause, but not until Miss Scheff sang her famous "Kiss Song" waa her triumph complete. She was compelled to appear time and again in answer to the demands of her audience, and it wns not until she had consented to sing another selection that she was allowed to close her part of the performancea.

Another musical act, different from anything yet seen at B. F. Keith's Theatre, is Crossman's Eight Entertainers. The company consists of four women and four men, all accomplished musicians. With banjos, trombone, drums and piano, the act was one of the finest heard in this theatre this season. From the classical to the popular they jump with ease, then jump back to classical.

"Behind the Grand Stand," a county fairground sketch, with Harry and Emma Shamrocks, brought out a telepathic act that was entirely novel and screamingly funny as Emma Shamrocks described the articles picked out in the audience by Harry, the "ballyhoo man."

Others who make this week's bill one of the best of the season are the Ramsdell Trio, dancers; Jean Tyson, the international boy, who is not a boy, but a very delightful woman when the wig is taken off; William Lloyd and George F. Britt in songs and dialogue; George Bancroft and Octavia Broske, singers; Charles Hoey and Harry Lee in a burlesque skit called "The Nominee," and the Kerville Family, trick billiardists.

"THE GATES OF AMERICA" GIVEN FOR FIRST TIME

The Grand Opera House was filled almost to its capacity last night, the occasion being the first performance on any stage of "The Gates of America," a play in four acts and an episode by H. Grattan Donnelly, author of "Darkest Russia," "Ship Ahoy" and other dramas familiar to old-time theatregoers.

William Grew and Miss Gwendoline Pates of the Grew-Pates Players, by whom the production is presented, have plenty of opportunity to demonstrate their versatile histronic ability in several heart-gripping scenes. Mr. Grew is well fitted for the part of Julius Witmark, the young Jew, who thinks that he must choose between his religion and the girl he loves, while Miss Pates, who plays opposite him, in the role of Marie O'Connor, scored a tremendous success.

MME. ALEXANDER'S RECITAL

Mme. Caroline Hudson-Alexander, soprano, gave a song recital in Jordan Hall last evening. Charles Albert Baker accompanied her. Her program was as follows: Handel, The Meeting, from "Rodelinda"; O Sleep, Why Dost Thou Leave Me, from "Semele"; Alleluiah, from "Esther"; Brahms, Maedchen Lieder—Dort in den Weiden, Ach, und du mein Kuehles Wasser, Salome, Ueber die See, Maedchenfluch; Duparc, Chanson Triste, Extase; Debussy, Fantoches; Salter, Last Night I Heard the Nightingale; Lehmann, The Charmer's Song; Milligan, Tomorrow; Marzials, Twickenham Ferry; Somervell's Shepherd's Cradle Song; Stewart, Awake, Dear Heart.

The program was an interesting one, including, as it did airs by Handel, the immortal melodist; two songs by Duparc, one of the most exquisite and poetic composers in this line, and Somervell's "Shepherd's Cradle Song." It is strange that no one sings Somervell's "Once at the Angelus," written before he became academic and prosperous.

Mme. Hudson-Alexander has deservedly been a favorite here as a singer in oratorio. She has a pure, sympathetic, expressive voice of liberal compass and she sings skilfully, intelligently, effectively.

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KNEISEL ARTISTS

By PHILIP HALE.

The second concert of the Kneisel quartet took place last night in Steinert Hall. The quartet was assisted by Josef Kovarik, viola, and Leo Schulz, violoncello. The program was as follows: Brahms, Sextet in G major, op. 36; David S. Smith, quartet in A major, op. 37 (ms., for first time); Schubert, quintet in C major, op. 163.

It is said that Brahms was moved to write the Sextet in G major by his love for Agathe, the daughter of a professor of medicine at Gottingen. The unhappy student in Canning's poem also was in love with a maiden of Gottingen.

> There first for thee my passion grew.
> Sweet, sweet Matilda Pottingen!
> Thou wast the daughter of my tutor, law professor at the University of Gottingen,
> niversity of Gottingen.

Agathe's surname probably did not rnyme with Gottingen. The biographers of Brahms allude to her as "Agathe S." They find her Christian name in notation more than once in this sextet. They inquire curiously into the reason why there was no marriage. As a matter of fact Brahms shrank from marriage. According to report, he, like Sainte-Beuve, looked kindly on serving maids. Perhaps he had read the essay in which Hazlitt declares that he prefera rough-handed, red-cheeked daughters of toil to your fine Clementinas and other noble dames.

The imperfectly identified Agathe is more interesting than the sextet that she inspired. Too much of it is in Brahms's cryptic, crabbed vein. "Old mole! Cans't work i' the earth so fast?" The opening measures of the first theme of the first movement—the two ascending fifths—no longer excite surprise. Yet there are beautiful things, beautiful in Brahms's melancholy way, as the main body of the Scherzo. The trio of this Scherzo has a rude jollity that is not displeasing. It may be said of the Theme and Variations that however interesting the workmanship may he to a student, the music, to use Mozart's phrase, does not sound, and this is true of the Finale. The Sextet was played "con amore" by the Kneisels and their assistants.

Mr. Smith, we believe, is a profesaor at Yale, at least he is referred to in music journals and by press agents as "Prof. Smith." In this quartet he evidently endeavors to write unlike a professor, for his music is anything but formal and academic. It is not a work to be fully comprehended perhaps at one hearing. Last night the quartet seemed rhapsodic, disconnected, with a straining after original effects in color and in contrasts. At times, as in the last section, the composer made effects, and legitimately. The general impression was that the composer had attempted a tour de force. Too little of the music was spontaneous.

The quintet by a composer who wrote with the utmost spontaneity, whose wealth of melodic ideas was sometimes squandered, brought an end to a concert that evidently gave the audience pleasure.

The third concert will be on Jan. 4.

REPEAT "LA BOHEME" BUT WITH DIFFERENT CAST

Mme. Villani Replaces Miss Teyte and Mr. Martin, Mr. Botta.

Puccini's "La Boheme" was repeated last night, but not with the cast that gave so much pleasure last Friday. Mme. Villani replaced Miss Teyte and Mr. Martin, not Mr. Botta, took the part of Rodolfo. Miss Amazar and Messrs. Chalmers, Mardones and Pulitti were heard again in their respective roles. Mr. Moranzoni conducted. As

before the Faust "Walpurgis," with Miss Pavlowa and the Russian dancers followed.

"Faust" will be the opera this evening with the Walpurgis Night scene and ballet. Miss Lyne will be seen for the first time as Marguerite and Mr. Baklanoff for the first time as Mephistopheles. It is said that Mr. Baklanoff first took this role in Vienna, when he was a member of the Imperial Opera Company. As his conception differs materially from that generally adopted on the operatic stage, his remarks about it are interesting. "What I endeavor to present while playing Mephistopheles is not a materialized spirit but an idea, and that is why I have abandoned a great deal of the so-called tradition connected with the part. Of course, I admit that within the scene of Gounod's opera such a treatment of a role could not be brought to the same point of perfect characterization as it is possible to do in modern works, but I have believed and believe that the part presents great possibilities from the purely dramatic point of view, even if the music does not always suit the idea expressed in the text."

Baklanoff an Interesting Mephistopheles, Dramatically Effective.

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Gounod's "Faust," with the Walpurgis Night scene. Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Faust ..... Mr. Zenatello
Mephistopheles ..... Mr. Baklanoff
Valentin ..... Mr. Chalmers
Siebel ..... Miss Campbell
Wagner ..... Mr. Pinlti
Marguerite ..... Miss Lyne
Martha ..... Miss Leveroni

Mr. Baklanoff took the part of Mephistopheles for the first time in this city. His impersonation was an unusually interesting one, and not merely because he did not go abroad, among villagers, in the church, and a-serenading, in a suit of flaming red. Mr. Maurel, the last time he was here with the San Carlo company, as Mephistopheles took pains with his costumes. One of them was mouse colored and very handsome. Mr. Baklanoff's impersonation was something more than a matter of dress.

It was dramatically ingenious and effective. He is reported as saying that he wished to present on the stage an idea rather than a materialized spirit. A spectator, however, looks at Mephistopheles as he does at any one of the other characters. For the time being Mephistopheles is in human shape; he is recognized by the simple folk at the Kermis as a singular being, a reader of hands, with the power to draw good wine from a tavern sign; in fact, with a bag full of sorcerer's tricks. No doubt, they thought, he was in league with Satan. Hence they made the sign of the cross with their sword hilts. And so the spectator, knowing who Mephistopheles really is, nevertheless is obliged to consider him in the flesh, and not as an idea. The devil, as Hamlet remarked, hath power to assume a pleasing shape; he can also be malignant, cynical and obscene and yet wear the mask of a man.

Mr. Baklanoff's Mephistopheles is first of all malignant. He at once despises Faust because the latter does not demand at least a kingdom in exchange for his soul. What! the poor fool wishes his youth restored! And so the fiend invokes the image of a fair haired wench. He loathes the merry makers at the Kermis. For one of them to touch him would hurt his pride. If Marguerite had not opened her window to tell her tale to the stars, he might have had respect for her, as one strong enough to have thwarted him, but he would at once have set another trap for her. Having yielded, she is no more to him than her dead brother. This spirit of cynical malignity was portrayed with marked force.

This Mephistopheles was always sinister. He did not play the buffoon as others have done in the part; he did not race across the stage, so that Martha was obliged to trot by his side; he was never good humored, no villager would for a moment have suspected him of being a good fellow beneath a rough surface. Nor did Mr. Baklanoff's Mephistopheles squirm about or rush upon the swords and then writhe and retreat with fearful grimaces and gnashing of the teeth; he did not bite his sword in his impotent rage. He was not a melodramatic devil accompanied by red fire.

A remarkable performance dramatically. Perhaps Mr. Baklanoff was too much in the foreground during the love duet. Marguerite would surely have seen him. The apparition would have cooled her blood. With this exception, his stage business was singularly effective, never forced, never grotesque. A figure with the bent shoulders of an evil thinker, with the walk of one meditating mischief.

But after all Gounod's "Faust" is not an ultra modern opera with few defined melodic lines. Gounod's music was intended to be sung, as if it were by Bellini or Donizetti. It is not impossible to be dramatic in pure song. Mr. Baklanoff was too often dramatic at the expense of the music. Take his delivery of "The Calf of Gold," for instance. He deliberately checked the rhythmic flow to emphasize the satirical lines. He did the same thing in the serenade. Nor were these the only instances of a mephistophelian disregard of rhythm. To snarl and sneer is all very well, but why thus ruin the music even though it be only arioso or recitative? What become of Gounod's music, when Mephistopheles went in angry and sullen mood up and down before Marguerite's house, as though he were sick of Faust's company and the whole business?

Dramatically, then, the performance of Mr. Baklanoff was uncommonly effective. We have heard the music more effectively sung and with more wealth and beauty of tone by far inferior actors.

Miss Lyne took the part of Marguerite for the first time in Boston She was a sympathetic figure. She acted simply and with girlish sweetness in the opening scenes. In the church her anguish and despair awakened little pity. Her intonation was not always secure, especially in the "King of Thule" and the "Jewel" song. Miss Campbell, who was substituted for Miss Clement, was a sturdy Siebel with a good voice and a tendency to sing below the pitch. Miss Leveroni's Martha is familiar.

She is to be praised for not acting the part in low comedy vein. Mr. Chalmers was a manly Valentine. He sang the air written for Santley in London with the requisite breadth and spirit. The chorus gave an uncommonly good performance of the Kermis scene. The "Walpurgis Night" act, often omitted outside of France, does not contain much music that is worth while; but the striking scenery, the effects of color, the posing and the dancing are to be remembered. Mme. Pavlowa and her ballet had presented this scene here before. Mr. Moranzoni gave a fine orchestral reading. The audience was the largest of the season.

The opera tonight will be "Cavalleria Rusticana" with Mme. Villani and Mr. Martin. It will be followed by Glazounoff's dramatic ballet in two acts, "Raymonda."

MISS VERA BARSTOW GIVES VIOLIN RECITAL

Entertainment Given at Jordan Hall—Audience Pleased.

Miss Vera Barstow, violinist, gave a recital at Jordan Hall last evening. Anton Hoff was the pianist. The program was as follows: Tartini, sonata in G minor; Schumann, In the Garden, at the Fountain; Cartier-Kreisler, La Chasse; Vieutemps, Rondino; Brahms, sonata in A major; Tirindelli, Pierrot Gai; Von Kunits, Album Leaf; Kolar, Indian Scherzo.

Like many other young violinists, Miss Barstow has excellent qualities to commend her. Last evening her tone was agreeable, sympathetic, sufficiently large. Her exposition of various phases of technic was lucid, intelligent. She showed good taste in phrasing. She observed the conventional marks of expression.

All this does not justify public appearance, does not assure the attention of an audience. Violin playing of a very high order is plentiful.

No doubt Miss Barstow has studied diligently. No doubt she is a musician of earnest ambition and serious ideals. Perhaps in time she will be heard to greater advantage. At present her playing is impersonal, phlegmatic, and one looks in vain for some distinguishing characteristic. She is not yet an interpreter, with the result that the attention of her hearers is neither compelled by the pyrotechnical display of a youthful prodigy nor interested by the revelations of seasoned maturity.

A friendly audience was evidently much pleased.

ANNE ARKADIJ

By PHILIP HALE.

Anne Arkadij, soprano, gave her first song recital in Boston yesterday afternoon. Her program was as follows: Schumann, Des Sennen Abschied, Fruechlingsnacht; Franz, Vergessen, Es hat die Rose sich beklagt; Grieg, Dein Rath ist wohl gut; Brahms, Auf dem Kirchofe, Minnelied, Dort in den Weiden Liebestren, Vergebliches Staendchen; H. Wolf, Heb' auf dein blondes Haupt, Ich hab' in Penna einen Liebsten Wohnen; E. Wolff, Glaub' es mir, In der Seele ein Wachsen und Keimen; Marx und gestern hat er mir Rosen gebracht; Harris, Reinecke, From the Rubaiyat, The Seal's Lullaby; Foote, I'm wearing awa', Jean; H. Burleigh, The Grey Wolf; Chadwick, The Rose Leans Over the Pool; J. H. Rogers, The Star. Walter Rothwell was the accompanist.

Mme. Arkadij, an American, born Comstock, in Rome, N. Y., intended to be a pianist. Studying the piano in New York, she found out that she had a voice. Having taken singing lessons in New York, she went to Dresden for further study. As a contralto she sang at the opera houses of St. Gall, Zurich and Berne. After a year of study in Munich, she decided that her voice was soprano. In Berlin she has coached with Emil Paur. Mr. Rothwell is known here as the conductor of Mr. Savage's "Parsifal" company. For some years afterward he conducted the St. Paul Symphony orchestra.

The program was a conventional one. It would have been welcomed, with the exception of the last group of songs in English, in any small German city. Mme. Arkadij sang the songs in the manner of a conventional German singer, but with purer intonation than is usually heard in German concert halls.

The voice itself is of better quality in the lower and middle registers than in the upper. The extreme upper tones yesterday were forced and shrill. The voice has apparently been worked up beyond its natural limitation.

What is more to the point is that Mme. Arkadij is a monotonous interpreter. The songs of Schumann, Franz, Greig, Brahms she sang in practically the same way. She followed the composer's directions as to piano and forte, but there were no nuances, there was no subtlety, no imagination in her interpretation. Today something more than the ability to sing the notes correctly is expected of a Lieder singer.

Mr. Rothwell is an excellent conductor, but as a pianist a heavy accompanist.

An audience of fair size applauded each song in turn.

Ask me not Phillis why I do refuse
To kisse thee as the most of galliants use,
For seeing oft thy dog to fawn and skip
Upon thy lap and joyning lip to lip,
Although thy kisses I full faine would crave;
Yet would I not thy dog my rivall have.

On and Off the Stage.

It was known while Mr. Sam Sothern was acting here in "A Pair of Silk Stockings" and playing the part delightfully that Mrs. Sothern in England was seeking a divorce. London newspapers just arrived give an account of the final proceedings. "Counsel said that on receiving an account for a pair of lady's riding breeches ordered by Mr. Sothern, but not for her, she made inquiries." It will be remembered that in "A Pair of Silk Stockings" the man played by Mr. Sothern was injuriously suspected by his wife because he had given a set of furs to some woman unknown to her; yet the husband in the play made the gift only out of sheer good nature, and at the end husband and wife were reconciled after a restitution decree had already been granted. Mrs. Sothern is a handsome woman. She wore her court dress bravely in "The Twelve Pound Look." When she was complimented on her carriage she answered: "Why shouldn't I wear the dress well? I have been presented at court." Nor can a pair of riding breeches be justly called a more damaging present than a set of nestling, embracing furs.

Small Beer.

We have often praised volumes of memoirs, diaries, journals as capital reading, for bed or desirable window-seat books for a rainy day in the country. But who would be tempted to read the diary of Mary, Viscountess Palmerston, if it were published. Here are a few extracts that "F. H. S." thought worth printing in Notes and Queries:

10th June—"Dined at home. Harry had a blister put on, and unluckily I had an assembly, but we moved him into a quiet room. We had 139 people; the house was much admired. It began at 9 o'clock, and all were gone by 1."

28th July—"Harry fainted away."

19th Aug.—"Went to Southampton in the phaeton."

5th Feb.—"Messrs. Penton, Williams and Warner called."

Course Dinners.

Capt. Bathurst proposed in the House of Commons that a fine of £100 should be the penalty against eating a dinner of more than three courses, and against the wearing of silks, satins and costly furs. There have been many sumptuary laws. In the time of Edward III it was enacted that no man should be allowed more than two courses at dinner or supper. There is now discussion in England over the true meaning of "three courses." A contributor to the Daily Chronicle says the phrase as employed during the middle of the 19th century included soup, fish, great dishes "top and bottom," side dishes, "removed" by what were later called entrees, and the bird, and the sweets." The three courses of Capt. Bathurst are probably soup, meat and a sweet.

It is suggested that the meat, vegetables, biscuits and cheese be kept for half-past one and the soup and the sweet for 8 P. M. "Soup and a sweet"!

"Course dinners," that is, pompous, swollen feasts, are an abomination, either in public dining rooms or in private (with or without a "guest of honor"). Some, however, judge the success of a dinner by the number of courses. Thus, the late Terence J. Quinn of Troy, N. Y., gave to his constituents, a glowing description of a "banquet," at which he sat in Washington, D. C. "We had 13 courses, and we never changed a plate." The prudent man, forced to sit out an elaborate dinner, eats only two or three dishes, never fish, joint and game at the same meal. How barbaric the custom of serving a bird after a saddle of mutton or a fillet of beef! Then think of the magoo served at the end! Mr. Thomas Walker's recommendation in "The Original," always pleases us: herrings, hashed mutton, and cranberry tart. His dinner at the Athenaeum made him think of the "gorgeous, encumbered style with pity and contempt." It was thus composed: a dozen and a half of small oysters, a flounder, water zoutchied with brown bread and butter; a grouse with French beans.

We wish that some publisher would include in one volume Walker's articles on "Aristology, or the Art of Dining," De Quincey's "Casuistry of Roman Meals," essays by Thackeray on French restaurants, the preparatory remarks of George Augustus Sala in his cook book, Charles Astor Bristed's "Table Aesthetics," and extracts from the romances of Mortimer Collins. What a pocket companion for the man on a strict diet! For he is your true epicure. His taste is more exquisite than that of Apicius Jenkins at the Porphyry, who sits at dinner for two hours and more and is not contented with less than six or seven courses.

Ah, for the good old days in New England when there was no soup except on festival occasions; when meat and vegetables were all put on the table at once. The hostess wielding a huge spoon would bury it in the mashed potato or squash and with a jerk throw a generous portion on your plate. After meat and vegetables came pie. There were often two kinds. The iced water pitcher was within reach. A goblet stood by each plate. "Will you have anything from the castor?" It towered on the centre of the table, waiting to be twirled. Good old days, when there was no talk of germs or health foods, when appendicitis was called by the family doctor inflammation of the bowels and treated with sweet oil.

"Beware of the man of one book!" No one need fear the man of six or seven courses.

By the way, does any one speak today of a remove, meaning a dish brought on in place of one removed? Thackeray in his "Shabby Genteel Story"—one of the best novels he wrote—speaks of a maid bringing in a "remove of hashed mutton." In 1820 "The Hermit in London" mentioned "two courses and removes, consisting of about 30 dishes." The word meant at first a dish to be changed while the rest of the course remains.

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FLONZALEYS

By PHILIP HALE.

The Flonzaley quartet gave the first concert of its ninth season in Boston last evening in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Cesar Franck, quartet in D major; Haydn, quartet in D minor, op. 76, No. 2; Stravinsky, Three Pieces for Quartet (Ms. First time here).

The pieces by Stravinsky are very short. The performance of the first lasts less than a minute; that of the three not more than seven or eight minutes. The pieces are impressionistic and written in ultra-modern vein. Before they were played, Prof. Spalding of Harvard University at the request of the Flonzaley quartet read an explanation; that is what the composer had in mind. Stravinsky, it seems, confided to the players that he had intended to call his pieces "Grotesques." The first to him suggested a desert with a bagpipe player, a drum, and peasants rudely dancing. The second pictures a Pierrot laboring under great sorrow, yet forced to go through his antics. The third is, perhaps, the conclusion of this tragedy. There is a funeral service in a Russian church. Priests are heard chanting and there is the sound of the organ.

These pieces are exceedingly interesting. Highly imaginative, they say more in a little compass than is to be found in many long-winded symphonic poems made in Germany. The second is dramatic in its contrasts. The conflicting emotions, as described in the too famous song of the Canio of "Pagliacci," are finely, unmistakably, and musically expressed. The third is impressive in its suggestion of the droning priests, the hints at the "Dies Irae," the solemn organ. The very untunefulness of the chanting is poetically realistic. The surety of the composer's technic is admirable.

These pieces may have been written in a jocose mood, but they are not the less excellent. They may be characterized as "futurist" music. If they are, let us hear more of this "madness." We hasten to add that they are in no respect to be classed with Mr. Leo Ornstein's compositions. It would have been well if the Flonzaleys had repeated the performance. Let us hope that they will play them again before the season is at an end. Fortunately for us the Imperial Russian ballet will soon produce one or two of Stravinsky's ballets.

r Franck ... s old ... ouest of a ... quartet ... 67 when he made the first sketches ... -Saens in like manner said that ... did not dare attempt to write a ... rtet until he was over 60. Our young ... mposers are not so timorous. Prof. ... S. Smith of Yale University has already written two quartets.

This quartet of Franck's is surely one the noblest, one of the most beautiful works in the literature of music. With each performance the ineffable spirituality of the work is more and more revealed. While all emotions are sounded, there is no earthly dross. While there is supreme workmanship, here is no glimpse of the workshop. The performance was inspired and inspiring.

And between this quartet by a man who was grossly misunderstood and neglected in his own day and the pieces of Stravinsky, a man with a musical idiom as yet strange to us, came a delightful and not too familiar quartet by Haydn.

The large audience, but not so large as on former occasions, was enthusiastic. It listened to the pieces by Stravinsky with commendable sobriety.

The next concert will be on Thursday evening, Jan. 27.

MISS LEVERONI IS FEATURE OF EVENING

The artists at the second concert in the Tremont Temple course last evening were Miss May Scheider, soprano; Miss Elvira Leveroni, contralto; Michael J. Dwyer, tenor, and Ralph Smalley, violoncello. John A. O'Shea was the organist and accompanist.

Mr. Dwyer sang an Irish Love Song, "A Little Bit of Heaven," Ball; "Let Me Like a Soldier Fall," Wallace; "Come Rest On This Bosom," Moore; "I'm Sitting on the Stile, Mary"; "Live in My Heart and Pay No Rent," Lover; "I'm Not Myself at All," Lover; "Silver Threads Among the Gold." Miss Leveroni sang the aria from "Mignon," Thomas, Neapolitan Song; "O, Promise Me," De Koven; "Home, Sweet Home," Payne-Bishop. Miss Scheider sang the Jewel song from "Faust," Gounod; "I've Been Roaming," Horn; "Expectancy," La Forge, "Annie Laurie"; "La Serenata," Tosti. Mr. Smalley's selections were Sonata, first movement, Locatelli, "Souvenir," Drdla; "Chanson Napolitaine," Casella; "Sailor's Song," Grieg; "Dreamy Bay," Larsen; "Tarantelle," Cossman.

Just previous to the appearance of Miss Leveroni, Mr. O'Shea apologized for the voice of the singer and spoke of the many calls on the artist at the Opera House. There was no need of the apology, for the singer was not alone in good voice, but her contributions to the program were easily the chief features of the evening and she was the only singer at ease in sustained song.

Mr. Dwyer's contributions were accompanied by a disconcerting rigidity. We have heard him to better advantage on other occasions. To be sure, in the Irish group he is something more than a mere singer, for the sentiment of this or that line is brought out intelligently, understandingly. But he lacked the fire of other performances and his upper tones were often reedy.

Miss Scheider pleased in a varied group of songs, though she was heard to better advantage in the lighter songs. Her singing of "Annie Laurie" was by far her best number.

Mr. Smalley was always a pleasure. Nor is he lacking in feeling the pulse of his audience. His program was interestingly varied. His execution is always a pleasure to recall.

SING TO AID FRANCES E. WILLARD SETTLEMENT

Mme. Louise Homer, Miss Ada Sassoli and Mr. Timothee Adamowski gave a concert yesterday afternoon at the Copley-Plaza for the benefit of the Frances E. Willard Settlement. A very large audience was present. Mme. Homer sang an aria from "Samson and Delilah" and songs by Schumann, Brahms, Homer, Chadwick, Carpenter. Mr. Adamowski played the andante and finale from Wieniawski's concerto No. 2, Paderewski's Melodie and his own Mazur. Miss Sassoli's numbers included pieces by Bach, Beethoven, Chaminade, Gabel, Grandjany and Hasselmans.

The settlement is now an institution of Boston. By means of the two concerts this season, it is hoped to reduce the mortgage on the property, and to place the work on a solid financial foundation.

Mme. Homer was warmly welcomed. She was particularly effective in the English songs. It was a pleasure to hear Mr. Adamowski, who made one of his now rare appearances. Miss Sassoli revealed the resources of her instrument with the utmost brilliance.

At the second concert, Dec. 16, Mme. Rappold, soprano; Miss San Barentzen, pianist, and Hugh Allen, baritone, will be the artists.

Nothing lives that were worth thy pains, and the earth deserves not a sigh. Our being is pain and weariness, and the world is mud—nothing else. Be calm.

From Gallipoli.

"Dinkum oil this time: the boys have ...hied the Turks on the right, and got 50 prisoners, who say they have had no ... tu ... r for two days."

The strange words are Australian slang. The sentence in conventional English reads. "Genuine news this time; the boys have cleared out the Turks on the right and got 50 prisoners, who say they have had no grub for two days."

The correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette says that half of the slang used by the Australians at Gallipoli is Egyptian Arabic picked up at Cairo. "Imshi" is Gippy for "clear out'" or "get away." An Australian wishing to acquire something "shakes it"; the British soldier "makes it" or "scrounges it," while governments "annex." Tommy Atkins's slang is largely derived from Hindustani. It includes "Chipperow" for "shut up"; "put some jildi into it" for "hurry up"; "let's have a dekko," that is, "let's take a look." Pozzy, jam; cherb, beer; rooty, break; dough, money; jippo, gravy; mucklm, butter; char, tea. "When an article is 'spare,' it means that it is not wanted, or, more usually, if a man says he 'found it lying about spare,' it is a euphemistic way of saying that the owner did not happen to be looking after it at the moment."

Mr. Smallweed's Case.

As the World Wags:

The touching little romance of Mr. Percival Smallweed moves with the dazzling swiftness of scene shifts in a movie show.

If my memory serves, it is hardly a month since Mr. Smallweed burst from his chrysalis and fluttered into his sister's flat. Unsophisticated as to the nature and uses of cheering beverages, and embarrassed by a propensity for "feeling a perfect ass" in the presence of ladies, this innocent moth with the Morgan Kelly winged his way into the bright lights of wicked Boston, seeking the fleshpots of Egypt and the wages of sin.

And in this brief interval, he has emerged unsmirched, blessed with a marvellous appetite, an epicurean taste, the self-reliance of a man of the world, and a wonderful originality in his choice of drinks. And what is more, he confesses to have been crowned with the halo of Love's young dream!

It is somewhat shocking to hear that a contributor of this staid and dignified column should have been found in the wilds explored by Mr. Smallweed, but she was doubtless seeking "useless information and valuable misinformation," and it may be that her timely appearance on the scene saved Mr. Smallweed from the moral ruin he so recklessly dared.

We hate to question the future happiness of the loving pair, but will the charming lady rise to culinary heights commensurate with Mr. Smallweed's cultivated taste? And would Mr. Smallweed's devotion stand the test, if Mrs. Smallweed were to insist on adding a portion of tea to his trusty beaker of stale ale and Everett Spring rum?

These are serious problems; but we hope for the best and accept with pleasure our invitations to the wedding breakfast, whether we receive them or not.

I would suggest in addition to cold, caked kidney stew, some broiled honeycomb tripe with raw oysters and maple syrup garnished with angel cake and soft soap. It is not beyond the bounds of possibility that she of the lonely bean and lingerious cupidity, Miss Hazel Ray, might be the blushing betrothed, in which case it would be in order to have hasayampa stew a la hoho and to instruct each guest to bring a tin mug.

Finally, to celebrate this happy event with a festive noise, let us hope that a U-boat indulges in a little practice when Mr. Ford's ship heaves in sight. The Germans have in the past been unkind, sadly lacking in etiquette, and careless with torpedoes. They now have an opportunity to acquire merit by planting one where it will do the most good.

H. J. L.

Boston, Nov. 29.

The Jibbenainosay.

As the World Wags:

The well meant efforts of our self-appointed Ambassador of Peace to stop the war and "let the boys go home for Christmas" brings to mind the late Joseph Proctor and his celebrated play; the plot founded on the fact that the superstitious Indians were terribly afraid of a demented person or lunatic, and the appearance of one was sufficient to put to flight a whole army of savages engaged in the most horrible atrocities.

Such a person was called by them "The Jibbenainosay," and I myself have seen a whole tribe of demoniac redskins scatter off the stage R. 2 & 3 E. as the Jibbenainosay, in his blazing canoe, shot the rapids, R. to L., 4th & 5th E., waving a flaming torch in each hand. (When the amateurs played it in this village the canoe struck an obstruction half-way down and stopped short. The Jibbenainosay, however, continued in a flying cartwheel movement until the side wall was reached, but the panic-stricken Indians fled in terror just the same.)

Is it not possible that our Apostles of Peace might inspire something of a like nature in the minds of the belligerents and that the mere appearance of a modern Jibbenainosay might accomplish what the rest of the world seems to be unable to do?

E. P. HOWARD.

Brockton, Nov. 28.

The Sublime Porte.

"People talk of the Sublime Porte," as Bishop Welldon bitterly says. But among those people are not the Turks. "This phrase," says Sir Charles Eliot, "like 'The Sweet Waters,' 'The Golden Horn,' and others which sound Oriental, is not really so, but European in its origin. It is never used by the Turks themselves as a synonym for the Ottoman government, which styles itself officially 'Hukyumet-i-seniye,' or the 'Glorious Government.' 'Sublime Porte' is an imaginative translation of Bab-i-Ali, which means the 'High Gate.'" This is identified as the building which includes the principal government offices, and foreign diplomats speak of "the Sublime Porte" as they do of "the cabinet of St. James."—Daily Chronicle (London).

In the 17th and 18th centuries the phrase was used erroneously as referring to Constantinople as a sea port.—Ed.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: "Raymonda," a ballet in two acts arranged by Ivan Clustine, with music by Glazounov, preceded by Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana."

Santuzza	Mme. Villani
Lola	Miss Clement
Lucia	Miss Davies
Turridu	Mr. Martin
Alfio	Mr. Pulti

"Raymonda" was presented for the first time in Boston by Mme. Pavlowa at the Boston Theatre last March. A suite from the ballet has been played here by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The scene takes place in the south of France in the 13th century. Raymonda, bethothed to a crusader, is about to begin her nuptial celebrations when she is interrupted by the visit of a Mauritanian knight, Abdurachman. Enchanted by her beauty he would fain woo her, but she spurns his jewels and his love. At night Raymonda is lured into the palace garden by the Lady in White. Here she meets her lover and dances with him in a merry company. Suddenly her friends vanish, leaving the maiden in the rude arms of Abdurachman. The vision changes. Spirits provent Raymonda from leaving the garden. She falls exhausted and is thus found by her friends at sunrise.

Ballet like this is rare entertainment. The settings of the mediaeval chateau, with its tapestries, youths and wimpled ladies at play, and the garden were elaborate and picturesque. The costumes were gorgeous in coloring. Glazounov's music is melodious, ingratiating. Mme. Pavlowa as Raymonda excited richly deserved admiration in dance and expressive pantomime. The minor characters were individualized. One of the most pleasing sights was the versatile Mr. Clustine, a master of miming, richly attired and fiercely oriental as the importunate Abdurachman.

Mme. Villani impersonated Santuzza in Mascagni's village tragedy with pathos and passion. Few have realized more vividly in appearance and general behavior the elemental peasant woman grievously wronged, torn between love and hate. The singer's facial play was remarkably significant. There were moments when she wore a tragic mask. The music is not wholly suited to her voice, but she sang with intelligence and native fervor.

Mr. Martin was in the vein. His voice was that of Turiddu, both in the scene with Santuzza and farewelling his mother. Mr. Pulti replaced Mr. Chalmers as Alfio. He sang vigorously, but otherwise made little of the part. Miss Clement's Lola was innocuous.

The opera this evening will be "The Dumb Girl of Portici," with Mme. Pavlowa, Miss Lyne and Messrs. Zenatello, Michailoff and Chalmers.

Dec. 4 1915

PADEREWSKI IS

By PHILIP HALE.

Mr. Paderewski gave a recital in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. His program was as follows: Schubert, Fantasia, op. 15; Couperin, La Bandoline, Le Carillon de Cythere; Daquin, Le Coucou; Schumann, Etudes Symphoniques; Chopin, Nocturne, in E major, op. 62, Etudes No. 10, 7, 11, op. 25, Scherzo in B flat minor; Liszt, Rhapsodie Hongroise.

There was a large audience though not so large as the audiences that have welcomed Mr. Paderewski on former occasions in this hall. The enthusiasm as usual, was at fever point.

Mr. Paderewski had not played the Etudes Symphoniques in Boston for six or seven years. He had not played the "Wanderer" Fantasia for many years. It was a pleasure to hear his interpretation of them again, although one could not help wishing that he had found it best to omit some of the variations. Schumann himself was not sure of them all. He sent his "Carnaval" and these Etudes to Moscheles, of all men in the world, and asked his opinion about them. In the letter that accompanied the package he told him that the arrangement of the "Carnaval" and the inscriptions over the separate pieces were added after the music was written. He wrote concerning the Etudes: "Some of them I still like—they are nearly three years old." This was in 1837.

The Fantasia and Schumann's Etudes were superbly played yesterday, played in the grand romantic style, with the thought of the huge hall. The Fantasia is nearer to us in the original form than in Liszt's version for piano and orchestra. Strange to say, the latter sounds the more old-fashioned. Such ornamentation tarnishes quickly. How beautifully Mr. Paderewski played the section of the Fantasia based on the quotation from the song, "Der Wanderer."

And yet perhaps more unalloyed pleasure was afforded by the exquisite performance of the little pieces by Couperin and Daquin. There was no attempt to turn the piano into its tinkling predecessor, and on the other hand, there was no wish to modernize this ancient music. Couperin's volumes are a rich mine, too little worked in these days. What charming melodies; what a refined and delicate spirit! One may wonder what or who suggested some of the titles; but could any title be more appropriate than "Le Carillon de Cythere," music that should have sounded in the ears of those pictured in Watteau's "Voyage"?

A Nocturne that is not too familiar was chosen. There has long been a dispute about its merits. Some find in this Nocturne, the last one published in Chopin's lifetime, traces of his physical and mental weakness. To us it is by no means among the best, yet no one but Chopin could have written it. The 10th Etude that has been likened to music for whirling dervishes, and the 11th, the "Wind" Etude, were played as only Mr. Paderewski can play them, while the 7th, one of Chopin's most poetical compositions, was beautiful in tonal color and romantic expression.

Mr. Paderewski has visited us for nearly 25 years. Some who now gladly hear him were once taken as children that they might remember a great occasion. The years have passed, but the glorious art remains. Mr. Paderewski is, as ever, an invoker of visions, a weaver of magic spells.

His second recital will be on Sunday afternoon, Dec. 18.

THE "DUMB GIRL OF PORTICI" IS REPEATED

Bostonians Again Hear Old and Once Popular Opera.

The opera last evening at the Boston Opera House was Auber's "La Muetta de Portici," sung in Italian. M. Jacchia conducted. The cast was as before: Mme. Pavlowa, Fenella; Miss Lyne, Elvira; Mr. Zenatello, Masaniello; Mr. Michailoff, Alfonso; Mr. Chalmers, Pietro, and Mr. Ananian, Borella. The performance was the second by this company. There was an enthusiastic audience of fair size.

The performance and the opera itself have been reviewed at length in The Herald, and it is not necessary to go over the ground again. When an opera nearly 100 years old is revived, those who find it hopelessly old-fashioned forget that they do not hear with the ears of the listeners in 1828. Auber's genius—for in his own line he had a spark of genius—is displayed in opera-comique: "Fra Diavolo," "Crown Diamonds," "The Black Domino" and other sparkling works. The spirit of revolution moved even him to a tour de force; but "La Muette" was cast in the mould of the Paris Opera of its period, although the chorus was given a more important part than was customary, and the old mould was broken long ago. The management is to be thanked for allowing Bostonians—would that more had improved the opportunity!—of hearing an opera that influenced the lyrically dramatic art and was for many years enormously popular

He that is always upon the merry Pin is not truly and properly Man. Yet there are infinite Numbers of this Stamp that are perpetually in high Strain of Raillery and Banter, without Change or Intermission. Though every Extravagance in the World has its Party to Espouse it, yet I can't imagine how this came to have such a Number of Partizans: For of all the most egregious Follies in Life, is there any so insipid and absurd as a perpetual Affectation of Banter and Ridicule?

Society Note.

Only two days ago we were informed that two old "mammys" would dress Mrs. Galt on her wedding day and we were asked to shed the tear of sensibility. Now we are told that the "carnation expert at the government experimental greenhouse is bringing into being a flower that will be worthy" of Mrs. Galt, "the Edith Bolling Pink." Mrs. Galt and Mr. Thomas W. Lawson are thus equally honored by a floral tribute.

We regret to add that newspapers publishing this important news refer to Mrs. Galt as the future "first lady in the land." The first lady in this land is the first one that the foreigner arriving meets. Mr. Roosevelt, however, if asked the question, would answer with Napoleon

True Cleverness.

"There are several ways of being dull, the first of which is being clever." From the December number of the Smart Set "a magazine of cleverness."

Charley Miller.

As the World Wags:

At the Civicitus Club I notice that all the barbers are Italians. Perhaps some of the older Waggers will remember the first barber of this race to settle in Boston. Charley Miller was his name, and he was a picturesque character, thick set and with curly hair. He always wore a red fez. His "hair dressing saloon" was opposite the old Hartford & Erie depot on Federal street, not far from where Hotel Essex now stands. Charley had a lively disposition and was well liked in the Cove. I think he must have had 10 barbers, none of them Italians. Yankees, Germans and Irish composed his shop. It is rare to find any of these people now in that business. Coin tipping would have been regarded as an insult in those days, but a cigar or something liquid was acceptable after a shave or hair cutting. The unfortunate who does not tip nowadays will surely regret it on his return visit. I might inquire if "Baize" remembers Miller and his merry shop.

Allston, Nov. 30. ALLSTONUS.

"Something liquid." Did each customer bring a flask? Are there not a good many German barbers in Boston? Was this Mr. Miller a Sicilian? For the Sicilians have long been famous in this trade. We turn to the elder Pliny: "The next thing that all people of the world agreed in was to entertain barbers, but it was late first ere they were in any request at Rome. The first that entered Italy came out of Sicily and it was in the 454th year after the foundation of Rome. Brought in they were by P. Ticinius Mena, as Varro doth report; for before time they never cut their hair. The first that was shaven every day was Scipio Africanus, and after him cometh Augustus the Emperor, who evermore used the razor." Suetonius tells us how Augustus was busy in the chair. "Hee was of an excellent presence and personage, and the same throughout all the degrees of his age most lovely and amiable; negligent though he were in all manner of pikednesse, for combing and trimming of his head so carelesse, as that he would use at once many Barbers, such as came next hand, it skilled not whom: And one while hee clipped, another while hee shaved his beard; and yet at the very same time, he either read, or else wrote somewhat." "Pikednesse?" Can any one define that word?—Ed.

The Glorified State House.

As the World Wags:

Coming out upon the Common from the subway, the other night, I stopped short, gasped, and stood transfixed with horror at the startling apparition of the State House. In heaven's name, what misguided person has caused this nightly battery of searchlights? Wasn't it only fair that, with the building turned into a crystal palace by day, the other half of the 24 hours should be given over in merciful shadow to those who grew up with a State House that represented the things which, let us hope, Boston still stands for? ROBERT W. MORSE.

Andover, Dec. 3.

To us, the State House thus illuminated at night is beautiful, a sight worth a walk at least two or three miles.—Ed.

Hohenzollern.

As the World Wags:

The dogma of the divine right of kings, or that power comes from on high, that kings can do no wrong, is based on a dictum of Hinekmar, Archbishop of Rheims, viz: that kings are subject to no man so long as they rule by God's law. And yet the Hohenzollerns destroyed the great cathedral of Rheims. MR. SCHENCK.

Tamworth, N. H., Dec. 1.

This Hincmar, who was chosen Archbishop of Rheims in 845 was apparently a man of considerable force. Not approving the opinions of one Gotescale, born in Germany, concerning predestination, he convoked a council, unfrocked him, saw that he was flogged in the presence of Charles the Bald, obliged him to throw with his own hands his writings into the fire and then clapped him into prison. When poor Gotescale wrote two Confessions of Faith and offered to prove his position by passing through fire or wading through boiling oil, Hincmar only laughed and told him to stay in prison.—Ed.

Where Did He Come from?

As the World Wags:

Will you kindly give your opinion as to the nationality of the dying soldier in Kipling's "Mary Postgate"? As I read it I did not question the fact that this man was a German, but I find that many readers consider that he was undoubtedly a Frenchman, as he addressed Mary in the French language. W.

Brighton, Dec. 1.

We are sorry to say that we have not read "Mary Postgate." The only dying soldier we know was of the legion; he came from Bingen on the Rhine and lay dying at Algiers. We used to speak the piece in school, and in a manner that would draw tears from a cast iron dog.—Ed.

Dec 5 1915

BAKLANOFF SINGS

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Afternoon performance. Verdi's "Rigoletto." Mr. Jacchia conducted.

Duca di Mantua	Mr. Botta
Rigoletto	Mr. Baklanoff
Sparafucile	Mr. Mardones
Monterone	Mr. Ananian
Borsa	Mr. Boscacci
Marullo	Mr. Kaufmann
Ceprano	Mr. Alcotti
Gilda	Miss Lyne
Maddalena	Miss Leveroni
Giovonna	Miss Davies
Contessa di Ceprano	Miss Campbell

The sight of Mr. Baklanoff as Rigoletto took us back to his first appearance in the part at this Opera House (Nov. 22, 1909). Mme. Alda, who then sang here for the first time, took the part of Gilda; Mr. Constantino was the Duke; Mr. Nivette, Sparafucile; and Miss Leveroni, the bravo's sister. That was the season when every young American singer who had a voice and was approved by Mr. Russell was to have every opportunity, so at least the prospectus read. And on the bill of that performance were the names of Virginia Pierce, Mildred Rogers and Jeska Swartz.

Nor was Miss Lyne a stranger as Gilda. She made her only appearance under Mr. Russell's rule in this part on March 20, 1914, when her associates were Mme. Gay and Messrs. Laffitte and Amato. Many of us remember what a pleasing impression she then made; what a relief it was to see a girlish and attractive Gilda after the middle-aged dames and corpulent ladies, trained in coloratura no doubt, but at whom the Duke of Mantura would have cast only a passing glance without thought of a compliment, much less a hot pursuit.

To us any performance of "Rigoletto" gives pleasure, even if the singers be only mediocre. The feverish dance music that vexed Mr. Chorley of the Athenaeum is in sharp contrast with the simple but ominous prelude; there is the sinister scene between Rigoletto and Sporafucile—what a fine fellow the latter is! an honest assassin; scrupulous in keeping his engagements; deceiving Rigoletto at the end only to oblige his beloved sister and establish the tragic irony of the poet; there is the monologue of Rigoletto, conceived in a spirit far ahead of the time; and then the great last act. That the choruses are poorly invented, with the exception of the one with closed mouths to imitate the moaning of the wind, is plain to every one. There are commonplace tunes by the side of pathetic melodies. But throughout the opera Verdi is terribly in earnest. The flood of dramatic passion hurries with it the crudities as though they were unnoticed chips.

Mr. Baklanoff gave a carefully studied performance. Original in many ways, it was generally effective and at times uncommonly impressive. His first act was wholly admirable in its contempt for the courtiers and ladies of high degree, in the prurient curiosity of the eavesdropper, in the desire to make mischief, in the mocking of Monterone. There were fine touches in his behavior under Monterone's curse. No melodramatic shivering and clattering of teeth; but a brave effort to pass it off as an old man's splenetic outburst, and then the realization of impending calamity.

Equally noteworthy was Mr. Baklanoff's delivery of the monologue, and from then on he was the embodiment of fatherly love and anxiety. It was once said of M. Maurel, that he played the part as one angry because he, the professional jester, had been tricked. Mr. Baklanoff's Rigoletto had but one consuming thought: his daughter. The inherent absurdities in the stage business of the second act, absurdities that are derived directly from Hugo's "Le Roi s'amuse," were forgotten in watching the chief actor, whose varied appeals to the courtiers in the act that followed were moving by reason of genuine emotional force. And it may be said of his singing, that the voice was wholly in good condition, that he was vocally dramatic without undue liberties taken with rhythm or melodic line, that there was an intelligent expression of the musical text.

Miss Lyne, as before, was a pleasingly girlish Gilda. She acted in a manner to excite a reasonable amount of sympathy; but comprehension of the dramatic possibilities in the part seems still to be denied her. Nor by her voice, delicately virginal as it is, did she express and profound emotion. Her singing was for the most part like unto her acting; the one agreeable to the ear, the other to the eye; but there were times when she showed a prevailing failing of hers this season, a failing below the true pitch. Miss Lyne has many natural gifts. She is still young. Would it not be well for her to consider her ways, to forget the "roaring and the wreaths" that were awarded her in London, and to study seriously how best she can overcome faults that if persisted in will prevent her from attaining a high position.

Mr. Botta's Duke was not so acceptable as his Rodolfo. This Duke lacked distinction. He was no irresistible seducer with a free and enchanting vocal address. "Donna e mobile" was not improved by his ornamentation, and when he was heard singing the air as he walked away from the tavern he walked away from the pitch. Miss Leveroni's Maddalena has more spirit and coquetry than when she first took the part. Mr. Mardones as Sparafucile played and sang in the true spirit. The minor parts were uncommonly well taken; the chorus had been thoroughly drilled; and Mr. Jacchia gave a vivid reading of the score.

The Spanish Dances by Mme. Pavlowa, Mr. Volinine and the Ballet Russe, with music by Massenet, Moszkowski and Glazunoff were brilliant in every way. The costumes were gorgeous in color. The scene—the second act of "Carmen"—was poetically lighted; the dancing, now voluptuous and seductive, now frenzied and audaciously provocative, has been equalled here for many years only by Mme. Pavlowa and her company. Fortunately these dances will be repeated next week. They alone should draw crowds to the opera house.

Last night "Madama Butterfly" was repeated with the excellent and now familiar cast: Mmes. Miura and Leveroni and Messrs. Martin, Chalmers, Ananian and Boscacci. The performance was followed by "Invitation to the Dance" and divertissements danced by Mme. Pavlowa, Mr. Volinine and the Ballet Russe.

MME. CULP SINGS

Mme. Julia Culp sang at Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon. Coenraad V. Bos was the accompanist. The program was as follows: Schubert, "Sei Mir Gegruesst"; Das Fischermaedchen, Wehmuth, Auf dem Wasser zu singer, Liebesbotschaft; Sharp, Japanese Death Song; Purcell, Passing By; The Cottage Maid; Two Old Dutch folk songs; de Lange, Dutch Serenade; Hugo Wolf, "Bene deit die sci'ge Mutter"; "Schon stretcht Ich aus"; "O Waer dein Haus"; Mahler, "Ich atmet einen Lindendreft"; "Ich ging mit Lust," Rheiniegendchen.

Mme. Culp attracted a very large audience. Some stood while others sat upon the stage. The singer's voice was in excellent condition. The program was varied and the songs not too familiar.

Sharp's "Death Song" had an uncanny charm chiefly due to the singer's interpretation. "The Cottage Maid," arranged by Beethoven, is quaint, attractive, full of simple sentiment. The young girl does not envy the fine ladies at the hall glittering in jeweled splendor. She thinks only of the gay ribbon which her lover may bring her from Wrexham fair to show her constant presence in his thoughts.

The first of the two old Dutch Folk songs was of war, and the second, in jocund vein, told of the little nun who refused to dance when the reward was an egg or a cow, but who consented when promised a man. The songs by Wolf and Mahler were interesting and well worth the attention of the singer.

The gracious art of Mme. Culp was eloquent throughout the afternoon. There was the customary perfection in the control of breath, the pure legato, the expressive phrasing, the wealth of nuances. No mood is foreign to the singer's intelligence. She can be grave and gay, humorous and emotional. Her aesthetic refinement is striking.

It would be difficult to say which was the song of songs on the program. These songs made a deep impression: "Auf dem Wasser zu Singen," the first old Dutch Folk song. The Dutch Serenade, "O Waer dein Haus," and "Ich atmet einen Lindendreft."

As usual the playing of Mr. Bos rivalled Mme. Culp's singing. The singer added "I've Been Roaming" and Brahms's "Little Dustman" and "Vergebliches Staendchen."

So Mr. Gillette will be at the Hollis Street Theatre again as Sherlock Holmes. Boston first saw the play at this theatre in February, 1901. Frederick Truesdell took the part of Watson; George Wessells was Prof. Moriarty; Maude Fealy was the unimportant heroine. When the play was produced at Buffalo, N. Y., Oct. 23, 1899, Judith Berolde, Katherine Florence, Bruce McRae and George Wessells took the leading parts with Mr. Gillette.

When the play was brought out in London by Mr. Gillette early in the fall of 1901 the use of lights excited the admiration of Clement Scott. "I always believed," wrote Scott, "that light would play a very important part in stage production sooner or later. This effect is of vital consequence, and it is due to America that the invention is likely to be of the greatest service to poetic and imaginative drama. Macready, Charles Kean, Samuel Phelps, with all their energy and ambition, wanted science to aid them, but science was not ready. Henry Irving availed himself nobly of the progress of science in connection with the stage. The stage manager of tomorrow will be in a better position still than any of them. Science will come to the aid of imagination. The enemy will be coarse and practical realism."

Conan Doyle's hero is still more alive than many men seen in the street who think they are alive. He is a historical character. Some no doubt would swear that they have known him, have engaged his services when the honor of the family was at stake. In what country is Sherlock not known? When in February, 1907, Casimir Kaminski, the actor, with his thin face and clear-cut features, stepped on the stage of the theatre in Warsaw he was at once recognized as the great detective who had for some years been a familiar acquaintance.

Did Prof. Joseph Bell of Edinburgh, who died in 1911 at the age of 74, possess the wonderful inductive faculty attributed to him? The stories told about him are many; how he would sit and diagnose the maladies and lives of his patients by merely looking at them, as a London tailor in Boston stares for 15 minutes at a client—we had almost written "patient"—and then makes entries in a notebook, to ensure "a perfect fit" for the suit that will arrive at last in a barrel or some strange package from a small town in the interior.

"Gentlemen," Prof. Bell would say to his students, "I am not quite sure whether this man is a cork-cutter or a slater. I observe a slight callous, or hardening, on one side of his forefinger and a little thickening on the outside of his thumb, and that is a sure sign he is either one or the other.

"Ah!" he would say to another man, "you are a soldier, a non-commissioned officer, and you have served in Bermuda. How did I know that, gentlemen? He came into the room without taking off his hat, as he would go into an orderly-room. He was a soldier. A slight authoritative air, combined with his age, shows he was a non-commissioned officer. A slight rash on the forehead tells me he was in Bermuda and subject to a certain rash known only there." Sir. A. Conan Doyle, as a student of medicine in Edinburgh, knew Prof. Bell and was greatly impressed by him. But who was the original Prof. Moriarty?

Some one, a woman by the handwriting, has written to us anonymously, taking us to task for expressing surprise at the inattention shown the excellent opera and ballet company at the Boston Opera House by the citizens and citizenesses of Boston who have the means to sit in the boxes and thus ensure the success of the Rabinoff-Pavlowa undertaking. She cries "Shame!" and asks if we do not know that many are so depressed by the war that they have no heart for such amusements.

Unfortunately for her argument many who could easily attend the opera are spending money freely for dress and for more frivolous amusements than opera; furthermore they are already looking forward to performances by the visiting company from the Metropolitan. They have a right to do this. The Herald merely regretted that they do not now support heartily a company that might become a permanent institution here.

For it was the intention of Mr. Rabinoff and Mme. Pavlowa, if their undertaking this season were successful, to enlarge their operations and produce Russian operas, music dramas, ballets on a grand scale.

Several reasons are given for the present lack of support. It is said that the choice of the title "The Boston Opera Company" was unfortunate and discouraging. The title brought up memories of a company that under more prudent management might still be in existence. The present title might lead some to infer that the visiting company is chiefly made up of singers who could not obtain engagements elsewhere—a collection of operatic leavings. Nothing could be further from the truth.

There is no dispute about the quality o fthe performances. Perhaps it was a mistake to revive Auber's "La Muette de Portici," for the opera is hopelessly old-fashioned in the conventional way; but Mme. Pavlowa was anxious to mime Fenella and she naturally thought there would be curiosity to see her. She did not realize the fact that the people wished to see her dance in all her beauty, not to run frantically about the stage like a mad lady in a village. But the repertoire should suit all tastes.

No better performance of "Madama Butterfly" has been given here by other companies, and the worth of it does not depend wholly on charming Mme. Miura. The excellence of the general perfomance is recognized by every one. Those who saw "Otello" last Monday night—they were not many, but they were experienced judges—are loud in their praise of that performance. The performance will be repeated next Tuesday night.

A singular fact in this operatic matter is that the generous double bill of opera and ballet does not tempt more, for the admirers of Mme. Pavlowa are numbered by thousands. Would it not have been wiser to have given opera on one night and a ballet entertainment on the next? As things now are the ballet comes so late that spectators living at a distance are compelled to miss the greater part of the dancing, if not all.

Our anonymous letter writer who is so depressed by the war that she thinks

... to att... in ... the ... ormal ... should know that opera is given in the cities of Germany, Austria and Russia, and seasons of ... a have had their turn in London since the war began. We do not speak lightly, flippantly. The war is atrocious. Every one feels its horror. The people of this city have given generously to aid the wounded, the starving and all other sufferers. But their feelings of commiseration, indignation, horror, do not prevent them from dancing, ordering expensive costumes at fashionable dress-makers, dining and being dined; they will crowd a theatre to see two greatly advertised persons dance the modern dances.

Perhaps the Rabinoff-Pavlowa Company came here too early in the season. Other reasons are given. The fact remains that a great many who by attending these performances would insure success do not in their hearts really care for opera.

The Return of Mme. Bernhardt to the Stage

The Paris correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph, writing from Paris on Nov. 7, gave the following graphic account of Mme. Bernhardt's first appearance in Paris since her operation:

"She was welcomed with tenfold enthusiasm; the house applauded for many minutes while she stood, and at the close of the performance flowers were showered on the stage. She chose for her first appearance since the war and since her ordeal what I may call a lyric fresco, 'Les Cathedrales,' with verse by Eugene Morand, the former collaborator of Sardou, and music by Gabriel Pierne. The performance was for the benefit of the ambulance of Prof. Denuce, the surgeon who amputated Mme. Bernhardt's leg in Bordeaux.

"All Paris—or what the war has left of all Paris—was present to welcome Mme. Sarah. The curtain rose upon dim, darkened scenery of vague clouds. In front lay a sleeping French soldier in his light blue uniform and dark blue Tam o' Shanter of the Chasseurs. Quiet and solemn music was played off the stage, with occasional far-off warlike strains. The mist rolled up from the stage and showed five statuesque women in white, seated on thrones of gray stone. They sat sad and solemn as Fates, but they spoke and showed themselves the genii of France, the spirits of her cathedrals—Amiens, Arles, Bourges, St. Paul de Leon, and, in the centre, Notre Dame of Paris. At night the spirits of the Cathedrals of France meet round our Lady of Paris, and each tells of the sufferings and deeds her sons, fighting to drive the enemy off the soil—all sons of France, from southernmost Arles to Amiens in Picardy, and off the stage the chorus sang the stirring old folk-song, 'Picards et Bourguignons.'

The cathedral spirits mourn for their missing sister, but a further mist rolls up and shows Strasburg—Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, also statuesque in white, seated on a gray stone throne, but with mourning black over her shoulders. The black she will throw off later. It was this first appearance of Sarah that called forth many minutes' applause from the house. She stood without apparent effort and bowed, clearly much moved. She looks wonderfully well; her face has even filled out, and we soon heard that the wonderful voice had lost none of its music. She sang—it was, indeed, singing—of France, fighting for her life and for justice. The little French soldier—all this was his dream—stood up, then knelt to the ancient spirits of his country and to Strasburg, which comes back to France at last. The spirit of Strasburg then sang in louder strains, and, rising to wrath, threw the curse upon the enemy. It was a long, eloquent and furious denunciation of his crimes; a long denunciation, but not as long as the list of crimes innumerable.

"You can imagine with what avenging fury Mme. Sarah's voice branded the murderous foe in the recital of infamy, from Louvain, Tirlemont, and Namur, to Gerbevillers, Sermaise, Senlis and Rheims. At the mention of Rheims the back curtain lifted, and displayed the two great towers of the Cathedral before the roof in flames, which showed through the famous rose window. All around other churches—countless churches—blazed, and the spirit of Strasburg sang of the scores of humble little churches of Lorraine, Picardy, Artois, Flanders, which are now heaps of stones, strewn over the village churchyards in which they once stood. Flanders chimes were heard off the stage, and songs of Lorraine and Alsace. Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's revengeful voice went on whipping the enemy, and reached the crowning infamy—the murder of the noble Englishwoman, 'whose blood bespatters the purple mantle of thy Emperor, Germany.' The prophetic spirit of Strasburg foretold Germany's doom, and in a stanza of fine eloquence Sarah told of the German eagle's fate. I do not know how the lines said by another would have sounded, but 'German eagle, German eagle, this is thy doom,' said by Mme. Bernhardt, seemed a very picture of the fate which will overtake the bird of prey when it is at last brought down. Mme. Sarah, the spirit of Nemesis, seemed to see the accursed eagle hovering over her, then winged, then at last crashing down at her feet."

Notes About Actors and the Stage

The late E. S. Willard is characterized by the Pall Mall Gazette as one of the greatest of stage villains. He first won fame by his impersonation of the Spider in "The Silver King." "Mr. Willard had many good stories to tell of incidents in his career in melodrama, in which, he once said, he early acquired in London the reputation of being 'an infernal blackguard.' He was the admired and beloved of all the thieves in London. Once, when he lost his collie dog, he sent an ex-prize fighter, who was the 'super' master at the Princess's Theatre, where Mr. Willard was playing the Spider in 'The Silver King,' to the various dog stealers to ask them to let him have the dog back, as he would give as much as anybody else would. But they all scorned the idea of any of them touching the Spider's dog. On another occasion, traveling home one night on the 'knifeboard' of a 'bus, Mr. Willard gave the conductor a half-sovereign, and as the 'fare' was talking to the driver the conductor tried to take advantage of the fact to give change 6d. short. He was unsuccessful, and apologized. When Mr. Willard was leaving the 'bus he heard the driver remark to the conductor: 'You must be a mug. Don't you know who that is? Why, it's the Spider.'"

A correspondent of the London Times (Nov. 16) wrote that an Italian version of Shaw's "Pygmalion" had been produced at the Goldoni Theatre, Venice. "It was coldly received by the audience, but it received sympathetic criticism in the press."

A film based on Thomas Hardy's "Far from the Madding Crowd" was privately shown in London Nov. 16. The Times said: "Mr. Hardy can have little reason to complain of the way in which his work has been handled. The Hardyesque touches of dialogue cannot be reproduced, of course, but the film has succeeded in catching in the happiest way the atmosphere of Wessex, which might well have proved an insurmountable barrier. One feels that the country in which the action is laid is the Wessex of the novel and that the farm, the cattle, the sheep are the genuine ones over which Gabriel Oak watched with such care. The acting also is unusually good, notably that of Miss Florence Turner as Bathsheba, Mr. Campbell Gullan as Sergt. Troy, Mr. Malcolm Cherry as Farmer Boldwood and Mr. Henry Edwards as Gabriel. It is sometimes said that the cinematograph does not give fair scope to the emotional actor, but in the film of Mr. Hardy's work there are several moments of real dramatic intensity. One incident stands out, however, from all the rest—that of the moment when Bathsheba, gazing into the coffin of Fanny Robin, discovers the overwhelming proof of her husband's misconduct—an episode powerfully acted by Mr. Gullan and Miss Turner."

Russia is going to increase the tax on theatres. In addition to a flat rate of 2½d. a ticket, which is always in force, the new impost will be graduated, says the Daily Mail, from 2½d. to 2s., according to the price of the seat. This is generally approved.

"The Poacher," a one-act play of Welsh life by J. C. Francis (Coliseum, London, Nov. 9), tells of a poacher who has been converted and has given up his evil ways, but finds respectability dull and unremunerative. "Then the discovery that the deacon 'Mr. Hughes, the shop,' is himself a poacher, the still more important discovery (made during a sermon in the chapel) of the only way to catch the famous rabbit, Old Soldier, and the influence of a half-crazy vagabond youth, part poet, part poacher and wholly Welshman, delivers him from good and sends him back, to the great delight of his wife, to evil. The play is full of 'Welshness,' of queer poetry and romance, of shrewd humor and of homely color." The Times adds that it is perhaps the forerunner of a Welsh folk-drama like the modern Irish folk-drama.

And it is the Times that describes Mlle. Polaire's fun in "Looking Around," an American-born revue at the Garrick, as "rather wry-mouthed, bitter-sweet." "If at the Garrick the element of brilliant color is chiefly found in innumerable pairs of stockings, the reason will be obvious to all who are familiar with the sumptuary laws of a beauty chorus."

One of the most striking features of the theatrical season has been the evolution of the afternoon performance. At first a few theatres ventured the experiment of adding to their regular number of matinees. Now there is only one theatre, the Gaiety, at which a single matinee is given during the week, while at two theatres, the Haymarket and St. James's, the only evening performance in the week is on Saturdays. In six instances there are matinees every day.—London Times, Nov. 8.

Sir George Alexander will produce on Jan. 1 a new four-act comedy, "The Basker," by Mrs. Clifford Mills; "one of those light, breezy and cheery pieces for which theatregoers at the present seem to have a distinct predilection," he says "What, you ask, is the exact meaning of the title? That is rather difficult to say beforehand without giving away the author's secret. This much I can disclose, however, although I doubt whether the statement will help you greatly, that the hero is himself a Basker, and when a man is born a Basker nothing you can do will prevent him from thinking, acting, and carrying on after the manner of his tribe." Alexander thinks he has found an ideal leading woman for the comedy in Miss Genevieve Ward. "Theatrical biographies give her age, I know, as 77, but if she doesn't prove the youngest in the cast I shall be vastly mistaken."

Mrs. Elinor Glyn, author of "Three Weeks," sought an injunction against an English film company for exhibiting a film known as "Pimple's Three Weeks—Without an Option." There is an authorized film of "Three Weeks." Mr. Justice Younger remarked that the plaintiff had no copyright except in the sparkle or bouquet of the book; and it was the rest the defendants had taken. As soon as one erotic novel was published, there could never be another if the argument of plaintiff's counsel held good. "Mr. Clanson read a synopsis of Pimple's Three Weeks" and his lordship observed that it was more like a libel than an infringement of copyright. If any one read the book and was induced by the title of the film to go to the performance, would he not be entitled to have his money back?"

Mr. Harold Bigbie, moved by the sight of "The Birth of a Nation," contributed to the London Daily Chronicle of Nov. 13 an enthusiastic column-long article, "A Moving Story: D. W. Griffith as Super-Film-Man." He concludes: "It is a good thing just now for Englishmen to go and see 'The Birth of a Nation.' Apart altogether from its beauty and wonder, it has a really considerable moral effect. It makes you wish to be a hero. It makes you wish to be honest, downright, masculine, vigorous and splendid. It makes you willing to do noble things at whatever cost."

"Potash and Perlmutter" disappeared in London on Nov. 13 after a run of 665 performances. The Times said: "Considering that at the time of its first production the chief players were unknown here, and that it has had to face the storm and stress of war for 15 months, the run is a remarkable one. The days of the phenomenally long run seem to be passing and probably under the most favorable conditions we shall not see again the production which reaches its thousandth performance without a break like 'Charley's Aunt,' 'Our Boys,' 'The Private Secretary' and 'The Chinese Honeymoon'."

Mme. Genee, who said when she was married that she would never, no, never, dance again, is still at it, having revived "A Dream of Butterflies and Roses" at the Coliseum, London.

According to a dispatch from Copenhagen (Nov. 11) to the Daily Chronicle music hall artists who have returned there from Berlin say that hundreds of French, Russian and Belgian prisoners of war are acting nightly as supers in a great war pantomime at the Circus Schumann. "The pantomime is really a great spectacular play. It was staged a few nights ago, only after the greatest difficulties, as over 400 supers were wanted, and only a few could be found among the native population of Berlin. In this dilemma Herr Schumann appealed to the military authorities, who gladly permitted prisoners to act as 'the enemy' at a salary of 1s. per night—an opportunity which naturally offered a great attraction to many men with little or no means. The play contains a number of battle scenes, supposed to represent incidents from the present war, and all, of course, ending in the glory of Germany and the utter discomfiture of the borrowed prisoners, whose own war-stained uniforms are presumably regarded as adding a sensational touch of reality to this typically German show."

The "Old Vic" in London is still the People's Theatre. "Every night and on two afternoons a week classical drama and classic opera are eagerly seen and heard by an audience that, if humble, is uncompromisingly honest in its praise or blame. The fare at the Old Vic is varied and versatile. Yesterday afternoon over a thousand absorbed school children watched 'The Tempest.' In the evening shop-girls, factory hands, costers, munition workers, soldiers and their wives or sweethearts—all the motley population of Waterloo road—saw the same great spectacle." The price of admission to the gallery is 2 pence.

Sir Sidney Lee's rewritten and enlarged Life of Shakespeare is announced by Smith, Elder & Co. of London. A large amount of fresh information is embodied and "illustrates from contemporary evidence the high place that Shakespeare filled in both the literary and social life of his day. The organization of the theatres, with which Shakespeare was associated, is described in the light of the most recent research, and much space is devoted to the experiences of Shakespeare and his colleagues at the courts of Queen Elizabeth and King James I. Sir Sidney has consulted for the first time the wills of several of Shakespeare's Stratford friends, which furnish pertinent material. New information also figures in the account of Shakespeare's monument in Stratford Church. At the same time the treatment of the literary and bibliographical aspects of Shakespeare's work has been greatly expanded, and the precise relationship of his plays and poems to preceding and contemporary literature is examined in fuller detail then before."

Frederick Warde, who has played many Shapespearian parts, has written a book, "The Fools of Shakespeare."

"Free Trade in the Theatres" is to-day's cry, and it is a just cry. There is neither rhyme nor reason in the regulations which tie theatrical managements to one particular form of entertainment and music hall managements to another. The "revue" is a score for the latter, which the former have no means of matching under present conditions, and by the extraordinary system under which theatres may open they are largely debarred from sharing the advantage of any change or development in the tastes of the public. Theatres and music halls should be allowed within proper limits to make their own choice, and if smoking is likely to commend itself to theatregoers, let them smoke.—Pall Mall Gazette.

It is said of a revival of Barrie's "Half-an-Hour" at the Coliseum, London, that the author must have started out to write a tragedy in miniature and ended by producing a conventional melodrama. "That a writer who can do so many things infinitely better than his most accomplished rivals should waste his genius upon such material is, frankly, a matter for real regret."

Tschaikowsky's "1812"; Other Music Notes

"1812" in a stage setting promises well, don't you think? You are very soon to be in a position to see such a setting at the Coliseum. The arrangement has been made by Mr. T. Fairbairn, the well known stage manager; and his idea, roughly, is this: Tschaikowsky's festival overture has been taken as the groundwork for what is intended to be a great Russian spectacle—but of today, not of a century ago. In a prologue there rises the Spirit of Russia, typified by a singer—possibly Mme. Wittkovska—singing one of Tschaikowsky's most characteristic songs in a wild, snowy scene. This fades into the music of "1812," the first choral being heard issuing from a church, the outlines of which are visible. There follows a crowd of refugees hurrying past, bearing such of their property as they can carry, when they are met by the soldiers marching off to battle. Then is heard the first cannonading, and a chorus sings the folksong as if praying God to aid the fighters. A messenger brings good tidings, whereupon there bursts forth a Russian ballet with song, in the midst of which it is observed that the town is burning and the battle is raging. At a crisis two Cossacks on horseback ride furiously on to the scene, announcing the German defeat. The first choral is then sung, but now joyfully, and is followed by a repetition of the Russian dance. The bells clang out into the snowy air, and a mad, delirious climax is reached when the troops return and the sound of the Russian National Hymn is heard over and through the babel of tone—dancers, chorus, and all taking part in the orgy for ears and eyes. Purists may cavil at certain points in this arrangement; but it would be well to remember that Tschaikowsky himself laid no great store upon his composition as music; it lends itself well to the scenario, and undoubtedly it offers a fine field for a great spectacle. Perhaps one fine day we may be privileged to see other Russian spectacles. Why not Tschaikowsky's "Nut Cracker," the music of which is thoroughly familiar to us all? On some other fine day, no doubt, we shall evolve something of the kind for ourselves. There are plenty of subjects for the young British composer in the history of his own country. I wish he would tackle some of them, and leave the symphonic poem alone for awhile.—Daily Telegraph.

Mr. Delius's violin Sonata proved a little disconcerting to a classical concert audience. Even Miss Fanny Davies, at the piano, seemed not to have quite overcome her initial surprise on meeting the work, so vividly did her attitude suggest the question, "How can such things be?"—Pall Mall Gazette.

When Mr. Vladimir Rosing returned to London from Petrograd last week he told me that matters operatic in the Russian capital are so alive that it is almost impossible to obtain a seat in the opera houses. In Moscow it would appear to be much the same. From the "Russkoe Slovo" I learn that the great Shaliapin is to appear there in a number of guest performances in "Don Quixote," "Khovanshchina," "Sadko," "Roussalka," and so on. On the day on which the box office was opened for the sale of tickets for these performances at the Imperial Theatre there was an unprecedented crowd of would-be purchasers of tickets. "Prince Igor" and "Pikovaya Dama," as well, were down in the bills of the Winter Theatre, as also was "Les Huguenots"—a fact which shows that there is no false pride in the Russian opera lovers! Offenbach's "Mariage aux Lanternes" is in one bill. Our friend Kussevitsky, the double-bass player and conductor, recently gave a great Skryabin concert

at Moscow with Rachmaninoff as pianist in the concerto, the price of tickets ranging from 65 kopecks to ten roubles.—Daily Telegram, Nov. 9.

A verse which Mr Alfred Noyes wrote in praise of Samuel Coleridge-Taylor, the colored musical composer, should find a corner in the forthcoming memoir of him. It is this:

The spark that falls from heaven, not oft on earth,
To human hearts this vital splendor gives
His was the simple, true immortal birth!
Scholars compose, but this man's music lives.

Coleridge-Taylor, as the biography, a cassell work, will make clear, never sought to keep his Negro origin in the background. Why should he? It is a race which gave to literature Alexandre Dumas.—London Daily Chronicle. But Coleridge-Taylor, like Dumas, was not a Negro, he was a mulatto. This life of Coleridge-Taylor, with selections from his letters, by W. C. Berwick Sayers, has been published by Cassell & Co., London, at 7s 6d. net.

Other new books are Arnold Dolmetsch's "The Interpretatiton of the Music of the 17th and 18th Centuries" (Novello & Co., London, 10s. net); and Mack E. Perugini's "The Art of Ballet" (Martin Secker, London, 15s.)

Mme. Marta Wittowska took the part of Carmen last month. The Times remarked: "On the whole, she convinced one that such a Carmen might keep every one dangling round her, set them by the ears and force the final catastrophe of her own death, and that is the chief thing." Did not Mme. Wittowska appear as Isolde and in other parts during the Raymond Roze season at Covent Garden two seasons ago? And was she not in Chicago for a season?

"The movement for earlier evening concerts is evidently growing. The Philharmonic experiment of beginning their programs at 6:15 P. M. (instead of 8:30) was so successful last Monday that the London Symphony Orchestra is following suit and will begin its concert next Monday at the same time (6:15 P. M.)"

Yvonne Arnaud, who appeared as Phrynelle in a revival of "L'Enfant Prodigue" in London, was a musical prodigy. She took a first prize for piano playing at the Paris Conservatory in 1905. When she was about 18 years old she came to this country as Germaine Arnaud and played in Boston at a Symphony concert Jan. 23, 1909. She gave a recital under the auspices of the Student Association of Miss Hersey's School on Feb. 8, and a concert with Albany Ritchie, violinist, on April 15 of that year.

George W. Chadwick has been invited by the Chicago Madrigal Club to compose music for Thomas Hood's poem "O Lady Leave Thy Silken Thread for Me." As an honorarium for this work the club offers the W. W. Kimball Company prize which was tendered in competition this year but withheld because no contestant submitted what the jury regarded a worthy competition. Mr. Chadwick's setting will be sung by the club at its March meeting.

"If one had to describe yesterday's Chopin playing in terms of ordnance, one would inevitably refer to its high trajectory, for both in the afternoon and the evening it fell nearly vertically. To carry the illustration one step farther, Mr. Mark Hambourg worked great havoc in the afternoon with a trench mortar, whilst Mr. Arthur Rubinstein performed wonders with a giant howitzer in the evening."—Pall Mall Gazette, Nov. 16.

Miss Thelma Bentwich, a young violoncellist, who has studied at the Royal College of Music, London, where she held a scholarship, and later in Paris and with Mr. Casals, made her first appearance in London at a professional concert Nov. 16. "There was more than merely sound technical accompdishment in her playing; there was daring in the phrasing and an intimate beauty in the slow movement of Boccherini and the Sarabande of Bach, which showed over and above the fine instrumental command a rare musical outlook."

"Death of Aida," ran a recent newspaper heading. It was a bit of a shock. But opera lovers may be reassured. The sad announcement related to a brood mare, and there is every reason to hope that her namesake will continue to thrive on the lyric stage for many a long year to come.—Daily Telegraph.

"Antar" was performed here recently at a Symphony concert. Was the latest version of the score then used? The Pall Mall Gazette (Nov. 16) says that this early work kept its place in the fastidious affections of its author. "This is established by the number of times he revised the orchestration. As his command of color increased, its resources had to be constantly lavished on this favorite child, and almost the last work he undertook was a final version. His son-in-law, Steinberg, maintains that one could give a course of instruction from the various editions of the score."

I have often wondered why it is that in England we have never been able to maintain an important musical weekly newspaper, such as those which exist in France, Germany, and, above all, America. By far the best paper of this kind here was The Musician of some 20 years ago. That paper endured for about six months, during which short period it "discovered" Max Beerbohm, Ernest Newman and other eminent writers. Of course, I know that there do exist "weeklies" here, but it cannot be said that they fulfil our every want. They are not broad enough in the meshes of their net, and in most of them from the beginning of my time there has been the same failing, that they deal too largely for my taste with "the parish pump" or the local affairs, and not enough with those that really matter. The stage, on the other hand, is supported by several papers which contain what looks like an immense amount of news.—Robin H. Legge in the Daily Telegraph, Nov. 16.

Richard Wagner's Unknown Songs Published

According to the enemy press, considerable interest has been aroused in German musical circles by the publication of some hitherto unknown or forgotten songs by Richard Wagner, composed between 1832 and 1858, which now appear in print for the first time in the 15th volume of the Archives of the Villa Wahnfried.

Most interesting of all is the Faust music, composed by Wagner at the age of 19, seven years before the original version of the well-known Faust overture, "Seven Compositions to Goethe's Faust. Opus 5" is the title of these pieces, which maintain somewhat monotonously the same time, and, as far as melody is concerned, betray but little of the master's future greatness. The choice of the episodes chosen for musical interpretation betrays his early developed sense for the dramatic: "Castles with High Battlements," "The Shepherd Prepares for the Dance," Brander's Song of the Rat, Mephisto's Song of the Flea and Serenade, and two songs of Marguerite. In four cases this selection tallies with the one made by Berlioz 13 years later. Of course, Wagner's then still very naive and immature music does not bear comparison with Berlioz's. Wagner is most successful with the two sarcastic Mephistophelian songs. The senenade in E flat is extraordinarily subtle, and surprisingly mature for a composer still in his teens. His later hold of dramatic expression is hinted at in one of Marguerite's songs. The music is under the influence of Weber and Marschner, whose characteristic phrases are frequently recalled. Wagner himself refers only once to this Faust music, in a letter to W. Fisher, from London, on March 2, 1855, asking for the dispatch of music left by him at Dresden on his flight.

Another of these resuscitated compositions bears the title "Les Adieux de Marie Stuart" (words by Beranger). To the same period—1839-1840—belongs yet anothed song, "Tout n'est qu'images fugitives" (words by Reboul), on the original MS. of which is jotted down the first sketch for the Faust overture.

Finally, the volume contains a few pieces for orchestra: the "Vampyre" aria, written by Wagner for his brother Albert as addition to Aubrey's part in Marschner's opera—a document of considerable musical and literary value, which is a great improvement of the part; a musical Intermezzo for "Mary, Max and Michael" (musical play by K. Blum and Hoitei), which dates back to his sojourn in Riga, a martial song for a bass voice; and finally—in Italian—an interpolated aria of Orovisto for Bellini's "Norma" ((dated 1837), which has more Wagnerian than Bellinesque character, and is remarkable because Wagner, even in his Bayreuth days, always praised Bellini as the supreme master and example for the melodious construction of song.—Pall Mall Gazette, Nov. 5.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Violin recital by Mischa Elman. See special notice.

MONDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Piano recital by Louis Cornell. His first appearance in Boston. Mozart, Fantasia, D minor; Gluck-Joseffy, Arietto di Balletto; Gluck-Sgambati, Melodie; d'Albert, Gavotte and Musette; Liszt, Variations on a theme by Bach, "Weinen, Klagen"; Brahms, Intermezzo, E flat minor, Cappriccio, B minor; Chopin, Impromptu, op. 36, Nocturne, op. 27, No. 2, Scherzo, op. 39; Ravel, Pavane; G. Faure, Impromptu, op. 34; Ganz, Mennetto from op. 14; Liszt, Ricordanza; Strauss-Tausig, Man lebt nur einmal.

TUESDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Leo Ornstein's second piano recital. Korngold, Sonata, D minor; Ravel, Sonatina; Debussy, Reflets dans l'eau Homage a Rameau, Mouvement; Ornstein, Deux Impressions de Notre Dame (Bells Through the Atmosphere, Gargoyles); Schoenberg, Three Piano pieces, op. 11; Albeniz, Iberia (Evocation, El puerto, Fete-Dieu a Seville); Grondahl, Impromptu Upon a Negro Motive; Cyril Scott, Danse Negri.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Miss Ethel Leginska's piano recital. Bach, Two Inventions, F major, B flat major; Rameau, Gavotte and Variations; Beethoven, Sonata in A major, op. 2, No. 2; Chopin, eleven preludes, op. 28, G major, A minor, F sharp minor, A major, E flat minor, B major, B flat minor, B flat major, G minor, F major, D minor; Chopin, Scherzo, B minor, op. 20; Schumann, Sonata in G minor; Liszt, Legende (Saint Francis de Paula Walking on the Waves), La Campanella.

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Concert by Harriet Sterling Hemenway, contralto, and Heinrich Gebhard, pianist. Songs: Handel, Care Selve; Campra, Charmant Papillon; Brahms, Die Mainacht; Wolf, Gesang Weylas; Schumann, Sandmann; Reger, Mein Schaetzelein; Pitzner, Gretel; Foote, On the Way to Kew; Cornelius, Two Christmas Songs; Old Irish, I Know Where I'm Goin'; MacFadyen, Love Is the Wind. Piano pieces: Brahms, Rhapsody, op. 79, No. 2; Schumann, Des Abends, G Faure, Impromptu, D minor; Gebhard, Romance Elegiaque, En Valsant (first public performance); Chopin, Fantasie Impromptu; Liszt, Etude in D flat; Gebhard, Cascades.

Steinert Hall, 8 P. M. Concert by the Zoellner String Quartet. Haydn, "Lark" quartet, op. 64; Debussy, Quartet; Beethoven, Quartet, op. 18, No. 4. The quartet is composed of father, daughter and two sons.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Seventh concert (A) of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor. Beethoven, Pastoral Symphony; Dukas, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice"; Smetana, symphonic poem "Vyschrad"; Enesco, Roumanian Rhapsody, A major, op. 11, No. 1.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Seventh concert (B) of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor. Program as on Friday afternoon.

Dec 6 1915

Whales in the sea
God's voice obey.

We read in a newspaper that there is commotion in a Baptist seminary out West because one of the teachers said that the story of Jonah swallowed by a whale should not be taken literally. This teacher follows the example of the biographer of Jonah in the Temple Bible Dictionary, who intimates that the account of Jonah's voyage is symbolical.

Jonah's Whale.

As yesterday was Sunday, we improved the day, not by playing golf or indulging in any other godless amusement, not by going to hear a young man fiddle, not by reading the Sunday newspapers with their wealth of miscellaneous misinformation, but by inquiring into the facts concerning Jonah. As in the case of the Queen of Sheba, to obtain definite information about this great and good man one must search the Rabbinical literature.

The great fish that swallowed Jonah—let us call it a whale, as we were taught in the Sunday school of our little village—was no ordinary whale. Moby Dick was a minnow in comparison. For this whale had been created at the beginning of the world to perform the special task. Its seven eyes were as large as windows. Lamps lit up its interior. A great pearl in its entrails enabled Jonah to observe all the wonders in the sea and in the abyss. The lodger was duly grateful; for when the whale told him that Leviathan was lurking, like a submarine boat, to destroy him, he saved the whale and himself by showing Leviathan the seal of Solomon. At the appointed time Jonah was spat out on dry land at a distance of 968 parasangs. (How many of us that plodded through Zenophon's "Anabasis" can now tell how many miles there are in a parasang?)

It is also said that the whale died as soon as Jonah came into him, but was revived after three days. This statement is unnecessary and incredible. More worthy of belief is the report that as soon as Jonah's body entered the whale his soul soared to the celestial throne, where it was judged and then sent back.

The Koran informs us that if Jonah "had not been one of those who praised God, verily he had remained in the belly thereof until the day of resurrection." The Mohammedan writers differ materially as to the time Jonah continued in the whale's belly. Some say it was a part of a day; others three days, others seven, others twenty, and others forty.

Strange Lodgings.

Solomon Järchi—apud Martinum Lipenium "in Jonas Periplo thalassio," folio B, verso edit. 1678, in 4to, says that Jonah being first swallowed by a male fish, was afterwards vomited into the body of a female fish. "As he did not find himself much strained in his first prison, say they, he did not think of praying to God, who therefore ordered the male fish to cast him up into the stomach of a female fish, which was with young. * * * There he found himself very much straitened, whereupon he pronounced that beautiful canticle, which is still extant, and by which he appeased God's wrath."

The ancient fathers thought it strange that heathen commentators should doubt this history of Jonah, though they related confidently of Hercules that he, too, was swallowed up by a whale, from which he received no hurt, having only lost a little hair, which was occasioned by the natural heat of the animal's bowels. There are some who maintain that as the story of Jonah was the origin of the legend about Andromeda being exposed to a sea monster near Joppa, therefore Jonah was cast up near that town, where he had embarked. This admits of discussion. It is not likely that Jonah was thrown up near Nineveh, for the Tigris has no immediate communication with the Mediterranean. The Tigris is not deep enough to bear a whale to the port of Nineveh; nor is it probable that the whale went into the ocean, doubled the Cape of Good Hope and then entered the Tigris, performing the voyage in three days.

One William Alabaster.

One William Alabaster, an English divine, in his "Apparatus in Revelationem Jesu Christi" (1607) states that our Savior and Jonas continued exactly three days and three nights, the one in the bowels of the earth, and the other in the whale's belly. "Now as he was in that place, he had day and night at the same time; for if we regard our Hemisphere, he had the day in his face, and the night at his back; and the next morning the reverse of this. So that tho' he continued but a day and a half, he continued three whole days, since we must double the space of time, because he had at once what we have successively."

This William Alabaster, an English divine, wrote a Latin tragedy, "Roxana," which was acted at a college in Cambridge and attended with a remarkable incident. "There was a lady who was so terrified at the last word of the tragedy, 'Sequar,' which was pronounced with a shocking tone, that she lost her senses all her lifetime after."

A Temporary Boarder.

The Morning Mercury of New Bedford commented recently on the Rev. Billy Sunday's sermon about Jonah, in which that reverend gentleman cited the case of Mr. James Barkley, able seaman, who, off the coast of Joppa, was swallowed by a whale, but found in the animal's stomach when his mates cut the whale up. Mr. Barkley underwent treatment in a London hospital. "His general health was not affected, and the only effect that could be noticed was that his skin was tanned by the peculiar action of the gastric juices of the whale's stomach upon it." (See the Literary Digest of April 4, 1896.) The Morning Mercury quotes Capt. Avery of New Bedford, who has seen a fish of unknown species that was 16 feet long and bigger around than a man, ejected from the stomach of a whale. Capt. Higgins cut open a whale and found a cavity in which a man might stand and five men sit.

Let us now praise famous men and whales. Let us now read again the sermon preached in New Bedford by Father Mudge and reported in Herman Melville's "Moby Dick."

LARGE AUDIENCE GREETS ELMAN AT RECITAL

Encore Responses Enjoyable as Program Numbers.

Mr. Mischa Elman gave a recital at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Walter H. Golde was the accompanist and John P. Marshall the organist. The program was as follows: Vivaldi, Concerto, G minor, with piano and organ accompaniment; Ernst, Concerto, F sharp minor, op. 23; Scolero, Variations on a Theme by Mozart; J. S. Bach, Arioso; Wienlawski-Kreisler; Caprice, E flat major; Michiels-Elman, Nuit de Mai; Weber-Elman, Country Dance; Sarasate, Zigeunerweisin.

In the first two numbers as in others on a program of moderate interest, Mr. Elman's playing revealed familiar characteristics, beauty of tone and easy brilliance. These qualities were more fully displayed in the performance of Scolero's variations on a theme by Mozart. In these variations Mr. Elman showed not only his technical proficiency, but his command of a great variety of tone, now crystalline in purity, now rich and sensuous. The variations were admirably individualized and were thus the more ingratiating.

It was an afternoon of encores and Mr. Elman's performance of the added pieces was often more interesting than his playing of the shorter numbers on the program. Schubert's Ave Maria, for instance, was played with a marvellously full and impressive tone, virginal in purity and effect, while Cui's Orientale was sultry and exotic and the familar La Chasse was executed with extraordinary fluency and brilliance.

A very large audience was constantly enthusiastic.

Dec 7 1915

But Louis Cornell Has Made Good Beginning — Gives First Boston Recital.

By PHILIP HALE.

Louis Cornell gave a piano recital in Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon and for the first time in Boston. The program was as follows: Mozart, Fantasia, D minor; Gluck-Joseffy, Arietto di Balletto; Gluck-Sgambati, Melodie; D'Albert, Gavotte and Musette; Bach-Liszt, Variations on "Weinen, Klagen"; Brahms, Intermezzo, E-flat minor, Capriccio, B minor; Chopin, Impromptu, Op. 36, Nocturne, Op. 27, No. 2, Scherzo; Ravel, Pavane; G. Faure, Impromptu, Op. 34; Ganz, Menuet from Op. 14; Liszt, Ricordanza; Strauss-Tausig, "Man Lebt Nur Einmal."

Should the musical taste of a pianist be prejudged before the performance by his program? A newcomer sometimes and unconsciously warns the public of his terrible approach. He is anxious to show what he can do; that he has herculean strength, the endurance of Atlas and an amazing technic. He resolves to batter and stun the hearer into admiration rather than to woo, persuade and seduce the reason. And so X. will play a thunderous transcription of an organ

fugue, [illegible] by one [illegible] the latest sonatas of Beethoven, the Handel variations of Brahms; while Y. will begin with Liszt's Sonata and end with Balakieff's "Islamey."

Mr. Cornell, an American, who has been assisting Mr. Ganz in Europe as a teacher and has played in cities of Europe and the United States, is more modest. His only defiant act yesterday was the bringing forward of Liszt's variations on a Basso Continuo of Bach's cantata, "Weinen, Klagen, Sorgen, Zagen." They were originally composed for the organ in 1863, although Liszt made sketches for the piano four years earlier. In 1870 he made the present arrangement for the piano and dedicated it to Rubinstein. The variations have been played here. We remember a performance by Mr. Busoni in 1904 when the heartless man added transcriptions of chorals and all of Brahms's variations on a theme of Paganini.

With the exception of these Variations Mr. Cornell's program was an amiable one, not too ambitious, not one to perplex anyone who "does not understand the tendency of modern composers." The first group included three restful pieces. The performance of the Fantasia was clean cut and without undue emphasis; this music of a complacent period in the history of the art was played with an agreeable touch and musical phrasing. In the transcriptions of Gluck's airs the rhythm was not always sharply defined. Liszt's Variations were played intelligently, but why should they be played at all? The Intermezzo is not one of Brahms's happiest thoughts.

Mr. Cornell has a smooth mechanism. This was finely shown in the concluding selection of Chopin's Impromptu. He respects the limitations of the piano; he does not force tone, does not pound. On the other hand his self-restraint is injurious to his interpretation of emotional music. He sings a melody but without bringing it home to the hearer. His treatment of tone is not sensuous. At present he draws well in black and white. No doubt he is still too much concerned with technical matters. His playing of even bravura passages is unruffled. There is a calmness, a repose that is irritating. Mr. Cornell has made a good start; he is well prepared, now let him strike out boldly and speak for himself so that we may know how this music he plays affects him. At present he seems to be a little in awe of composers.

By PHILIP HALE.

COLONIAL THEATRE — First performance in Boston of "The Girl Who Smiles," a musical comedy in three acts, by Paul Herve, music by Jean Briquet and Adolf Philipp; English version by Adolf Philipp and Edward A. Paulton. Produced at the Lyric Theatre, New York, Aug. 9, 1915.

Paul Fabre.....William Danforth
Anatole.....Paul Decker
Marie.....Natalie Alt
Pauline Legarde.....Marie Fanchonetti
Madame Boullere.....Lucille Saunders
Theodore.....Ralph Bunker
Henriette.....Lillian Spencer
Alphonse Duttier.....Fred Walton
Francois Dechanelle.....George Baldwin
Rudolf Tapine.....Joseph Phillips
Pierre Renaul.....Victor Bozart
Jasmes.....James Whelan
Clarisse Lunlere.....Grace Leigh
Fogere.....Nace Bonville
Paul Dechanelle.....Ray Bayhee
Fleurette.....Dottie King

Marie is the daughter of a crabbed father, Paul Fabre, who has an impudent scapegrace for a son. Marie is a sweet thing, gospel-eyed, who has never smiled. Her father wishes her to marry a silly ass, one Theodore. This makes her the more unhappy. She has met Francois Dechanelle, an artist, who lives with a sculptor and a musician in a garret. They are happy and impecunious. She has a liking for him and after he has returned a diamond necklace with her mother's miniature which her brother had given to Clarisse, an actress, or rather an exhibitionist—Clarisse thoughtfully kept the diamonds—she wishes the artist to teach her how to smile. He sings his street address to her several times in baritone. Like Louise in grand opera she hears the cry of Paris, so she leaves her home taking with her at least 1000 francs.

In the second act the Bohemians are at play. The landlord threatens eviction. Marie hands over 1000 francs to him and tells him to say that some connoisseur had paid that sum for one of Francois's pictures. The actress Clarisse poses as Cupid in tights with a black mosquito netting over them. After they have all had supper with wine Clarisse tempts Francois in waltz tempo. She paws him, she embraces him, she throws herself into presumably enticing attitudes, but the noble youth gazes on Marie's portrait, now and then kissing the temptress and snuggling close to her, but in the end spurning her to her evident mortification. Marie's father, attended by his son and the Poullere family, enter. At the end of the act Marie declares her love for the artist, who for a time was angry because no patron had bought his picture; for the landlord, heated with wine, acquainted him with the facts.

In the third act—there is an interval of 18 months—the father is more crabbed than ever. His son, married to Henriette Boullere, has been pursued by ladies in society and so easily caught that Henriette seeks a divorce. If his daughter is mentioned, M. Fabre says, in his gruff, melodramatic way: "I have no daughter." But Francois receives the prix de Rose, and Marie returns with him to the paternal roof. Her baby leads to a grand reconciliation. Marie has learned through love to smile; the baby smiles; Francois and his two friends, now prosperous, as is shown by their neatly fitting ready suits and shining plug hats, also smile; and at last the father, M. Paul Fabre, not only smiles, he grins.

Through the three acts a comic cook, with Pauline, the maid, a nimble and lingerie-revealing dancer, furnish amusement and assist Marie in her flight and in the reconciliation.

An amiable, harmless little play as far as the plot and the lines are concerned. That the situations are familiar makes the piece more welcome to the hundreds that delight in these entertainments. It must be confessed that the lines in themselves are seldom humorous, and laughter is invoked chiefly by the indefatigable labor of the comedians.

The music does not surprise by its originality, but there are pretty tunes, a waltz or two that may become popular, and the music is discreetly and at times ingeniously scored. The play is well staged. An excellent orchestra is conducted in a true musician's spirit by Mr. Augustus Barratt.

Miss Alt acted with becoming simplicity and sang for the most part sweetly. Mr. Baldwin was a capital Francois. It was a pleasure to hear his manly voice, used effectively and without undue pretension. Miss Fanchonetti, as we have said, danced neatly, while Miss Leigh made the most of her voluptuous figure. Mr. Decker gave marked character to the cheeky son. The chief comedians, Mr. Danforth and Mr. Walton, did as much as was possible with the dialogue.

A large audience evidently enjoyed the music and the performance.

There was a time when the pedestrian had the right of way in the public streets, whether a policeman stood at the crossings, making semaphoric gestures or as impassive as a Stoughton bottle. Was it not Charles Lamb who preferred the "sweet security" of city streets to the sights and sounds and air of the country?

"To Swashbuckle."

We were surprised to find the New York Evening Post in an editorial article "A Voice of Reason," speaking of the Earl of Portsmouth as a "swashbuckling peer." Is there a verb "to swashbuckle?" Would William Cullen Bryant, as editor of the Post, have allowed "swashbuckling?" For the story goes that he drew up a list of words and phrases not to be used by reporters or editorial writers. And what would he have said to "proven" for "proved?"

Hebrew and Roman.

Mr. Joseph G. Cannon thinks that President Wilson should have consulted Tacitus rather than Ezekiel as a counsellor in the matter of preparedness. Ezekiel, according to Mr. Cannon, is the most pessimistic prophet of the Old Testament. But how about Tacitus? In that strange book, "The Confidence Man," by Herman Melville, the record of conversations on a Mississippi steamboat, the man with the weed urged the young gentleman with a swan neck, wearing a ladylike open shirt collar, to drop the copy of Tacitus he was reading. "His subtlety is falsity. * * * My young friend, if to know human nature is your object, drop Tacitus and go north to the cemeteries of Auburn and Greenwood. * * * Whatever our lot, we should read serene and cheery books, fitted to inspire love and trust. * * * Tacitus—he is the most extraordinary example of a heretic; not one iota of confidence in his kind. Without confidence himself, Tacitus destroys it in all his readers. Destroys confidence, paternal confidence, of which God knows that there is in this world none to spare."

De Gustibus.

As the World Wags:

Apropos of the coming concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in aid of its pension fund, the program as originally announced was: Tschaikowsky, Symphony No. 5, in E minor; Rossini, Overture, "William Tell"; Delibes, Suite from "Sylvia" ballet; Strauss, Concert Waltz, "On the Beautiful Blue Danube."

Last Sunday we were advised of the substitution of Rubinstein's ballet suite from "Feramors," and this morning's Herald brings a further change, Lalo's ballet suite from "Namouna."

Many were, no doubt, drawn to this concert by the prospect of hearing the dainty Delibes music as well as the two hackneyed numbers of Rossini and Strauss.

Will either suite prove as satisfying? If any substitution is to be made why not Massenet's colorful "Le Cid" ballet suite, too infrequently heard here?

Why is Nicolai's brilliant and tuneful overture to "The Merry Wives of Windsor" not placed on concert programs more frequently? About the only hearings it has nowadays is an occasional performance at the "Pops" and by theatre orchestras. As music it is superior to the Rossini overture, and a pension fund concert should be a good occasion for reintroducing it to concertgoers.

D. E. KILBY, JR.

Boston, Dec. 4, 1915.

So Mr. Kilby prefers Nicolai's overture to Rossini's. "As music it is superior." Oh, is it? There are some who find the "Sylvia" suite "hackneyed" and would gladly hear the music from "Feramors" or "Namouna" in its place. Our old friend Jones wishes that the overture to "Zampa" would be on the program, while Smithers was saying only yesterday that he would pay 50 cents extra if he could hear the music to "Midsummer Night's Dream." De gustibus—to use the language of the ancient Romans.—Ed.

Cause and Effect.

"Shawshin" sends to us from New Ipswich, N. H., the following extract from the Boston Recorder and Telegraph of Sept. 22, 1821:

"Died: In Albany, Henry Jansen, Esq., one of the members of the convention. He was in perfect health; had purchased a ticket to view Pealias' (sic) 'Court of Death,' then on exhibition in the Senate chamber, and in passing to the chamber was instantly summoned from the representation to the awful reality."

We remember the picture well. We have seen it in the office of a country doctor, hung there for the enjoyment of waiting patients. Peale's "Court of Death." Cole's "Voyage of Life," "Washington Irving and His Friends," "The Death Bed of Daniel Webster," and that steel engraving of the regicide in the Hadley meeting-house were on the walls of many houses in New England 50 years ago. Later these patrons of art found delight in the "Rogers' groups."

Given in Baptism.

The Herald of last Sunday mentioned the Massachusetts Spy among old newspapers of this city. Some unusual Christian names are found therein. A Miss Bowen was thus handicapped at baptism: Aldiborontiphoscophornio. She married Andrew Fearing of Boston in 1829. How did he address her in moments of endearment? "Aldi" or "Phornio"? If the parents were determined to give their baby girl a name out of Henry Carey's "Chrononhotonthologos," why did they not choose Fadladinida or Tatianthe? Why did they give her the name of a male character?

In Their Shrouds.

A bookbinders' demand for higher wages seems to threaten a rise in the price of our winter books. But why should we attach such value to the binding of a book that will probably be dead and buried within three months? Our French friends are more sensible. The new books they cover in paper; only when they have justified their existence are they bound. We, on the other hand, bind all new books expensively, and if they succeed they descend gradually to paper covers at a copper or so!—Daily Chronicle (London).

VERDI'S "RIGOLETTO" GIVEN AT THE OPERA HOUSE

Mme. Pavlowa and Mr. Volinine in Spanish Dances.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: Verdi's "Rigoletto," and Spanish dances, with Mme. Pavlowa, Mr. Volinino, and the Ballet Russe, were repeated last evening. The cast in the opera was unchanged from that of Saturday afternoon, with the one exception that Mr. Puliti replaced Mr. Alcotti as Ceprano. Again an admirable performance was given, with Mr. Baklanoff constantly impressive as Rigoletto, and with Miss Lyne more faithful to the pitch. If Mr. Botta's Duke was a bit stilted, vocally, his performance was praiseworthy.

The Spanish dances, with music by Massenet, Moszkowski and Glazunoff, and with the incomparable Pavlowa in a trio of solos, should have proved attractive enough to draw a far more complimentary audience. The setting, following the second act of "Carmen," was strikingly beautiful, the costumes brilliant and in the scene, and the dancing, not only of Pavlowa and Mr. Volinine, but of the secondaries as well, was of a quality not soon to be seen in Boston after the departure of the Ballet Russe. It is a great pity that so few of discriminating taste were present.

"THE BRIDE SHOP" HEADS BILL AT B. F. KEITH'S

Two Old Boston Favorites, Raymond and Caverly, Also Here.

"The Bride Shop" is one of the most entertaining numbers on the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. The piece has an excellent cast and a comedian in the person of Andrew Tombes, who is generously provided by the author with funny lines. The musical side is less worthy, though there are a number of tunes that invite the attention of the listener. The sketch is interesting in another way in its exhibition of bridal lingerie and the manner in which the models are introduced with a logical relationship to the story. Eight pretty and girlish girls are skilfully employed in the exhibition scene. The principals besides Mr. Tombes were Lola Wentworth, Raphaella Ottiana and Basil Lynn.

Two old favorites with Keith audiences were Raymond and Caverly, who are still funny in the same old way, but with a lot of new material.

Miss Dorothy Jardon gave pleasure in a group of character songs that were heightened by a bizarre setting and some unusual but nevertheless consistent costumes.

Others on the bill were the Lightner Sisters and Newton Alexander, in a singing act; Lynne Overman and Edna Hibbard in a sketch, "The Highest Bidder," that was interesting in dialogue but insufficient in action; Arnault Brothers, European tumbling clowns; Henry G. Rudolf, the Vagrant Tenor, and the comedy roller skating act of Beeman and Anderson.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—Charley's Aunt. Farce in three acts by Brandon Thomas.

Col. Sir Francis Chesney, Bart. ..... Theodore Friebus
Stephen Spettigue.....Al Roberts
Jack Chesney.....William P. Carleton
Charley Wykeham.....Robert Capron
Lord Fancourt Babberley.....Donald Meek
Brassett.....George Ernst
Footman.....J. Monte Crane
Kitty Verdun.....Betty Barnicoat
Donna Lucia d'Alvadorez..... Vida Croly Sidney
Amy Spettigue.....Justine Adams
Ella Delahay.....Rose Lee

Rose Lee Saltonstall

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—William Gillette in his melodrama in four acts, "Sherlock Holmes." The cast:

Sherlock Holmes.....William Gillette
Dr. Watson.....Edward Fielding
Benjamin Forman.....Stewart Robbins
Billy.....Burford Hampden
Prof. Moriarty.....Joseph Brennan
James Larrabee.....Edwin Mordant
Sydney Prince.....Stuart Fox
Alfred Bassick.....Fulton Russell
Craigen.....Louis Hendricks
John.....Philip Sanford
Parsons.....Earl Redding
Alice Faulkner.....Helen Freeman
Madge Larrabee.....Marion Abbott
Terese.....Grace Reals

All sane and normal persons have a weakness for melodrama, provided it is piping hot and stuffed with thrilling situations. Mr. Gillette begins his play in a manner to awaken interest and suggest mystery. The safe-cracking incident, the shrieks, the uneasy servants, the sight of two deep-dyed villains, male and female, on blackmail bent and clamoring for certain documents, the young girl brutally tortured—all this at once rivets the attention and suggests the probability of hideous crimes past and to come.

The story is familiar to everyone, the story of how the accomplished detective, an English Lecocq, waged relentless war on his ancient enemy, Prof. Moriarty, the "Napoleon of Crime," who governed the whole criminal activity of London from his office.

The actor's familiar and striking impersonation has not changed. Mr. Gillette makes a specialty of cool headedness on the stage. He was again Conan Doyle's detective to the life. Sherlock Holmes with his pale, spectral smile, his sagacity, his cynicism, his drugs and his adoring Watson, for the moment lived in the flesh. There was a fine exhibition of the detective's professional subtlety, his bland audacity, his keen wit. It is not easy to imagine another in the part.

The supporting cast is efficient. Mr. Brennan's Moriarty suggested the hardened criminal, malignant, crafty, ruthless in his schemes for human destruction. Master Hampden, pleasantly remembered for his performance of Tyltyl in "The Blue Bird," played Billy with youthful vigor and engaging frankness. Mr. Fox's Prince and the Forman of Mr. Robbins were other impersonations which stood out among the minor roles. The Larrabees as portrayed by Mr. Mordant and Miss Abbott were unpleasant people. Miss Freeman as Alice Faulkner was becomingly virginal, oppressed and tremulous. The part of Dr. Watson was acted with distinction by Mr. Fielding.

A very large and brilliant audience enjoyed the performance. Applause was spontaneous and prolonged.

Next week Mr. Gillette will appear in "Secret Service." He will not be seen this season in any other city in New England.

Dec 8 1915

Zenatello Sings and Acts with His Usual Dramatic Force.

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE — Verdi's "Otello." Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Desdemona.....Mme. Villani
Emilia.....Miss Campbell
Othello.....Mr. Zenatello
Iago.....Mr. Baklanoff
Cassio.....Mr. Boscacci
Roderigo.....Mr. Alcotti
Ludovico.....Mr. Kaufman
Montano.....Mr. Ananian

Again a stirring performance; again a small audience. Mr. Zenatello sang and acted with great dramatic force. We know of no tenor on the stage in this country today who maintains steadily so high a standard; who is so satisfactory in many different roles.

Dec 1 1915

Here is a tenor that respects his art, makes no liberties with the public, and has never been solicitous about rotundity through foolish gossip, or eccentric behavior off the stage. Mr. Zenatello is a lyric tenor, witness his sympathetic impersonation of Faust, a heroic tenor, witness his Otello, Samson and Radames. He is a tenor, but not a "prima donna tenor" with airs and graces.

With the years Mr. Baklanoff's conception of Iago has gained in finesse. He still is inclined to sing the music in too straightforward a manner. As an example take the phrase at the beginning of the second act where Iago asks Otello if Mihcael Cassio knew of his love when he was wooing Desdemona. Surely this question should not be put in a bold and domineering way. Neither the music nor Iago's purpose calls for such emphasis. But on the whole Mr. Baklanoff's impersonation is picturesque and effective.

Mme. Viliani is a womanly Desdemona, more dramatically impressive than some that have preceded her. Last evening her intonation was occasionally impure, but with this exception her singing commanded respect. It is seldom that the actor who takes the part of Cassio in this opera is adequate. If he sings in a satisfactory manner, his presence is not authoritative; if he bears himself manfully, his singing is generally of a mediocre quality.

The chorus sang with a regard for dynamic gradations. The orchestra was often eloquent.

The scenery devised by Mr. Urban for the performances in Paris is ingeniously conceived. It also shows Mr. Urban's besetting fault: his unwillingness to give room for action. Thus in the third act there was no feeling of spaciousness. The singers in the grand ensemble appeared cramped, and the effect of the entrance and the exit was wholly lost.

ORNSTEIN GIVES SECOND IN SERIES OF RECITALS

Player's Own Compositions Are Prominent on Program.

Leo Ornstein gave the second in his series of recitals of music by modern composers at Steinert Hall yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows: Korngold, Sonata, D minor; Ravel, Sonatina; Debussy, Reflets dans l'eau, Homage a Rameau, Mouvement; Ornstein, seven Fantasie pieces, Valse Gallope, three moods, Anger, Peace, Joy; Schoenberg, two pieces, op. 11; Albeniz, Evocation, El Puerto, Fete-Dieu a Seville; Grondahl, impromptu upon a Negro motive; Scott, Danse Negre.

Mr. Ornstein's own compositions assumed a formidable place on the program. They will make few converts to "futurist" music, nor will reports of them tend to swell the numbers at Mr. Ornstein's remaining recitals. As studies in noise, grotesque, hideous, unreasoning, they are incomparable. After the seven pieces, which were, fortunately, short, a patient audience was further deafened by the Valse Gallope and Mr. Ornstein's conception of anger, peace and joy.

The audience, at first friendly and inquiring, eager to hear the pieces by Schoenberg, curious concerning the sonata written by the boy Korngold at the age of 13, laughed loudly and long. Is Mr. Ornstein something of a charlatan? Are his intentions honorable in giving a hearing to works of the ultra-modern school, or is he merely baiting his audience for the purpose of pleading his own cause?

Schoenberg's pieces, composed in 1908, cautious and dignified beside the pianist's extreme and frenzied utterances, have neither the beauty nor distinction of his other works so far performed here. At Mr. Ornstein's next recital, it is said, Schoenberg's six pieces, op. 19, will be played, and there will be further opportunity to consider this remarkable man's piano music.

Korngold's Sonata is singularly mature in thought and expression. The harmonic scheme is bold. The piece is robust in character. Perhaps the first movement is the most striking with its suggestion of tragedy and lamentation.

Ravell's enchanting Sonatina gave much pleasure. Familiar characteristics of the composer's work are readily distinguishable. It is poetic, plaintive, elegant and vaporous.

Mr. Ornstein was more successful in his playing of Debussy's "Mouvement" than in his performance of "Reflets dans l'eau" and "Homage a Rameau." Both these pieces were unduly italicized, too deliberate, nor is Mr. Ornstein's habit of poking tones effective in works by the Frenchman. His own pieces were performed at breakneck speed and with furious intensity.

The third recital will be on Tuesday evening, Jan. 11.

MME. LEGINSKA

By PHILIP HALE.

Mme. Ethel Leginska gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Bach, Two inventions in F major and B flat major; Rameau, Gavotte and Variations; Beethoven, Sonata in A major, op. 2, No. 2; Chopin Preludes in G major, A minor, F sharp minor, A major, E flat minor, B major, B flat minor, B flat major, G minor, F major, D minor op. 28, Scherzo, B minor op. 20; Schumann, Sonata in G minor, op. 22; Liszt, Saint Francis de Paula Walking on the Waves.

Mme. Leginska is not unknown here. She gave a recital in November of last year, when the program was composed exclusively of pieces by Chopin. Then she played the Etudes and a Sonata; yesterday she made a brave assault on the Preludes, capturing eleven out of 24.

According to report Mme. Leginska was born in Yorkshire, Eng., and her name was Leggins. She studied with Leschetitzki. Since 1906 she has been favorably known as a pianist in European cities. In 1907 or 1908 she gave some concerts in the Middle West. We mention this fact because it has been stated that she played for the first time in this country in New York in January, 1912.

The early program of the concert yesterday announced that Mme. Leginska would play "Two Intentions" by Bach. Now Bach's intentions were always strictly honorable. He was a God-fearing man, who wove an enormous mass of counterpoint and begot 20 children. But some of his pieces were entitled "Inventions," not "Intentions," and Mme. Leginska played two of them.

Mme. Leginska is a remarkable pianist. Few pianists of the many that have visited Boston of late years have given such unalloyed pleasure. First of all she has a peculiarly beautiful touch; an admirable mastery over tonal effects; an unusual command of nuances; a poetically musical taste to govern and control. Her fleetness in bravura is never a scramble. The brilliance of her bravura has body and a charming liquidity. She has the gift of caressing the keys so that they in gratitude sing to her. But while her delicacy is fascinating, she has strength, the true strength that is sonorous and euphonious. As a colorist she delights now in broad effects, now in the most delicate tints.

She has the ability to express the spirit of a period. Take her Bach and Rameau, for example. Mr. Edwin Evans lately described the music of the 18th century as music of a complacent age, whose composers, like Jules Renard's peacock, were so sure of being beautiful that they were incapable of rancor. Their quarrels were quarrels of aesthetes, conducted by "self-satisfied gentlemen in silk and lace, with powdered wigs and ornamental swords." In the sonata by Beethoven her treatment of the first theme of the Finale, its exposition, its returnings, was a triumph of art and imagination. And how delightful her interpretation of the whole sonata! As a player of Chopin she stands close to Mr. Vladimir de Pachmann. We doubt whether he could rival her in the performance of the mysterious Prelude in A minor. Some have called this Prelude harsh names: bizarre, ugly, brutal, grisly. It certainly is sinister in its utter hopelessness. No "futurist" with the wildest discords has yet rivalled the shudder of this Prelude. That Mme. Leginska brought out the unearthly intensity and horror by apparently simple means was not the least of her triumphs.

One could go through her program, pointing out this beauty in interpretation, this brilliant reading, that memorable revelation of a mood. It is enough to say that among her rare natural gifts and her acquired accomplishments Mme. Leginska has pronounced individuality. We know of no pianist that can be classed with her. She is singularly original as pianist and interpreter.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: Miss Pavlowa and her Russian ballet in "The Awakening of Flora," Spanish dances and eight divertissements.

The music for "Flora's Awakening," a mythological ballet arranged by Mr. Clustine and given yesterday afternoon by Miss Pavlowa at a special matinee is by Drigo. Flora, Zephyr, Diana, Aurora, Apollo and Mercury, Hebe and Gorymede disport themselves gayly; in fascinating costumes against a futurist setting the colors are exquisite in delicacy and there is every opportunity to see Miss Pavlowa and her company at their best. Miss Plaskovictzka as Aurora takes an important part. The charm of her personality and the grace and variety of her dancing increases with each visit to Boston. Fauns and nympths in brilliant attire are conspicuous in the concluding bacchanalian revelry.

The Spanish dances were an enchanting revelation. No more daring and gorgeous combinations of color in costuming have been presented by the Russians. These are the more effective by reason of the sombre background. Lillas Pastia's Tavern. The dancing was intoxicating, now languorous, now passionate. Miss Pavlowa, herself, seductive, sensuous, alluring, disclosed new charms.

The Blue Danube Waltz, the Danse des Roses, Mr. Vollmine's bow and arrow dance, Miss Pavlowa's butterfly and the gavotte danced with Mr. Clustine were features of the divertissements.

The opera last night was "Madama Butterfly," with Mmes. Miura and Loveroni, and Messrs. Martin and Chalmers. There was a large and enthusiastic audience. The performance of Puccini's opera by this company has been a revelation to our opera public and not only by reason of the fascinating Mme. Miura. The ballet "Snowflakes" followed.

Last month a woman died in England who bore a famous name yet no notice of her death was taken in the daily newspapers. The widow of "Lucien Bonaparte" died at the age of 84 in a nursing home. Apropos of her death "Celt" wrote to the Pall Mall Gazette that he remembered as a boy being told in the town of Machynlleth to run that he might see a brother of Napoleon Bonaparte through the window. "He wore a frock coat and silk hat, and he bore a great resemblance to his brother the Emperor. He was accompanied by a gentleman of Wales who was well qualified to help forward the prince's desire to study the Welsh language. I cannot give the date, but I think it must have been in the early fifties."

Now Lucien Bonaparte, the brother of Napoleon, according to biographical dictionaries at hand, was born in 1775. He died in 1840. If the widow of Lucien, Napoleon's brother, died at the age of 84, she was born in 1831 and must have been married to Lucien before she was 9 years old. No wonder that "Lucien and the lady who has just died 'agreed to differ' and lived apart."

Here is another strange statement in view of the fact that this Lucien, "the brother of Napoleon," died in 1840: "Prince Louis Lucien, as a consequence of the reverses of his relative, Napoleon III., was not in very affluent circumstances, and the £400 a year which was left to him in 1879 by the prince imperial (who charged his empress-mother with the regular paying of it) was very welcome."

Behold a mystery. What is the solution of it?

There is a Louis, the grandson of Jerome Bonaparte. This Louis of the Russian army talked with Edmond de Goncourt in 1895 about Russian customs and superstitions; how it was considered impolite to offer a gloved hand to be shaken, or to shake hands in a vestibule. He had just come back from Caucasus, and frightened the Parisians by telling them of the muscular force of the dwellers therein. He told of a Tartar taking an Armenian by the throat, and with three fingers "pulling out his throat together with his tongue."

The mystery is quickly solved. "Celt" did not see in the fifties or the forties Lucien, the brother of Napoleon. The woman that died in November was the widow of Louis Lucien Napoleon, a son of Lucien, and a brother of Charles Lucien and Pierre Napoleon. Louis Lucien died in 1891.

Our Own Athens.

The Daily Chronicle (London) says: "There is, and has been for many centuries, only one Athens." What? Does the Daily Chronicle ignore Athens on the Hudson in New York state, often pronounced by neighboring villagers "A—thens," with a sharp accent on the "A"? The "s" in the Greek Athens is "a real plural, for the city was given a plural name (Athenai) as being made up of several constituent parts." A—thens, N. Y., is singular; at least it was when we visited it.

Scheffel's Jonah.

As the World Wags:

Your speculations over the story of Jonah somewhat surprised me. I had an idea you had profited through lingering in the vicinity of von Scheffel's statue in Heidelberg, and learned the true foundation of that tradition.

Surely you have read—and probably sung from his "Gaudeamus"—all about "Im Schwarzen Walfisch zu Ascalon," under the title of "Jonas."

In this lyric we have the account of Jonah drinking at the Black Whale Tavern of Ascalon until he was unable to meet the landlord's score as made out in cuneiform on six brick tablets. The result was that

In the Black Whale Tavern of Ascalon
Just as the clock struck four,
The Nubian servant seized the guest
And hurled him through the door.

Boston, Dec. 6. EDWARD LAWRENCE.

Did you ever sing the added lines (not written by von Scheffel) which make the song an endless one?

Im Schwarzen Walfisch zu Ascalon
Da schlug der Uhr halb neun,
Da warf der Schwarze von Nubierland
Den Fremden wieder hinein.

For the Well-Read.

As the World Wags:

In Charlotte M. Yonge's "The Stokesby Secret" are these lines:

There was a lady loved a swine,
"Honey," says she,
"I'll give you a silver trough."
"Hunks!" says he.

I note a variant of this beautiful verse in a recent novel. Will you kindly quote the whole poem, and name the author? Box 141.

Boston.

"Mary Postgate"

As the World Wags:

It seems to me very odd that "W." should know people who consider the nationality of the soldier in "Mary Postgate" a matter of doubt. At the time I read the story, two or three months ago, it seemed to me obvious that the man was a German, not only because he tumbled out of a German aeroplane, but because his pronunciation of French, as Kipling represents it, was exactly of the kind that a German would naturally use if he found difficulty in pronouncing it perfectly. However, his French appeared to me quite as good as Mary Postgate's German; but that may be owing to my own ignorance.

HESTER KNOWLES.

Cambridge, Dec. 4.

Dec 10 1915

Mrs. Harriet Sterling Hemenway and Heinrich Gebhard Appear in Jordan Hall.

By PHILIP HALE.

Mrs. Harriet Sterling Hemenway, contralto, and Heinrich Gebhard, pianist, gave a concert in Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon. Harris A. Shaw was the accompanist.

THE CONCERT PROGRAM.

The program included these songs: Handel, Care Selve; Campra, Charmant Papillon; Brahms, Die Mainacht; Wolf, Gesang Weylas; Schumann, Sandmann; Reger, Mein Schaetzeleln; Pfitzner, Gretel; Foote, On the Way to Kew; Cornelius, Christ the Friend of Children and the Christ Child; Old Irish, I Know Where I'm Goin'; MacFadyen, Love Is the Wind.

The piano pieces were as follows: Brahms, Rhapsody op. 79, No. 2; Schumann, Des Abends, Aufschwung; G. Faure, Impromptu, F minor; Gebhard, Romance Elegiaque and En Valsant (first public performance); Chopin, Fantasie—Impromptu; Liszt, Liebestraum; Gebhard, Cascades.

Is a Singer of Serious Aims.

Mrs. Hemenway is known by former recitals and her appearance with the Handel and Haydn Society as a singer of serious aims. Yesterday she gave pleasure by her evident wish to differentiate sentiments in her interpretation of songs varying in respect to period and character. It was apparent that she appreciated the grand manner of Handel, whose name, by the way, in the English program of an American singer should be spelled without the modified "a." There was facile delivery of Campra's air. These two songs showed that a voice which is suited by its native quality to the majestic measures of Handel can also be sufficiently elastic and agile for a tripping operatic air. In the group of German Lieder there was well defined rhetorical expression, although Wolf's song should have been sung with more subdued intensity. Perhaps the singer of this group was most effective in Schumann's "Sandmann," although she succeeded in being playful in "Gretel" without forcing the note of humor.

These intentions were sometimes marred by imperfect mechanism. We have heard Mrs. Hemenway sing with more uniform control of breath and with surer concentration of tone. Yesterday the tones, except in songs of a light mood, were at times spread, nor was the attack of upper tones always decisive. There was a tendency in the German songs to give undue importance to final consonants, nor had the singer mastery over the German "R."

Mr. Gebhard's Interpretation.

Mr. Gebhard played in his customary intelligent manner, avoiding both dryness and sentimentalism in "Les Abends," and expressing the romanticism of Brahms and Schumann, each romantic in his own way. A feature of the concert was the performance of Gabriel Faure's charming Impromptu. Mr. Gebhard's new piano pieces are pleasing compositions, but the ending of "En Valsant" might be worked over with an advantageous result.

An audience of good size applauded liberally the concert givers.

ZOELLNER QUARTET GIVES AFTERNOON CONCERT

Well Schooled Musicians Are Heard in Steinert Hall.

The Zoellner Quartet, Antoinette Zoellner, violin; Amandus Zoellner, violin; Joseph Zoellner, Sr., violin; Joseph Zoellner, Jr., violoncello, gave a

oncert in Huntington Hall yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows: Haydn, Quartet, Op. 64, No. 5; Debussy, Quartet, Op. 10; Beethoven, Quartet, Op. 18, No. 4.

In 1879 Debussy, recommended by his master Marmontel, went to Russia with Mme. Metch, wife of a prominent railroad contractor, to act as family pianist during the summer. This experience hastened his own development. In the cabarets at Moscow he listened to the Tsiganes and for the first time heard music not subject to rule, music unrestrained, passionate, sharply rhythmed. The impression made upon the young composer was lasting and the Quartet played yesterday by the Zoellner's was the natural result of this influence.

Dedicated to the Quartet Ysaye, Crickboom, Van Hout and Jacob, and first played by them, the music is supremely beautiful, full of poetic ardor and amorous ecstasy. The composer bared his soul in pages of sublime intensity, of rhythms, now caressing, now irresistible with oriental savagery and abandon.

The work by Haydn is simple, firmly knit, spontaneous, tuneful. It shows familiar characteristics well defined. The minuet of the third movement is charming in grace and melodic freshness. The quartet as a whole is sunny, delightful.

The Zoellners, intelligent, well-schooled musicians, were heard to advantage. No doubt their sympathies lie largely with the modernists in music They played the quartet by Debussy with evident zeal and devotion, technical efficiency and purity of intonation. A small audience was appreciative.

"FAUST" IS REPEATED AT BOSTON OPERA HOUSE

General Excellence of Performance Excites Admiration.

There was a repetition of "Faust" at the Boston Opera House last evening. The general excellence of the performance and the gorgeousness of the Walpurgis Night scene with Mmes. Pavlowa, Kuhn, Plaskovietzka, Butsova, Crombova, and Mr. Volinine as the chief dancers again excited the liveliest admiration. The singers were Mmes. Lyne, Campbell, Leveroni and Messrs. Martin, Baklanoff, Chalmers and Puliti. Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Mr. Baklanoff's impersonation of Mephistopheles is remarkable for its picturesque individuality. He sang the music with a firmer control of rhythm than at the preceding performance. Mr. Martin, who was heard in place of Mr. Zenatello, sang with fervor. Miss Lyne was a sympathetic Marguerite, while Miss Campbell was a Siebel not to be lightly shoved about by Mephistopheles.

"What more wouldst thou have?" replied he. "Allah hath bountiously bestowed on thee a Barber, who is an astrologer, one learned in alchemy and white magic, syntax, grammar and lexicology; the arts of logic, rhetoric and elocution; mathematics, arithmetic, algebra, astronomy, astromancy and geometry theology, the Traditions of the Apostles and the Commentaries on the Koran. Furthermore, I have read books galore and mastered them and have had experience of them and comprehended them. In short I have learned the theorick and the practick of all the arts and sciences; I know everything of them by rote and I am a past master in ista re sellili. I am no busy-body as thou seemest to suppose, and on this account I am known as The Silent Man, also, The Modest Man.

Old-Time Barbers.

As the World Wags:

"Allstonus" asks me if I remember Charley Miller, the Italian barber and his merry men on Federal street. Alas no, but I should like to have hanging in memory's halls a picture of that original Figaro and his tipless shop.

The only man connected with the hair industry that reminded mo of the land that has the fatal gift of beauty was my old friend and schoolmate Charley Garey. He was famous in his way as a theatrical wig maker. The players all knew him, and the students at Harvard in the days of Cheever Goodwin and Nat Childs cherished him as a friend when he prepared them for the mimic scene. This was before the extravaganza of "Evangeline" and the burlesque of "Hiawatha" were written, and before Laura Joyce came to sing "Where art thou now, my Beloved." Charley was not a full-fledged son of Italy, like his father, who reproduced statues and busts in his workshop and home on Province House court. Many happy hours have I spent there before the locality ceased to be a residential district.

But of barbers, pure and simple, I have known many of note. First, among my boyish recollections, comes Andrew Jackson Dam, who kept on Devonshire street under the spreading horse-chestnut tree that guarded the side gate of the yard of the Stackpole House, where I passed part of my early childhood. He kept a model shop as I recall it, though the unregenerate lads who did not go to Sabbath school, in reading the sign, "A. J. Dam, Barber and Hair Dresser," were wont to drop the middle initial of his name. It was a pitiful but characteristic bit of boisterous juvenile wit. He afterward went to New York, where he developed into a noted hair dresser at the Astor House, the Union Square Hotel and the Hotel Lenox. Boston lost a good wielder of the razor and shears and New York won a gentlemanly host.

Now comes to mind William Dudley, who lived for 30 years or more on Jackson place, off Winter street, in a home he earned by his own industry and which by the advance in the price of real estate gave him when he retired from business a competence for his old age. He was originally from Dublin and he spoke with that purity of English accent which distinguishes the natives of the Irish capital. He devoted himself to hair-cutting alone for the greater part of his career, and he counted among his patrons Edward Everett and other solid men of Boston who made long or short orations. For some time his shop was over the celebrated Old Corner Bookstore at the corner of Washington and School streets. He was indeed a model workman and citizen, a good man after Sir Walter Scott's own heart.

"Professor" Steamburgh was a popular colored barber fifty and more years ago when he kept in the passageway on Washington street south of Bromfield, that led under the archway of the old Marlboro Hotel to the hall of the Lowell Institute. The boys of the Mercantile Library Association, at the corner of Summer and Hawley streets, were among his patrons, and indeed he set up business for a while in the building which the society occupied partially, but he evidently did not find the change of location profitable for attracting general custom, and he returned to his old quarters. He conducted an orderly shop and had several good helpers who said "Next!" with extreme politeness. I had my initial shave there with many blushes before I had donned my first high Henry in the brave days when I was twenty-one.

BAIZE.

Dorchester Centre, Dec. 6.

Good Old Drills.

As the World Wags:

Ono more word about the "Good Old Drills." I have read Mr. Littlefield's letter with great interest and pleasure and although I am rather staggered by his mention of the names of Gens. Grant and Sheridan in connection with the drills of his time, I must contend that the presence of so many girl friends at the prize drills of a later period in no way affected the high excellence of the drilling.

I remember no "kid actions," unless the proud and joyful promenading in the foyer of the young officers and soldiers when off duty, and the girls, might be regarded as such.

These boys also received their training from Gen. Moore, and in the Boylston Market Hall, but a larger place was needed for the prize drill as the regiment numbered between 500 and 600. The drills in the Boston Theatre were dignified occasions. The army officers who were the judges occupied a stage box. "Fathers and mothers" predominated, but the aforesaid girls and their flowers made the scene more picturesque.

Since then the majority of us, both boys and girls, have learned to march without the music, not to mention the bouquets, and it brightens the road to recall some of these early and very vital times.

E. M. M.

Boston, Dec. 7.

Dec 11 1911

SYMPHONY GIVES 7TH CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE.

The seventh concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The concert will be repeated this evening. The program was as follows:

Symphony No. 6, "Pastoral" ..... Beethoven
The Sorcerer's Apprentice ..... Dukas
Vyschrad ..... Smetana
Roumanian Rhapsody No. 1 ..... Enesco

This program of familiar pieces was well arranged. There was variety; there were contrasts; there was brilliant and poetical orchestral performance; there was no "soloist" to disturb the occasion.

Those accustomed to unimaginative interpretations, who had come to the conclusion that the pastoral symphony is a good deal of a bore and nodded by the side of the brook until aroused by the merry peasants with their heavy feet in the dance and by the village musicians, should have been in Symphony Hall yesterday. We have never heard the first movement played with such clarity, such June-like freshness, with coloring that brought to mind the sky with clouds like cotton bales, the grass that is "the handkerchief of the Lord," and the dreams and visions of a summer day. Here was the full expression of Beethoven's own indication: "Awakening of serene impressions on arriving in the country." The following Andante, often unbearable because the conductor chooses a sluggish pace for the sake of "great expression," was for once not too long. There was uncommonly fine tone in the Scherzo. The thunder storm was admirably managed and the shepherd's song of thanksgiving did not sound as though it were written for chorus and cabinet organ.

Some think that "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" has sadly aged. True, it is nearly twenty years old, and a mass of music composed within this period of time and once thought important, if not epoch-making, has been buried, and the efforts of excavators and resurrectionists have been in vain; no one wishes the corpses. To us this Scherzo is still fresh and brilliant, but as absolute, not program music. We can find little portrayal of the incidents in Goethe's poem, nor unless we were informed beforehand would we, listening to the music, think for a moment of Goethe's ballad or Lucian's prose. Over a hundred years ago one Boye wrote a little book entitled "Musical Expression Put in the Class of Chimeras." He maintained, for example, that if the words "I have found my Eurydice" were sung to Gluck's famous air, the expression of the music would be the same; and he also argued that the music characterized as most expressive is the most wearisome. This book was answered by one Le Febvre. We have not read his reply. Replies are generally slow in arriving and are often unconvincing, especially to those who do not wish to be convinced. There is sense in Boye's book, which is worth a translation and the publication, if only as a curiosity.

Will any one who has heard this Scherzo several times put his hand on his heart and swear that the introductory measures transport him to the Sorecerer's room, that he afterwards sees and hears the magic broom at work, the flood of water pouring in?

The intrinsic merits of this music are not affected by the absence or the presence of the title. The Pastoral symphony would suggest to the sensitive pleasant thoughts, probably of country scenes and life, if it were not dubbed "pastoral," nor is there need of a printed program to persuade the hearer that certain pages portray a thunder storm. But to show a magic broom set in motion with dire results by a sorcerer's apprentice is another matter. Fortunately we can enjoy the music of Dukas as a scherzo without invoking the magic name and the Olympian presence of Goethe.

Smetana's symphonic poem inspired by the thought of past glory and present downfall is still bardic in its simplicity, noble in its mournfulness.

Solomon! where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.
Babylon! where is thy night? It is gone in the wind.
Like the swift shadows of Noon, like the dreams of the Blind
Vanish the glories and pomps of the earth in the wind.

This verse of Rueckert's might stand below the printed preface in Smetana's score.

The Philharmonic Society of New York will play next week the whole of Smetana's cycle, "My Country," of which "Vyschrad" is the first tone poem. "Tabor" and "Blanik" have not been performed in Boston, and "Sarka" has not been heard for 20 years. The performance of the whole cycle at one concert may be too much of a good thing, except to hearers of Bohemian birth or ancestry.

Enesco's Rhapsody has been played here at least three times. Are the other two rhapsodies equally interesting by their effects of rhythm and color?

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: "Aida," Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Aida ..... Mme. Lois Ewell
Amneris ..... Mme. Gay
Radames ..... Mr. Zenatello
Amonasro ..... Mr. Baklanoff
Ramfis ..... Mr. Mardones
The King ..... Mr. Kaufman
Messenger ..... Mr. Boscacci
Priestess ..... Miss Saroya

It was expected that Mme. Rappold of the Metropolitan opera company would take the part of Aida. She took this part two years ago next month at the Boston Opera Houes when her associates were Mme. Gay and Messrs Zenatello, Polese and Mardones. But so many of the Metropolitan singers are now indisposed that the management is unwilling to give leave of absence, so Miss Ewell was substituted. Miss Ewell has been for some time in the Aborn companies and was lately a member of the Century company.

There was the largest audience of the season and this audience was enthusiastic. The performance was spirited. Miss Ewell suffered from an unbecoming wig and costume, but in view of the sudden call her performance was generally creditable to her. Her voice was pleasing in the gentler lyric moments. In the more robust pages she occasionally forced it and then was not always true to the pitch. Mme. Gay was in fine voice. She sang with much dramatic expression. Mr. Zenatello in the first scene was evidently not at ease. He was short breathed, and for this reason probably he turned the romance "Celeste Aida" into a heroic song. We have seldom heard this admirable singer so wholly misconstrue the intention of the composer and the character of the text and the music. But as the opera went on his singing improved.

Mr. Baklanoff was heard as Amonasro during the first season of the Boston Opera House. He acted last evening with marked intensity. A picturesque figure, he was a ferocious father in song and in action. The sonorous Ramfis of Mr. Mardones is familiar to our opera-goers. Mr. Kaufman, taking the part of the Egyptian King, wore a chin beard that we are accustomed to associate with a New England storekeeper, yet he bore himself with dignity. The chorus was effective and Mr. Moranzoni had the orchestra well in hand.

A feature of the performance was the ballet in the second act danced by Mme. Pavlowa, Mr. Volinine and the Ballet Russe. The striking costumes added to the brilliance of the scene. The dress of Mme. Pavlowa was singularly beautiful.

We are learning more and more about our great and good men. The San Francisco Examiner of Nov. 26, told of a tour to be made by one Carl Lanzer, over three score years; a man that walks 20, 30, or 40 miles a day and practises four hours on his fiddle. "Philosophic as a Brahmin, he has lived for years in our California Sierras." He is about to cross the continent in an automobile shaped like a fiddle, 18 or 20 feet long and about 10 feet high. Mr. Lanzer thinks he will paint it yellow, for he has a yellow Arkansas violin. But it is not with Mr. Lanzer that we are so much concerned; it is with a statement he made, contending that a Cremona violin is not necessarily better than those manufactured today. Mr. Lanzer said to Mr. Redfern Mason: "Old Zachary Taylor, a good fiddler, named after the President, played for an audience of fiddle cranks. Standing behind a screen, he played on a Strad, an Amati, a Joseph Guarnerius, a Maggini, and a violin made by my father. Preferences were divided; but just as many liked my father's fiddle as the Strad or the Guarnerius." The wood is the main thing, well seasoned wood. Mr. Lanzer found "a lovely piece of spruce" in an old church down in Maine. "There are fiddles hidden away—the wood of them, I mean—in old four-poster bedsteads." And so Michael Angelo saw the statue in the shapeless inert block of marble.

Mr. Lanzer may be playing this season on Boston Common—or what is left of it after our Village Improvement Society has completed its work.

Verbal Kicks.

As the World Wags:

The editorial article in The Sunday Herald entitled "Now in Good Standing" holds that Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes's use, in a supreme court decision, of the word "kick" in the sense which the word has hitherto had when used as slang makes that use of the word standard English. I do hope that The Herald is right in thinking that that use of "kick" by Justice Holmes has legitimated such a use of the word as good English. Not infrequently the form in which the word has heretofore been used as slang has been as a part of the expression "raise a kick," and, while I am a great admirer of the use of plain "kick" as the word has been used in slang, I cannot help admiring even more such a use of it as when it is a part of the expression "raise a kick," and, if Justice Holmes ever again has an opportunity to give his imprimatur to "kick" as standard English when used in the sense which the word has hitherto had as slang, I hope that his approval of such a use of the word will be of that use of it in which it is a part of the expression "raise a kick."

Kickville, Dec. 7. KICKER.

"Kick" in English slang also means to make a demand for money or work; to appeal to, or dun, a person for something; also to obtain something by asking.—Ed.

Peace and Words.

As the World Wags:

You ask in a late communication as to the definition of "pikednesse." The Century Dictionary defines "pike" as a verb, applying to a cut of the hair, and quotes Sir Thomas More and Chaucer.

A rare word, or more properly an obsolete one, I ran across in Green's "History of the English People," regarding the Earl of Clarendon (speaker of the House of Lords, 1640-1646), who wrote probably the best contemporaneous history of the English revolution. He says: "He did ingeminate, peace, peace." The word is not found in a common edition of Webster, but I find it in Johnson's of the 18th century. "Ingeminate, to repeat, to repeat continuously."

Apparently William Jennings Bryan is the Clarendon of this era, or Mr. Hyde.

SYDNEY HARROCKS.

Westminster, Dec. 6.

The quotation from Clarendon is as follows: "(Falkland) often, after a deep silence and frequent sighs, would with a shrill and sad accent, ingeminate the word, Peace, Peace." "Ingeminate" in this sense is still used, probably as an echo of Clarendon; but with the meanings, to double a thing, to repeat an action, and to couple or unite in couples, it is obsolete.

"Pikednesse" is a variant of "pickedness." It means elegance, trimness, spruceness. Thus one spoke in the 17th century of "exquisite pickedness in dress."—Ed.

Lady and Swine.

"Box 141" wrote, wishing to read the

"whole poem," beginning, "There was a lady loved a swine," and to know the name of the author. We have received the following letter:

As the World Wags:

There was a lady loved a swine,
"Honey," said she;
"I'll buy thee a silver sty,
Honey," said she;
And in it thou shalt lie!"
"Hunc," said he.

"Pinned with a silver pin,
Honey," said she,
"That thou mayest go out and in."
"Hunc," said he.

"Will thou have me now,
Honey," said she;
"Speak or my heart will break."
"Hunc," said he.

This delectable lyric should be familiar to all good children who were brought up on Walter Crane's "The Baby's Opera," a book of old rhymes with new dresses, the music by earliest masters. The author's name is not given. B. D.

Boston, Dec. 9.

Dec 12 4.5

MISS TEYTE SINGS PART OF HAENSEL

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Afternoon performance. "Haensel and Gretel." Mr Lyford conducted.

Haensel.....Miss Teyte
Gretel.....Miss Carson
Peter.....Mr. Hinshaw
Gertrude and the Witch.....Miss Sapin
Sandman.....Miss Clement
Dewman.....Miss Marcel

Miss Teyte and Miss Carson were real boy and girl. All that we know of Peter's private life is that he was given to strong drink and singing lustily, especially when his wife Gertrude looked on him sourly; but at one time he must have cared for the education of his boy Haensel. We infer this from the fact that Haensel yesterday sang in English during the first act and in German in the second. Little Gretel sang only English. We all have pleasant memories of Miss Swartz and Miss Fisher in this opera. We shall now have equally pleasant memories of Miss Teyte and Miss Carson, who sang and acted delightfully. Miss Carson, a new comer, has a pure, agreeable voice which she uses skilfully. The charm of the performance was not only in the singing of the two; their action was free from exaggeration. We have seen Gretels that were spoiled children; others were too evidently women of mature years playing a part. And so certain Haenscls have been too plainly a girl masquerading in boy's clothes. Yesterday the illusion was complete.

Mr. Hinshaw has been seen here before as Peter. His impersonation has not improved. His acting is unduly boisterous and his singing is rough and untuneful. Miss Sapin played the part of the Witch with a sense of humor. What a pity that Mr. Menotti's beautiful golden staircase for the descent of the guardian angels was thrown aside for Mr. Urban's conventional scheme of clouds and stage business! Mr. Lyford gave a good orchestral performance. There was a very large and deeply interested audience in which were many children. The pretty ballet "Puppen Fee" with Mme. Pavlowa, Mr. Volinine and the Ballet Russe, conducted by Mr. Schmid, appropriately followed.

The opera last evening was "Pagliacci" conducted by Mr. Smallens.

Nedda.....Miss Lyne
Canio.....Mr. Gaudenzi
Tonio.....Mr. Chalmers
Beppo.....Mr. Boscacci
Silvio.....Mr. Puliti

Mr. Chalmers gave an unusually intelligent reading of the hackneyed prologue. His costume—a rusty dress coat with shabby trousers, such as a broken-down actor might have worn—added to the effect. He sang in the scene with Nedda with vocal authority and dramatic significance, and his acting was also expressive. Mr. Gaudenzi is not a stranger in Boston. His voice and his manner of using it are familiar. Miss Lyne was an attractive Nedda to the eye. The chorus was excellent.

"Coppelia" followed with Mme. Povlowa, Mr. Volinine and Mr. Zalewski in the chief parts.

Camille Saint-Saens is known as a writer of essays on other subjects than those pertaining to music; but whether he writes a comedy or a sonnet, his reminiscences of Liszt or notes about his travels, his love of paradox and a fine and gentle irony enliven and entertain the reader. Does Saint-Saens, for example, really believe in his heart that Gounod will be remembered by his oratorios when "Faust" is forgotten?

Of late he has discussed problems arising in the interpretation of 18th century music. He seems to take an elfish pleasure in flying in the face of traditions, as in his "Problems and Mysteries" he delighted in making the bourgeois sit up by declaring there is no goal to be attained by the universe or mankind; the whole scheme is a vicious circle.

He is not always to be taken seriously. When he writes in behalf of his beloved France, his tongue is no longer in his cheek. Then he is aflame with patriotism; then is he eloquent. But in any every-day discussion, he is most to be suspected when his face is the gravest.

We now speak of these characteristics because Saint-Saens contributed to Figaro (Paris) of Nov. 7 an article on the San Francisco Exposition. What he has to say of the performance of his symphony on two occasions is interesting:

"When I arrived at San Francisco, the Boston Symphony orchestra, conducted by M. Muck, was giving concerts, each one of which was devoted to a particular nationality. I heard an Italian concert. There was a beautiful overture by Cherubini"—this was the one to "Anacreon"—"who was director of the Paris Conservatory; whose works do not appear on our programs. I also attended a French concert—a piquant affair—for M. Muck is a German, but the Pacific coast is so far from Europe! At this concert my symphony in C minor was performed in a masterly manner, one that seemingly could not be surpassed; it was surpassed, however, for reasons that I shall explain later."

M. Saint-Saens then praises the orchestra that has been brought together "from the four corners of America" by Mr. George W. Stewart. "The docility and the good-nature of this orchestra were equal to its proficiency. I had to contend with only one fault, which is nearly general today, but was carried to an extreme by the fine orchestra from Boston. Fifty years ago orchestras always played too loud; today it is the reverse. As soon as the indications 'piano' and 'diminuendo' appear, everything fades away. Twenty violins playing in unison are scarcely heard. Melodic phrases are no longer sung, a mass of important details pass unnoticed. I was obliged to be insistent in persuading the players that 'piano' was not a synonym of 'pianissimo' and that melodic phrases should be sung. In the score that M. Muck had used, I was not a little surprised to find 'pianissimo' indicated in pencil, even in a place where the composer had written 'crescendo'! Like the 'fortissimo,' the 'pianissimo' should be exceptional; then it produces a great effect, but its abuse in a large hall is a mistake. I have demanded this extreme 'pianissimo' at the beginning of the Adagio in my symphony, and also suppression of the 'vibrato,' the constant use of which is one of the evils of modern performances. It also should be exceptional and reserved for emotional passages. In a word, to the general astonishment, the later performance of my symphony surpassed the first, and the orchestra of the Exposition covered itself with glory."

Surely it cannot be said that melodic phrases are not sung, that important details pass unnoticed in any performance conducted by Dr. Karl Muck.

Notes About Music and the Stage

The London public is reluctant to venture out at night. "This timidity may strike some of us as unreasonable. But that is neither here nor there. For the public pays the piper and so has the right to say when the tune shall be called." And now the concerts of the Royal Philharmonic Society begin at 6:15 P. M., and the management of the London Symphony orchestra has followed suit.

We spoke last Sunday of Yvonne Arnaud—who visited this city as a young pianist, then Germaine Arnaud, and made a most favorable impression at a Symphony concert—about to take part ago. When "L'Enfant Prodigue" was London. The revival (Nov. 21) was enthusiastically welcomed. "What a delightful play," exclaimed the Times, "that not only keeps its actors young, but brings back an illusion of youth to its critics"! There is allusion here to M. Gouget, who took the part of the Baron in London a quarter of a century ago. When "L'Enfant Pantomime" was produced at the Boston Museum in November, 1893, by an excellent company, including the late M. Courtes, who created the part of Pierrot Senior, in Paris, the audiences were pitiably small. Pantomime, in the minds of Bostonians, was associated with the clown and his string of sausages and red-hot poker.

The Daily Telegraph thus discusses the mystery attending Mr. Louis Graveure, who gave a song recital here some weeks ago: "'Here is an artist whatever his name.' So runs an intriguing heading to a concert notice in Musical America. It suggests a mystery. And, as one proceeds to read, the mystery deepens. For the song recital to which the notice refers states that it was given by on Louis Graveure, 'a hitherto unheard of Belgian baritone.' Herein, it is true, you will discern nothing very strange, seeing that Belgium, like most other countries, must have produced many baritones of whom New York has never heard. But read on, and you will discover that, 'according to the solemn surmisings of a handful of individuals who rate themselves competent judges in the matter'—i. e., according to those who profess to know—the said 'hitherto unheard of Belgian baritone' is none other than 'the erstwhile English operetta singer, Wilfred Douthitt.' Can this be a 'true bill,' or are the 'solemn surmisings,' etc., based upon a misapprehension? And if it was Mr. Douthitt, whom concertgoers in London, of course, have often heard in recent years, too, he has appeared in two pantomimes at Drury Lane—who gave that song recital in New York, why, oh why, was he announced as Louis Graveure and labelled Belgian? Not for us is it to attempt any solution of so baffling a problem. But, on the strength of the press notices called forth by the recital in question, one may at least congratulate the artist, whatever his name or nationality, upon his success. So, at the risk of offending Mr. Graveure, we hope it was 'our' Mr. Douthitt."

A very eminent living organist once said that to the majority of Britons Bach's music was synonymous with "stodge," and he attributed the fact to the slovenly way in which the greatest of all writers for the organ was usually played by the majority of English organists. It is probably true that recent improvements in organ construction have seduced many performers from the strictest paths of musical virtue.—Daily Telegraph.

People are much exercised over the making of songs just now. We get them by every post; songs to help recruiting, to abuse the enemy, to support this or that charitable fund, to glorify this or that winner of the Victoria Cross. A great many, of course, are merely an attempt to seize a commercial opportunity, but others, which artistically appear very little better, are genuine and ingenuous attempts to serve a good end, as the letters which accompany them show. They almost always make the cause seem absurd by their authors' and composers' very desire to serve it. They might be a newspaper article rhymed and set to tune. The words allow no scope for musical enlargement, because they are merely a string of asertions without an aspiration, or else an aspiration of so concrete a kind that the words can convey it in precise terms. Music only begins to be relevant when there is something to be said which words cannot compass alone, some idea which eludes definition. Apart from that, music is merely a frivolous ornament, and that is why the majority of those songs give one the impression of joking on serious subjects. It is a sound instinct which makes our soldiers prefer genuinely frivolous songs to songs of this type which all unconsciously make a parody of patriotism. Some well-intentioned people, despairing of finding an inspiration in the moment, are anxiously recommending a return to old songs in the hope of recatching a breath of life from them. We may get many a breath from them, but the best have survived because they looked beyond the moment for which they were created, beyond the object and the cause to an ideal which is not behind, but before. A song, new or old, which does that will, to use Sir Henry Newbolt's phrase, keep its wings.—London Times.

According to the American musical papers, Mr. Joseph Holbrooke has been compelled by calls on this side to leave America without the pleasure of witnessing the production of his opera, "The Enchanted Garden," for which he had dared the terrors of the deep. Perhaps Mr. Beecham will come again to the fore, and produce the opera in London. One genial paper on the other side states that "while Mr. Holbrooke left rather disgruntled over his personal experiences, he evinced the liveliest interest and hope for America's musical future." On the whole it is not surprising if Mr. Holbrooke did appear a trifle disgruntled since on his arrival in America, it will be remembered, he had to pay customs duty on his own manuscript compositions; in the middle of his stay he was knocked down by a motorcar in Chicago, and spent the subsequent six weeks in a hospital with a broken limb; while, as a kind of grand finale, I read that as he was on the point of leaving New York he had his pockets picked. It says something for his geniality that he could find anything good to say or to hope of a land in which fortune had been so harsh to him.—Daily Telegraph.

Poets Pay Tribute to Miss Margaret Anglin

The University of California recently published six sonnets inspired by Miss Margaret Anglin's performance of Greek tragedies in the Greek Theatre of the university.

The poets represented are Edwin Markham, author of "The Man with the Hoe"; George Sterling, author of "The Testimony of the Suns," "The Wine of Wizardry," and other poems; Leonard Bacon, who conducts a class in poetry in the university, and has translated Slavic ballads, and Charles Phillips, formerly editor of the San Francisco Monitor.

Only four of these have been given to the public before, through publication on the programs for Miss Anglin's Greek theatre productions. The two other are now made public for the first time. The sonnet, "Medea," was written by Charles Phillips after Miss Anglin's performance of the role on Aug. 21, and Mr. Bacon's sonnet was inspired by Miss Anglin's performance of "Iphigenia in Aulis," on Sept. 4. The two previously unpublished poems appear in the University Chronicle as follows

"IPHIGENIA IN AULIS"

(By Leonard Bacon)

An alien word across the centuries
Revives a moment all those tragic dead
To walk the ways of innocence or dread
And to contend against the tyrannies
That cramped them, yet inexorable decrees
Unbaffled to regard with solemn eyes,
And to see worship in great sacrifice,
This is the glory of Euripides.

All we who in our Aulis of the soul
Serviceless wait on the appointed hour
How spiritually before that greater power
Expressive of high effort. We may still
Master ourselves and conquer and control
The stubborn destiny that checks our will.

"MEDEA"

(By Charles Phillips)

Far through the echoing vault of time a cry
Comes sounding o'er the clamorous tide of years;
And clear above the laughter and the tears
Of all the ages—for it will not die!—
Or shrill with anger, or a wailing sigh—
It speaks its ruthless warning to the ears
Of foolish men: Woe, woe to him who veers
From love's true course, or veering seeks to buy

Peace from a wronged woman! She create
To gladden all the earth with love's sweet song,
Outfaries hell with her envenamed hate
If in her wedlocked right she suffer wrong!
Woe, woe to him; and better never born,
For him not words but tears and blood must mourn!

The Great Run of "Experience" in Boston

"Experience," George V. Hobart's modern morality comedy drama, which has been running in this city since the 27th day of August last, when it was first presented here by William Elliott, F. Ray Comstock and Morris Gest before an especially invited audience of the members of the clergy, at the Shubert Theatre, closed its phenomenally successful run here last night at the Wilbur Theatre. The play could have stayed here the remainder of the season if it had been possible for its managers to secure a theatre.

"Experience" came to Boston after a run of nine months in New York, where it played successively in one season at three different theatres—the Booth, the Casino and the Maxine Elliott. From the first night of its production in Boston "Experience" proved that it was one of the greatest successes of this generation in Boston theatricals. Crowded out of the Shubert Theatre at the height of its success by the fact that another attraction had been booked at that playhouse, this play was kept in Boston only through the emphatic protests of men who wrote letters to Lee Shubert in New York, demanding that "Experience" be retained here. These letters so impressed Mr. Shubert that he made arrangements to move the play to the Boston Opera House on Huntington avenue. This was a novel move, for no regular dramatic attraction had ever played for a season at the Boston Opera House, and nearly every one felt that it was a doubtful question whether "Experience" would continue its successful down-town run at the up-town theatre. Beginning Monday, Oct. 25, "Experience" played for three weeks at the Boston Opera House. At performance after performance the Opera House was sold out.

At the conclusion of the Boston Opera House season the demand was so great that a further extension of a month was secured at the Wilbur Theatre, and until last night, when its run ended, "Experience" continued to break all theatrical records. This last week it was necessary to give two additional matinees to accommodate the demand for seats. On Monday, Dec. 6, "Experience" celebrated the 500th performance in this country.

It is a decade since any attraction in Boston played successively at three different theatres in one season. In 1905, Mr. Gillette, appearing in "Clarice," started his season at the Park and afterward appeared at the Hollis and the Colonial. In 1894, Miss O'Neil, playing in repertoire, appeared at four different theatres. In these two instances, stars played at the different theatres, while in the case of "Experience" it was the drawing power of the play which caused its popularity, and the excellent company of players.

A Russian Singer Talks About American Opera

Mr. Bakianoff, the baritone, has been pondering the fact that, while this country produces a Henry Ford, who, for the sake of benefiting Europe, finances a plan that seems to many chimerical, no American millionaire has come forward to establish an American grand opera which would help American singers and develop American art.

"What grand opera in America needs," says Mr. Bakianoff, "is another Henry Ford, one who would know and love artistic ideals, and would understand that a nation needs both an unlimited supply of bread and butter and the right of unhampered pursuit of art. When I say grand opera, I do not mean an operatic company consisting of imported stars, but one that would welcome American singers; that would give operas in English; that would adopt in its performances only the highest stan-

this s[illegible] is now so on the leading European theatres; such as the Theatre Music Drama in Petrograd

When I hear Americans declare that American public does not care and es not wish opera in English with nerican singers, I smile, for it sounds like the arguments one used to hear Russia 20 years ago, when opera ng in foreign languages exclusively as the rule in all the opera houses. oday foreign opera is only a short ent in a long season of opera in Rus-an, and the leading operatic venture the Music Drama in which young Rus-an singers take the place of stars. ut, and it is a very important 'but,' the roductions there are the very acme of enic artistry; the ensemble is not an mpty word, but an accomplished fact.

"I do not like to think that there is ot money to be found in America to oster an enterprise similar to the Iusic Drama of Petrograd, for, even rom the purely civic point of view, such n undertaking would be of great value. How can one expect true musical art to levelop in a country that scoffs at iative talent? I wish an American em-ssary would go to Russia, would see for himself the methods adopted, would realize the enormous progress made in the operatic art and the result of this progress in the civic life of Russia, and then return here to urge Americans to go and do likewise.

"Eventually peace will come, but hardly thanks to undertakings, laudable though they may be, like the Ford peace mission. I hold to the opinion that there is nothing America can do to hasten the time when this horrible war will have become but a memory; but this is America's great opportunity in the field of art, and particularly so in the operatic field. To neglect it would be unpardonable.

"In advocating such a step I am also appearing in the role of an altruist, for opera in English means fewer and possibly no engagements for artists like myself; but the higher the development of any branch of art the greater the opportunities in the future for all the artists engaged in this branch, and one who can rise to real heights is always certain of being welcomed with open arms. He is indeed a poor artist that does not hope and aim to reach these heights, and his absence would hardly be a loss."

Ponies vs. Show Girls Viewed in Philadelphia

An important question of dramatic art is discussed—may we not even say decided?—by a young bride from the stage whose marriage an unsympathetic father-in-law is seeking to have annulled. In her professional days she was a "pony," and she naturally has a healthy contempt for the mere show girl. "Anybody can be a show girl," she says, "who has the looks." Those earnest students of the drama who are familiar with both ponies and show girls will probably agree with her. All the latter have to do is "to look pretty and wear clothes"—or not wear them. "Excess baggage is what we call them on the stage. The ponies are the little girls who do all the hard dancing." It is difficult to find them short enough, and still more difficult to persuade them to the grinding labor of their task. They are the rarae aviculae of musical comedy and burlesque. Why should they not pride themselves on their superiority? Why should they not regard with disdain mere beauty of face and form? All that nature has done for them is an abridgment of their inches. The rest is due to their own efforts. "I am a pony, and a trick one at that," the lady coyly confesses. From the proud summit of her eminence the show girl seems a poor creature indeed.

It would be a pleasant occupation for her leisure to write a treatise on that modern development of terpsichorean art which has thus fixed a great gulf between the pony and the show girl. It apparently did not exist in the earlier days of the ballet. At least there was no show girl, as such, then; everybody danced. Nor is there anything to show that the pony type was especially in favor. Of what staturo were the famous dancers who took part in the first ballet, in the present sense of the word, which history records, that given at Tortona in 1489 by Bergonzo di Botta to celebrate the wedding of the Duke of Milan? How tall were Grisi, Cerito, Taglioni, Fanny Elisier? Before the time of Lully all the dancers were men. Were those who took feminine parts usually boys, as in "the legitimate," and does the art of the pony really date back to them? Noverre, the creator of the "ballet d'action," would assuredly have spurned a show girl. It is said that he never permitted dancing which was not "the direct expression of an attitude of mind," and for this the show girl is conspicuously unfit. There is a subject for a whole essay in "The Pony as an Intellectual Force." Gaetano Balthazare Vestris would never have tolerated the mere wearing of clothes and looking pretty in "Iphigenie en Aulide," in which he collaborated with Gluck.

Perhaps the degeneration of the ballet began with the "skirt dancing" introduced by Kate Vaughan and carried on by Sylvia Grey and Letty Lind. Not that this was not an exquisite art in itself; quite the contrary. But did not the emphasis put upon skirts carry with it the seeds of decay and pre-

pare the way f[illegible] show girl who has looks et pra[illegible]ea nihil? This is an interesting point on which the pony bride might be able to throw some light. If she lacks a philosophic bent or literary facility she might offer the results of her practical knowledge to Mr. Herkimer Johnson. Or has he already devoted a volume of his colossal work to the subject?—Philadelphia Public Ledger, Nov. 29.

On the same day Miss Dorothy Herrman, who had defended her "pony" art, wrote the following letter to the Public Ledger:

To the Editor of the Public Ledger:

Sir—As I am of a "most philosophic turn of mind," but can as yet show no laurels along a "literary line," probably with the help of "Herkimer Johnson," to whom you refer in your article today, headed "Ponies Versus Show Girls," we might be able to turn out some interesting reading.

At present I am very busy, owing to the fact that tonight I "kick the traces" and "jump" from the "pony class" to that of a "principal" at the Lyric Theatre, as a member of the "Ruggles of Red Gap" company. So you see my "coy confession" that "I am a pony, and a trick one, at that," is not so far fetched after all (for which please give me credit), as—while I may have laid claim to being a "trick pony"—you must admit that, literally speaking, a "trick pony" must be a thoroughbred to have intelligence enough to be able to learn "tricks," and so "climb up the ladder." So I wasn't so far wrong when I designated myself as a "trick pony" at that—was I?

If you think my "literary ability" in regard to this dissertation on the subject of "trick ponies" satisfactory, I would like to see how it looks in print. I might even surprise you and be able to write that little essay on "The Pony as an Intellectual Force," only I'm inclined to think the field would be rather limited, as most of us are too busy capering around learning new steps to have time even to think—much less endeavor to shine as "intellectual stars" or "literary lights."

DOROTHY GATES HERMAN.

Philadelphia, Nov. 29, 1915.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Concert in aid of the Pension Fund of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor. See special notice.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Operatic concert for the benefit of the Italian Red Cross. See special notice.

MONDAY—11 A. M., Copley-Plaza. Morning musicale, under the direction of S. Kronberg. Miss Emmy Destinn, soprano, will sing these songs: Smetana, Aria from "The Sold Bride"; Kienzl, Maria auf dem Berge, Dvorak, Rusalka, Puccini, Aria from "Madama Butterfly"; Grieg, Vom Monte Pincio; Tschaikowsky, Volkslied, Liszt, Loreley. Pablo Casals, 'cellist, will play these pieces: Boccherini, Adagio, Allegro; Moor, Prelude, Saint-Saens, Allegro appassionato; Bach, Aria, Haydn, Menuetto. Hans Ebell, pianist, will play these pieces: Chopin, Barcarolle; Ravel, Laideronette; Scriabin, Etude, Glazounoff, Andante op. 74, Debussy, Feux d'artifice, Schubert, Impromptu, op. 90, No. 3, Rachmaninoff, Prelude, G minor.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert by the American String Quartet (Gertrude Marshall, Ruth Stickney, Adelaide Packard, Hazel L'Africain), assisted by Edith Jewell, viola. Schumann, Quartet, A major op. 41, No. 3, Gliere, Theme and Variations, Mozart, Quintet for two violins, two violas and 'cello.

TUESDAY—Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Recital by Albert Stoessel, violinist, Elina Stoessel, pianist. Vitali, Ciacona; Spohr, Concerto, A minor (Gesangscene); Beethoven, Romanza in F, Francoeur-Kreisler, Sicilienne et Rigaudon, Weber-Kreisler, Larghetto; Bach-Kreisler, Praeludium, Stoessel, Humoresque, Reverie, Minuet Crinoline, Serenade, Sarasate, Gypsy Airs.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Song recital by Miss Doris Frisch. Beethoven, Gloire a la Nature, Handel, Air of Poppea, Durante, Danza; Gretschaninoff, La Steppe, Borodin, La Reine de la Mer; Saint Saens, La Cloche; Gounod, Chanson du printemps, G. Faure, Au Cimetiere; Loeffler, Les Paons; Chausson, Les Papillons; Georges, L'Hymne au Soleil; Schumann, Schneiglocekchen, Auftrage; Strauss, Berceuse; Brahms, Vergebliches Staendchen; Schubert, Wohin? Erlkoenig.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert by the Boston Quartet (Messrs. Noack, Roth, Ferir Schroeder), assisted by Mrs. Ethel Cave-Cole, pianist. Mozart, Quartet in G major, No. 1, Brahms, Trio in C minor for piano, violin and 'cello, op. 100; Dvorak, Quartet in E flat major, op. 51.

THURSDAY—3 P. M. Song recital by Mrs. Clara Clemens-Gabrilowitsch, contralto; Ossip Gabrilowitsch, accompanist. Glinka, Night, Kindly Star; Borodin, The Sea Queen, Song of the Dark Forest; Rimsky Korsakoff, Air of Little Snowflake, Song of the Shepherd Lehl; Rubinstein, Der Traum, Claerchen's Lied, Zuleika, Es blinkt der than; Rachmaninoff, O Schoenes Maedchen, Spring Floods; Tschaikowsky, Deception, Gipsy Song, Wilgeuked, Whether Day Dawns; Arensky, Zuend Keine Kerze an, Little Fish's Song; Gabrilowitsch, Good-bye, Nache des Geliebten.

Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Piano recital by John Powell. Bach, Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue, Brahms, Sonata in F minor, op. 5; Liszt, Sonata in B minor; Schumann, Etudes Symphoniques.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert of the Cecilia Society, Chalmers Clifton, conductor. Cesar Franck's "Beatitudes." The society will be assisted by an orchestra, the Harvard Glee Club, and these solo singers: Miss Fay Cord, George Harris, Jr., Marion Green, Bernard Ferguson.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Eighth concert (A) of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor. Debussy, La Mer; Tschaikowsky, Concerto in B flat minor, No. 1, for piano and orchestra (Miss Ruth Deyo, pianist); Haydn, Symphony in E flat major (B. & H. No. 1).

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Ossip Gabrilowitsch's fourth recital in his series, showing the development of piano music. Chopin, Ballade, A flat major, op. 47; Etudes, op. 10, No. 3, No. 8, op. 25, No. 7, op. 10, No. 7; Sonata, B flat minor, op. 35, Twelve Preludes, op. 28, Nocturne, G major, op. 37, No. 2, Mazurka, B minor, op. 33, No. 4, Polonaise, A flat major, op. 53.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Eighth concert (B) of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor. Program of Friday afternoon.

Appear at Concert for Benefit of Italian Red Cross at Symphony Hall.

By PHILIP HALE.

A concert for the benefit of the Italian Red Cross under the auspices of the Dante Alighieri Society and the patronage of Count Vincenzo Macchi Di Cellere, ambassador of the King of Italy at Washington, took place last night in Symphony Hall, under the direction of Carlo Buonamici, Enrico Leboffe and Roberto Moranzoni.

The noble cause and sympathy for the Italians now engaged in the war drew a large audience. The concert included orchestral pieces played by the Boston Opera House Orchestra, which, with singers of the company, was secured through the courtesy of Mr. Rabinoff, operatic arias, piano and violin pieces, and a recitation.

The concert began with an overture by the late Giuseppe Buonamici, the celebrated pianist and teacher, father of Mr. Carlo Buonamici of this city. Some time ago Mr. George W. Chadwick, being in Florence, received this overture from Buonamici, and furnished for performance last evening the score and parts. This overture was undoubtedly composed when Buonamici was living in Munich. It was in 1868 that he became there a pupil of Buelow and Rheinberger. He showed such talent that at the end of two years and a half he was appointed teacher of the advanced students of the piano. The overture is something more than "student work." While it is orthodox in form, and no doubt it passed the critical eyes of Rheinberger, it has Italian melodic suavity. A sound work that might be called Germanic-Italian. Mr. Carlo Buonamici did not know of its existence, for his father was a singularly modest man, until Mr. Chadwick showed it to him. The orchestra led by Mr. Moranzoni gave an excellent performance.

Miss Maria Almazia sang an aria from "La Forza del Destino," and was recalled.

A feature of the evening was the playing of Miss Ruth Levers, a very young pianist of unusual talent and acquirements. She played Ravel's "Jeux d'eaux," Debussy's "Soiree dans Grenade" and Liszt's transcription of Paganini's "Campanella." She has a beautiful touch, a singular clarity in the most rapid passages, a brilliant technic, and a fine taste in color. The pieces chosen did not call for emotional interpretation. After she was recalled two or three times, she played a Hungarian Rhapsody by Liszt. A shorter piece in contrast with those already played would have been more to the purpose and shown another side of her talent. She certainly gives great promise for the future.

Mr. Baklanoff, who had been announced, was suddenly called to New York. Mr. Mardones pleased the audience greatly by his impressive singing of an aria and by the humor of two or three songs. The orchestra, led by Mr. Leboffe, played Martucci's Nocturne and Danza. Other orchestra selections were the overture to "William Tell," led by Mr. Moranzoni, and these national hymns: Marcia Reale Italiana, Inxodi Garibaldi and the Star Spangled Banner.

Mr. Zenatello was enthusiastically applauded for his singing of the Romance from "Carmen" and another aria. He was in fine voice and sang eloquently. Mme. Viliani sang the Romance from "Andrea Chenier" and Mr. Fabrizio, violinist, played pieces by Martini, Sarasate and Vieuxtemps.

Mme. Mimi Aguglia, dressed in Italian colors, with the Red Cross on a white background, recited "La Canzone d'Oltremare" by d'Annunzio with marked effect.

At the back of the stage were flags of Italy and America.

Mrs. Mary Show Swain accompanied sympathetically.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave the first concert of the season in aid of its pension fund yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall. Dr. Muck conducted. The program was as follows: Tschaikowsky, Symphony No. 5, in E minor, op. 64; Strauss, waltz, "On the Beautiful Blue Danube"; Lalo, suite, "Namouna"; Rossini, overture, "William Tell."

The cause for which the concert was given, the nature of the program, the fact that Dr. Muck conducted a famous symphony for the first time in Boston, drew a very large and brilliant audience. The hall was filled in every part by those who welcomed the opportunity to hear this superb orchestra with its distinguished leader. Many stood.

All the compositions played with one exception were familiar. This exception was Lalo's "Namouna" suite, which has not appeared on a symphony program for many years. It was last given here by the New York Symphony Orchestra under Walter Damrosch, (10 years ago).

The Ballet of Namouna, produced in 1882 at the Paris Opera, is founded on an episode in the memoirs of Casanova. Namouna, a Greek slave, is won at dice from a corsair, Adriani, by Don Ottavio. After many adventures the corsair is slain and the lovers united.

Lalo wrote the ballet against his will and while he was fevrishly waiting for his opera "Le Roi d'ys" to be produced by Vaucorbeil. He worked at his task 18 hours a day. One night he had a stroke of paralysis. This, for the moment, put an end to his labors. His friend Gounod finished the orchestration. The ballet was a dire failure. Lalo was then known chiefly as the composer of orchestral pieces and chamber music. The audience at the first performance refused to accept him as a writer of ballet and, seeing Delibes in the house, voiced its protest in furious applause for the composer of "Coppelia" and "Sylvia."

Yet this suite in four movementa, Prelude, Serenade, Theme and Variations, Market-Day Shows and Festival, has been successfully performed abroad and in America. The music is charming and interesting. It has color and enchanting rhythms. Lalo's orchestration is ingenious and, in the Variations, his use of the brass extraordinary. The fourth movement is the most striking, has the most character.

Dr. Muck's conducting of Tschaikowsky's Symphony, was dramatic, noble, impressive, a great reading of a great work. In his choice of tempi; in his control of rhythm; in his infinite wealth of dynamic gradations; in his sense of continuity; in his expression of detail without checking the melodic flow; in his obtaining powerful effects without the sacrifice of tone; in these and many other respects he excited admiration.

And the orchestra, a mighty instrument for Dr. Muck to play on at his will, was responsive in carrying out his purposes.

The individual and collective virtuosity of the orchestra was well displayed in the suite. Strauss's waltz, a feature of the concert, was played with the utmost grace, brilliance and color. Here again Dr. Muck's control of rhythm was wholly admirable.

In many ways this was a memorable concert. There was appropriate enthusiasm.

Next Sunday afternoon Mr. Paderewski will give a piano recital.

Mr. Lemuel Hunkington, a serious member of the Porphyry, inquired last Saturday into the origin of spectacles and reading glasses. "What did Cicero, the elder Pliny, Seneca and other students do when their eyesight began to fail?" In other words, who invented spectacles?

We turned at once to Beckmann's "History of Inventions." We found there exciting matter about artichokes, cock-fighting, cork, Hungary water, the lighting of streets, saw-mills and sal-ammoniac, but nothing about spectacles. Ducange quotes a Greek manuscript dated about 1150 in which they are mentioned. Francois Redi says they were invented between 1280 and 1311 by one Alexander Spina, a monk. Others say that not he but another, who did not wish to make his invention public, was the man. De Nelli attributes the invention to Salvino degli Arnrati in 1285. Hocdeve in a letter to Sir J. Oldcastle (1415) spoke of "a spectacle" that "helpith feeble aighte."

Anyone reading Renan's study of Nero in "Antichrist" would infer that Nero sported a sort of opera glass at the shows in Rome. But what are Pliny's words as translated by Philemon Holland? "Moreover when you meet with a table emerald hold the flat face thereof against any thing, it will represent the said object to the eye, as well as a mirror or lookingglass. And verily Nero the Emperor was won't to behold the combats of feneers and sword players in a fair emerald."

"Nay," ssys Pliny, "if the sight hath been wearied and dimmed by intentive poring upon anything else, the beholding of this stone doth refresh and restore it again, which lapidaries well know, that cut and engrave fine stones; for they have not a better means to refresh their eyes than the emerald, the mild green that it hath doth so comfort and revive their weariness and lassitude. . . ."The same are shaped many times hollow, thereby to gather, unite, and fortify the spirits that maintain our eyesight." Did the ancient Romans wear some sort of spectacles fashioned from emeralds merely to rest the eyes?

Kibosh

As the World Wags:

Some time ago an inquirer in your column asked for the derivation of the word "Kyebosh." I have seen but two replies to the query, and believe the following explanation may prove to be of interest to the original inquirer, as well as to many of your followers.

In a foot-note to chapter VII of John Boyle O'Reilly's "Ethics of Boxing and Manly Sport," page 220, the author says, "The gal-bulga, or gae bolga (the belly-dart) is unique among the weapons of Ireland. There is a common phrase often heard in Ireland, 'Put the gal-bolg on him' (meaning a master stroke), which I have heard vulgarized in America into, 'Put the kyebosh on him.' It

[illegible] that some such phrase back [illegible] us weapon used thousands [illegible] years ago in Ireland."

Chapter VII of O'Reilly's book is devoted to an account of a heroic combat in ancient Ireland between Ferdiad and Cuchulainn, described in the heroic poem called the "Tain Bo' Chauligne" ("The Cattle Prey of Cooley"). It is assigned to a period in or about the year 600 A. D. The issue of this combat was decided by the use of the gaibulga by one of the combatants and, according to this ancient poem, the origin of the weapon is lost in antiquity.

"This was the character of that dart," says the Tain Bo' Chauligne. "It was upon a stream it should be set, and it was from between the toes it should be cast. It made but the wound of one dart in entering the body; but it presented thirty inverted points against coming back, so that it could not be drawn from a person's body without opening it." W. N. M.

Peabody, Dec. 9.

The Bonaparte Widow.

As the World Wags:

Your article on the death of "Madame Lucien Bonaparte" greatly interested me, but there are some points which are still doubtful.

Consulting some notes on Bonapartist genealogy which I made some years ago and was never able to complete, I find that, according to them, Louis Lucien Bonaparte, philologist, was born in 1813, died in 1891, and married in 1832 or 1833, Marianne Cecchi, who in her turn was born in 1812 and died in 1891. It would be manifestly impossible for her to be the same as the woman who just died in England at the age of 84. Was Louis Lucien married twice?

There is a son of Charles Lucien, Napoleon by name, born in 1839, and died in 1899, who married in 1859, Marie de Ruspoli. I do not know the dates of the birth and death of Mlle. de Ruspoli. Is it possible that she may be the one who has just died? The dates agree more nearly.

Your mention of Prince Louis recalled the fact that in a recent number of the Illustrazione Italiana there was a picture of his sister, Marie Letitia, dowager duchess of Aosta, and her son, Amadeo Umberto. She married in 1888 her uncle, Amadeo of Savoy, the same Amadeo that attempted to reign as King of Spain for a few short years. Her son was born in 1889.

COURTNEY BRUERTON.

Hanover, N. H., Dec. 9.

Chapters of Novels.

As the World Wags:

How did the present day division of the novel into chapters, each chapter giving in itself an episode and complete totality of effect, come about? Is it due to the early printers, to translators, to the insertion of letters in the story, or just what is it? L. S. S.

Cambridge, Dec. 8.

This is a hard question, but we have full confidence in our correspondents. "The Unfortunate Traveller, or the Life of Jack Wilton," by Thomas Nash (1594), which Jusserand regards as the first English novel of real life, is not broken into chapters. In Mabbe's translation of "The Spanish Bawd represented in Celestina" (1631) each chapter is called "Actus."

[illegible] 1915

'JUST A WOMAN'

By PHILIP HALE.

WILBUR THEATRE: First performance in Boston of "Just a Woman," a play in four acts and an epilogue by Eugene Walter. Produced by the Messrs. Shubert.

The Woman	Josephine Victor
The Man	Walter Hampden
The Boy	George S. Christie
The Lawyer	Wallace Worsley
The French Maid	Margaret McWade
The Butler	David H. Lindley
The Detective	Malcolm Arthur
The Bohemian Coachman	John Arthur
Ned, Master Eagle; later, Albert Hackett	
The Lady	Alma Belwin
The Judge	Walter Wilson

This play entitled "A Plain Woman" was produced in Philadelphia a year ago last Spring. It was proposed to entitle a revision "The Better Way." The play in its present form was produced at Stamford, Ct., Dec. 6, 1915.

The first act shows steel mills near Pittsburgh as seen from a workingman's boarding house. The woman is ambitious for her husband, fearing that he will meet his death in the mills, as others have about her. She has slaved and pinched that she may finally be able to set her fears at rest. She has done much for her man in the past; kept him away from the saloon and out of brawls. Among the workmen is a Pole of high birth and an inventive mind. He has invented the open hearth furnace, but needs money to put the furnace into operation. The woman and her man have saved $10,000 or more. She, believing in the Pole, finally persuades her husband to put their savings into the invention.

This act is admirable in every way; by a stage setting that at once fixes the attention, by a realism that is not baldly photographic, by a masterly delineation of character. The woman is at once revealed as strong and sympathetic. The man is shown to be weak but foolishly self-reliant in his own belief.

Six years pass. The man is rich. And now Mr. Walter jumps unabashed into melodrama of the stereotyped, old-fashioned sort. It appears that the man cannot endure prosperity. He goes on sprees. He has met a siren in New York, a siren with brains, we are told, and he is infatuated with her. To gain a divorce he discharges his servants and replaces them with New York detectives recommended by the melodramatically typical lawyer. The woman, nervous, fearful, knowing that her husband has strangely changed, sends for the Pole. He comes from his unfortunate country to assist her. Here Mr. Walter has a happy thought. It would be natural for the spectator to suspect that the Pole would be made the co-respondent on a trumped-up charge.

In the third act the Siren is pitchforked upon the stage. She is in a highly nervous state. It seems that the man has been told by the plotters of his wife's infidelity. He will not believe it and in his agony gets very drunk. The lawyer tells the Siren that there are only two courses: She must drive the man to bring suit for divorce or be his mistress. She nobly spurns the latter choice. The wife calls with the Pole. She begs her husband to return home, to be once more her man, the father of her boy. As he is shaken in his resolution the Siren enters dressed for dinner. There are bitter words between the two women. The wife tells the Siren that she is only a part of the man's spree. He will come back to her. She will wait and watch till her death. As soon as she leaves the room the husband, half drunk, pledges the Siren to lasting constancy and madly embraces her. He has telephoned his lawyer to bring the suit.

Then follows an extraordinary and exciting court scene. It is not necessary to inquire curiously into the methods of procedure in the court of common pleas of Allegheny county. Let us accept the scene and be thrilled. The wife, in a letter to the judge, denies the allegations. She will have no lawyer appointed by the court. Lawyers whom she had consulted had refused to defend her. Her trust is in the truth and God. The false witnesses testify. Lo, the co-respondent is a crippled Bohemian coachman, who, injured in the mills, had been taken into the woman's home. This might seem preposterous even to the foul-minded if it were not for certain remarks by Montaigne concerning cripples.

The woman enters no defence. The judge, favoring her in every possible way, must grant absolute divorce. Suddenly, when she learns that the father will have the custody of the child, she makes a frantic appeal to the court, and then exclaims that her husband cannot take her son, for he is not the father. The man rushes up to the judge, swears that it is now that she is lying. The judge, having suspected conspiracy, summons the grand jury.

Ten years later the woman is in her humble home on the hill, with the steel works below glowing and belching forth smoke. The Pole has been a devoted friend. The crippled coachman is near her. The man returns from prison, penitent, humble, and as he embraces her and his boy the woman exclaims, "God is good!"

It is a curiously effective play, preposterous as are certain scenes, with dialogue that is now pungent, eloquent, true to life and now platitudinous or forced.

The second act taxes credulity. The detectives disguised as servants often act in an absurd manner, witness the butler's treatment of the child. We are here in a world known only to the theatre. Nor is the siren in the third act deftly introduced; but here there is a strong situation in the scene between the two women which is shrewdly contrived. There is no long tirade; no conventional abuse. Mr. Walter here knows the value of conciseness. The epilogue is perhaps necessary for the "happy ending," but the play ends with the curtain of the fourth act. The man, repentant, with his talk about salutary hard labor and the beneficent prison chaplain, is not so interesting, so human, as when he is doubtful of the Pole and his wife's wisdom, her "second sight," or when drunk, he hesitates between the two women.

It is inconceivable that the dramatist who wrote the dialogue of the first act and the wife's lines in the third could also write the speech about Poland and how happy hearts there blessed the bountiful lady in America. Nor is this the only instance of extraneous hifalutin. The dialogue as a rule is crisp, natural, to the point, and at times eloquent, with simple words and phrases that carry conviction and touch the heart. The first act and the court scene should alone carry the play by interesting the average audience.

Miss Victor played the part of the wife in a womanly spirit that at once excited sympathy. Excellent in the scene where she finally persuades her husband to trust the Pole, in her appeals to his better nature, in the short but scathing denunciation of the siren, she elsewhere occasionally became theatrical and was violent, not intense. Miss Belwin was not a convincing siren. Mr. Hampden gave a strong impersonation of the man. There are others worthy of praise, chief among them Mr. Wilson, who took the part of the judge. He looked the part and was eminently judicial in his observations on the bench.

The audience was deeply interested, and there were many curtain calls.

PARK SQUARE THEATRE—"The Show Shop," a play in four acts, by James Forbes. First performance in Boston.

Sadie Donahue	Dolly Lewis
Wilbur Tompkins	Walter Young
Jerome Belden	Robert Frazer
Max Rosenbaum	George Sidney
Effie Brinkley	Jeannette Lowrie
Johnnie Brinkley	Emmett Shackelford
Bettina Dean	Mildred Bright
Mrs. Dean	Zelda Sears
A Night Clerk	A. R. Tilburne
Granby Smith	Saxon Kling

As a satire on the manners and customs of the theatre and its people, "The Show Shop" is mildly amusing. It is a play of types, enlivened by bright, slangy dialogue and held together by an unusual love story. In his good natured, breezy fashion, Mr. Forbes has his fling at all the familiar figures to be met within the business of producing plays.

There is the producing manager, Rosenbaum, in turn oily, blunt, persuasive, shrewd. He has no illusions about the ladies of the profession for he has been much married. His collection included a leading lady, a heavy woman and an ingenue. The ingenue was the business woman and consequently the one to receive alimony.

Then there is the stage manager, Tompkins, sour, cynical and taciturn, after many seasons of struggling with truck drivers engaged to play men about town; the property man, who contemptuously offers to give a little kiss to any one who can show him an article omitted from the required list; the heavy woman, and her husband, a loving couple; there is, too, the youthful female star, the amateur, the distracted playwright, crazed with the injustice done by the company to the child of his brain.

Above all, there is the stage mother, a colossal figure in the world's gallery of bores. Mrs. Dean, mother and fierce guardian of Miss Bettina, was once distantly connected with the theatre. She drives a hard bargain with Rosenbaum, sighs over dramatic reminiscences such as her reading of Portia's speech for "dear Mr. Booth," and at the crucial moment, produces a clipping from her reticule to dazzle the managerial eyes. It appears that the Oscaloosa Eagle found Miss Bettina possessed of "the comedy of a Mrs. Fiske, the emotion of a Duse, the grace of a Pavlowa and the charm of an Ethel Barrymore."

Moreover, in the third act, which is the most amusing, the methods of conducting a dress rehearsal and taking curtain calls are satirized. The plot, a slight thing beside the character drawing, concerns Miss Bettina Dean and her wealthy adorer, Jerome Belden. Mrs. Dean will not hear of their marriage until Bettina has been a star on Broadway. Young Belden, to be near Bettina, persuades Rosenbaum to give him a part in "The Wallop." The piece fails dismally in the provinces.

Young Belden sees a chance. For a handsome remuneration, Rosenbaum consents to present Bettina as a star on Broadway and in a certain failure. Thus Mrs. Dean's wish will be accomplished and at the same time a speedy marriage for the young people will be the natural result. Miss Bettina, on the strength of her promotion, develops unwonted authority. She demands that her lover be engaged as leading man. Unfortunately, the play is a success, and Mrs. Dean, after looking over the morning papers and seeing the line at the box office goes forth to squander. The results of her expedition startle the young people. There is, of course, a happy ending.

Miss Sears as Mrs. Dean is a tower of strength in the company. So, too, is Mr. Sidney as Max Rosenbaum. Both clever portrayers of character their impersonations are droll, entertaining, lifelike. Unfortunately two important members of the New York company, Mr. Douglas Fairbanks and Miss Patricia Collinge, are missing from the cast. Their places are filled, and none too well, by Miss Bright and Mr. Frazer.

The minor parts, all essential to the development of the scenes, are well taken. Among these Mr. Young's Tompkins, the acid stage manager, is conspicuous. The impersonation could not be improved upon. Perhaps this is because Mr. Young is merely required to be himself, for by some singular coincidence, he is also the stage manager for "The Show Shop."

It might be said that the play would be improved if taken at a faster pace. Members of the profession have applauded Mr. Forbes's photographic realism in the exposition of character. An audience of good size was evidently amused.

"AIDA" SPLENDIDLY GIVEN AT BOSTON OPERA HOUSE

Enjoyment Heightened by Efforts of Pavlowa and Ballet.

The Boston Grand Opera company's sumptuous and engrossing performance of "Aida" was repeated at the Opera House last night when Mme. Lois Ewell as Aida; Mme. Maria Gay, Amneris; Mr. Zenatello, Radames; Mr. Baklanoff, Amonasro; Mr. Mardones, Ramfis, and Mr. Kaufman, the King.

"Unsettled" weather resulted in an audience far too small for the artistic feast that was set forth, but this in no wise dampened the zeal of the singers, the chorus or the orchestra. All put forth their best, highly efficient efforts and seemed as much pleased with the warm approval of their comparatively few hearers as they would have been with the loud plaudits of a great multitude.

Mme. Pavlowa, with Alexandre Volinine and the Russian ballet, properly Egyptianized, added greatly to the effectiveness of the production and the pleasure it gave. Pavlowa, always fascinating, seems to gain special charm from the sinuous, serpentine grace of motion and posture she assumes as a dancing daughter of the Nile.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE: William Gillette, in "Secret Service," a play in four acts, by Mr. Gillette. First produced at the Broad Street Theatre, Philadelphia; in 1896, withdrawn and given a second production in 1899, at the Garrick Theatre, New York, with Mr. Gillette in the role of Capt. Thorne.

Gen. Nelson Randolph	Joseph Brennan
Mrs. Gen. Varney	Grace Reals
Edith Varney	Helen Freeman
Wilfred Varney	Stuart Fox
Caroline Mitford	Irene Haisman
Lewis Dumont	William Gillette
Henry Dumont	Edward Fielding
Mr. Benton Arrelsford	Edwin Mordant
Miss Kittridge	Evangelyn Blasdale
Martha	Marion Abbott
Jonas	H. G. Bates
Lieut. Maxwell	Wade Hampton, Jr.
Lieut. Foray	Stewart Robbins

There must be something in the lure of personality, after all. Else why, on one of the most irritating and stay-at-home nights in the history of the weather bureau, 16 years after Mr. Gillette had created the role of the resourceful Union spy in the play of his own fashioning, should an audience of such sound proportions and obvious theatric intelligence respond to the first performance last evening in a fleeting revival of this once famous play? Why did this audience sit politely through long intervals when Mr. Gillette was off stage; and why did it remain to the very end of the fourth act, which, unlike so many fourth acts, is not an anticlimax, but rather a lusty brother to the gripping third act?

It was because Mr. Gillette retains the vogue which was his nearly two decades ago; the matured, ripened playgoers are loyal to him; the younger generation, tolerantly oblivious of his advancing years, welcomes him rapturously, out of due respect to their fathers and their mothers. It is an excellent spirit, and should be encouraged.

"Secret Service" has worn well, even if one subtracts the aforesaid personality which dominates every scene in which it is active. Mr. Gillette has been a playwright with whom it takes a very learned critic to pick flaws. Ever a shrewd master of stagecraft, a writer of terse, progressive lines, a builder of plausible stage characters, he constructed in this absorbing drama of the civil war something more lasting than is generally evolved. Few plays, written even 10 years ago, would appeal to the present run of theatregoers, either because of ephemerality of the dialogue or too close confinement to the period. "Secret Service," with Mr. Gillette, is just as interesting, just as thrilling, as it was when he was at the height of his career.

The height of his career! When he was nearer 30 than—shall we say 50? Therein lies the entire secret of Mr. Gillette's hold on his following. Capt. Thorne, in the play, was a young man, matured and ripened only by the stress of adventure and risk under which he plied his dangerous trade. He fell in love with a young southern woman, and she with him. If any actor save Mr. Gillette had appeared last evening, disclosing the tiredness of the eyes, the tell-tale lines of the face which indicate that youth has become a memory, he would have been given scant recognition. And despite these frank and undeniable physical confessions, Mr. Gillette won out, and won fairly. Joseph Jefferson could have played Rip Van Winkle or Bob Acres until the venerable age of 102, and still been within the character, as far as facial appearances went.

There were many familiar touches which revived flagging memories of the "Secret Service" of olden days. The recurrent banging of the door off stage, the subdued speech of the players even in moments of great tensity, a point on which Mr. Gillette has always insisted for the interpretation of this play, and which approached perfection last evening. There were the same familiar repetitions of a single word, by Mr. Gillette himself, such as "Yes, yes?" "Never, never"; the same casual, natural delivery of lines, the same obvious coolness of bearing, the inevitable cigar in the scene in the telegraph office. How Mr. Gillette does love to smoke! As the author of and the star in "Too Much Johnson," "Sherlock Holmes," and in a less degree, "Secret Service," he must have consumed a small fortune in tobacco in all these years.

The supporting cast was excellent in every way. Of the original players only one was with us last evening, Mr. Brennan, in his old part of Gen. Randolph, brusque, wonderfully impartial

altogether lifeless. Edith Varney, wholly unlike Miss Busby of years gone by, was a careless heroine, with a fine sense of duty and loyalty weakened only through stress of love.

Miss Haisman, in the ingenue role of Caroline Mitford, was constantly charming; and Miss Reals, after her first scenes, evinced that fine poise which characterizes all her stage work. Mr. Mordant was a polished villian, gallant at all times save when he was thwarted in his efforts to put his worthier foe, the indomitable Thorne, under ground. Mr. Fox played Wilfred Varney as Arnold Daly might have played him before he acquired embonpoint and Shawism; and Mr. Bates showed his dramatic worth in his one "big" scene in the fourth act, when he extracts the bullets from the guns which are to eliminate a capable spy and a philosophic lover.

The play was mounted with unusual care and verisimilitude. For that, too, we have Mr. Gillette to thank; and, in passing, how many four-act plays are written nowadays where the action is compressed into one evening, with every detail perfected, the story completed? Mr. Gillette may retire; he has earned his respite; but he has left several marks at which the younger growth of playwrights may shoot, wisely if they will.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"The Christian," drama in prologue and four acts by Hall Caine from his novel of the same name.

John Storm.....Derwent Hall Caine
Horatio Drake.....William P. Carleton
Lord Robert Ure.....Theodore Friebus
Brother Paul.....Donald Meek
Archdeacon Wealthy.....Al. Roberts
Father Lamplugh.....George Ernst
"The Manager".....Robert Capron
Lord Storm.....Daniel Eames
Parson Quayle.....Albert Berg
The "Faro King".....Bernard Ryan
Servant.....J. Monte Crane
Mrs. Callender.....Vida Croly Sidney
Polly Love.....Justine Adams
Betty.....Betty Barnicoat
Letty.....Marion Royston
Nettie.....Thelka Hollingsworth
Liza.....Grace Morse
Mag.....Marcia Williams
Glory Quayle.....Mary Young

ALEXANDER CARR SEEN AT B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE

Ernest R. Ball, Composer of "Mother Machree," Also on Bill.

Alexander Carr, who has won distinction as a character actor, heads the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week in a delightful sketch, "An April Shower," by Edgar Allen Woolf. The act, intensely human, is an excellent outlet for the art of Mr. Carr, and laughter and a tug on the heart-strings follow in quick succession and in unexpected turns. Assisting Mr Carr were Helen Cunningham, Jack Rollens and Sam B. Wilson.

One of the best acts on the bill was that of Ernest R. Ball, the composer of "Mother Machree" and many other popular songs.

Two newcomers, George Quigley and Eddie Fitzgerald, made a good impression. A sketch of the kind that was known some years back as of the "genteel Irish" variety, brought back pleasant memories—a style of entertainment, then in vogue, that would again be an adornment to the vaudeville stage with comedians of the type of Quigley and Fitzgerald.

Others on the bill were the singing act of Will Oakland and company in the sketch, "At the Club", Frank North and company, in a rural sketch, "Back to Wellington," that served a purpose for the dry wit and drolleries of Mr. North. Dolores Vallecita and her Indian leopards; "Skeet" Gallagher and Irene Martin, in a singing and dancing act; Sonia Baraban and Charles C. Grohs, whirlwind dancers, and Delmore and Lee, in an aerial acrobatic act.

Mme. Destinn, Pablo Casals and Hans Ebell Artists of Occasion.

K. W.

The fourth of the Copley-Plaza morning musicales, under the direction of Mr. S. Kronberg, took place yesterday. The artists were Mme. Emmy Destinn, soprano; Mr. Pablo Casals, 'cellist, and Mr Hans Ebell, pianist. There was a large interested audience.

Mme. Emmy Destinn sang arias from Smetana's "Bartered Bride" and Puccini's "Mme. Butterfly" and these songs. Kienzl, Maria auf dem Berge; Dvorak, Rusalka; Grieg, Vom Monte Pincio; Tschaikowsky, Volkslied, Liszt, Lorely.

Mr. Casal's selections were as follows: Boccherini, Adagio, Allegro; Moor, Prelude; Saint-Saens, Allegro, Appassionato; Bach, Aria; Haydn, Menuetto. Mr. Ebell played these pieces: Chopin, Barcarolle; Ravel, Laideronette; Scriabin, Etude; Glazonnoff, Andante; Debussy, Feux d'Artifice; Schubert, Impromptu, op. 90, No. 3; Rachmaninoff, Prelude, G minor.

Mme. Destinn, who has just been reengaged at the Metropolitan Opera House, was in excellent voice. Her vocal opulence and dramatic force artistically displayed, gave great pleasure. The velvety middle tones, the exquisite purity and softness of extreme upper notes in pianissimo, the peculiar and haunting quality of the voice itself, charmed as before. She sang with much warmth, a wealth of tonal color and great variety of expression.

The celebrated Mr. Casals played with his accustomed brilliance. His technic, which puts him in the first rank, is highly polished. In his hands the 'cello as a solo instrument does not inspire monotony. It is never ponderous, boresome. In fact, he has the unusual gift of sometimes making this instrument sound like a violin.

Mr. Ebell's selections were too long, poorly arranged, badly contrasted. He is known here as a pianist of serious aims and creditable attainments. He has a fine sense of proportion and a cool but agreeable touch. Yesterday, however, his performance of Chopin's Barcarolle was dry and labored. This piece demands more romantic and less cautious treatment, a more sweeping vision. On the other hand the pianist was effective in Glazonnoff's Andante, in Debussy's "Fireworks," an amusing bit of impression, with its suggestion of exploding rockets and whirring pinwheels and in Schubert's Impromptu.

The next concert will be on Monday morning, Dec. 27. Miss Mary Zentay, violinist, and Miss May Peterson, soprano, will appear. "Mam'selle Marlette," an opera comique by Emile Bourgeois, will be performed by Miss Greta Torpadie and Mr. Einar Linden.

AMERICAN QUARTET

The American String Quartet (Miss Gertrude Marshall, Miss Ruth Stickney, Miss Adeline Packard and Miss Hazel L'Africain), assisted by Miss Edith Jewell, viola, gave a concert last night in Jordan Hall. The program consisted of Schumann's Quartet in A major, op. 41, No. 3; Gilere's Theme and Variations; Mozart's Quintet for two violins, two violas and violoncello. This quartet, which has often been heard in Boston, has an enviable reputation for technical accuracy, musical spirit and fine taste.

Those who wish to gain the public ear should bear in mind that people do not generally want to be made less foolish or less wicked. What they want is to be told that they are not foolish and not wicked. Now it is only a fool or a liar or both who can tell them this; the masses therefore cannot be expected to like any but fools or liars or both.

Not at All.

Newspapers of Boston stated last Saturday morning that the performance of Mozart's "Bastien and Bastienne" at the New England Conservatory of Music last Friday night was the first in this country. The statement was erroneous. The little opera was performed with orchestral accompaniment in New York only last season by the MacDowell Club.

Too Well Stocked.

It is reported that Mr. Fred Quilien of Columbus, Ind., applying for enlistment in the United States army, was rejected because he had a double set of teeth and therefore could not readily pronounce his name. But Louis XIII. of France had a double row in one of his jaws; Dripting, the daughter of King Mithridates, by Laodice, his queen, had a double row, and Columbus, not our old friend Christopher, but Realdus Columbus of Cremona, states in one of his 15 books about anatomy that his boy Phoebus had a triple row. An Englishman, rejected in London on account of poor teeth, angrily remarked that he was not expected to bite the Germans, but to shoot them. The repartee of Mr. Quilien is not reported.

Good Old Auntie.

As the World Wags:

This morning at the breakfast table, Aunt Celia, who has lately come to visit us, revealed that she had been exploring the "open chamber." In the course of talk, she said, "You could make that into a nice sleeping room by adding a Lutheran window on the south side." "Adding a what?" I asked. "A Lutheran window," she repeated. She meant a dormer window; but I can't find reference to "Lutheran" window in anything which I have at hand. Aunt Celia has always heard them called Lutheran windows; and she is now some 80 years.

While looking up "dormer," I got a decided shock. It seems that "dormant" is an accepted variant of "dormer": the Standard Dictionary is my authority. Now, one of our family jokes has been of a certain person of our acquaintance who persisted in speaking of "dormant windows"; we have had many a laugh at his stupidity; and now it develops that it is we who have been stupid and ignorant. Yet I think that a keen person (especially a keen New Englander) would fear to use the possibly ambiguous form.

Searsport, Me. CLEW GARNET.

Aunt Celia used the word "lutheran" correctly. It is a variant of "luthern," a dormer window, and is possibly a corruption of "lucarne." "Lutheran" goes back in English literature to the 17th century. Bynner in "Agnes Surriage" speaks of "the gambrel roof and luthern windows." "Dormant" is a variant of "dormer," as you say. Cooper in one of his Leatherstocking novels speaks of "dormant windows in the roof." A dormer, or dormant, window was originally the window of a dormitory or bedroom. —Ed.

Sneers and Slanders.

As the World Wags:

Now that our worthy President has decided that there is no such thing as an international public opinion, and that as far as we are concerned, anywhere east of the three-mile limit "there ain't no Ten Commandments," would it not be well for you to change the title of your department? Instead of "As the World Wags," should it not be "As Half the World Wags"? Otherwise you may be found not "holding the scales of judgment even," as between effete European ideas. O tempora! O mores cis marem!

However, my real purpose in writing is to warn you that you have been imposed upon by a wolf in sheep's clothing. You wouldn't think butter would begin to melt in Mr. Percival Smallweed's mouth, but hist! he's an impostor. It is only a few months since he escaped from prison. Don't let him take you in. I know whereof I write. Yours in the interests of at least Half the World, Z. O'GRADY.

Dorchester, Dec. 10.

We in no way approve Mr O'Grady's sneer at Mr. Wilson. This is not a time for sneering or hide-bound partisanship, but for hearty support. Nor are we disturbed by the statement that Mr. Smallweed is just out of prison. Several of our most valued contributors are still in jail, and others no doubt should be there.—Ed.

"Cuss" Words.

As the World Wags:

In The Herald of today is a dispatch from Washington headed "Deny President Used Profanity at Luncheon," the "profanity" of which the use by the President is denied being the expression, "the Mexicans will raise hell until they are through." Even if the President used that expression, was he guilty of profanity—in other words, does that expression constitute profanity? No one, I suppose, would deny that the expression is open to criticism as being vulgar, but I question whether The Herald's desk editor was justified in putting upon the Washington dispatch denying that the President used the expression a heading which by implication states that the expression is profanity. C.

Brookline, Dec. 10.

Dr. Johnson defined profane:—"Irreverent to sacred names or things." The adjective "profane" is defined in the Oxford dictionary—that is, the third meaning of the word: "Characterized by disregard or contempt of sacred things, esp., in later use, by the taking of God's name in vain; irreverent, blasphemous, ribald, impious, irreligious, wicked." Now to the first settlers in New England and to their descendants for many years, hell was more than a state of mind; it was an institution divinely appointed for terrible and everlasting punishment. Tho light use of the word would have been to them profanity.—Ed.

dec 15 1915

In view of one important question settled by the voters of Boston, the following letter from a valued correspondent is timely.

At the Bar.

As the World Wags:

What's a drink? You know when your host in Kentucky hands you a decanter of the best "Burbun," he is suddenly preoccupied with something out of the window while you pour your liquor, and when you have what you think enough, he hands you a pitcher of the allaying Tiber that you may, if you must, insult his old whiskey with water, something he never does for himself, and can't bring himself to do for a guest. Long years ago, on the fascinating Island of Chincoteague, off the Virginia coast, where my great-grandfather, whose portrait in oils occupies without adorning part of my study wall, made his slaves boil salt for his hams, shoulders, and bacon, the natives used to step up to the bar, pour an ordinary waterglass even full of liquor as white as water itself, corn whiskey innocent of coloring caramel, drink it at two gulps, without a twitch of the countenance, and subside until the time came to repeat. Chincoteague is now dry.

Barkeepers today, I note, stare hard at a well dressed man who goes much beyond the half of the little bar glass in pouring his whiskey, though a full glass is the rule at bars frequented by the plain people. At one of my occasional resorts, the other day, a man irreproachably dressed filled a largish bar glass almost to the brim, called for a larger one, poured his outrageous drink into the latter, had it filled with ginger ale, studied the combination gravely, sipped it slowly, and then went to pay his shot. I leaned over to the barkeeper and said: "You don't often see a man take such a drink in this place," and he answered, glancing over towards the stranger, "I never did before." So you see, the etiquette of the thing differs in different places.

What's a "drink" along the water front is a "bath" in a fashionable barroom, though in each etiquette requires that the barkeeper do naught to stay the hand of him that pours. Barkeepers, by the way, have a code of etiquette which they observe to a nicety. So long as you conduct yourself properly, you are a guest of the house, a paying guest, of course, and as such you are entitled to all the privileges and immunities of the most favored nation, but if you wish to be liked by the man behind the bar you must know what constitutes a drink in that particular place, and restrict yourself to the proper quantity. The barkeeper will not humiliate you by pouring your liquor, but sooner or later he'll say a clever something to his partner that will get home. An old gentleman in New York having ordered whiskey and soda at the now vanished bar of the old downtown Astor House, scorned the tall glass in which the mixture was served, and eventually demanded and obtained a vessel that held a pint and a half. As he turned away he heard one barkeeper say to the other, "I wonder how many goldfish the old Bloke keeps in his tank."

I was pleased with the delicacy of a barkeeper in what I must describe as a low saloon at Quebec. When I called for a sandwich with my drinks, with the deftest care he unrolled it from its oiled paper and conveyed it to me so that his fingers did not so much as brush the crust. I imagined the unceremonious fashion in which the thing would have been done by the barkeeper in a like place at home.

One day I may crave space to give you opinions as to bar glasses, and the fitness of things in such matters. I'm a bit squeamish as to form, color, size, texture, and the fitness of container to contained. SPIRITUS FRUMENTI.

Boston, Dec. 11.

Harmonious and Symbolic.

We shall be pleased to hear from our correspondent on this subject, for the question is more than one of aesthetics. Tea is a cheap and vulgar beverage when it is sluggish and sulky in a thick-walled coffee cup. It should heat at once thin, delicate china. The cup should be decorated with odd designs, finely arranged, not splashed in profusion. Our ancestors drank tea from the saucer, and used plates to catch the drippings from the saucers, but they were barbarians, though godly. No one is obliged to drink beer from a growler, yet there is a pleasure, a sense of unbounded liberty in hoisting a pail of beer. To a thirsty man a glass is a mockery, nor is he to be satisfied with a "scuttle of suds." Champagne should no more be poured into a tumbler than rum into a long-stemmed, beautifully-colored Rhine wine glass. No tumbler is too big for rum. We do not refer to the height of the tumbler, but to its diameter. Rum should have room to spread. In old times it was in a pail at the grocery store, and Uncle Amos filled a tin dipper of it for three cents. The world went very well then.

There are few sadder sights than that of a man drinking ale in a glass. Ale and pewter were born together. The choir will now sing two stanzas of Dr. William Maginn's "The Pewter Quart," written and composed for the jollification of bibbers of beer, porter, ale, stout, nappy, and all other configurations of malt and hop.

Pleasant it is their shine to see,
Like stars in the waves of deep Galilee;
Pleasant it is their chink to hear,
When they rattle on table full charged with beer;
Pleasant it is, when a row's on foot,
That you may, when you wish to demolish a brute,
Politely the man to good manners exhort,
By softening his skull with a Pewter Quart.

Silver and gold no doubt are fine,
But on my table shall never shine;
Being a man of plain common sense,
I hate all silly and vain expense,
And spend the cash these gewgaws cost,
In washing down gobbets of boiled and roast,
With stingo stiff of the stiffest sort,
Curiously pulled from a Pewter Quart.

"CARMEN" REPEATED AT BOSTON OPERA HOUSE

Magnificent Performance of Bizet's Work Witnessed.

"Carmen" was repeated at the Boston Opera House last night, with Mme. Maria Gay as Carmen, and the other parts filled as follows:

Micaela, Bianca Saroya; Frasquita, Belle Gottschalk; Mercedes, Fely Clement; Don Jose, Riccardo Martin; Escamillo; Jose Mardones; Zuniga, Alfred Kaufman; Morales, Giorgio Pulitl; El Dancairo, Paolo Ananin El Remendado, Romeo Boscacci. Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

It is probable that Boston has never witnessed a better performance of Bizet's opera. It seemed as if the various artists had agreed to make special effort to please an unaccountably small audience. It was, however, if small, an appreciative, and, as the evening wore on, enthusiastic audience.

Mme. Gay's Carmen is well known. She was pronounced by her admirers to be at her best last night. Mr. Martin was in magnificent voice. His work towards the close of the third act was particulary effective.

The performance of the rest of the cast was equally satisfactory. The Frasquita and Mercedes of Misses Gottschalk and Clement were charming in every respect. This might also be said of the Micaela of Miss Saroya.

Of course the ballet was a great feature. Members contributed a danse [illegible] in the second act, and the fourth act was enlivened by a series of Spanish dances, given with all the artistic grace and skill for which Mme. Pavlowa and her company are famous. The scene in this act was one of extraordinary brilliancy.

VIOLINIST UNABLE TO GET THROUGH RECITAL

Albert Stoessel, violinist, assisted by Miss Edna Stoessel, pianist, began his recital in Steinert Hall last evening. There was an audience of fair size. Mr. Stoessel played Vitali's Ciaccona and Spohr's Concerto in A minor ("Gesangsszene"). It was then announced from the platform that Mr. Stoessel would be unable to continue, that he had been ill for some days and should not have attempted to give the recital. It was evident to those that heard him recently at a Copley-Plaza Morning Musicale that he was not wholly in the vein.

The recital will be given later. Tickets for the one last night will hold good.

CONCERT IS GIVEN FOR AID OF FRENCH WOUNDED

A concert arranged for by Comtesse Alain Dedons de Pierrefeu (Elsa Tudor) for the benefit of the wounded in the French hospitals was given at the Tuileries last evening. Mme. de Pierrefeu, whose husband was killed last June, delivered an address describing her work as a nurse in the French hospitals and her connection with the American distributing service founded by Mrs. Robert Woods Bliss, wife of the first secretary, American embassy to France, and organized in its present form last January. The director, Russell H. Greeley, a Boston artist, had his hip broken, and Charles Robert Cross, Jr., was killed in an automobile accident while carrying supplies to a French hospital not long ago. After the death of her husband, Countess Pierrefeu returned to this country, and her four children are in Hanover, N. H.

The American distributing service has contributed to the support of over 500 hospitals by the gift of 200,000 different articles—hospital supplies.

The speaker said that with 1,000,000 wounded in the hospitals and supplies running low, while prices mount, and pursés are depleted, the need multiplies rapidly.

The assisting artists in the concert were Miss Evelyn Jeane, soprano; Mrs. Fanny Stanton Hubbard, contralto; John A. Codman, baritone; Hugh Codman, violin, and Miss Jessie Davis and Dwight Fiske, piano. The ushers were debutantes. Many well known in society were present. Among the patrons were Mrs. Larz Anderson and Mrs. H. N. Slater. Dr. John W. Hallowell of Stone & Webster, 147 Milk street, is the treasurer of the fund.

Dec 16 1917

MME. FRISCH

By PHILIP HALE.

Mme. Povla Frisch, soprano, assisted by M. Jean Verd, pianist, sang for the first time in Boston yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Gloire a la Nature; Handel, Air of Poppea; Durante, Danza; Gretschaninoff, La Steppe; Borodin, La Reine de la Mer; Saint-Saens, La Cloche, Gounod, Chanson du Printemps; G. Faure, Au Cimetiere; Loeffler, Les Paons; Chausson, Les Papillons; Georges, Hymne au Soleil; Schumann, Schneegloeckchen, Auftraege; Strauss, Wiegenlied; Brahms, Vergebliches Staendchen; Schubert, Wohin? Erlkoenig.

Mme. Frisch is a remarkable singer of songs; in certain respects the most remarkable that we have heard for several years.

Saying this, we do not forget Mme. Culp or Miss Gerhardt. Not blessed by nature with so beautiful a voice as that of Mme. Culp, or so resonant and vibrant an organ as that of Miss Gerhardt, Mme. Frisch surpasses these singers in variety of expression as an interpreter; her repertoire has a wider range. Her genius shines in classic German Lieder; in Italian airs of the 18th century; in the modern songs of France and Russia. Her technic—as, for example, her uncommon control of breath—enables her to interpret without too apparent consideration of mechanism. So great intelligence and imagination, such taste and true dramatic power are seldom to be found in one singer. She sings with brains as well as with voice and heart.

Announced as a "dramatic soprano," she is not a dramatic soprano as the pedagogue classifies singers. She is a lyric singer with unusual dramatic ability.

Born in Denmark, she has spent the greater part of her life in Paris, where she has been associated with such artists as Thibaud, Pugno, Casals, Cortot. Not only Paris has applauded her; her art has been recognized in Germany and England.

The voice is rather light, but it is exquisitely pure and fresh; it is flexible; it allows itself to be so colored as to express the two opposite sentiments and emotions. All this was made known even in the first group yesterday. She sang the familiar song of Beethoven so majestically that one did not miss the tonal volume that has been associated with the proper interpretation. And then she sang with delightful fluency and intimate roguishness an air of Poppea, from Handel's "Agrippina," if we are not mistaken.

The program was pleasingly unconventional. How admirably did the voice express desolation and loneliness in the first section of Gretschaninoff's impressive song. Borodin's "Sea Queen," composed nearly 50 years ago, is today ultra-modern in its impressionistic spirit, its vague and enchanting harmonic structure, its aqueous and amorous appeal. Other features of this group were Gabriel Faure's song in which the eternal quiet of the grave was expressed by the singer with awe-inspiring monotony of tone and color; Loeffler's fanciful and beautiful "Paons;" and the fluttering flight of Chausson's "Les Papillons." Even Mme Frisch could not give substance to the bombastically empty song of Georges, but she lent distinction to the inherently common place melody of Strauss, and imbued the hackneyed song of Brahms with new life. It was a pity that more lovers of Schumann were not present to learn how familiar songs by him should be sung.

There was natural curiosity about the interpretation of "Erlking." We have heard many sing this dramatic scene, from Gabrielle Krauss in Paris of the eighties to the latest importations from Germany. Mme. Frisch made her effects, not by screaming, not by a torrent of sound, but by cunning contrasts; by a crescendo of the boy's terror, by the sturdy reassurance of the father, by the seductive, yet malicious, whispering of the spectre; by legitimate facial expression. A subtle and emotional diseuse, a rarely accomplished singer, may she be a frequent visitor!

Mr. Vert accompanied her in an artistic manner. The audience was enthusiastic. Few singers, heralded or unheralded, have so held the attention to the end.

BOSTON QUARTET

By PHILIP HALE.

The Boston Quartet (Messrs. Noack, Roth, Ferir and Schroeder) gave its first concert of the season last night in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Dvorak, quartet E flat major, op. 51; Brahms, piano trio, op. 101; Mozart, quartet, G major. Mrs. Ethel Cave Cole, pianist, assisted.

Mr. Schroeder probably remembers when he played in the performance of Brahm's Trio in Berlin soon after it was composed. The occasion was a "Brahms-Evening" arranged in honor of the composer by Mme. Joachim. His associates with Henri Petri, violinist and Willy Rehberg, pianist.

There are many stories, and possibly some legends about this Trio. At the first rehearsal in Vienna Brahms was so impatient, so churlish, that he left the room in a rage, at which Heckmann, the violinist, burst into tears. Brahms was even more vexed by Clara Schumann's praise of the Trio, which, while it was effusive, was at the expense of his other chamber works. Elisabeth Herzogenberg was shrewder when she wrote to him: "It is better than any photograph, for it shows your real self." Pohl thought it more "comprehensible" than other works of his in this field and intimated that Brahms was striving after popularity.

The Trio, in fact, is one of Brahms's most pleasing chamber compositions. The scherzo, mysterious, melancholy, haunts the memory. The andante is eminently melodious, and the opening Allegro is enjoyed by the veriest amateur. The Finale is below the other movements in the invention and in interest.

Dvorak's quartet shows the genuine naivete of the man as he was before he was flattered, made much of, persuaded to write music that was alien to his nature. This quartet is tuneful, simple in structure, with the constant temptation to break out into dance rhythms hardly resisted. The music is soothing; so was the performance.

It was a restful evening. The music was calming to the nerves. The performance might be characterized as accurate, smooth, and mellifluous. Mrs. Cole was in sympathy with the quartet.

The next concert will be on Wednesday evening in Jordan Hall.

OPERA COMPANY ENDS ITS BOSTON SEASON

The engagement of the Boston Opera Company and Pavlowa Ballet Russo close last night with a gala performance. The second act of "Aida" was given with Mmes. Villani and Gay and Messrs. Martin, Puliti and Mardones, and with the complete ballet danced by Mme. Pavlowa, Mr. Volinine and the assisting ballet.

The third act of "Rigoletto" followed with Miss Lyne and Messrs. Gaudenzi and Baklanoff. This was followed by the first act of "Pagliacci" with Miss Teyte, Messrs. Zenatello, Bakianoff and Chambran. Puliti

Then came a delightful series of divertissements danced by Mme. Pavlowa, Mr. Volinine and the Ballet Russe. There was a very applausive audience.

In the afternoon "Madama Butterfly" was performed with Mmes. Miura and Leveroni and Messrs. Martin and Chalmers. There was a large audience.

The company left last night for Washington.

Let us respect the dog. The dog—what a comic beast!—whose sweat is on his tongue, and whose smile is in his tail.

A Lover of Dogs.

Mr. Lincoln Newton Kinnicutt of Worcester, who is known to antiquarians and all interested in the early history of Massachusetts by his essays on Indian names and the interpretation of same, has collected and edited a book on poems addressed to dogs or about dogs. The handsomely printed volume of 150 pages is entitled "To Your Dog and to My Dog." A blank space on the title cover is designed for a photograph, or any picture, of the reader's dog. Mr. Kinnicutt says in a note to the masters—for his preface begins: "Dear Dogs"—that the collection is composed almost entirely of verses that have been written within the last 25 years. "I know only too well that I have omitted many poems that the dogs should hear, but I have not attempted a large anthology, for it has been done several times by far abler hands." Blank half pages are left on which Brown, Jones and Robinson can copy their own favorite dog poems.

Of the few older authors Sir Walter Scott, Byron and Matthew Arnold are prominent. Among the more modern eulogists and mourners in poetry are Newbolt, Gilder, Kipling, Lehmann, Miss Guiney. Sound churchmen will be pleased to find Bishop Doane's "Cluny" included.

"Six Feet" is "from a friend."

Sometimes it blows and rains,
But still the six feet ply
No care at all to the following four
If the leading two know why.
'Tis a pleasure to have six feet, we think,
My little rough dog and I.

"A Gentleman," by one whose name is not given, appeared in the New Orleans Times-Picayune.

I own a dog who is a gentleman;
By birth most surely, since the creature can
Boast of a pedigree the like of which
Holds not a Howard or a Metternich.

By breeding. Since the walks of life he trod,
He never wagged an unkind talk abroad,
He never snubbed a nameless cur because
Without a friend or credit card he was.

The verses end:

Here is the motto of my lifeboat's log:
"God grant I may be worthy of my dog."

Of course each lover of dogs will miss verses that appeal to him. How many know the epigram of Walter Savage Landor?

Martha, now somewhat stern and old,
Found men grow every day less bold;
Yet had enough; but tolerated
Because, poor souls! by God created.
She loved her dog (the worst do that)
And pamper'd him, morosely fat.
Rising up half-asleep, it happ't
She trod upon him, and he snapt.
"Ah, what a pitch," good Martha says,
"Have dogs arrived at in our days."

Mr. Kinnicutt has compiled a book that should give pleasure to many at Christmas and on all days lean or fat. Not the least delightful feature of the volume is his dedicatory preface to the dogs. Here is an extract: "You know us in many ways as no human being knows us, for every hour of your life you wish to be near, and often you are our most intimate companion and the best friend we have in the world. We talk to you, more than half believing, or trying to believe, that you understand, and I am not sure but that to you alone we always tell the absolute truth, we whisper to you our secrets, we confide to you our hopes and ambitions, we tell you of our successes and our disappointments, and often in deep grief you alone see what we think is weakness to show to the outside world."

Has Mr. Kinnicutt ever inquired into the reason why certain names have been given to certain dogs? Why in the Sixties was a Newfoundland dog, as a rule, called Carlo? It is easy to see why "Rover," "Dash," "Flip," "Rags," are appropriate names for certain dogs. Why Carlo?

A Christmas Game

We have quoted an epigram from Landor's "Last Fruit off the Old Tree." Looking over the volume which has for a motto the proudest quatrain in the English language:

I strove with none, for none was worth my strife;
Nature I loved, and, next to nature, art;
I warmed both hands before the fire of life;
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

We came across verses inspired by the deeds of Kossuth, but curiously fitting these days.

AMERICAN CHRISTMAS GAMES.

When eating and fighting and spitting and smoking,
And romping and roaring and slapping and joking,
Have each had fair play, the last toast of the night
Is "Success to the brave who have fought the good fight."
Then America whistles, and Hungary sings,
"The cards in the pack are not all knaves and kings.
There are rogues at Vienna, and worse at Berlin,
Who chuckle at cheating so long as they win;
For us yet remains a prime duty to do,
Tho' we dirty the kennel by dragging them thro'."

Disraeli Furens.

The thought of the censor brings with it the affair of the Globo newspaper in London. Eighty years ago the editor of this journal attacked Disraeli for his "Vindication of the English Constitution." Disraeli answered in the Times. Here is an extract: "It is not my passion for notoriety that has induced me to tweak the editor of the Globe by the nose, and to inflict sundry kicks upon the baser part of his base body, to make him eat dirt and his own words, fouler than any filth, but because I wish to show to the world what a miserable poltroon, what a craven dullard, what a literary scarecrow, what a mere thing, stuffed with straw and rubbish, is the self-disant director of public opinion and official organ of Whig politics."

Dec 17 1917

POWELL MAKES DEBUT HERE

By PHILIP HALE.

John Powell gave his first piano recital in Boston yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. The program was as follows: Bach, Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue; Brahms, Sonata in F minor, op. 5; Liszt, Sonata in B minor; Schumann, Etudes Symphoniques.

Mr. Powell of Richmond, Va., a pupil of Frederick C. Hahr of that city and of the late Lechetitzky, was already known in Vienna as a pianist and a composer when he played in Berlin for the first time eight years ago next week. It was then said that he was 20 years old. He played in Paris in April of the next year. Since that time he has met with marked success in cities of Europe and this country. In April, 1912 he played at the Richmond Festival, where a movement of his violin concerto was performed by Mr. Zimbalist. Among his compositions are an orchestral suite "At the Fair" the "Sonata Teutonica" for piano; a music drama founded on Kipling's "Jungle Stories;" variations and double Fugue on a theme by Hahr. He recently played Liszt's Hungarian Fantasia with the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Cambridge.

What possessed a man of his experience, giving his first recital in Boston, to present the irritating, repelling program of yesterday? It looks as if he were without a sense of humor. The pianist without this sense is lost, preordained to play only at meetings of a Baconian society.

Brahms's sonata would be very well as one number, if it were placed at the end so that the unregenerate and unconverted could give an imitation of gentlemen leaving a hall to breathe fresh air and enjoy the comparative restfulness of the street; but to precede this work with the Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue, and then follow it with Liszt's heaven-defying sonata and the Etudes Symphoniques— Insatiate pianist, could not one suffice?

From the performance yesterday we infer that Mr. Powell has noteworthy mechanical proficiency; a command over tonal gradations; a fine singing tone. As an interpreter he is given to incessant italicization of details. It is as if he believed in the plenary inspiration of each measure, and regarded every note as a vital text. Over-elaboration did great harm to his performance of the Fantasia, for even a Fantasia should have some continuity of musical thought and not be turned into mosaic work. The Fugue, on the other hand, was nobly played. In Brahms' sonata the Scherzo was given with marked rhythmic feeling, but the finale suffered in the same manner as Bach's Fantasia.

There was a small audience.

CECILIA SOCIETY OPENS FORTIETH SEASON

Mr. Chalmers Clifton Appears as Conductor at First Concert.

The Cecilia Society, Mr. Chalmers Clifton, conductor, gave the first concert of its 40th season last evening at Jordan Hall. This was the first concert led by Mr. Clifton as conductor of the society. The work performed was Cesar Franck's "Beatitudes." The solo music was sung by Miss Fay Cord, soprano; George Harris, tenor; Marion Green, bass; Bernard Ferguson, baritone. The society was assisted by the Harvard Glee Club, Dr. Davison, director, and an orchestra of 56 men from the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Hoffmann, concert master.

s oratorio in the ... Society In 1907 it was given in Symphony Hall. Mr. Goodrich was the conductor and the leading singers were Mmes. Gertrude Holt and ...n-Bailey and Messrs. Johnson, Rat-...gan, Cartwright, Osborne, Flint and Merrill. The work was first given in Boston at People's Temple, Oct. 29, 1900.

A large and brilliant audience was interested and appreciative. The next concert will be given at Jordan Hall, ... 17, 1916. Short works for chorus by Palestrina, Certon, Morley, Debussy, Williams and Rachmaninoff will be performed. Mme. Povla Frisch will be the assisting artist.

Post

There was exceptional interest in this concert, on account of the recent reorganization of the Cecilia under its new president, Henry L. Mason, with Mr. Clifton, the youngest musician to hold such a post in this city, as its conductor.

Mr. Clifton gave immediate evidence of his indisputable talent as a leader, and as the concert went on his authority and musicianship made a continually deeper impression. He is eminently worthy of the opportunity he has been given, and the directors of the Cecilia are to be congratulated on the initiative which they have shown in his appointment.

Mr. Clifton conducted under somewhat trying circumstances. He had had but one rehearsal with the orchestra. The Cecilia chorus, which in the quality of its performance showed a notable improvement, has yet to become a choral body of first rate efficiency.

Knows What He Wants

Mr. Clifton's accomplishment was the more praiseworthy. He had his score at his finger-tips. He was in thorough control of the situation from the first measure to the last. He has a remarkably firm, clean-cut but elastic beat, and he has what many conductors go through life without ever attaining, a "release" which is as clear and as unmistakable as his "attack." The chorus obeyed him implicitly. The orchestra fulfilled his intentions in a general way, far more completely than they usually carry out the intentions of a choral conductor. It must be added that when the response was sluggish or ill-timed it was unmistakably the fault of the players, whom the conductor left no excuse for mistakes.

It was evident to all that Mr. Clifton knew exactly what he wanted to do, and that he had carefully planned the doing of it. His tempi were admirable, often broader than previous performances of this work had led us to expect, and very elastic. He did more than had been done in this city for Franck's score. He very evidently had the music at heart. There was an occasional error in balancing, sometimes within the orchestra, and at least once when the existence of the Mater Dolorosa was for a time in doubt, which would probably not occur again in this hall, now that Mr. Clifton has had some experience of the acoustical problems his concert stage presents.

But as regarded tempi, color, dramatic accent there was little indeed to take exception to in his reading. Details, if they did not come exactly as he intended, did not distract his attention from the broad lines of the work. There was always continuity of thought, the maintenance of line, contrast and climax. The chorus obeyed the conductor with the utmost enthusiasm and good will, and often produced both brilliant and beautiful qualities of tone.

The question is now, how long will it be before in numbers and in efficiency this chorus will return to the standards of its most glorious years of the past? Mr. Clifton has proven himself. In the face of serious obstacles he gave a very creditable and musically interesting performance of a work which is itself of unequal interest. Everyone took pleasure in his accomplishment.

Of the soloists Mr. Harris, though hampered by a small voice, was the best. He sang thoughtfully and with emotional fervor, and the smallness of his voice did not prevent his singing with intelligence and very genuine feeling.

Mr. Green has a voice of fine and manly character. Unfortunately he overblows this voice, nor had his song any particular degree of gentleness or pathos. Mr. Ferguson sang nearly as vigorously as Mr. Green, but his voice is at present in a condition to stand such pressure, and he sang with marked dramatic effect. Satan, even in the gentle hands of Franck, was an entertaining old boy.

The voice of Miss Cord is small and colorless. Taking the character of this performance as a whole, it seems that the Cecilia audiences may look forward to a very interesting season.

GIVE BENEFIT CONCERT TO AID SETTLEMENT

The second benefit concert for the Frances E. Willard Settlement took place yesterday afternoon at the Copley-Plaza. The following artists appeared: Mme. Marie Rappold of the Metropolitan Opera House, Miss Aline Van Barentzen, pianist, Hugh Allan, baritone. Emil J. Polak accompanied. Mme. Rappold, who has been heard here often in opera and concert, sang Liszt's "Loreley" and songs by Rubinstein, Strauss, Gilberte, Dell'Acqua, Lafarge, and with Mr. Allan a duet from "Don Giovanni." Mr. Allan sang the Prologue to "Pagliacci" and a group of Neapolitan songs by Nardella. Miss Van Barentzen played Chopin's Fantaisie, Op. 49; Valse, Op. 64, No. 2; Polonaise, Op. 53, and Liszt's "Un Sospiro" (Caprice Poetique), and Second Hungarian Rhapsody. The concert was highly appreciated by the audience. The two concerts have netted a substantial sum for the settlement.

MRS. GABRILOWITSCH IN RUSSIAN SONG RECITAL

Mrs. Clara Clemens Gabrilowitsch, contralto, gave a recital of Russian songs at Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon. Mr. Gabrilowitsch played her accompaniments. The program was as follows: Glinka, "Ah, Kindly Star"; Borodin, the Sea Queen, songs of the Dark Forest; Rimsky-Korsakoff, Little Snowflake's arietta from "Shegourotshka, Songs of the Shepherd Lehl; Rubinstein, Der Traum, Claerchen's Lied, "Not with Angels," "Es Blinkt der Thau"; Rachmaninoff, "Oh, Schoenes Maedchen," Floods of Spring; Tschaikowsky, Deception, the Gypsy Song, Cradle Song, "Whether Day Dawns"; Arensky, "Zuend Keine Herze An," the Little Fish's Song; Gabrilowitsch, Goodby, Nahe Des Geliebten.

CONCERT FOR THE FRENCH

An agreeable concert for the benefit of the French wounded emergency fund took place at the Tuileries yesterday morning. The Watteau trio (Christiana Caya, soprano; Margarite McQuaid, violinist, and Leland A. Arnold, pianist), assisted by Edward Packard, 'cellist, gave much pleasure to the audience.

Again we read of a worthy man dying at "the ripe old age of 63." "He had been feeble for some years."

In "Old Familiar Faces," a selection of articles contributed by the late Watts-Dunton to the Athenaeum, we find a description of George Borrow in his "old age":

"At 70 years of age, after breakfasting at 8 o'clock in Hereford square, he would walk to Putney, meet one or more of us at Roehampton, roam about Wimbledon and Richmond Park with us, bathe in the Pen ponds with a northeast wind cutting across the icy water like a razor, run about the grass afterwards like a boy to shake off some of the water drops, stride about the park for hours, and then, after fasting for 12 hours, eat a dinner at Roehampton that would have done Sir Walter Scott's eyes good to see. Finally, he would walk back to Hereford square, getting home late at night."

At Table.

Lord Polkemmet gave a dinner party. When they all sat down the guests found that the dinner consisted of veal broth, a roast fillet of veal, veal cutlets, a florentine, a calf's head and calf's foot jelly. Sensation. Lord Polkemmet explained: "Ou ay, it's a cauf; when we kill a beast we just eat up ae side and down the tither."

A florentine was an old Scottish dish composed of veal. It was properly meat baked in a plate with a cover of paste. "When any kind of butcher meat, fowl, apples, etc., are baken in a dish it is called a Florentine, and when in a raised crust, a pie." In some parts of England a Florentine consisted of an immense dish of pewter or such like metal, filled with baking apples, sugar and lemon to the brim, with a roll of rich paste as a covering. It was eaten at Christmas time. When it was baked, before serving the upper crust was taken off and divided into triangular portions, which were arranged round the dish as a garnish, and a brimming quart of spiced ale was poured in, hissing hot. There is a receipt for making a Florentine in "A True Gentleman's Delight" (1676).

Low, but Not Profane.

As the World Wags:

A case which was appealed to and decided by the supreme court of Mississippi in 1907 may perhaps throw some light upon the question as to whether the expression which a telegraphic dispatch from Washington lately denied, that President Wilson had used, should be regarded as profanity.

That case had to do with a 12-year-old colored girl, who, having accidentally brushed against two other girls, and upon being soundly abused and upbraided by them for her carelessness, had said to them on a public street, "Go to hell, you low-down devils." For using this language she was successively in two inferior courts convicted under a statute making it a penal offence for any one to "profanely swear or curse in any public place in the presence of two or more persons." The supreme court, however, reversed the decision of the inferior courts and set the conviction aside, the decision saying in regard to the expression which the colored girl had used: "There was simply a rude request or order to go to hell, with no necessity to obey, no power to enforce obedience, and no intimation that the irresistible Power had condemned or was invoked to condemn them to go to hell."

The expression which it was lately denied that President Wilson used seems to me much less obnoxious to the charge of being profanity than the language which the Mississippi colored girl used, and if, as the supreme court of Mississippi held, that colored girl's language is not profanity, a fortiori must it be held that the expression it was lately denied that the President used is not profanity. OCCASIONAL.

Boston, Dec. 14.

Perhaps.

As the World Wags:

The following extract from a book published in 1844, London, Chapman & Hull, by J. G. Kohl, a German traveler, entitled, "England, Wales and Scotland," may be of assistance in running the "kibosh" to its native earth.

In giving an account of his visit to the county gaol at York the author says: "I saw for the first time the much dreamed cat-o'-nine-tails, used in the English navy and in the prisons; its appearance, however, perhaps less terrific than its name. It consists of a short thick stick, to the end of which are attached nine knotted thongs of leather. It is no doubt a painful and terrible instrument, but it does not belong to the same barbarous class as the Russian knout, the Chinese bamboo, or the Turkish Karbatsche." G.

Dec. 14.

Mr. Sydney Harrocks of Westminster asked in The Herald of Nov. 11 if "kibosh" was not possibly a corruption of the Arabic "Koorbash," a word, by the way, spelled "Kurbaj" by Burton and "Koorbash" by Lane.—Ed.

Another Verse.

As the World Wags:

The writer recalls another verse of the Pig Songs in today's Herald:

> "You shall have a silver trough,
> Honey," said she.
> "And a spoon to eat your broth,"
> "Hunk," said he.

Note that the word "trough" is here pronounced "troth," a peculiarity of our New England vernacular, which I have heard even lately from some of our older people. OAKSIDE.

Billerica, Dec. 11.

That Restless Person.

As the World Wags:

Once again the more versatile of our two living ex-Presidents has sent us scurrying for the dictionary. When Mr. Roosevelt was fighting at Armageddon it was remarked in The Herald that probably more Bibles were then being consulted than at any other time in the history of the country, and now without a moment's warning we are presented to this Byzantine logothete. There is only one Mr. Roosevelt. But have there not been other picturesque candidates for the presidency? One feels that the campaign of Mr. Greeley or that of the "Plumed Knight" must have contained a bon mot or two. What were they?

ROBERT W. MORSE.

Andover, Dec. 13.

Dec 15. 1915

GIVES "SEA" OF DEBUSSY

By PHILIP HALE.

The eighth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Debussy, "The Sea: Three Orchestral Sketches"; Tschaikowsky, Concerto for piano, B flat minor, No. 1; Haydn, Symphony in E flat major (B. and H. No. 1.)

When Dr. Muck first conducted Debussy's "Sea" in 1907 at a public rehearsal, hardly a hand was heard in applause. Yesterday he was recalled after the third sketch; there was hearty applause after the second; there was moderate appreciation of the first. The times change and we change with them. The idiom of Debussy is by this time familiar. His orchestral compositions are no longer thought formless and incoherent. Quotations from his works are admitted into even grave treatises on harmony. In comparison with Schoenberg, Stravinsky and young Mr. Ornstein, his Muse now wears a high-neck dress and a cameo brooch; her hair is plastered on her forehead.

As these Sketches are frankly impressionistic, the enjoyment of the hearer depends largely on his own susceptibility and imagination. There are persons who do not like the ocean. Oscar Wilde was disappointed in the Atlantic; but there are more normal beings, far from being poseurs, who cannot exclaim with Jules Laforgue, "the sea, always new, always respectable!" We know a man who was doomed to spend a vacation in a summer hotel on a bluff looking down on Nantucket Sound. Whenever he sat on a bench he turned his back to the ocean and faced pine trees, giving as an excuse that "the sea got on bts nerves."

Debussy's "Sea" is not for them, neither is it for those who find pleasure in Mendelssohn's overture to "Sea-Calm and Prosperous Voyage." For Debussy knows a wilder ocean, many-faced, now exulting in Aeschylean laughter, now spasmodic, sinister, terrible, and never so terrible as when calm, or inviting mortals to sport with it, and smiling, as though it were forgetful of rotting ships and sunken treasure and the drowned far down that were for a time regarded curiously by monsters of the deep.

No one has painted in music so vividly and with such varied coloring the phases of the ocean as Debussy. Hanslick maintained that there is music that "stinks." There are pages of Debussy that smell of brine.

Others recall to the bearer the ripples rustling up "hoarse and sibilant," waves moaning or angry.

> Some vast heart, like a planet's, chain'd and chafing in those breakers,
> By lengthen'd swell and spasm, and panting breath,
> And rhythm's rasping of thy sands and waves,
> And serpent hiss, and savage peals of laughter,
> And undertones of distant lion roar,
> Sounding, appealing to the sky's deaf ear.

This music of Debussy surpasses even the prose of Victor Hugo in his description of the storm that wrecked the Comprachicos, of the whirlwind issuing from the Nothing which is All. "It is a shapeless howling. It is the inarticulate spoken by the indefinite. At intervals it is a complaint; space laments and justifies itself."

Tschaikowsky's concerto has now been played at these concerts by 12 pianists, including Miss Ruth Deyo, the pianist yesterday; and of them five were women. We all feel that this concerto is eminently for a strong man. For this reason, no doubt, women are anxious to play it. There have been amazonian pianists, as Sophie Menter, Mme. Bloomfield-Zeisler, Mme. Carreno in her younger days, Adele aus der Ohe, who played Liszt's concerto in E flat with amazing dash and brilliance, and in other concertos was a Diana, cool, chaste, shooting inexorable darts with fatal aim.

Was Miss Deyo's choice a wise one? We associate her with music of a more refined, more poetic, subtler, vaporous character. Her performance yesterday was musical, charming in the purely lyrical passages, clear in bravura, surprisingly masculine in the pompous chords of the introduction, but there were times when we missed the vigor that in a performance of this work should approach drunken frenzy if not sheer brutality. For there are pages that are brutal, with the strange melancholy of the Russian that seeks relief and forgetfulness in vodka.

The performance of Debussy's "Sea" was superb in every way, and the symphony of Haydn was played with the polished vitality that only this orchestra led by Dr. Muck can give to it. The concert will be repeated tonight.

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Mozart, overture to "The Magic Flute"; Carpenter, suite "Adventures in a Perambulator" (first time at these concerts); Saint-Saens, concerto in A minor for 'cello (Mr. Malkin, 'cellist); Rheinberger's concerto in F major for organ, three horns and strings (Mr. Marshall, organist).

It is needless to spend any time about her loving nature to man, how she flattereth by rubbing her skin against ones Legs, how she whurleth with her voice, having as many times as turnes, for she hath one voice to beg and to complain, another to testifie her delight and pleasure, another among her own kind by flattering, by hissing, by puffing, by spitting, in so much as some have thought that they have a peculiar intelligible language among themselves. Therefore, how she beggeth, playeth, leapeth, looketh, catcheth, tosseth with her foot, riseth up to strings held over her head, sometimes creeping, sometimes lying on the back, playing with one foot, sometime on the belly, snatching now with mouth, and anon with foot, apprehending greedily anything save the hand of a man, with divers such gestical actions, it is needless to stand upon.

Poor Puss.

We spoke recently of Mr. Kinnicutt's book of tributes paid by poets, "boss poits" and minor ones, to dogs. Has any one of late years performed the office in favor of cats? An anthology might easily be compiled, including poems by Matthew Arnold, Baudelaire, Gray and the stanza of Swinburne:

> All your wondrous wealth of hair,
> Dark and fair,
> Silken-shaggy, soft and bright
> As the clouds and beams of night,
> Pays my reverent hand's caress
> Back with friendliest gentleness.

The cat has many enemies. An anthology of slurs, jibes, contempt and hatred might easily be compiled. Maeterlinck did Puss a cruel injury in his "Blue Bird." Mr. Kipling in "The Cat Who Walked by Himself," maintains that the cat has never really been domesticated; that he is not friendly towards man: "He will kill mice and he will be kind to babies when he is in the house just as long as they don't pull his tail too hard. . . When night comes, he is the cat that walks by himself, and all places are alike to him. Then he goes out to the wet wild woods, up the wet wild trees, or on the wet wild roofs, waving his wild tail and walking by his wild love."

[illegible] Hilaire Belloc, who [illegible] about war, the [illegible] revolution, old French poets, out-of-the-way places, queer people, man[illegible] life. He is vexed at the [illegible] of the cat. "They are gluttonous always and upon all occasions, and by every place and for ever." This is [illegible] true. The cats with whom we have been on familiar terms were temperate and fastidious in eating and drinking. "They alone of all creation love hateful noises." Nor is this true. Man delights in horrid noises—college cries, applause, [illegible] horns, cornet solos; and some enjoy music by Dr. Max Reger. Mr. Belloc continues his diatribe. "All that they do is venomous, and all that they think is evil, and when I take mine away (as I mean to do next week in a basket), I shall first read in a book of statistics what is the wickedest part of London, and shall leave it there, for I know of no one even among my neighbors quite so vile as to deserve such a gift."

On the other hand we could call a long roll of cat lovers, including Mohammed, Cardinal Richelieu, Victor Hugo. Chateaubriand loved even the cat's baser qualities: "I love in the cat that independent and almost ungrateful temper which prevents it from attaching itself to any one, the indifference with which it passes from the salon to the housetop. The cat lives alone, has no need of society, does not obey except when it likes, pretends to sleep that it may see more clearly, and scratches everything it can scratch."

This reminds us that in Berlin a tax of $2.50 has recently been imposed on each cat, and the taxed must be duly tagged.

Mr. Charles Platt, writing to Notes and Queries of Nov. 27, explained the dog's affection for his master by saying that dogs come from "a type that lives and hunts in a pack, subject to the autocratic control of a strong leader." If one of the pack does not obey, its life will not be long. "Hence the dog's apparent love for his master is merely the inherited instinct of strict obedience—or death." The cat comes of a type used to a solitary existence, "and, though its affection may be intense, its independence can never be eradicated."

In his letter Mr. Platt speaks of the devotion of cats to their young—"not a strong feature in dogs." Yet Mr. Thomas Ratcliffe in the same issue of Notes and Queries writes: "A cat always selects a retired and dark spot to bring forth her young, and this, I have always understood, is because tomcats have a cannibalistic propensity to eat newborn kittens, and so the mother hides them." This propensity was noted long ago by Gesner and others, as reported in Mr. Edward Topsil's "History of Four-footed Beasts and Serpents" (ed. of 1658), where a singular reason for this cannibalism is given.

Mathaeolus, observing that the hair of a cat being eaten unawares stoppeth the artery and causeth suffocation, and that a child having gotten a hair in its mouth, it stuck there and bred either a wen or the king's evil, concluded: "This is a dangerous beast, and therefore as for necessity we are constrained to nourish them for the suppressing of small vermin, so with a wary and discreet eye we must avoid their harms, making more account of their use than of their persons."

Let us now end with a remark made by Samuel Butler of "Erewhon," not "Hudibras": "If you say 'Hallelujah' to a cat, it will excite no fixed set of fibres in connection with any other set, and the cat will exhibit none of the phenomena of consciousness. But if you say 'Me-e-at' the cat will be there in a moment, for the due connection between the set of fibres has been established."

From all this wisdom of ancients and moderns we have the right to infer that the cat is, after all, much like human beings.

Dec 6, 1915

Listen Delightedly to Pianist Gabrilowitsch Interpret Chopin.

Ossip Gabrilowitsch gave the fourth recital in his series showing the development of piano music yesterday afternoon at Jordan Hall. The program was devoted to the following works of Chopin: Ballade, a flat major, op. 47; Etudes, E major, op. 10, No. 3; F major, op. 10, No. 8; C sharp minor, op. 25, No. 7; C major, op. 10, No. 7; Sonata, B flat minor, op. 35; Twelve Preludes, op. 28; Nocturne, G major, op. 37, No. 2; Mazurka, B minor, op. 33, No. 4; Polonaise, A flat major, op. 53.

The audience filled the hall in every part, and some sat upon the stage, a tribute to the program and the art of its distinguished interpreter.

Chopin's music bears the test of passing years. The greatest of all writers for the piano, he was a child of his time, and the spirit of artistic revolt was hot within him. He created new forms in music; he invented a new technic, he was the greatest harmonist since Bach. He idealized the dance forms of his country. His waltzes are sublimated dance music; his Polonaises are as a call to arms. Yet his disregard of conventionality in music was expressed with the utmost beauty, elegance, poetry. There was no striving after the bizarre, no taint of the perverse. His music therefore endures.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch is well-known as an admirable and sympathetic interpreter of Chopin's music. His artistic dignity, his freedom from poses, is thrice welcome in an age of shaggy futurists and perfumed impressionism. In no sense a specialist, his pianistic individuality is none the less marked. His fine technic, used without ostentation as a means of expressing emotions, puts him in immediate touch with all that is beautiful and romantic in the literature of his instrument. The spiritual is not foreign to him. His interpretations are the expression of mentality and imagination.

Yesterday the familiar characteristics of his playing were in evidence. His limpidity and ease, his singing tone, his versatility of mood delighted. The program was well chosen to display the composer's variety of style.

The Ballado, the Etudes, the Nocturne, the dances, all these were played with understanding and brilliance, while in the Sonata and in the Preludes the pianist touched both heights and depths.

We acknowledge the receipt of "The Pierre Trail" a drama in five acts by Dr. Albert Carr, published at Hill City, S. D. The date of publication is 1911. Our "Novelties" come late—to the theatres in Boston and to the newspaper offices.

The synopsis of this drama is as follows: Act I. Ham Morden's crime. Act II. To be shot at midnight. Act III. Not guilty. Act IV. Death of the squaw. Act V. Christmas eve.

Here is the opening speech of Morden: "Last night I could not sleep. The moaning wind and coyote's whine stretched out the lonesome hours. At last my mind broke from me like a frightened horse. T'was there—Oh, horror!—I saw it all again. The flickering fire—The ghostly canvas of the wagon—her outstretched arms—the child (crazed, points wildly) — There — there she is now!"

The villain— and he's a corker—is Jim Okoboji, "a half-breed educated by the government. Horse thief and all around bad man." As Rose remarks. "Yes, Jim's a scholar. The kind the government makes over at the Indian schools in the states, and calls civilized."

But Rose is not always so incisive.

Rose gazes towards river. "The day closes and the Cheyenne flows placidly on with the passing hours. (Sunset glow.) Oh, river, I would you could speak, and tell me the wild stories of the past—the savage wars, the deeds of tomahawk and knife, the midnight surprise, the torture and the dance, and all the joys and sorrows of the simple people, who for ages have dwelt along thy shores. (Drops down into rustic chair.) I have a strange foreboding of evil today. Can it be my father is in league with horse thieves! His gloomy mutterings, his starts and fits of frenzy, and the weird hag with whom he companions, all awake in me a dreadful suspicion, I strive in vain to drive away. And when I ask him of my mother, he starts as thought a serpent stung him. Can she have wronged him! No, no, for she would love as I would love, with all her heart, all her soul. (Clasping her hands.) Mother! Mother! Oh, when I speak that word, dim memories creep upon me which I cannot connect—other faces which I seem to know, and yet know not. I may have dreamt these things, but it is strange, very strange, a dream should so impress me. (Grows drowsy.) Mother—dear mother. (Sinks back in chair.) Mother—mother." (Sleeps.)

There are terrific whoops, and incessant gun play varied by a skilful employment of the knife, not to mention burning buildings and explosions. The author is not content with one baby to excite "heart interest"; he introduces twins about six months old. Ham, who had been falsely accused of murder, turns up at the end with $80,000 in his pocket.

"Here is a draft, daughter, for $40,000. (Katreena, interested, rises. Ham takes one of the twins. Ham gives Rose draft.) I shall act as trustee for Smudge until he is of age. I have securely invested his money at 7 per cent. That will give him an annual income of $2800."

Smudge—"Gee-whim|ty-jim!"

Ham—"That will clothe and educate you, boy. Besides, daughter, I have willed everything to you and Smudge with the exception of a special bequest to my little namesake in your arms."

Rose—"But, father Ham, you may marry, and—"

Ham—"Until I do, the will shall stand. I shall never marry. My life, I have dedicated to her. (Looks up.) When the spring comes, daughter (Puts right arm about her), and the crocuses bloom upon the bluffs, you and I, and Smudge (Puts left arm about Smudge), and Dan will go down the Pierce trail in search of your mother's grave."

We look forward confidently to a production of this drama in Boston under the auspices of the Drama League. We call the attention of the league to the following paragraph on the title page:

"CAUTION—The presentation of this drama for profit without the permission of its proprietor is strictly forbidden. Managers desiring to produce this drama are respectfully requested to communicate with the author."

Now that the engagement of the Boston Opera Company is at an end, let us state the various reasons given by deep thinkers for the scanty support of those that are wont to sit in boxes and in the sight of the people, and for the lack of general interest. It is [illegible] tilted by all that the performances were as a rule of an unusually high order. Never has opera been performed here with such a ballet as the one headed by Mme. Pavlowa, nor will such a ballet troop with opera be seen here soon again, unless Mr. Rabinoff and Mme Pavlowa have the courage to carry out the plans that they had made for next season.

It was a mistake to entitle the organization The Boston Opera Company.

The company came here too early. Those who would gladly have subscribed were not in town. Opera should not be given here until after Jan. 1.

The company had no soprano that was a drawing card. People still wish to hear a celebrated singer more than opera with an excellent ensemble.

The Boston Opera House is not easily reached by those who do not own motor cars and cannot afford taxi-cabs. The street car service in Huntington avenue is notoriously poor. Those dwelling in suburbs seldom had an opportunity of seeing the ballet after the opera of the evening, if they wished to reach their homes at a reasonably late hour.

The operas and the ballets should have been performed on alternate nights.

The people feel poor. If the prices had been lower, there would have been large audiences.

These are the chief reasons given for non-support.

The fact remains that Boston has never before seen such a combination of opera and ballet. No visiting company has ever put opera on the stage so sumptuously as regards scenery, furniture, costumes, etc. Not in recent year's has opera been performed here on the whole so well by any visiting company.

It is stated that Mr. Rabinoff's present company will be disbanded after the performances in Washington. A new company will be immediately formed by him and Mme. Pavlowa to make a long tour, ending on the Pacific coast. Only a few operas will then be in the repertoire; chief among them "Madama Butterfly," with Mme. Miura as the heroine. It is also stated that Mr. Rabinoff and Mme. Pavlowa are not so discouraged that they have wholly abandoned their project for bringing opera and ballet here next season with certain Russian operas, interesting musically, dramatically and as spectacles, in the repertoire.

The death of Leschetizy was naturally followed by a flood of eulogies and reminiscences, and in some instances the eulogists, who took pains to state that they had been his pupils, swam lustily for advertising purposes.

Mr. Robert H. Legge, music critic of the Daily Telegraph, London, wrote an incisive article: "Leschetitzky and the Pianforte" for the issue of Nov. 27.

He began as follows: "In many respects, no doubt, Leschetizky, whose death has just been reported, was the last of the great line of pianoforte teachers, but I venture to make so bold as to say he was also one of the first of a new line, a line to which Sevcik also was attached. This, however, is somewhat dangerous ground, for the defect at which I am hinting may possibly prove to be due to something inherent in the mental attitude of music-pupils of today rather than in that of the teacher. Not even a Leschetizky can make a silk purse—I mean a Rubinstein—out of defective material. But this, again, is dangerous ground, for an obvious reason. To be absolutely frank, to come to bed-rock bottom, it has been my experience of more than a generation of musicians that if the sum of the performance of the Leschetizkian pupils whom I have heard in about 30 years represents truly the genius of Leschetizky as teacher, then there is something inherently wrong in the system adopted. For, while his pupils who visited London are as the sands innumerable, almost every individual case suffered from an unnatural inversion of this order of things in that the technical equipment far outweighed in excellence the musicalness of the performance.

"Let me put the matter another way. You will all recall the outburst of enthusiasm when the first pupils of Sevcik showed their skill in our concert rooms. In a way it was a new thing, this amazing technical skill possessed by one and all of the pupils of that teacher. In consequence, pupils flocked to Prague, and concert rooms became flooded with amazing technicians. In the far north there has been working for many a long year a violinist whose pupils have come to us without any blaze of trumpets. His name is Leopold Auer, his home Petrograd, his pupils have included Mischa Elman, Efrom Zimbalist, Isolde Menges, I think also Miss Harrison. As the tree is known by its fruit, so the teacher by his pupils. Can you lay hand on heart and declare the Sevcikian pupils en bloc to have been or to be on the same high level of musicalness as those of Leopold Auer? Surely not! I say nothing about the purely technical question. It has always seemed to me that judging by a large number of his pupils, Sevcik laid the great stress upon the glorification of technical equipment, while Auer made the point of developing the musical side of his pupils."

Mr. Legge goes on to say that the same idea obtains in the case of Leschetizky "and his infinitely greater predecessor," Rubinstein, still more in the case of, "as teacher, the superior of both," Franz Liszt. "I know of course the hundreds of examples you may deduce to prove that I am entirely wrong. But I too can trot out my stalking horse, and I think you will allow that Arthur Friedheim, Dayas, Alexandre Siloti, Moriz Rosenthal, Eugen d'Albert, Hans von Buelow, Tausig, to mention but a mere handful, form a very fair stable. True, you can bring forward Paderewski on your part; but—well tell me which other pianist of a later generation is the equal in musicalness of the best of those I have named of a preceding generation. In the matter of technique I suppose there is nothing to argue about. But am I not right in saying that the past generation of pianists was infinitely more musical in its playing than the present?"

Yet "the more one reads of Leschetizky the less lokely he seems to have trained his pupils unmusically. True, he uttered some astounding remarks on more than one occasion about the comparative uselessness of orchestral conductors, to whom he would have refused all credit for excellence in performance. From all accounts, he himself never was of great value as conductor. But most certainly he uttered many a sound proposition on musical matters. At one time he had been a concert pianist of some degree of excellence, even if he was never in the first flight. * * * When and where, by the way, did Rubinstein name Mr. Mark Hambourg, a Leschetizkian pupil, as 'his successor,' as is stated in Miss Huntah's biography of the teacher? Rubinstein died 21 years ago, when the Russian pianist of today could surely have been but a stripling of tenderest years!

"I have said that Leschetizky often uttered things worth remembering. Here is one of them, which is as true now as when it was uttered some five or six years ago, and seems likely to remain true through the rest of time! 'There is too much banal piano playing nowadays. I do not find that the art has developed in any way since the days of Rubinstein. No one plays today as he did! As for the technical development, have the Alkan Etudes or the Don Juan Fantasie grown any easier with time? The quantity of piano playing has increased, yes, more strive for a good technique; but as for the quality I do not see any improvement. Programs are many times too long and too stereotyped. Let us hear more of the new things! What great pianist is there who plays the works of the living composers? They are all afraid of the critics.' And so say I with all my heart to all of this, save, perhaps, to the final sentence, of the truth or otherwise of which I have no cognizance.

"But the remainder—is not that rather interesting, having regard to what I have said at the beginning? Remember that this is the obiter dictum of a musician hailed for many years as the greatest pianoforte teacher of his time. Is it possible that he himself fully recognized that the material upon which he had to work as a teacher was not of the same high quality as that vouchsafed to Liszt, or Von Bulow, and so on? He, of course, was well acquainted with the ever-increasing quantity of pianoforte players, for his whole life, or the greater part of it, was devoted to their increase. Is it fair to suggest, on the other hand, that he failed with all his experience to make the most of the material at his command?

"I say without any hesitation that the pianists of today who stand on the higher rungs of the ladder of fame are in that quasi-exalted position, not from their own super-excellence, but because the standard nowadays is not by any means so high as in the days of a generation and more ago. There may be an exception or two to this, but in the main I am convinced of the truth of what I say. Pianists today are like sheep, as Leschetizky hints, in that they vary their programs as little as possible. I don't agree that this is from fear of the critics; but I do think it is from a wholly unnecessary fear of the public. Do the modern pianists really believe that the public likes only a Beethoven sonata, a few Chopin extracts, with a Liszt rhapsody to wind up? Yet this is the average fare offered. If one pianist comes along and offers a work by a little-known composer, and meets with any kind of success, then the rest, sheep-like, follow suit, and the result is an excessive boom of the new composer; all his works, good, bad, indifferent, are hurled at our devoted heads. I have no means of knowing if Leschetizky himself propagated the music of any particular school. He seemed, however, to have had no super-exalted opinion of the genus pianist as program-maker, while I am convinced that Liszt, Hans von Buelow, and other of the truly great were infinitely his superior in inculcating musicalness as exemplified by the playing of their respective pupils."

Two New Books About Shakespeare

"Is There a Shakespeare Problem?" by G. G. Greenwood, M. P., as published by John Lane, London, 16s. net. Mr. Greenwood, according to reviews in London journals, wishes to be classified, not as a Baconian, but "as an 'Anti-William.' He does not say who

prove the plays—but he does not believe the actor from Stratford-on-Avon was the man. The knowledge they exhibit was impossible to a man of this actor's origin, surroundings, education and career." "It is not the command of technical information (on which some sceptics have founded themselves) that drives Mr. Greenwood to this conclusion, but the evidences of culture in the wider sense and of the outlook pertaining to a man of the world. 'It is the knowledge of life in all its aspects, knowledge of men, knowledge of human nature, knowledge of society, knowledge of the philosophy of life'—that make the author unwilling to recognize the Stratford lad and London understrapper in the writer of 'Hamlet' and the Sonnets. The element of time alone, he maintains, forbids us to believe that the provincial rustic could have developed such a furnished intellect and imagination by the date to which it is necessary to assign the earliest of the plays."

Nor will Mr. Greenwood admit that "genius" is answer to this objection. The Pall Mall Gazette pays him this compliment with a sting at the end of it: "Mr. Greenwood is easily the most ingratiating of all the Shakespearian 'heretics.' There is neither acrimony nor dogmatism in his writing, and he eschews ciphers and anagrams. He deplores the prejudice cast upon reasonable controversy by 'the wild utterances of extreme Baconians' and in the exposition of his own views there is nothing to provoke objection, except the tedious habit of postponing main issues while the author thrashes out every minutest subsection of a hostile argument. Six hundred pages of 'Shakespeare v. Shakesper' are really more than the majority of us have time for just now."

Smith, Elder & Co. of London have brought out a new edition of Sir Sidney Lee's "Life of William Shakespeare," rewritten and enlarged. 8s 6d net. The book is now half as large again as the issue of 10 years ago. Most of the chapters have been expanded, and there is much new and interesting detail. New footnotes constitute "Welcome footlights to a comprehension of the poet's career and of the conditions of his age." There are now six extant signatures of Shakespeare. "Discovery of the papers in a lawsuit has thrown light upon some particulars of his London lodgings, and similar documents have given a fuller insight into some of his later Stratford connections. Both Shakespeare and his father had a strong taste for litigation, and their activities in this direction are to be thanked for many of the details which are so precious to the biographer, and of which it is by no means probable that we have reached the end."

There is a stronger emphasis in this new edition on the circumstances of the poet's education. "Much scorn has been cast upon the means of culture available at Stratford grammar school, but this ignores the collateral evidence of the quality of the teaching at that institution, whose headmasters were usually graduates of Oxford. Shakespeare's alma mater was justified of other children than himself.

"'Schoolfellows of the dramatist who took to trade and lacked literary aspirations showed themselves on occasion capable of writing letters in accurate Latin prose, or they freely seasoned their familiar English correspondence with Latin phrases, while at least one Stratford schoolboy of the epoch showed in manhood some familiar knowledge of French poetry.'"

A fuller account of the conditions of the theatrical profession when Shakespeare entered it is now given, with additions to the sketch of the history of the English drama, also with a more detailed account of circumstances bearing on Shakespeare's financial position. "Sir Sidney Lee has altered his estimate of the value of money in the reign of Elizabeth, and consequently modified some of the statements made in former editions. The calculations now presented on this subject are that before 1599 the poet's annual income had reached £150 (equal to £750 today), and that in the last 11 or 15 years of his life he was earning well over £700, or something approaching in value the salary of a modern cabinet minister."

The biographer will not read personal history into the sonnets. "Shakespeare's mind was dominated and engrossed by genius for drama, and his supreme mastery of dramatic power renders it unlikely that any production of his pen should present an unqualified piece of autobiography. The emotion of the sonnets may, on a priori grounds, well owe much to that dramatic instinct which reproduced intimately in the plays the subtlest thought and feeling of which man's mind is capable."

Notes of the Stage and Concert Hall

A revue "Samples" by Harry Grattan was brought out at the Playhouse, London, Nov. 30. The Pall Mall Gazette began its review: "How far revue is still from having come to any real decision about itself was well enough shown by the curious mixture of quite bright and terribly dull that started the Playhouse last night upon its new career as a home of song and music theatre," and it ended: "For the rest, there was just the regulation troop of bare-shouldered chorus girls, rag-time dances, fox-trots, coon songs and so on."

And of another new revue, "The Whirl of the Town," at the Palladium (Nov. 29), the same journal said: "Just exactly why it is called 'The Whirl of the Town' is not quite clear at first glance, but, then, who would be too critical of 'revues'? The hardened theatregoer generally experiences at a revue a feeling similar to that of a man who has been dining on French pastries—he is no longer hungry, but he is not satisfied."

Here is admirable criticism in a nutshell, and only in the statement of facts: "There was a specious comprehensiveness about last night's Philharmonic program that made it especially attractive. Handel and Mozart stood for the 18th century; Saint-Saens for the order that passeth; Vincent d'Indy for the last generation of an aristocracy that those who fail to understand it term effete; and Stravinsky for untrammelled artistic democracy."—Pall Mall Gazette, Nov. 30.

It appears that the London Trio, wise in its generation, aims at "satisfying an audience that is predisposed to be satisfied."

On Nov. 26 Mme. Ratan Devi gave in London a recital of Indian songs while her husband, Dr. Ananda Coomaraswamy, made explanatory remarks. "It is the weakness of western music that it has lost the ability to express emotion without the aid of an array of technical means. That faculty still lives in the eastern musician, who has, in addition, the inestimable advantage of giving every performance an air of improvisation."

According to "E. A. B.," the musical critic is "the saddest of all professional men." After the war somebody, perhaps, will kindly start a Society for Encouraging Musicial Critics to Smile. Many concert-givers should subscribe cheerfully. —Daily Telegraph, Nov. 27.

Matheson Lang told a reporter of the London Daily Chronicle that he was going to produce "The Merchant of Venice" because it seemed to him the only possible sort of Shakespeare play in these dreadful days. "It is full of laughter and southern sunshine, of high spirits and spectacular splendors. And yet there's the story of the Jew to hold one spellbound and turn one's thoughts from the war." Mr. Matheson does not see Shylock as a villain or marytyr, fanatic or saint. "I see him simply as a perfect picture of the Jew of the times. In fact, I think that Shakespeare set out to write a discussion (to use the Shavian adjective of the Jew of the time, rather than a vindication or an attack. And I intend to play him just as Shakespeare wrote him as a human and heroic, but intensely vindictive man—the product of his time. I am trying to accentuate in the production the differences between the luxury of the merchant's Venice and the sordid, dismal life of the ghetto—the wretched quarter set apart for the Jews." Mr. Matheson thought that his wife, Hulin Britton, would be a credible boy in the court scene. "For one thing, she will wear doublet and hose under her gown. And she tries to keep the femininity of Portia subtly obvious, despite all her superficial bravaderico. Incidentally, Mr. Matheson spoke of Shakepeare as "The Bard."

Mascagni, it is said in Turin, has three new operas in hand: "Lodoiette," libretto by the poet Gozzano; "Fsida" and a three-act opera, "Cleopatra," based on Sardou. Mascagni will issue next spring a revised version of his "Amico Fritz."

Here are wise sayings by the music critic of the Pall Mall Gazette: "The standard set by the Titans of the piano leaves slender opportunities for pianists whose qualities do not run to the titanic." "The programs of the Queen's Hall symphony concerts are no longer exciting. We do not await their arrival in breathless anticipation as we did when each of them presented some novel musical feature. But we enjoy them, nevertheless. Only our enjoyment is of the more tempered, sedate kind, in keeping with the restricted exhilaration of the times." "There is nothing quite like her (Miss Jean Stirling MacKinlay's) performance to be heard in London. It would be unfair to judge her as a singer, and even her diction is not always above reproach, but she has a 'way with her' that is irresistible."

Sir Charles Stanford's new songs are six miniatures, "An Irish Idyll," words by Moira O'Neill. The Times said: "The word 'miniature' belongs to those exquisite songs in a way that it rarely does when it is used about music. Too often it merely means that the song or the piece takes half a minute to sing or play. But the miniature is made by its style and not by its size, and it is the delicacy with which Sir Charles Stanford has limned every detail of the texture of both voice and piano parts which gives these songs their character." Plunket Greene was the singer (Nov. 24). "Mr. Greene never misses the main point of a song, but that exuberant eagerness to reach it, which gives such charm to his singing, sometimes makes him sacrifice beauties by the way." This is a pretty way of putting it.

Death on the stage is bound round tightly with dramatic conventions that insist on the agony being as prolonged as possible. One well-established rule is that a principal performer must never die quickly, although a supernumerary may be more or less summarily dispatched. And when a soldier is shot dead in a stage battle he does not drop down quietly all of a heap, as on the real battlefield, but throws his arms up in an imploring attitude, staggers a few yards, and falls down with a thud that sends a thrill right through the gallery. * * * Although some of the medical points in Mr. H. A. Vachell's new play have been adversely criticised, he has not erred so badly as Mr. Arnold Bennett when he depicted death on the stage. On the first night of "The Great Adventure" one of the characters died of pneumonia without exhibiting any of its symptoms, and was carried to bed in a way that would have caused intense agony to any one struggling for breath. This is the more surprising as Mr. Bennett shows a thorough grasp of medical diagnosis when writing novels. He has given us in "The Glimpse" and "Clayhanger" some masterly strokes in obscure forms of nerve disease which manifest themselves through the heart and lungs.—Daily Chronicle.

"Truly we are an extraordinary people. A new thrill in music is always a most potent attraction, and we go wild over it, in our wildness overthrowing many idols. But, given no new thrill, we return with extraordinary placidity to the older idols, none the worse, perhaps, for the little excursion into the newer fields of investigation."

Music as a Handmaid of the Drama

It has been instructive and rather amusing to watch the different readings of the critical barometers with regard to the revival this week of "L'Enfant Prodigue" at the Duke of York's Theatre. The variations have been caused by a doubt as to whether "L'Enfant Prodigue" is a play with music, as the score describes it, or an opera without words, as the posters describe it. Consequently, its first night was witnessed by dramatic and musical critics according to the view taken by editorial overlords. The needles of the dramatic barometers pointed steadily to "set fair," while those of the musical ones hovered at "change," with an inclination toward the rainy side.

Musical critics suffer from a surfeit of masterpieces. A dramatic critic whose week's engagement ranged from Euripides to Shakespeare and included Moliere and Ibsen and a new play by Rostand would think himself in heaven for the first week at any rate; the musical critic hears his Bach and Beethoven, his Wagner, Brahms and Franck every day. He thinks he would gladly hear something less good and more debatable, **until he gets it. In his desire for escape** he becomes obsessed by one or other of the latest types of technique.

So he comes back to "L'Enfant Prodigue" with his mind full of the Russian ballet, and discovers that Stravinsky translates action into sound far more accurately than Andre Wormser. Echoes of Strauss (Johann of the Viennese waltzes, not the Kaiser's Hofbusenschlange) strikes his ear. Charpentier's "Louise," too, confronts him. He recognizes in Wormser's score certain tags which he instinctively associates with Masesgni, Offenbach, Bizet and others. Certainly it is all very nice, but no great matter, and why are his dramatic colleagues getting excited over it?

In this he has much sense on his side. But the musical critic, by which we mean the person who thinks in music and not merely one who writes about it, is apt to forget that, thinking and feeling through music, he is scarcely able to think and feel through anything else while music is going on. Musicians since Wagner have been forever talking about the co-operation of the arts in music drama, but in reality no composer of opera, not even Moussorgsky or Debussy, has ever relinquished the position of music first and the rest anywhere. It is because Wormser never takes up this position that "L'Enfant Prodigue" is emphatically not an "opera without words," but a play to which music gives "the last touch of the exquisite."

No scene has attracted more attention or won hearts more completely than that of Pierrot pere poring over his newspaper. Ask any one who has seen it this week what the music is doing the while, and probably nine answers out of ten will be that it describes M. Pierrot's human comments on the news of the day. It does nothing of the kind. It just goes purring on, measuring out the time like the tick of the grandfather clock in the corner, droning and drowsing in quiet complacency till the old people fall asleep in their chairs. If it did anything else, if it talked politics or society scandals, they would never fall asleep.

It seems deliciously long. Pierrot fils was packed off to bed at 9 o'clock; it must be well past 10 when he returns. Yet play the music of this scene as slowly as you will on the piano and it barely fills five minutes. No opera composer would have done that. A good one succeeds in making a long time seem short; a bad one makes a short time seem long, though not as here to the supreme satisfaction of his listeners.

The fact is that we are not listeners to "L'Enfant Prodigue." We come away without knowing what we have heard, but only what we have felt. We are not sure by which sense, sight or hearing, we have absorbed the impression, clear and conclusive though it is. Both have contributed to it. The music plays an essential part, but never a leading part, and the musician who applies his faculty of listening consciously and exclusively risks the loss of the whole vision.—London Times, Nov. 27.

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Mrs. Golightly, with a finger on her exquisitely chiselled lips, took us into a small room on the top floor of her house, a house described in "society columns" as a "palatial residence." There we saw a great number of packages all tagged. "I call this room my Christmas Exchange. Here are gifts that I have received, duplicates of things I already had, articles, books, pictures, trinkets that I did not like or care to keep. Each tag tells the year I received them and the name of the giver; so this year I shall send at least half of the packages to friends and relatives and there will be no awkward mistake. I was talking with a dear friend of mine, whose wit is proverbial about my room. She approved, and said, 'You know, Mrs. Golightly, I don't call it Christmas any more; I call it the Feast of the Passover.'"

At Winn's.

We are indebted to a friend for a copy of "Mass. Eating House Chronicle, Devoted to Good Humor and Good Living," four pages in all, published here in April, 1851. It is an ingenious advertisement of Mr. H. S. Winn's eating house at 40 School street, near Horticultural Hall. Note that the word "restaurant" is not used. When did the word come to Boston? It is said that the use of the word in the now accepted sense originated in Paris in 1765. Cooper spoke of "Parisian restaurants" in "The Prairie" (1827).

The editor of this Chronicle had a genius for advertising. Thus we read that Capt. Ben: Perley Poore had been recently appointed by the French government to collect and forward all unpublished documents relative to French history. Then follows a flattering characterization of "Capt." Poore ending as follows: "We neglected to mention that the amiable Capt. dines at Winn's." This brings up a pleasant memory. In our boyhood we first became acquainted with "Major Poore," for he was then a "Major," as the author of a dime novel, which we furtively read in school with a joy heightened by the fear of detection.

A memorandum "found in the pocketbook of a deceased officer of the Massachusetts line," dated Aug. 18, 1783, is here published. It states the weight at Westpoint of Revolutionary officers. "Gen. Washington, 209 lbs; Gen. Lincoln, 224; Gen. Knox, 280; Gen. Huntington, 132," etc. There is this comment: "The average weight of those who dine regularly with Mr. Winn at 40 School street is 231 lbs."

A quotation from the Bee informs us that on a certain night Mr. Winn gave an "elegant supper" to the Boston Press and a few other invited guests. "The table was supplied with every delicacy and ornament of the season, and everything was arranged in the most tasteful and recherche style." But here is an incredible statement: "The invitation was not responded to so liberally as it should have been."

From the Star Spangled Banner we learn that "a large number of gentlemen, including many of the editorial gents of our city, daily dine at this place." At first these would seem to be an odious distinction. "Editorial gents!" But we find that they are included among "gentlemen."

"One peculiarity about our friend's saloon is that there is such a pleasant familiarity with the attendants."

At this supper there were "speeches and sentiments by Matthew Hale Smith, Esq., Mr. Rivers, H. L. Champlin, Benjamin Perley Poore, Esq., Propeller Davis and others." Why "Propeller"? The Marblehead Mercury states that on another occasion "the boarders were led on by Propeller, and their attack upon the animal and vegetable kingdom was awful. Dr. Barrus thinks Propeller will recover from the shock he received. Should he be so fortunate we will give a regular full length portrait of him next week." Now Dr. Barrus was "the talented and piquant editor" of the Star Spangled Banner. Was there a periodical called the Propeller? The editor of the Bee appreciated Winn. "His viands are delicate, his pastry delicious, his coffee unsurpassed. He gives a hotel dinner for a song." Just what did the editor of the Bee sing to him?

At Winn's breakfast was from 6 A. M. to 12; dinner from 12 to 4; supper, from 4 to 10. The soups were pea at 6 cents, chicken broth at 6, beef at 6 and fish chowder at 12. Here are some prices: Mutton, with caper sauce, 15 cents; onions, 3 cents; roast turkey, 15, beef, pork, lamb, veal at 10 each; a sirloin steak, ordered, cost 18 cents; pies, mince, apple, lemon, cranberry, custard, Washington, 6 cents each; tea, coffee, chocolate, milk, 3 cents; puddings, 6 cents; fried eggs, boiled eggs, fish balls, 6 cents each; hashed meat, 6 cent; baked beans, 6; broiled tripe, 10 cents.

Perhaps "Baize" can tell us something about Propeller Davis, Mr. Winn, Mr. Forbes.

Mr. Forbes will wait upon you
In a manner truly bland;
Whate'er you want, just speak to him,
You'll find him right on hand.

[illegible] little Charley" and "cur-[illegible] too, who, dying here, [illegible] there, are bound to put [illegible]

Preparedness.

As the World Wags:

In view of the discussion of preparedness now going on in this country, and in particular in the houses of Congress, [illegible] illustration from the life of the famous American correspondent who came to be called "the Liberator of [illegible]," Januarius Aloysius Mac-[illegible] has a degree of amusing interest. It was when he ventured into the deserts upon his dare-devil ride to Khiva, in 18[illegible] that he thus described his outfit:

"Being a man of peace I went but lightly armed. A heavy double-barreled [illegible] hunting rifle, a double-barreled shot-gun, both of which pieces were breech-loading, an 18-shooter Winchester rifle, three heavy revolvers, and an ordinary muzzle-loading shot-gun, throwing slugs, besides a few knives and sabres, formed a light and unpretentious equipment. Nothing was further from my thoughts than fighting. I only encumbered myself with these things in order to be able to discuss with becoming dignity questions relating to the rights of way and of property with inhabitants of the desert, whose opinions on these subjects are sometimes peculiar."

Surely it sounds very modern. "To discuss with becoming dignity," questions "relating to rights of way"—yes, it all sounds very modern. Preparedness in a nut shell.

F. LAURISTON BULLARD.

Boston, Dec. 17.

PADEREWSKI CLOSES HIS SEASON HERE

Mr. Paderewski gave his last recital of the season yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Beethoven, sonata in C major, op. 53 (Waldstein); Schubert, Impromptu, op. 142; Liszt, sonata in B minor; Chopin, Ballade in F major, Impromptu in F sharp major, two mazurkas in A flat major and C major, Polonaise, F sharp minor; Rubinstein, Etude in C major, Valse Caprice.

There was a very large audience and many stood. Mr. Paderewski was in the vein. He gave a recital here two weeks ago. The characteristics of his playing remain unchanged. His incomparable and caressing touch, his polished mechanism, the sweeping eloquence of his interpretations, cast the same spell and excite the same admiration.

Beethoven's sonata was played with an infinite regard for tonal gradations, dynamic contrasts that were significant and romantic. The concluding Rondo was executed with amazing verve and gusto.

There was infinite variety in Mr. Paderewski's performance of Schubert's impromptu, poetry and fire in his playing of Liszt's Sonata. The shorter pieces by Chopin gave great pleasure. Rubinstein's Etude was a tour de force of brilliance and velocity.

As a whole the concert was one to be enjoyed and remembered without the labor of analysis, criticism meticulously applied. Throughout the afternoon there was applause and at the end there were the usual scenes of enthusiasm.

Dec 21 1915

'CHIN-CHIN'

By PHILIP HALE.

COLONIAL THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Chin-Chin, or a Modern Aladdin," a musical fantasy in three acts. Book by Anne Caldwell and R. H. Burnside; lyrics by Anne Caldwell and James O'Dea; music by Ivan Caryll. W. E. Macquinn conducted. Produced at the Forest Theatre, Philadelphia, Sept. 30, 1914.

Chin Hop Lo............David C. Montgomery
Chin Chop Hi....................Fred A. Stone
Aladdin....................Douglas Stevenson
Abanazar........................Oscar Ragland
Cornelius Bond....................R. E. Graham
Tzu Yung..........................Edgar Lee Hay
Ringmaster........................Charles Mast
Violet Bond......................Helen Falconer
Goddess of the Lamp.......Mildred Richardson
Widow Twankey....................Allene Crater
Sen-Sen..............................Gladys Zell
Fan-Tan...............................Violet Zell
Teddy Bears.......................Misses Breen

In our younger days we all were amused by the clowns George L. Fox, who shone in pantomime as in burlesque and in legitimate comedy, and by James S. Maffitt. Pantomime of the good old sort is no longer in fashion, and the clown, an admirable stage character, shrewdly wise, expressing by facial twist and by his actions the judgment of the great majority on worldly affairs, has passed with Columbine, Harlequin and Pantaloon. But now that Fox in "Humpty Dumpty" is only a memory, and some recall Maffitt only in his later years, we find the essential elements of clowning in the laughable pranks of Messrs. Stone and Montgomery.

And in "Chin-Chin" we find not only these two droll comedians, but our old friend Aladdin and his mother, the former madly in love with an American girl, the latter greatly changed from the old woman of the Arabian Nights. George L. Fox had his trained elephant; Mr. Stone has his fiery Arabian steed.

In Messrs. Stone and Montgomery the spectator finds infinite amusement. He admires the stage settings, the costumes; he enjoys heartily the six Brown Brothers forming the circus band, also the emotional gestures and the dancing of the Misses Breen as the Teddy Bears; he wonders at the flexibility and courage of Miss Violet Zell in her "Danse Poetique" with Mr. Stone, a dance most ironically entitled; but after all the attraction for two acts is the appearance of Messrs Stone and Montgomery. When they are not on the stage, the time is chiefly spent in wondering what they will say and do next, for neither the singing of Miss Richardson nor the singing with dancing of Miss Falconer diverts the spectator from anticipation. And it must be confessed that his interest is at an end with the fall of the curtain on the second act. In the third act even Messrs. Stone and Montgomery are chastened and almost depressed by lack of opportunity, nor is their song "Bully Mooney" an oasis in the desert. But this act fortunately is short, and there is plenty of entertainment in those that precede.

Leaving the theatre the spectator on his way home will laugh again at the behavior of the two slaves of the lamp in the Toy bazaar; he will hum "The Chinese Honeymoon" and try to recall some of the words of "Go Gar Sig Gong-Jue." Instead of his physical exercises before getting into bed he will attempt a few eccentric steps and slides after the manner of Mr. Stone. He will laugh for many days at the delightful imitation of the ventriloquist and at Mr. Stone's daring bareback act.

There are old friends in the dialogue and among the situations and feats performed, but spoken and acted by the two they are all the more welcome.

When an entertainment of this kind is described as "wholesome," the experienced fear that the adjective is synonymous with dull. We will not therefore now use the word. But here is a very amusing show without the management putting its trust in undressed women and lines with a double meaning for popular success. The music is tuneful, not nerve-rasping. That of the Chinese songs is ingenious. Good humor reigns on the stage, and all that take part seem to enjoy their work. There is little or nothing that is perfunctory in the first two acts.

No wonder that an audience which filled completely the theatre was in high spirits from the going up of the curtain.

The eloquence that he followed was of an elegant and temperate kind; wherein he avoided unapt and unfit sentences, as also the stinking savors, as himself saith, of dark and obscure words; but took special care how to express his mind and meaning most plainly and evidently. For the better effecting whereof, and because he would not in any place trouble and stay reader or hearer, he stuck not either to put prepositions unto verbs, or to iterate conjunctions very oft; which being taken away breed some obscurity, although they yield a greater grace. As for those that affect new-made words, such also as use old terms past date, he loathed and rejected alike, as faulty, both the sorts of them in a contrary kind.

Smoke and Chew Talks.

As the World Wags:

I have just recovered from my experience of a so-called "smoke-talk" last Saturday evening at the Porphyry Club, where my mind was vastly entertained by some interesting experiences of the European war by a gentleman of this city, by body impregnated with tobacco smoke, and my eyes put quite out of commission. Considering this ordeal in retrospect, I am moved to make a suggestion or two looking toward some reforms in this class of entertainment.

Mechanical devices intended to secure the isolation of such individuals as are not hardened to the effects of tobacco smoke first present themselves to the inquiring mind, but in social matters one must always consider the pictorial values, and the spectacle of even a few of our members eclipsed as to their countenances by contrivances necessarily akin to divers' helmets, while it might make them gratefully unrecognizable and to some extent muffle and disguise their too familiar brand of conversation, still could hardly escape a certain aspect of low comedy that might detract from the interest that the speaker of the evening would otherwise arouse, and would assuredly interfere to some extent with hearing his remarks.

So, as tobacco seems to be an essential detail of the ritual of such occasions, and so not to be dispensed with, I venture to suggest that "chew talks" alternate with smoke talks upon such occasions, with an occasional "snuff talk" in recognition of the comparatively few who elect to take their tobacco in this way. I understand Mr. Maxim to have perfected a "silencer" to be attached to spittoons, so that the only valid objection that can be raised to the necessary revival of this convenience can be easily met in case this suggestion be carried out in practice.

(Rev.) BABBLINGTON BROOKE.

The Rectory, Dec. 20.

Anecdote for the Day.

Mr. Richard Heber had three houses in England crammed with books, and he [illegible] for books in Paris, Antwerp, Brussels and Ghent. He believed in duplicates. "You see, sir," he once said, "no man can do comfortably without three copies of a work. One he must have for a show copy. Another he will require for his own use and reference, and unless he is inclined to part with this, which is very inconvenient, or risk the injury of his best copy, he must needs have a third at the service of his friends."

"Next Christmas."

As the World Wags:

Harold remarked that he was going to be in another play (he having performed in one) next February, whereupon Frank remarked: "I did not know you were coming back next year," Harold meaning the February in 1916, while Frank meant February in 1917.

Harold—Well I am not coming back next year. (Please note that we are students, and in this case "next year" refers to the school year.)

Frank—Then how can you take part in another play if you do not return in February?

Harold—I meant the February coming in 1916.

Frank—Well, why didn't you say in February then—not next February.

Harold—For the simple reason that if you were going to tell some one you were going home Christmas time, you would not say "I am going home Christmas; you would say "next Christmas," would you not?

Frank: No. If I was going home this coming Christmas, 1915, my statement would be like this: "I am going home Christmas," for if I was to say "next Christmas" one would assume that I meant Christmas in 1916.

We claim that when one says Christmas, it is not definite, even though we be so near Dec. 25, 1915; that in order to make clear which Christmas one really means, one must say next Christmas i. e. Dec. 25, 1915. Others claim that if one wishes to refer to Christmas in 1915 all that is necessary is to say "Christmas"; if they say "next Christmas" it means Christmas in 1916. If next Christmas means the Christmas in 1916, how then can we account for Webster's definition of "next"? K.

Boston, Dec. 17.

We do not know Webster's definition. The definition of "next" with reference to periods of time or of days is: "Immediately following or succeeding." There is this note: "In Scotch use 'next' is employed to designate the days of the following week; thus 'next Friday,' the Friday of next week, is contrasted with 'this Friday,' that of the present week." But we are not living in Scotland. "Next February" to us means February, 1916. If we were to say this afternoon that we hoped to go to a family reunion next Christmas, we should accent "next" heavily, refer to Christmas, 1916, and expect to be thus understood. Yet, literally, the next Christmas after today is Saturday of this week.—Ed.

HARRY LAUDER

SHUBERT THEATRE: Harry Lauder, making his eighth American tour, supported by five excellent acts from the varieties and the circus, opened an engagement of two weeks here last night. He will appear nightly and at daily matinees during the remainder of his sojourn.

TELLS SLY STORY

Mr. Lauder, reaching his fifth and last song, related an anecdote which he brought from Glasgow. While playing a week's engagement at the Alhambra, he said, an old friend dropped in to see him, "just for a bit of talk and a smoke," and told him of a conversation he had heard on a tram car. One woman asked another where she was going, to which she replied, "Where all Glasgow is going this week—to the Alhambra to hear Lauder. Are ye not going, too?" "I am not," was the indifferent reply. "I heard him in the Britannia 20 years ago, when he was in his prime, for tuppence."

It is to be suspected that Mr. Lauder had looked to Boston, eight years after his first appearance here, to emulate the example of "all of Glasgow," and fill the house; and that when he looked about with his canny eye, for Mr. Lauder is a shrewd business man, he felt a "wee bit" disappointed, and so told the story. Also he told so many other stories, or at least attached so many jests and humorous bits to his songs, that he had time only to sing five out of an announced repertory of 17. Of these, only one was absolutely new to his Boston admirers, "Doughie, the Baker." The others, in their order, were "I'll Stick to Rosie, if Rosie Sticks to Me," "Same as His Father Did Before Him," "I Love My Jean, my Bonnie, Bonnie Jean," and "A Wee Deouchan-Doris."

Doubtless Mr. Lauder's admirers, and he indubitably has hosts in this city, would have been delighted if he had given "I'm the Saftest o' the Family," one of the most artistic song characterizations; or if he had gone back to first successes and, in truth, those best liked of all, "I Love a Lassie" and "She's Ma Daisy." Possibly Mr. Lauder was inclined to distribute these later on in the fortnight, but the fact remains that he could have made a more popular choice for his opening performance.

Retains Charms.

Aside from these quibbling points, Mr. Lauder seems to be as apt in his delineation of exaggerated Scotch types, as facile in facial expression, as of yore. His voice still has its vibrant low tones, his smile is still illuminative and winning. His stock of jokes between songs, especially in the last part of his program, was not always distinctive for novelty, but his manner of telling them, with his inimitable Scotch burr, carried him safely into the laughter zone. Twice he induced members of the audience to take up lilting choruses; and it was rare entertainment to observe staid matrons moving their lips with unction, their rapt gaze centred on the stocky little figure in its grotesque raiment, on the stage apron.

The Scottish Highlanders' band was there, with its pipers and its drum flailer; the ushers wore plaid markers on their waists.

The supporting bill was exceptionally strong. A tremendous and a deserved hit was made by the Al Golem troupe of 20 acrobats and mimes. The costumes and settings were rich, many tumbling novelties were introduced, and the work of the youngsters on the balancing ladders and bamboos was little short of astounding. Albert Donnelly, silhouettist, gave a skilful and ingenious 10 minutes of odd diversion; Selwyn Driver, an English humorist with a very heavy touch at the piano, was mildly amusing; "Lucille" and her cockatoo, a marvellous bird which talks, sings, dances and imitates the cornet, carried her little act off very cleverly, and Dave Genaro and Isabelle Jason perpetrated the dances which Genaro introduced several years ago, with Ray Bailey and his associate, to far greater consideration than they received last evening.

CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME AT KEITH'S THEATRE

Ernest Evans and His Costume Creation Also on Bill.

The Christmas spirit fills B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. "The Night Before Christmas," a pantomime with a real Santa Claus, a real Christmas tree loaded with real Christmas gifts and lighted by real Christmas candles in the most Christmasy manner is the feature, and each afternoon during the week every child visiting the theatre is to receive one of the gifts from the tree.

The surrounding bill is one of merit. Ernest Evans and his $5000 costume creation, "The Society Circus and Ballroom Ballet," heads the bill. Dancing is the keynote, but it gives opportunity for the display of many beautiful costumes. The chorus of 10 pretty girls lends additional interest.

Harry Green and company in Aaron Hoffman's new comedy, "The Cherry Tree," bring out cleverest bits of satire. Harry Green as George Washington Cohen, the man who never told a lie, but ends up with the firm conviction that it is better to tell a great deal of the truth, a little bit of lie, but not too much, shows a clever bit of acting.

Robert Everest's monkey circus is a great hit with the children.

Others on the bill are Fred and Albert, gymnasts; Caits Brothers, the long and short of it in a singing and dancing act; Eddie Emerson and Jerry Baldwin, jugglers; Arthur Stone and Marion Hayes, in "Green Goods," a carnival episode full of laughs; Minnie Allen, comedienne and Kenneth Casey, the "Vitagraph Boy."

NEW THEATRE IN BACK BAY OPENS

The Fenway Theatre, Boston's latest theatrical attraction in the Back Bay, was opened last night. More than 1500 persons, including Gov. Walsh, Mayor Curley and many prominent in the amusement world, were present. The lobby and foyer were lined with floral gifts from friends and well-wishers of the management of the new venture. That the Fenway Theatre bids fair to become the most popular motion picture house in the Back Bay was evidenced by the throng that awaited the opening of the doors. The location on Massachusetts avenue near Boylston street is convenient to all parts of the Back Bay and is but a minute's walk from the Massachusetts avenue subway station, from which connections can be made to all parts of the city and suburbs.

DWIGHT FISKE'S CONCERT

Dwight Fiske, composer and pianist, gave a program of his compositions yesterday afternoon at the Copley-Plaza. He was assisted by Mrs. Tyler Dutton, soprano, who sang songs by Strauss, Wolff, Brahms, Boradin, Debussy, Fouldraine and Bizet, besides those of Mr. Fiske. There was a large and friendly audience.

Dec 22

I am a member of [illegible]

So-[illegible]—So am I—but not of the [illegible]nce. A[illegible], surely, may drink a few glasses, with-o[illegible] the risk of swallowing a couple of bottles.

North—Not without running the risk

A Glass of Wine, Sir.

As the World Wags:

Yes, pewter by all means for that noble malt liquor, ale. The baser cousin, beer, may be served in a stein, in a thin glass, called a beaker in the laboratory, preferably with a slight flare at the brim so that it shall be safe in the grasp, or yet in one of those graceful thin goblets, of which I have recently found uncommonly attractive examples in several resorts of the thirsty. Dublin stout and barley wine, a magnificent drink, I like in a tall, slender funnel-shaped glass with stem and foot.

The cocktail, a superfluous and tawdry drink, should be served with circumstance as a luxury, in a delicate stem glass. The vicious custom of serving cocktails in a common bar glass can appeal to none but the unimaginative; it savors of the vile and over-estimated thing, "efficiency," which has no proper place in social pleasures.

As for the "Toby" and other eccentric drinking vessels, I care not for such, though I confess to a fondness for a bit of Bohemian glass, or the like, when a sound and kind white wine of excellent vintage is to be served. One such glass I have, spared by the careless hand of the maid servant that destroyed its mate. Both came from a vanished weinstube in New York, where I have seen many a merry night.

Our dining room at home houses an elaborate outfit of golden-hued Venetian glass, richly initialed, but we seldom use it, rather purposing to save this precious stuff for our golden wedding, upon which occasion I shall have attained the age of 87, when, in accordance with family habit I hope to retain fair vigor of mind and body and an unimpaired palate.

An unfriendly breeze deprived me some months since of two prized drinking vessels, both Italian in make and of Greek influence. One was of crude and crudely decorated yellow earthenware with two handles, a graceful belly, and a long, vertical snout from which one might drink turn and turn with a friend. The other was of cheap green glass, bubble-like in its thinness and grace, and having a pinched throat that gave forth a thirst-provoking gurgle when the wine was poured. This last, called a fiascherello, I greatly prized, for while it cost me 25 cents, I am unable to replace it in Boston, and when I last sought one in the downtown Italian quarter of New York the shopmen offered me a base imitation.

SPIRITUS FRUMENTI

Boston, Dec. 20.

De Poculis.

We confess to a weakness for the "Toby." Years ago, in New York, when Brown's Chop House was not on Broadway, and welsh rabbits (not rarebits) were worth eating there—for there was no grated cheese standing patiently in a bottle—we drank modest quenchers from a Toby. We were young then, and had illusions about playactors, so we gazed with awe at the elder Sothern and Billy Florence at a table across the room. We wondered at their quiet.

"Come let us drain a stoop together." Mr Pepys, having company to dinner on Jan. 4, 1667, after supper and cards, last of all had "a flagon of ale and apples drunk out of a wood cup, as a Christmas draught, which made all merry." There were drinking cups of elm, box, maple, holly, "Mazers, broad-mouthed dishes, noggins, whiskins, piggins, crinzes, ale bowls, wassell-bowls, court-dishes, tankards, cans, from a pottle to a pint, from a pint to a gill." Then there were the leather bottles, small jacks tipped with silver, also great black jacks and hombards, so that visiting Frenchmen went home swearing that the English drank out of their boots.

I wish in Heaven that soul may dwell
That first devised the leathern bottle.

Now for the pots with handles three,
Faith, they shall have no praise of me.
When a man and his wife do fall at strife,
(As many, I fear, have done in their life)
They lay their hands upon the pot both,
And break the same, though they were loth;
Which they shall answer another day,
For casting their liquor so vainly away;
But had it been in a bottle filed,
The one might have tugged, the other have held;
They both might have tugged till their hearts did ache,
And yet no harm the bottle would take.

Better to our taste a tin dipper than jack of leather, nor are we curious to drink from horn of beast, or cup of cocoanut, egg of ostrich, gourd, or shell of "divers fishes, brought from the Indies and other places, and shining like mother of pearl."

On the Half Shell.

Notes and Queries has been investigating the life of Mr. John Dando, who, eating enormously in taverns and fish shops of London, would laugh when the bill was presented and shout: "I never pay I'M DANDO." He is the hero of Thackeray's story, "The Professor." According to Dickens, this Dando would eat 20 dozen oysters at a sitting. "He used to go into oyster shops without a farthing of money, and stand at the counter eating natives, until the man who owned them grew pale, cast down his knife, staggered [illegible] struck his white forehead with his open hand and cried 'You are Dando!'" This description is in a letter written by Dickens to Prof. Cornelius C. Felton of Cambridge about 1842. Bell's Life in London (Nov. 27, 1842) reported the case of a man who wagered a pound that he would eat 600 oysters and drink two bottles of porter. He finished the porter, but ate only 585 oysters. Ensign Morgan O'Doherty boasted of winning £100 in the winter of 1821-22 by eating a thousand eggs, hard, soft, raw, poached, roasted—and "a few rotten ones for the sake of variety"—in a thousand hours. This led the Highland Chieftain on the deck of the Orion to say that one of his tail drank a thousand glasses of whiskey in a thousand hours, "and we had great difficulty in keeping him to a single glass an hour."

Dec 23 1915

E. W. writes to The Herald: "Can you inform me what music is played to accompany Mme. Pavlowa when she is dancing 'The Dying Swan'?"

In the first place Mme. Pavlowa dances "The Swan," not "The Dying Swan." The dance was arranged by Fokine. The music is "La Cygue" by Saint-Saens, originally written by him for violoncello and piano. It is taken from a musical farce, "The Carnival of Animals," a zoological fantasia composed by him at Vienna about 1887. In this fantasia he makes the lion roar, asses bray, kangaroos leap and elephants waltz. Cocks crow, hens cluck and sparrows peep. Turtles move solemnly in a quadrille; fish swim in the aquarium. This sort of Noah's ark in music, as M. Servieres calls it, is a potpourri of familiar and burlesqued airs, effects of imitation and pages that are really musical. Only "The Swan" and perhaps one or two other numbers have been published.

Ann Allegorical Skit.

As the World Wags:

Will the editor inform us who the "boy" represents in the satire of Gargantua's mare by the celebrated French humorist Rabelais, written about the year 1533. This mare was as big as six elephants and had feet with fingers. On one occasion the "boy" hung the bells of Notre Dame on his mare's neck as jingles; but when the Parisians promised to feed the beast for nothing he restored the peal. This mare had a terrible tail as big as a certain church steeple and on a public occasion being annoyed by wasps, she switched it about so vigorously that she knocked down most of the trees in the vicinity. This of course is a satire on the extravagance of certain feminine court attendants— but the "boy"? M. L. S.

Tamworth, N. H.

The story of this maro is in chapters 16 and 17 of the "Life of Gargantua and of Pantagruel." The "boy" is Gargantua, the son of Grangonsier, who when he saw this mare sent to him out of Africa by Fayoles, King of Numidia, exclaimed: "Here is what is fit to carry my son to Paris. So now, in the name of God, all will be well. He will in times coming be a great scholar. If it were not, my masters, for the beasts, we should live like clerks." Gargantua restored the bells after the oration of Master Janolus de Bragmardo, and then the citizens in acknowledgment of this courtesy offered to maintain and feed the mare. Nor did the mare sweep down trees with her tail on "a public occasion." It was when she was passing through a forest a little above Orleans on the way to Paris, a forest "most horribly fertile and copious in dorflies, hornets and wasps." There are various "keys" to Rabelais. Some say that Gargantua was Henry d'Albret, King of Navarre; others that he was Francis I. But let us listen to Mr. Charles Whibley, who wrote the preface to the Rabelais in the series of Tudor Translations: "The process of identification is barren and senseless. One assertion may be confidently made: 'Gargantua' and 'Pantagruel' are not 'romans a clef,' and the keys which misplaced ingenuity has devised are but an expression of human folly. Gargantua was a king, so were Henry Navarre and Francis of France; but with the kingship begins and ends the imagined resemblance. Moreover, the ignorance of the commentators is confessed by their divergence. How can Friar John be at once Cardinal Chatillon, whom Rabelais loved, and Martin Luther, whom he assuredly despised? The true Pantagruelist will sweep away all these theories, being content to enjoy the flimflam stories for their own humor, and to admire what Coleridge truthfully styles 'the moral elevation of Rabelais's work.'" Nor is it at all probable that the story of the mare and the wasps is a satire on the extravagance of noble dames.—Ed.

Urquhart and Cotgrave.

This reminds us that Mr. W. A. Craigie, an editor of the Oxford English Dictionary, recently lecturing in London, said: "Praise which had commonly been bestowed upon Sir Thomas Urquhart's translation of Rabelais tended to appear exaggerated when it was discovered that to a very great extent the credit was really due to Cotgrave's dictionary, which the worthy knight must have used with almost incredible diligence. This was not the only case where the source of an author's vocabulary was relentlessly laid bare by the dictionary material. In recent times, to name only one instance, the picturesque phrases occurring in some of R. L. Stevenson's works proved to belong more properly to Patrick Walker or Mrs. Calderwood."

This is not a new discovery. Mr. Whibley's preface to Rabelais was published 15 years ago. In it, discussing the fantastical Urquhart, he wrote: "In the composition of his work he enjoyed the priceless aid of Randle Cotgrave, whose 'Dictionary,' the first of its kind, is still unsurpassed. * * * How Urquhart would have accomplished his task without the aid of Cotgrave it is idle to speculate; it is certain that he never wrote except with Cotgrave on his table."

From Mr. Whibley's description of Cotgrave we infer that Mr. Herkimer Johnson must be a descendant of the lexicographer. "It was not in the houses of the great that he gathered the outcasts and footpads of speech, for which his dictionary is (so to say) a literary doss-house. Many an hour must he have spent wandering up and down among the thieves and ruffiers of London, or in the narrow streets which filled the Latin Quarter of ancient Paris. But he was no mere loafer in the cities of Europe; he knew the countryside as well as the tavern, and you can picture him as he tramps between the hedge rows or sleeps at necessity under the stars. With the raffish knowledge of the city he combines a deep acquaintance with nature. He collected flowers; he noted the flight and the plumage of strange birds; he collected such a store of proverbs as has seldom been gathered within the compass of a book; no doubt he knew the travelling tinker as well as Burns, or as Borrow knew him in a later age, and upon whomsoever he saw, were he tinker or poet, or assassin, he levied his toll of words."

We like to think of Sir Thomas Urquhart's death as told by Christopher North; how, as the knight was sitting over a black mutton chop and a thimblefull of Cape Madeira in a dining parlor sunk seven feet odd inches beneath the level of Fleetditch, hearing that Charles II was coming back, he ordered in "a whole bottle of the best port the beggarly place could afford, tossed it off in an ecstacy of two rummers, and died on the spot of sheer joy—a touching termination of a queerly mixed life!"

[illegible]

Discussing, last Monday, the "Mass. Eating House Chronicle, Devoted to Good Humor and Good Living," we called upon our valued contributor, "Baize," to tell us something about Mr H. S. Winn, who kept the eating-house at 40 School street in 1851 also about certain guests. We were especially anxious to know Propeller Davis more intimately. Was the name "Propeller" given to him in baptism? (The name is not in the Bible.) Or was "Propeller" a nickname?

Did not "Julienne," mentioned by "Baize" spell his name "Julien" Jean Baptiste Julien? He died in 1856. His house was called "Julien's Restorator." Drake says it was the first establishment in Boston with this distinctive title. "All the rest were taverns or boarding houses." The house was taken down in 1821 and succeeded by Julien, afterwards Congress Hall. The word "restaurator" that disappeared from the English language toward the end of the 17th century, meant only "one who restores", but "restaurateur" taken over from the French, meant a restaurant as well as the keeper of one.

Is "Baize" sure that Julien "kept on the westerly corner of Milk and Federal streets"? Was it not on Congress street?

They Eat No More.

As the World Wags:

I have only an indistinct memory of Mr. H. S Winn's eating house on School street in 1851, for that year I was graduated from the Adams grammar school on Mason street. My father had died about two years before, and at the time mentioned I knew less of public refreshment places than I did before and after. He was in that line of business, and immediately following his marriage he located on School street. It must have been near where Winn established himself later. Chester Harding, the then celebrated artist had a studio in the same building, and I have been told a group of statuary illustrating some of Tam o' Shanter's wild doings, was also exhibited there. This was before I was born, however, though my oldest brother in 1835 or thereabouts, may have seen Bobbie Burns's poem reproduced in imperishable marble, or what not. My birthplace was elsewhere, on Howard street, before it became a gamblers' resort. Later, up to the time I was twelve, I lived on the corner of Milk and Devonshire streets, in the Stackpole House. A part of the federal building is now on its site.

I recall that at least one eating house on Congress street, between Water street and State street, was called a "restorator," not a "restaurant." I think it was Crosby's. I was a boy friend of David Crosby, one of the sons of the proprietor of this place. Poor fellow, he was drowned in Boston harbor the summer he won a Franklin medal in the old Boylston school on Fort Hill. As he did not live to receive it, the prize was placed on his desk at the graduating exhibition and this was sadder, indeed, than any declamation of "Bingen on the Rhine."

Perhaps the word "restaurant" came in with Julienne, who got into the soup through his name. He kept on the westerly corner of Milk and Federal streets, but that was long before my time.

The Bee was a familiar paper in my father's reading room. It was edited by J. Z. K. Pangborn. It was finally consolidated with the Atlas, of which Col. Schouler was editor. This combination was merged with the Traveler about the time the elder Samuel Bowles came down from Springfield to assume the editorship of that paper.

The original Daily Times was a near neighbor of the Bee. George Roberts, who married Miss Kimberly, the one time dramatic star, was its editorial proprietor. He built for it what was then considered a fine structure, and it still stands on the southerly side of State street with the name of the paper on its topmost front.

The name of Major Ben: Perley Poore will be cherished, no doubt, as long as the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston exists. He was a devoted member of that organization, and one of its most famous field days was held at his quaint old homestead in Newbury. I visited them once, and it was a treat to see the old Colonial relics that he had collected. He had an old-time kitchen there, for exhibition and not for use, where could be seen the utensils used for cooking before this republic was born. He was for some time the Congregational Librarian, and when he came north in the summer, he brought with him his colored help from Washington. It was pleasant to hear them singing familiar melodies at their work. One singularity about these child-like people, however, was that they never completed a song. They gave only a verse here and there. Major Poore's letters during the civil war to the Boston Journal over the signature "Perley" were celebrated. On the night of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln he told me he had gone home to his house in Alexandria, but something impelled him to return to the capital, where he learned immediately of the terrible event. His account of it was one of the most accurate sent over the wire to this city. His reminiscences in the Boston Budget, a quarter of a century ago, were full of permanent historical interest. He had a personal acquaintance with all the political leaders of his day. At one time he had a paper in Boston, but its name has escaped me at present. One incident connected with his career, which showed what Dr. Holmes calls solid old Teutonic pluck, was his payment of an election bet by pushing a wheelbarrow loaded with a barrel of apples from Newburyport to Boston. Many said that he couldn't or wouldn't do it, but he had the laugh on his deriders, and was sound and whole at the end of his long walk.

The Rev. Matthew Hale Smith as "Burleigh" was the New York correspondent of the Boston Journal when the papers here made a feature of letters sent by mail from the metropolis.

I was not acquainted with Propeller Davis in 1851, but in the early sixties he was still propelling. He was a man of exuberant spirit, and he made himself felt, as the saying goes, though there was nothing soft about him. He did not hide his light under a bushel and his loud voice proclaimed his personality wherever he went. It seems to me he was strictly in the advertising, and not in the literary or purely journalistic line. Although no sandwich man, he was a walking advertisement in himself.

BAIZE.

Dorchester, Dec. 22.

Dec 25 1915

Produces Novelty in Form of the Suite "Adventures in a Perambulator."

By PHILIP HALE.

The ninth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Overture to "The Magic Flute".....Mozart
Suite, "Adventures in a Perambulator"... Carpenter
Concerto in A minor for violoncello, Saint-Saens
Concerto in F major for organ, three horns and strings.....Rheinberger

Mr. Carpenter, a business man with a poetically musical soul, living in Chicago, has told in tones the adventures of a baby wheeled about in a perambulator by the nurse. They meet a policeman on whom the nurse looks kindly, they listen to a hurdy-gurdy playing familiar tunes; they see the lake with sunbeams dancing on the back of the waves; all sorts of dogs run about them; at last the baby, tired, dreams confused dreams, seeing mother and the nurse, and pondering the exciting moments of his ride. For the music and the enlightenment of the hearer,

M[illegible] a pleasantly [illegible] argument what-soever.

A "[illegible]," even when it is short, is to be looked upon with suspicion. [illegible] are [illegible]ously con[illegible], as [illegible] as an open grave. Two of Mr. Carpenter's episodes—"The Lake" and "Dreams"—are full of sentiment, at times emotion, and thus provide plausible contrast, but even then there is a little too much in one and the same vein. The monotony is increased by certain mannerisms in style. We should not mourn if the episode "Dogs" were cut out, for it is, as far as suggestion is concerned, the least successful one of the suite. Grant that the idea of scampering dogs chasing in a circle, the dogs' foolish game of tag, is well expressed, the animated measures, the yelping, baying, barking, growling, are ineffective. "Not a bit like it, Mr. Carpenter," a hearer might exclaim, and quote the story of Agesilaus. "Another time being desired to hear a man that naturally counterfeited the nightingale's voice, he would not hear him, saying, 'I have oftentimes heard the nightingale itself.'"

Among the mannerisms noted are these: The practice of ending an episode, piano or pianissimo; with a final abuse of upper notes of strings or a piccolo flourish, little tricks of surprise, which too often repeated, do not surprise.

On the whole this Suite is more than "clever," an obnoxious word in art, often condemnatory. Mr. Carpenter has a delicate fancy, a vivid imagination, surprising facility and ingenuity, truly individual expression. There are many charming harmonic effects that are fresh and original. The instrumentation is as a rule singularly effective, by felicitous combinations of timbres, by the peculiar use of instruments, and especially by the daring and successful treatment of the pulsatile section. The music might be described as ultra-modern with a respect for flowing melodic lines; it is not a new chapter in the gospel of deliberate and sensational ugliness.

There is genuine humor, as in the portrayal of the policeman; also in the episode "The Hurdy-Gurdy," an audacious tour de force with an intoxicating use of xylophones. There is genuine poetry, as in "Dreams" and in "The Lake," which is emotional though at times dangerously near sentimentalism.

Viewed in many ways this Suite must be considered as one of the most interesting compositions written by an American. While it is evident that Mr. Carpenter has been influenced by the French school and is not unacquainted with the work of one Richard Strauss, it is also evident that Mr. Carpenter thinks for himself and has his own manner of expression. This music would command respect and admiration in any country.

The performance of this Suite was remarkably euphonious and brilliant. The concert began with an equally remarkable reading and performance of Mozart's immortal overture. The opening Adagio was fraught with significance; there was the expression of solemn anticipation—"Behold, I show you a great mystery"; the chattering, bustling fugue was played with uncommon crispness, clearness, vivacity. Dr. Muck's sharp accentuation, the lightning flashes of emphasis, the significance given to phrases in the Introduction, usually treated indifferently as of no real importance, made the performance noteworthy.

Mr. Malkin of the orchestra played Saint-Saens's concerto in a masterly and beautiful manner, with sure mechanism, rich, pure tone, the delicacy and elegance demanded by Saint-Saens. The minuet saves the concerto as a composition. Mr. Marshall, the organist of the orchestra made the most of Rheinberger's concerto, a work which shows at least that the composer thoroughly understood the nature of the instrument for which he wrote so much, and did not put before the organist a harsh and thankless task. Yet even in the last Eighties there were organists of great reputation in Germany who looked on Rheinberger as a dangerous man, too free, extravagant, licentious in his use of "pianoforte passages" for the organ.

Good old Uncle Thomas! He used to call on Christmas day, bringing a book for boys, a book with a gay cover. Once he left "The Life of Alexander Selkirk," who, according to the pictures, wore a fur cap that was at least two feet high. It was a wonderful book. The pictures were rude woodcuts. The covers were a vivid green. Would that we had the book now! We would gladly exchange for it "the complete works" of almost any writer. And Uncle Thomas on Christmas used to tell stories about the whimbamper, the gyascutus, and other fearful beasts. He would ask puzzling questions to test our ingenuity. Remembering this, we put a question to a small boy yesterday, thinking to win favor from his mother, a thin, cool brunette, who always has an excellent cook. "Now, Albert, if in 1828 a hundred thousand oysters were eaten every day in Edinburgh, how many have already been eaten in Boston this year?" But we were better behaved than Albert when we were of his age. The young scoundrel said "Rats," and his mother patted his head and remarked "You know better than to answer foolish questions, don't you dear?" Nor were we asked to stay to dinner.

Good, old Uncle Thomas! But he was a little trying in his last years. The last time we saw him he was visiting a country relative in Vermont. Asked at table concerning his health he replied: "My eyesight is as good as ever it was, but I'm a little hard of hearing," and with that he speared a doughnut and began peeling it, thinking it a potato.

An Old Complaint

As the World Wags:.

I was much disturbed at the Cecilia concert by the behavior of the orchestra. I could not believe that members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra could be so inefficient, so careless, so indifferent. They paid almost no attention to the conductor, who is a conductor, not merely a time-beater. They made mistakes that were noticeable even to the veriest amateur in the audience. Two men, whom I could name, I saw skylarking more than once.

Now, this is no new thing. Members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra have long shown the like disregard for every conductor of a choral society. Dr. Muck was in the audience. I wonder what he thought of his orchestral performance? If he had said to them afterwards at rehearsal: "Gentlemen, I heard you at the Cecilia concert and did not recognize my orchestra," or "I did not know that you could play so badly," would it have had effect? G. L. C.

Boston, Dec. 19.

Pleased Spectators

As the World Wags:

In his "Voyage en Espagne," Gautier speaks of the scene shifters of the Spanish theatrical houses as "Turcs," evidently applying the world in current use at that time in France. Is it so yet? And what is the proper term here? I am under the impression that the word "gripman" was used. Is there a dictionary of drama terminology?

Gautier, in speaking of the theatre at Valladolid, notes that the balcony and the fronts of the boxes have a singular appearance. They are open in the carved rails that allow one to see if the women have a small foot well shod, and even if their ankles are neat and their hose lightly drawn. This does not inconvenience Spanish women, who are almost always irreproachable in this respect.

Has any such architectural scheme been tried here? ROGER ASKEM.

Springfield.

In French slang a "Turc" is a man ideally strong; also one extremely clever with his hands. In thieves's slang a "Turc" is a man from Touraine. The proper French word for scene-shifter is "Machiniste"; the word also means stage-carpenter. The only dictionary of theatre terms we know in French is Arthur Pougin's "Dictionnaire du Théatre."

Mr. Akem also writes: "In 1911, when many regiments were doing riot duty on the railroad lines, a young subaltern whose acquaintance I had made remarked over a class of Scotch in the smoking room of the station hotel at York that Haig was a good soldier. I thought at the time he referred to the famous brothers, if brothers they be. Or, knowing, as he doubtless did, and as I surely didn't, that there was another Haig, do you consider that the 'leftenant' referred to the general recently placed in command in France?"

For Prohibitionists

As the World Wags:

Is it possible to obtain anywhere in this vale of tears a prohibitionist edition of Dickens? I ask, because I would like to make a present of it to the dominie of our church. The clergy nowadays are, properly enough, active enemies of the trade in liquors. But what gets me is that our minister heartily enjoys and admires Dickens and at the same time tells me that the man who drinks in moderation is as bad as the man who steals in moderation—which is "going some," even for a parson. The other night he gave us some readings from Dickens—bits from Pickwick and from the Christmas Carol. The spot picked out in Pickwick was a dry one and in the Christmas Carol the description of Bob Crachitt's dinner was so condensed that nothing but solids found their way into it. I am afraid that most of Dickens's novels, if they were censored by a prohibitionist, would come out of the operation as disfigured as that ode of Holmes's which he wrote for a temperance society some fifty years ago. W. E. K.

Boston.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—The Craig Players in the musical comedy, "The Circus Girl," in two acts, by J. T. Tanner and W. Palings; music by Ivan Caryll and Lionel Monkton. The principals of the cast:

Biggs, a bartender..........Donald Meek
Sir Titus Wemyss..........Henry Crocker
Dick Capel..........John Craig
Vicomte Gaston..........Theodore Friebus
Hon. Reginald Gower......Wilfred Young
Drivelli, proprietor of the Circus......Robert Capron
Albertoni, the ring master..........William P. Carleton
Rudolph, the cannon king....Robert Long
Toothpick Pasha, the Terrible Turk....Maurice Murphy
Commissaire of Police..........Al Roberts
La Favorita..........Miss Betty Barnicoat
Lady Diana Wemyss..........Miss Vida Croly Sidney
Dora Wemyss..........Miss Justine Adams
Mrs. Drivelli..........Miss Viola Compton
Lucille, a slack-wire-walker..........Miss Mary Young

This musical comedy is one of the best pieces in the repertory of the Craig Players. There was a large audience last evening, the holiday mood was on both sides of the footlights and there was an air of expectancy. The company seemed to enjoy the performance as well as the audience. Interest attached to the appearance of Miss Viola Compton and Henry Crocker. Both did good work with the Jewett Players at the Boston Opera House. Mr. Crocker's Bottom and Falstaff are a pleasant recollection and his delightful Sir Titus Wemyss of last evening is a worthy addition to his list of successes.

Mr. Meek was in every way satisfactory as Biggs. His "business" with the terrible Turk was a decided improvement over previous performances. He avoided the pitfall of overdoing the part.

Mr. Crocker was a gay old scamp as Sir Titus. At a time in life when he should think seriously, he was still a boy. His refuge in the cannon on the appearance of his wife at the dressing-room door of La Favorita kept nicely within the bounds of comedy and never became farcical.

The Vicomte Gaston of Theodore Friebus was one of the hits of the evening. Gifted with something more than a "pleasing" voice he sang his topical song after the manner of the well-schooled comedian. As the French exquisite he gave the character a finished touch.

Miss Young was a picture as Lucille. She dressed the part differently than before, but always with becoming taste. Both in her singing and dancing numbers she gave pleasure.

Dec 26 1915

The Daily Telegraph, reviewing a song recital given in London by Austen Carnegie, remarked: "Like many other British singers, he made the mistake of placing his English songs at the very end of the program." This is the foolish custom of singers in this country. It is as if they said: "You now know that I can sing in Italian, German and French, and you probably are unable to tell whether my diction in those languages is good or poor. Now I'll throw a sop. I'll sing in English, and, incidentally, pay tribute to local composers, hoping thereby to compel their attendance or, at least, the attendance of their friends." If the recital is a long one, a hearer is not to be blamed for leaving the hall before the "final group." Unless the singer is peculiarly engrossing, unless he is a Clement or a rhetorical interpreter like Wuellner, unless she is a Povla Frisch or a Julia Culp, the hearer says to himself: "The singer's art, merits, failings, are known to me at the end of an hour; why should I stay to hear songs, some of them inferior, and put on simply to insure a recall and an 'addition to the program'?"

London is able to support opera at cheap prices in spite of the war. Miss Lilian Bayliss at the Royal Victoria Hall, the "Old Vic," enables those in humble circumstances to attend performances of modern operas and Shakespeare's plays. Admission to the gallery costs four cents. Twelve stall tickets can bt bought for $2.25, and 25 pit tickets for $1.75. The Daily Telegraph says that Mme. Eleanor Felix as Violetta is a delightful singer and an actress of very considerable talent, "and we have seen many a far less satisfying Violetta on much more ambitious stages." The other singers are praised, also the orchestra, while the amateur chorus sings and the amateur ballet dances "with a spirit and an enthusiasm in which there is little room for improvement."

The Royalty Theatre, London, made the experiment of beginning performances at 5:30 P. M. If we are not mistaken the hour of starting at the time of the Restoration was 4 P. M. In 1741 Garrick raised the curtain at 6 P. M., and this was the hour in 1812. By 1824 the beginning was an hour later.

There was much talk last month in London about the privilege of smoking in theatres. A deputation from the Society of West End Theatre Managers called on the Lord Chamberlain (Nov. 23). Mr. J. M. Gatti, the chairman, pointed out that while few of the managers would apply for their audiences to be allowed to smoke, the society was unanimously in favor of permission being within easy reach of any members that desired it. Permission was then granted. The Comedy Theatre and the playhouse where revues were running applied for permission, but the managements of Drury Lane, Daly's the St. James, the Haymarket, His Majesty's, the Vaudeville, the Royalty, the New and Wyndham's had no intention of allowing smoking in their theatres. The Pall Mall Gazette then remarked editorially: "'Free trade' in the playhouses has been a long time coming, but it [illegible]. The Lord Chamberlain has removed the ban upon smoking in theatres, and, with its removal, goes a huge superstructure of anomalous and unfair conditions. It cannot be doubted that the question of smoking has exercised a powerful influence in the development of the drama, and, equally, that that influence has been a manifestly unnecessary one The artificial conditions at the Comedy Theatre are enough by way of proof. At the same time it need not be assumed that all the theatres will permit smoking. The more stately homes of serious drama certainly will not. But musical comedy houses, where the performances approach more closely to music hall conditions, may be trusted not to miss their chance."

The Pall Mall Gazette also published a mildly amusing article on the kind of play that goes with tobacco. There was a general feeling that dark tragedy should not be lightened by the striking of matches. "A pipe is a great friend to a man in most of the crises of life. Think of the critical moment of the third act when all seems lost—the beautiful heroine hesitating between the glib young scoundrel and the strong, silent husband, whom she thinks she does not 'understand'—what a comfort a well-packed pipe would be at such moments! Tremblingly she takes out a shining revolver, closes her eyes and points the weapon to her forehead. A breathless pause, and—a wax vesta leaps into life in the stalls." The writer spoke of the refined cruelty practised by young men who smoke cigarettes in "the Sir George Alexander drawing-room play," and thus tantalize the cigarette smoking spectator. But heroes will continue to puff smoke in the face of a famishing few. As Miss Marie Tempest said some years ago: "Women, strange to say, had an objection to smoking in theatres." The writer concludes;

"Supposing, for argument, that all the theatres took to the smoking habit, it is interesting idly to wonder how the drama might be classified roughly as:

1—Cigarette plays.
2—Cigar plays.
3—Pipe plays.

"Now, cigarette plays surely would be the light, fluffy comedies of French origin, the musical comedy, and the revue.

"The cigar play would be the Mr. Arthur Bourchier type of drama, which includes a brief dinner served up with much sauce and silver.

"The pipe play would be the problem play, and the smokers would gnaw the vulcanite. Tragedy also calls for a pipe. The unrelieved depression of the poetic agony of many scenes would be lightened if the audience might settle comfortably, pipe in mouth, and await the penultimate cataclysm with cheery indifference.

"With a revival of 'Kismet,' hookahs might be provided by a kind management, and who could doubt that the artistic effect of the Grub-street drama would not be immensely enhanced if seen through a mist of 'shag'?"

The antiquarian of the London Chronicle went to work. "The new order as to smoking in theatres takes us back to Elizabethan and Jacobean times, when the practice was common. In 'Cynthia's Revels' Ben Jonson gives us a piquant delineation of the behavior of the 'knuts' of those days. Smokers then sat on stools on the stage, for which they paid sixpence each. There was also a 'lords' room,' apparently corresponding to the modern stage boxes, the admission to which seems to have been a shilling. The audience in other parts of the house also indulged in smoking." There was the footmen's gallery in bygone days, where servants waiting on their masters at the theatre were admitted free and allowed to smoke. "But the occupants of the footmen's gallery were so noisy and they so frequently hissed out of existence plays that their masters approved of, that the privilege was withdrawn, and the gallery became the 'shilling gallery,' who have kept up to a great extent the traditional privilege of outspoken criticism originally exercised by footmen."

Consulting "Cynthia's Revels" we find this speech of one of the "Children" in the induction "after the second sounding." "Now, sir, suppose I am one of your gentle auditors, that are come in (having paid my money at the door, with much ado), and here I take my place and sit down; I have my three sorts of tobacco in my pocket, my light by me, and thus I begin. (At the breaches he takes his tobacco.) By this light, I wonder that any man is so mad to come to see these rascally tits play here—they do act like so many wrens or pismires—not the fifth part of a good face amongst them all—and then their musick is abominable—able to stretch a man's ears worse than 10—pillories, and their ditties—most lamentable things, like the pitiful fellows that make them—poets. By this vapor, an' 'twere not for tobacco—I think—the very stench of 'em would poison me, I should not dare to come in at their gates—A man were better visit 15 jails—or a dozen or two of hospitals—than once adventure to come near them."

"The Children." Does this mean the children of the Queen's chapel who acted the play, where in 1599 the chief comedians were Burbadge, Sly, Philips, Hemings, Condel and Pope? or pages, attendants? The first, for one says to

[illegible] that [illegible] not speak the prologue, sir [illegible]y? do you hope to speak it?" "I, a[illegible] I think I have most right to it; I am sure I studied it first."

The "breaches" were the breaches in the speech of the one "taking" tobacco. But what were the "three sorts of tobacco"?

Mr. Vachell's comedy "The Chief" will be produced here tomorrow night at the Hollis Street Theatre. We are indebted to a correspondent for a little biographical sketch of the dramatist.

"He was born in England in 1861, descended on the Annesley and Vachell sides from families that have produced generals and statesmen. He was educated at Harrow, and then entered the Royal Military College at Sandhurst. Before entering the army he visited this country. After a big game hunt in the Big Horn mountains in Wyoming, he went to the Pacific slope, where he continued his hunting and fishing. Some immense vegetables in a San Francisco shop window attracted his attention, and when, upon inquiry, he learned they had been grown in San Luis Obispo county, he bought a ticket to the county and purchased a piece of ground in the old mission town. His first experience as a farmer proved so profitable that he resigned his commission in the British army. Afterwards he bought a cattle ranch and his brothers and other Englishmen joined him in the West. It was on this ranch that the first polo west of the Rockies was played, a sport that soon became popular in the colony around San Mateo.

For more than 20 years, with absences, Mr Vachell lived in California. He married a native of that state, Miss Lydia Phillips, and to them two children were born. After the death of his wife Mr. Vachell returned to England, where he lives near Southampton.

New Plays and Random Stage Notes

The first performance of John Masefield's play, "The Faithful," took place at the Repertory Theatre, Birmingham (Eng.), on Dec. 4. The play is printed and has no doubt been read by many. It concerns the vengeance of a group of men in the Japan of 1700 for the death of their master, who with them had been robbed of possessions by a parvenu in power. The power of the play is in words, for the "action" consists of set scenes with little business. "There was a curious sense of ritual about the performance, accentuated by the vestment-like dressing of the players. The striving was obviously for sublimity, but the free use of the apron-stage made the effect perilously neart the ridiculous by making it merely stagey. By this device the character changes in one step into the mummer." But the Daily Chronicle adds that Mr. Masefield's "grip on his subject prevented even this from completely spoiling the illusion—that and the competence of the players. * * * The Birmingham Repertory Theatre was built for such work. What would be the fate of 'The Faithful' on the 'commercial stage,' in the presence of a more casually gathered audience it would not be difficult to foresee, but on Saturday night it was certainly established that if this play is not the equal of 'The Silver Box' and some others of his works, it will have to be considered in the final estimate of Masefield's place in our literature."

Edward Knoblauch's play "Mouse" was produced by the Pioneer Players at the Royalty, London, Oct. 5. "Take a woman all sweet unselfishness. Set up against her another as selfish as they are made, and with not enough conventional morality to behave decently. There ought to be a play between them. Mr. Edward Knoblauch has found one which is generally interesting though it seldom escapes being theatrical. That is the obvious danger of handling these extreme cases. We all know they exist, but when you see them put upon the stage they are apt to look crude and highly colored. Helen Townsend, the Mouse, "domesticated to the last millimetre of her nice fingers, and so earnestly unselfish that you wonder how she ever took a piece of bread and butter for herself" is keeping house for a middle-aged Scottish historian and is in love with him. At Monte Carlo he meets the Mouse's niece. When he comes home he announces his coming marriage. But this niece had been having one affair with a married man and there is an excellent reason why she should be married at once. The Mouse finds this out and reasons vainly with the niece. She then tells the truth and the immoral niece goes off with her married lover, who will divorce his wife to give the minx a good name. "Let us guard against the threatening suspicion that the Mouse behaved like a cat. She did her awkward duty as nicely as possible, and we were not much inclined to [illegible]."

N. Evreinoff's play, "The Theatre of the Soul," was performed at a charity matinee in London Dec. 3. This play, produced by the Pioneer Players last [illegible]ch, was recently cut out of the bill [illegible] the Russia's Day matinee at the Alhambra. The action takes place in the [illegible]d of a clerk, "or of some one who [illegible]s to an off[illegible]—an unhappy someone [illegible]o is born betw[illegible]n a peculiarly dull [illegible]l pedantic 'R[illegible]n' and a peculiarly [illegible] and [illegible] 'Cr[illegible]t on.' These two, with a 'subli[illegible]' ent[illegible] fast asleep, are represented [illegible] up the soul of the ordinary [illegible] one is inclined to believe, on further acquaintance with the play, that the author was 'pulling the leg' of the sciolists in psychology. Undoubtedly he has a dramatic gift." Miss Ethel Levey took the part of the dancer as she appeared to the emotional entity.

H. B. Irving, presiding at a war lecture at His Majesty's Theatre, London, Dec. 5, said that of 8000 actors, some 1500 went to the front months ago and a great many had gone since. The war had done away with the nonsense sometimes talked about the actor's profession rendering him less of a man than anybody else."

Hall Caine's novel, "The Eternal City," has been shown as a cinema play in London. This reminds us that the Daily Chronicle is exercised over the pronunciation of "cinema." These paragraphs have been published:

"Mr. Justice Coleridge has a difficult task in front of him trying to popularize the hard sound of the first letter in 'cinema.' The universal pronunciation of the word is 'sinema.' Reference to the dictionaries shows that 'c' before 'i' at the beginning of words is invariably a sibilant. The truth is, the spelling is wrong and 'kinema,' from the Greek, is correct. * * * The popular mispronunciation of cinema with a soft 'c' has to a certain extent Parliamentary sanction, for during the progress of the cinematograph bill many elected as well as hereditary legislators pronounced it 'sinnymatograph.' There is, however, a brave attempt being made to push back the 'c' of mispronunciation by the recognized organ of films and picture palaces, which sticks to its title, the 'Kinematograph News.' * * * Correctitude is not really satisfied, it should be remarked, even by spelling and pronouncing 'cinematograph' with a k. 'Kinnymatograph' is neither one thing nor the other. The man who wants to show off his knowledge of Greek must make it 'Kie-nee-matograph.' And then he should go on to talk about 'teelephone,' 'teelegraph' and 'encyclopaedia' with the i as long as he can make it. The one thoroughly safe course is to dodge the whole question and pronounce the doubtful word as 'pictures.'"

There was a special performance of "The Birth of a Nation" at the Scala Theatre, London on Sunday, Dec. 5 in aid of the fund for sending Christmas gifts to the troops at the front. The Lord Chamberlain gave his permission.

The Pall Mall Gazette said of Matheson Lang's Shylock (the St. James, Dec. 6): "It was not the greatest Shylock. Sir Henry Irving's tragic dignity remains an unchallengeable memory. But, as a rough, vigorous compromise, it was the truest Shylock that our generation has seen—the nearest chance we have had within memory of realizing what Macklin's 'Jew that Shakespeare drew' was probably like. . . . From the point of view of truth Mr. Lang is not merely one of the best Shylocks that have been seen since Sir Henry Irving sublimated the part. He is the very best. One has to admit that compromise is the only way to play Shylock truly. . . . Mr. Lang's Shylock is a masterpiece of blended compromise and vigor. There is comedy in it, but not too much; villany, but not too much; dignity, but not too much. Above all, though now and again he snatches at a little sympathy, Mr. Lang boldly and rightly throws it all off at the finish. He growls his way out of the trial scene, broken but still defiant—a wounded wolf. He leaves us to revel in the moonlight of Belmont without any pang of conscience. It is in the main a rough, sardonic, harsh, unsympathetic character (much as Macklin seems to have made it, but with an oriental obsequiousness upon occasion, an exuberance of grief and a ferocity of its own."

A Paris correspondent writes that the theatres there have not yet solved the problem of making a living in wartime. "Matinees are now being tried, but the working public has no free time to go to them on a week day, while big houses on Sundays do not compensate for empty theatres every other day. The erstwhile "leisured class" is hard at work all day in hospital or sewing circle, with only an hour or two to spare, perhaps, in the early evening. This gave at least one theatre the idea of trying a 'four to 6' entertainment, and although the experiment has not been altogether a success, this is believed to be due more to the unsuitability of the program provided than to any intrinsic objection to frequenting a theatre at this unusual hour. The innovation has led to an interesting discussion upon the desirability or otherwise of making a serious attempt to revert to the habits of our forefathers and permanently to establish early theatre going. Old 'Uncle' Sarcey, who for so many years was the arbiter of all things theatrical in Paris, strove vainly some 15 years ago to induce Parisians to take to earlier hours. He failed lamentably, and in the past few years things went from bad to worse in this respect, although never approaching the all-night dissipation of Berlin. Will the war effect the suggested change? Critics doubt it, although hoping that it may. As for the public, it does not seem to care one way or the other, provided it can be sure of the cinemas remaining open at all hours of the day."

Notes About Concerts and Musicians

Over 2000 attended a concert given in Queen's Hall on Dec. 4 by Ysaye, De Pachmann and Mme. Stralia, soprano. Ysaye began about 3:15 o'clock, and when De Pachmann came on about 5 o'clock "the audience seemed as fresh receptively as two hours before—true stalwarts, these, in the pursuit of their idols."

The critic of the Daily Telegraph thinks that opportunities of hearing Haydn's "Creation" will become fewer and fewer. "The remark must not be taken to imply that with the passing of years, the art value—if the expression may pass—of a work which has endured for well over a century is bound to decline. It means simply that the old standards no longer apply and that musical developments—for which Haydn himself in his time helped to pave the way—and the gradual emancipation of music from its old simplicity have inevitably left their marks on public taste."

A melody and three variations for piano, "A Mountain Flood," by Arnold Bax (London, Dec. 2), is described as a pleasant enough little piece. "Without a program one would have taken it to depict a placid brook meandering peacefully through the plains."

"It was very interesting to hear Mr. Beecham's performance of Handel's Concerto in F for strings with piano. He treated it as he treated Mendelssohn at the last concert, as if to say, 'This is how I like it, never mind the conventions.' And we would be very glad to hear more Handel played on these lines, for he was anything but the stodgy conventionalist that his English admirers have often made him out to be."

From an account of a recent London concert in a musical paper: "There was Mr. —— there to conduct, neat, fastidiously groomed, polished, debonair and pirouetting about just like a Nijinsky turned conductor; one would hardly have been surprised to see him leap clean over the orchestra and back again." If only he had accomplished that engaging feat, the audience would have been justified for once in clamoring for an encore, and the critics equally justified in describing the performance as a remarkably spirited one. —Daily Telegraph.

A new song-cycle, "The Philosopher and the Lady," music by Easthope Martin, lyrics by Miss Helen Taylor, was brought out in London by a quartet of singers Dec. 4. The lyrics are said to be half-whimsical, half-serious, "with something of the graceful ease that marks much of Austin Dobson's poetry." "The protagonists are concerned with the advantages and disadvantages of love, the philosopher condemning it, and the lady taking the opposite point of view. Sublimely unconscious of their arguments, a pair of lovers wander through the story." Mr. Martin has "a light touch, and when he is most irresponsible, he is most fascinating; but whether grave or gay, the music is always suave, clever and agreeable."

Liza Lohmann has written the music for an operatic "Everyman." This is not her first venture in the field. Her "Sergeant Brue," a musical comedy, was produced in London at the Strand Theatre in 1904, and did she not write a "Vicar of Wakefield," in which David Bispham appeared in the English provinces?

Over 60 members of the Royal Choral Society, London, are in active service and three have been killed. A Lament for strings and organ founded on "The Flowers of the Forest," by Sir Frederick Bridge, was performed at the society's concert on Dec. 4.

The Pall Mall Gazette said of Leonard Borwick playing Ravel's piano pieces "Ondine," "Le Gibet" and "Scarbo," based on three prose poems in Bertrand's "Gaspard de la Nuit," "If his mentality is not exactly Latin, geography has its claims." But what does the critic moan by calling Bertrand's "Gaspard" a "baffling" book? Has he read it?

It is said that Scriabin left no posthumous works. His last completed compositions were probably the piano pieces that appeared just before war broke out. This group includes the 10th Sonata, three poems, two dances and five preludes. "The greater part of the Sonata is subtly meditative, but it has outbursts of exaltation and a powerful climax. The smaller pieces are characteristic examples of the composer's delicate art. Harmonically they are at first sight elusive, though closer examination has always proved Scriabin's innovations to be perfectly logical extensions of established practice. Some of the progressions seem to need his own leathery touch, which it will be difficult for living pianists to emulate. This is especially true of the two dances 'Guirlandes' and 'Flammes Sombres,' but it applies more or less to all his later work. The loss of the ideal interpreter may delay the composer in coming to his own, but not for long. Already he is spoken of, perhaps paradoxically, as a modern classic. Soon he should be awarded the posthumous honor of a collected edition. . . . The point is one that touches the pocket of the musician very closely. 'Sheet music' is expensive. Single pieces cost on an average of something like eighteen pence each. But music lover who has his interest aroused by hearing at a concert some music of Scriabin can do one of two things: confine his purchase to what he has heard, in which case he will have the slenderest possible idea of the composer's output, or buy indiscriminately a large number of works at a ruinous cost. Obviously he will, as a rule, prefer the former course, unless he happens to be a millionaire. But the noble emotions that are reputed to fill the musician's breast do not, as a rule, blind him to a good bargain. If he were told that he might have three or four pieces at eighteenpence each, or he might have a volume of them for a moderate number of shillings, he would probably prefer the latter, especially as it carries with it the luxury of following the composer's development step by step. I do not believe that the publisher would lose. His profit on the volume would be a smaller percentage, but his turnover would be larger." We have quoted Mr. Edwin Evans of the Pall Mall Gazette. Mr. Baklanoff told a reporter a fortnight ago that Scriabin in Russia was known and esteemed as a pianist rather than composer. Scriabin's brother, an officer in the Russian army, talking to an American, spoke vaguely of the composer as a pianist, and evidently knew little of his published works.

Gustave Wanda, for eight years conductor at the Winter Gardens, Berlin, and at one time musical director at the Gaiety and Adelphi Theatres, London, died early this month, interned at the German Hospital, Dalston, England.

Mr. Petterson's Plea for Newer Music

To the Editor of The Herald:

This article is from the pen of a northerner, who has braved the winds of an Empire state winter, together with the nose-biting frosts of the same season in upper Vermont and New Hampshire; has shivered also under the bleak winds of the Maine coast, during still other months of wintry weather; last, but not least, has turned his coat collar about his burning ears as he desperately rounded his back to the chilling breezes that sweep across that exclusive section of New England's leading city, so recently (only a couple of decades or so ago, redeemed from the icy waters of the storm tossed Back Bay. Lest my readers, who are not familiar with the somewhat contradictory climates of our northeastern states should, from the above, assume them to be perpetual abodes of blizzard, ice and snow, let me say that I have, in their good turn, enjoyed all the varying delights of spring, summer and autumn in this country which so richly deserves —in these last three seasons—the well earned name of the playground of the nation. New England and New York (when speaking of New York I refer to the state at large, not the city) are justly celebrated in the pages of our country's histories; you may read of them also in the school geographies, and in the circulars of the great railroads and steamship lines; and also in the justly celebrated novels of such famous writers as Sarah Orne Jewett, Holman Day, and a score of others. Whittier, Longfellow and several minor poets have also written this country into their poems. But there is one branch of our great country's literature, or music, or whatever head it may come under, wherein this section of which I speak, with its towering mountains, great rivers, beautiful bays and placid lakes, has been sadly, oh very sadly, neglected. In short I refer to the popular song, as sung today in theatre, cabaret, restaurant, and the homes of the American people; and through medium of which the South the West and their respective rivers, lakes, bays, et cetera, have become celebrated, and made well known to the the averagely informed American citizen.

The Mississippi, for instance, that great channel of the central states and the south. How famous it is in song. How many thousands of feet have glided or tapped to the syncopating strains of such a masterpiece as "On the Mississippi, dear old Mississippi," in which later we gain the interesting information that that is the exact spot upon which the singer was born; presumably upon one of those palatial, wood-burning, racing river steamers, like the well-known "Robert E. Lee," which boat another song tells us, upon hearing the deep, tooting whistle, "is waiting for me," I being, at the particular time "down on the levee." (A "levee," we are led to understand, serves a sort of double purpose, not only holding back the greedy waters of a great river, but also answering all purposes of a "dock" on the East river or a "wharf" down east. Some places they even call them "slips"). So much for the dear old Mississippi in song. One of the tributaries came into the spotlight when we used to hear about "Down on the banks of the O-HI-O." The dusty Suspuehanna became famous in song long ago, as did the gentle Suwanee, in that old time ballad so full of real pathos. So much for southern rivers; though in passing we must not forget that stream of the Lone Star state which became so widely known after that near epic, "In Texas, Down by the Rio Grande."

We hear a great deal about the moonlight. Particularly, and according to the light in other sections outside New England, does it shine "in the evening," which might be assumed, and under "southern skies"; and at such times upon such surroundings as "southern bays."

"On Mobile Bay," for example. "Where I gave my heart away," is, I am sure, known to all lovers of good music; also that classic where he "kissed her (his sweetheart we trust) on the shore", and immediately thereafter informed her "he was off for Baltimore," leaving us fairly to suppose that the shore in question must have bordered on some moonlit bay of fair Maryland.

Of course, too, everyone is familiar with the fact that the moonlight shines most brightly on the fields of snowy cotton in Dixie; or, too, "Down in Dear Old New Orleans," and getting back again to boys for the moment, who will ever forget "to get their best dress on", and "cuddle up close," etc., etc., while the darkies are humming" and probably the banjos strumming at the same time, "Down on Dear Old Cheapseake Bay."

Why is it that we never, or, at least, hardly ever, hear a catchy and popular song referring to the rivers and bays of the north? Are not our rivers as broad and beautiful as those of the West and the South? Do they not flow along as placidly or passionately (whichever may be desired), and does not the same moon shine as restfully on them? Are not our northern bays as worthy of the pen of the lyric writer, when the paddle blades splash in their still waters, softly; or the puffing power boat glides over their glassy surfaces, noisily? They have been neglected in the past, and it is surely time such oversight was remedied.

Take Penobscot Bay, for instance, now known chiefly through the medium of circulars gotten out by the Eastern Steamship Company. Why can we not have a song about Penobscot Bay; a good, catchy, rippling, swizzling, sizzling melody, that everybody would like to sing or hum? It would pay the steamship lines or the Maine Central Railroad to hire someone to compose such a song, for it would advertise the Penobscot Bay region more than all the circulars that could possibly be turned out in 1916. It might begin, let us say, something like this:

"Down on old Penobscot Bay," which would be doubly appropriate, it being "down east," certainly, and old enough, anybody knows, for historic Castine, on its upper shores, was founded by the old baron of that name, long before the days of the Plymouth Rock, and probably the bay was quite old then. Think what a swing it would have, too:

Down on old Penobscot Bay,'
With the choppy waves at play,
Where the natives love to see
Your yacht sail merrily
If you pay, pay, pay—

and so on—what a chance here for the writer of popular songs.

Or take another portion of the New England coast:

"Off the shores of old Cape Cod (always work that 'old' in),
Where the wind blows so, by Hod (nautical term),
That our boat couldn't float,
Wasn't that a Heavenly note,
Or sail ahead a blessed, blasted rod."

Can't you hear them banging that out on the tables of the cafes, or sliding it on the mealed floor of the dance hall?

And think of the opportunity the dear old rivers offer: For example to a tune like the popular melody, "Sailing Down the River."

"Sailing up the Hudson, sailing up the Hudson
In the shadow of the Palisades,
The days of Irving can ne'er be forgotten,
As we steam along (gee, ain't the food just rotten?)
Its a quieter motion
Than the rolling ocean,
Still I'll leave the boat at Albany—
I love it, I love it,
I love to see the Hudson's shore,
When I hear the bell ring
I just think of Sing Sing,
So I won't sail up the river any more."

Then just imagine what a magnificent opportunity awaits the genius who can improvise a catchy string of verses concerning the famous old Connecticut river, that long stream of many waterfalls and many syllables. It might go something in this wise:

"On the old Connecticut,
I just love to sail a boat (poetic license),
Floating down the grand old stream,
In a beautiful day dream;
But when you hear the noisy falls,
And their roaring you appalls,
Grab the oars and pull for shore
And don't float there any more,
Near those dang'rous, noisy, leaping, tumbling falls."

A song like that might make all sorts of a hit among the people of New Hampshire and Vermont, between which the stream is useful as a boundary line, not to mention the people of Massachusetts and Connecticut who dwell within sound of its roaring waters.

But seriously, why cannot we have some popular songs about the rivers, and bays, and lakes and mountains of New England and New York (upstate). There seems here to be a great opportunity; a new field virtually for some ambitious writer of catchy verses. We know the New England public would welcome such songs, and they would give a treat, too, both intellectually and otherwise, to people living in other sections of our great country. Go to it, ye song-writers, if perchance there be any of your craft that lurks to scan these lines, and give the lovers of popular song in New England something that we can feel we know about, and are familiar with; as we sing the words of the verses, and rattle our feet to the melodies, and roar out lustily in the choruses, that we always join so heartily in on, particularly when we are not just familiar with the words of the song proper. ARTHUR W. PATTERSON.

Castine, Me.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

Sunday: Symphony Hall, 7:30 P. M. "The Messiah" performed by the Handel and Haydn Society. Emil Mollenhauer, conductor; H. G. Tucker, organist. Solo singers: Mmes. Hudson-Alexander and Margaret Keyes; Reed Miller and Frederick Martin.

Monday: Copley-Plaza, 11 A. M. Morning musicale. Miss May Peterson, an American soprano who has sung in leading opera houses of Europe, will sing the Bell song from "Lakme" and these songs: Schubert, Nacht und Traume; E. Wolff, In Ilnem Garten; Koechlin, Aux Temps des Fees; Hue, J'ai Pleure en Reve. Miss Mary Zentay, young Hungarian violinist, will play these pieces: Handel, Larghetto; Kreisler, Tambourin Chinois; Paganini-Kreisler, Praeludium e Allegro; Sarasate, Zapateada. Miss Greta Torpadie, soprano, and Einar Linden, tenor, will sing Emile Bourgeois's operetta, "Mamselle Mariette."

Symphony Hall, 7:45 P. M. "The Messiah" performed by the Handel and Haydn Society. Solo singers: Mmes. Hudson-Alexander and Margaret Keyes; Reed Miller and Horatio Connell.

Tuesday: Onikanoff Studio, 295 Huntington avenue, 3 P. M. Russian Music Society's first concert. Introductory lecture by Olin Downes. N. Onikanoff, baritone, will sing these songs: Slonoff, Folk Song; Dargomijsky, Serenade; Glinka, Air from "Ruslan-Ludmila." E. Ondricek, violinist, and Alfred De Voto, pianist, will play the moderato from Rubinstein's Sonata in G major. Mrs. Martha Baker, soprano, will sing Rubinstein's "My Heart All Beauty Takes from Thee," Tschaikowsky's "Springtime" and an air from Tschaikowsky's "La Dame de Pique." Messrs. Ondricek, Webster and and De Voto will play the second and third movements of Tschaikowsky's Trio in A minor, Op. 50.

Friday: Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Tenth concert (A) of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.

Saturday: Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Tenth concert (B) of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.

Dec 27 1915

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY

By PHILIP HALE.

Handel's "Messiah" was performed last night in Symphony Hall by the Handel and Haydn Society, Emil Mollenhauer, conductor. H. G. Tucker was the organist. The orchestra was the Boston Festival, Mr. Crowley concertmaster. The solo singers were Mmes. Hudson Alexander and Margaret Keyes; Messrs. Reed Miller and Frederick Martin.

A performance of "The Messiah" is as appropriate to Easter as to Christmas; in fact, the most celebrated aria in it, "I know that my Redeemer liveth" is peculiarly suitable to Easter; and so the most famous chorus, "The Hallelujah," is suitable for any great festival of the church, or for any occasion of national rejoicing. There are many legends and traditions associated with "The Messiah." It is still firmly believed by many that the oratorio was composed for Christmas and was always sung on Christmas during Handel's later years. It is also believed by many that Handel himself chose the texts from the Bible, refusing any aid; whereas Mr. Charles Jennens made the "collection" as he called it, and Handel in letters to Jennens referred to "The Messiah" as "your oratorio." The Christmas legend and the tale of Handel as his own librettist are to be classed together.

But the voice of the people has prevailed, and "The Messiah" is anticipated by thousands in the world as indispensable in the Christmas festivities. It matters not to them that Mr. Charles Jennens said that Handel made "a fine entertainment" of his (Jennens's) "collection," but added: "though not so good as he might and ought to have done"; that Jennens had great difficulty in getting Handel to correct some of "his grossest faults." They care no more for the opinion of the highly respectable Jennens than for that of M. Romain Rolland, who in his excellent life of Handel deplores the "exaggerated supremacy" of "The Messiah" over that of Handel's most powerful and dramatic oratorio and describes modern performances as pompous and stiffly formal, "with orchestra and chorus too large and badly balanced, with singers correct and pious; performances without passion or any intimacy." They still fondly believe that when "The Messiah," having been performed in Dublin, was brought over to London it was heard with enthusiasm in the latter city, whereas for seven or eight years it was given only a few times and attracted little attention.

Nor are those for whom these yearly performances of "The Messiah" in Christmastide are fraught with pleasant and often sacred associations disturbed at all by some who say, and say truly, that we know little about the manner in which this oratorio was actually performed in Handel's time; that "He shall feed his flock" should not be broken by the allotment to the solo contralto and the solo soprano; that "For unto us a child is born" should not be sung pianissimo or even piano, merely for the sake of contrast with the tonal thunder claps that follow. They accept the oratorio in bulk and are prepared to welcome any performance provided it be one of ordinary worth. They know the music; they love it; a performance is to the great majority as a religious service, to be attended devoutly, with a holy joy saddened only by the thought of those who once sat near them but now hear the voice of harpers, harping with their harps, and a new song before the throne.

Let us then listen to "The Messiah" in this spirit, without undue consideration of traditions, questioning about nicety of details, or concern about radical departures in interpretation. The genius of Handel shines in "The Messiah" as in other works of his. This music, all of it, is more familiar than any pages of the other oratorios. The story of the Divine Birth has not been told in tones by any other composer with such simple beauty and overwhelming dignity. Nor has any Christmas Pastoral, not even Bach's, rivalled the strains suggested to Handel by Italian pifferari.

The performance last night was excellent, and keenly appreciated by the large audience. The chorus showed the skilful training of Mr. Mollenhauer. Precision of attack, pure intonation and well balanced sonority of the four choirs have characterized since he has had the leadership the work of this venerable society, venerable only in years. The orchestra accompanied sympathetically. The solo singers were more than adequate; of a much higher rank than have been chosen of late years for this oratorio. The singing of "Come Unto Me" by Mrs. Hudson-Alexander, beautiful in simplicity and true expression of sentiment, will long be remembered.

The performance will be repeated tonight when Mr. Horatio Connell will be the bass. The other solo singers will be the same. The two performances mark the 100th anniversary of the first concert of the society given in King's Chapel, then called Stone Chapel, on the evening of Christmas day, 1815, when "Pieces of sacred music, chiefly from the works of Handel and Haydn" were heard.

"No," said Mr. Golightly, "I am not generous at Christmas through any feeling of benevolence, peace and good-will. I am constitutionally timid, also thrifty. I give Christmas presents to the elevator man, the office boy, the newspaper carrier, the night watchman, the postman, simply because I am afraid of being considered mean. Inwardly I groan at the outlay. I had a long debate with myself as to how much I should contribute to the Porphyry's Christmas box. 'If I send a check,' I said to myself, 'the house committee will appreciate my act; but the deskman and the waiters will never know. If I do not send a check, the house committee will not know whether I drop a bill in the box.' My so-called generosity in other ways, hospitality, call it what you please, is really bravado at one time, at another a fear lest I be called a tight-wad." And with that Mr. Golightly took from his case a long, black cigar that might have come from the Duke of Medina Sidonia's private box, lighted it, and did not offer us one.

Anecdote for Any Day.

When a man was charged yesterday at Willesden with being drunk (an unusual charge in these days) the magistrate inquired: "I am curious to know how you managed it in face of all the restrictions."

"I'm bothered if I know, Sir," was the reply.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Strange Blends.

This reminds us that in English dairies at present a drink of "(hot) milk and honey blest" is called a "Jerusalem-the-golden." A London journalist thinks it must be a temperance modification of Athol brose or porridge, a mixture of whiskey and honey. Boswell thought the brose "good liquor," as was "mahogany," two parts gin and one part treacle, put down by Cornish fishermen. Dr. Johnson insisted Athol brose must be the better, "for both its component parts are better." Do they in Halifax, N. S., still drink a mixture of gin and port? A hardy race.

At Table.

A book of nonsense rhymes for children, small and grown up, with illustrations by George Morrow was published in London in time for the holiday sale. The Pall Mall Gazette found that many of the rhymes had no quality other than nonsense, labored at that. It approved however:

That angel child, sweet Anne Depew,
Fell into the Irish stew;
Her family, quite unsuspicious,
Ate it, and said, "Why it's delicious!"

We quote the quatrain, not because we think it so funny that it would make a man laugh if he were all alone, by himself, in the woods, without a companion to quote from the late Prof. Hannibal's oration; but it leads us to ask if a good old fashioned Irish stew is to be found in any eating house in Boston. Too often in private houses though the inmates may dine off plates of gold—an Irish stew, if the humble dish is allowed, is a poor watery, tasteless mess, with soggy dumplings and potatoes either mush or bullets.

There was an exhibition of old and rare books on cookery in London early this month. Part of Mrs. Joseph Pennell's collection was shown. It did not include "La Pastissier Francois" (1655) an Elzevir that brought about $1200 at the Hoe sale. We should be content with a copy of "The English Housewife" (1631), if only for its treatment of oatmeal. The writer having spoken of its use as a thickener, says: "Also there is made of it both thicke and thin oaten cakes, which are very pleasant in taste and much esteemed; but if it be mixed with fine wheate-meale then it maketh a most dainty oate cake, either thicke or thin, such as no prince in the world but have them served to his table; also this small oat-meale mixed with blood and the Liver of either Sheep Calfe or Swine maketh that pudding which is called the Haggas or Haggus, of whose goodnesse it is vain to boast, because there is hardly to be found a man that doth not affect them. And, lastly, from this small oat-meale by oft steeping it in water and cleansing it and then boyling it to a thick and stiff jelly is made that excellent dish of meate which is so esteemed of in the west parts of this kingdome which they call Wash-brew, and in Cheshire and Lancashire they call it Flamery or Flummery."

Julien's Restorator.

As the World Wags:

I believe I was correct in locating Julien's "restorator" at the corner of Milk and Federal streets. The extension of Congress street which now runs from Milk street to Atlantic avenue was called Atkinson street in my boyhood. I remember attending a circus performance there on what some of my playmates used to call the "Bully Wool," because it had been the site of a wool warehouse, which, when it was burning down, made a most brilliant illumination. Sheridan, the pugilist, had a gymnasium near what is now the corner of Postoffice square and Milk street. He played Rollo in Boston once but did not make a "howling" success in saving Alonzo's child. BAIZE.

Dorchester Centre.

Atkinson street received its name—that is from Milk street to Cow lane—as early as 1732. It was extended to Purchase street through Green's lane in 1788, and extended to Broad street in 1851. The name was changed to Congress street in 1854.—ED.

A Little Belated.

The Daily Chronicle says that the realism of Zola has been invoked by the Government in its fight against alcohol. "'L'Assommoir' paints with a master hand the miseries of drink. The book has been dramatised and is now being played at the State-aided Odeon Theatre."

"L'Assommoir," dramatized by William Busnach and Octave Gastineau, was brought out at the Ambigu-Comique, Paris, on Jan. 18, 1879. Coupeau was played by Gil-Naza. Charles Reade's dramatisation entitled "Drink" had great success in England and in this country; but did it ever lead an excited spectator to forswear alcohol? Did not men, going out between the acts, seek the nearest bar where they praised the play and the acting of Charles Warner? Reade's version was produced in London June 2, 1879. It was produced here at the Boston Theatre Nov. 24, 1879, when Thomas W. Keene, "from the California Theatres, his first appearance in this city," took the part of Coupeau.

Dec 28 1915

JOHN DREW AT

By PHILIP HALE.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE: First performance in Boston of "The Chief," a comedy in three acts by Horace A. Vachell. Played at the Empire Theatre, New York, Nov. 22, 1915.

The Earl of Yester.....John Drew
Lord Arthur Wrexham....Vaughan Trevor
Derek Waring.....George Graham
Trinder.....Walter Soderling
Thomas.....William Barnes
Cynthia Vansittart.....Laura Hope Crews
Daphne Kenyon.....Consuelo Bailey
Mrs. Bargus.....Katherine Stewart
Emily Bargus.....Thais Lawton

Enter Mr. John Drew, who having separated two dogs, shows a disarranged cravat and a rent in one of his usually irreproachable trouser legs. He ties his cravat, repairs the rent with a safety pin and is himself again. Some of his admirers may be shocked at the possibility of such damage to his wardrobe and say that he would not for the world be found with a safety pin on his person. Scorn not the safety pin! We read only a day or two ago that one over three thousand years old and still

[illegible] is shown in some museum. No doubt this fo[illegible] pin was known to the early Egyptians and used by some humorous playwright among them as an applause trap.

The entrance of Mr. Drew may be called farcical but he plays throughout Mr. Vachell's comedy in true comedy vein. That is to say, the audience passes a delightful evening in his company sympathizing with him; now perplexed as he is perplexed; now indignant, and at last supremely happy. Thus the spectators follow his adventures from his entrance until the exit—"to the boat-house."

Mr. Vachell has taken old material, worked it over simply, but gilded it with interesting dialogue, lines that are not contrived merely to excite laughter, not the premeditated good things of a professional diner-out irrespective of the surroundings and the general drift of conversation; but lines, now witty, now humorous, that suit the situation, express the mental attitude of the speaker, and reveal character.

There is little action; there is only one scene that is mildly exciting; yet the interest is maintained throughout. The Earl of Yester, called "the Chief" by his adoring ward Daphne and the Secretary Waring, who is in love with her, is a widower. His wife had made him unhappy through her ambition. Her sister Emily and his mother-in-law, Mrs. Bargus, rule his house. It is the intention of Mrs. Bargus that Emily should marry Yester. An old friend, Cynthia, now a widow, comes to Yester for aid. She and Yester had been in love one with another, but Mrs. Bargus by lying had separated them. Mrs. Bargus believed, and honestly, that Cynthia as a girl was a thief. The story is a simple one, the complications might occur in any English house. It is proposed that Daphne should marry Lord Arthur, "whose windows open at the bottom instead of the top." Kester is persuaded that Daphne refuses the noble lord because she is in love with him, her guardian. Let us not spoil the enjoyment of future spectators. It is at once evident in the second act who really stole the £10 note; that Mrs. Bargus would hold the theft over Cynthia's head, that she and her daughter would be discomfited, that Daphne would marry the man of her choice; that Yester would be rewarded for his confidence.

There is no complexity, there is no illusion; there is no surprise. The enjoyment, and it is genuine, is in watching the characters play their little games and hearing them talk.

We have seldom seen Mr. Drew exhibit so completely the comedian's art that is sometimes mistaken as only a parade of personality. Mr. Drew as Yester gives an admirable impersonation of the good natured, manly, humorously cynical, refined, simple, gentleman. Somewhat pleased with himself, patient with boring and oppressive women, susceptible, yet constant to an early love. He plays the part with lightness, a grace and an elegance that are now uncommon on the American stage with an intelligence, ease and artistic reserve that we are accustomed to associate with French comedians.

Miss Crews has the like intelligence and grace. She has that rare quality, style. Her humor is not forced, her wit is not shot at the spectator as at a target. It is as though she spoke out the thoughts that came to her at the moment, of her own free will; without suggestion of a dramatist, memorizing, the drill of a stage manager. At her ease in action and repose, there is no deliberate adjustment of facial expression, no preconceived gesture. What she does not do is as significant as what she does.

Miss Stewart was effective in an inexorable manner as Mrs. Bargus, but if Mrs. Bargus had been so oppressive, as much of a female brigadier, so outrageously mid-Victorian in speech and deportment, would Yester have given her house-room for so long a time? We doubt it. Miss Bailey was an amusing Daphne, fascinating in her courtship of the secretary and in the wheedling of her guardian, entertaining in pondering the treatise on how to choose a mate and in her assumed hysterics. We all knew at once when Miss Lawton rattled the tea things that she was a woman with remorse gnawing her vitals. Mr Graham played the part of the secretary in manly and winning fashion. Mr. Trevor gave an adequate portrayal of the asinine cad of a lord.

The large audience was greatly pleased.

James K. Hackett and Miss Viola Allen will be at the Hollis Street Theatre on Monday, Jan. 10, in "Macbeth." They will have a strong supporting company and the stage settings will be made by Joseph Urban.

MISS PETERSON'S

The fifth Morning Musicale under the direction of S. Kronberg at the Copley-Plaza took place yesterday. The program was as follows: Miss May Peterson sang the "Bell Song" from "Lakme" and these songs. Schubert, Nacht und [illegible]; E. Wolff, In einem Garten; [illegible]chlin, Aux Temps des Fees; Hue, [illegible] En Reve. Miss Mary Zentay, violinist, who also made her first appearance here played a Larghetto by [illegible], Kreisler's Tambourin Chinois, [illegible] of a Prelude and Al[illegible] by Pugnani and Sarasate's Zapateada. The concert ended with a performance of Emile Bourgeois's little operetta "Mamselle Mariette" by Miss Greta Torpadie and Einar Linden. Elmer Wilson was the pianist.

Miss May Esther Peterson, born in Oshkosh, studied in Chicago, sang in choir and concerts, then went to Florence for lessons from Mme. Barrachia, to Berlin for lessons from George Ferguson. Returning home, she sang in concerts, then went to Paris to study with Jean de Reszke. She made her debut in opera at Vichy in July, 1912, as Manon, and that year and the next appeared in theatres of French towns until in October, 1913, she made her debut in Paris at the Theatre Lyrique at the Gaite in "Lakme" with so much success that she was at once offered a long engagement. In January, 1914, she sang with the Philharmonic Society in Paris, and in July of that year made a six months contract with the management of the Opera Comique to sing leading roles. The war put an end to this engagement.

She has an agreeable voice, fresh and warm. She sang the florid air from "Lakme" with an aplomb that at once inspired confidence. Her staccato passages were clean cut and of pure intonation, and her lightness was never labored. While her voice is at ease in the upper register, the lower tones are firm and well nourished, which is seldom the case with coloratura singers. Pleasing as a singer, she pleased also as in interpreter of the Lieder.

Miss Zantay, a young Hungarian violinist, who have attracted attention in Berlin and London, played with indisputable gusto and marked strength. Her tone, however, was too often rough, not to say course.

Miss Torpadie and Mr. Linden gave a pleasing interpretation in costume of Bourgeois's little comedy with music.

The next musicale will be on next Monday morning when Mme. Sundelius, soprano; Miss Kathleen Parlow, violinist; Miss Germaine Schnitzer, pianist and Albert Janpolski, baritone, will take part.

As the year is drawing toward its end, let us turn our thoughts from vain and foolish things, from victuals and drink, from eating horses and split infinitives, from what play actresses may say, and consider the lives of famous men, benefactors of the world, shining lights in their own day and generation, now, alas faintly remembered or clean forgotten.

Let us bring back to life for a moment the once celebrated Mr. Martin Van Butchell, surgeon dentist of Mount street, Berkeley square, London.

Full Setts.

Mr. Van Butchell's biographer informs us that as groom of the chambers for nine years to the Viscountess Talbot he saved enough money to pursue his favorite studies. "The human teeth accidentally became a principal object of his attention, through the breaking of one of his own." As a dentist he became so successful that for a complete set he was known to have received 80 guineas. One of his patients, dying, insisted that he only after her decease fix and replace the teeth in her head which he had made for her while living. "We cannot say that to obviate the stiffness that seizes the jaws, that it was necessary for him to begin his operations before the body was cold; but every one should know that it is necessary to take an artificial set of teeth out of the mouth every night on going to sleep and sometimes to steep them in water to preserve their whiteness; of course there is not the least improbability of the removal of this lady's teeth during her illness, and consequently her wish to have them handsomely restored after her decease was probably only for the reason urged by Mr. Pope's lady, 'One would not sure look frightful when one's dead.'"

All in White.

But Mr. Van Butchell, of an inventive mind, was not content with dentistry; he became eminent as a maker of trusses and the curer of a certain annoying and painful disease. He also made spring-waistcoats or a spencer to act instead of suspenders. "This kind of spring-waistcoat he now wears, or rather his shirt, his waistcoat, his breeches and stockings are all in one piece or contexture of elastic worsted, all white from head to foot, which, contrasted with his bushy beard, had one time nearly thrown, not a lady, but the stouter heart of a gentleman, into a degree of terror approaching nearly to fainting. This occurred in consequence of the former going into Van Butchell's stable when he was standing behind the door, and as it happened, without his coat, having at the same time a white cap on and being without his boots."

A Loving Show.

He was a loving husband. On account of the extreme affection he bore his first wife, he determined that she should never be buried. "Accordingly, with the assistance and direction of Dr. Hunter, the celebrated anatomist, after embalming the body he kept her in her wedding clothes a considerable time in the parlor of his own house, which, on that account, had the honor of being visited by great numbers of the nobility and gentry who soon found that, though it was quite foreign to the intention of Mr. Van Butchell to make a show of his deceased wife, some consideration would not be a disagreeable return for the trouble and attendance which these visits occasioned." There were malicious persons who said this resolution of keeping his wife unburied was occasioned by a clause in the marriage settlement disposing of certain property while she remained above ground. This, however, is certain; she was finally buried.

He imposed certain conditions on the women who were so fortunate in turn to wed him. He gave each the choice of black and white in clothes. After they had made it, he would not allow them to change the color. It was his inflexible rule that he should always dine by himself, and his wife and children should dine by themselves. It was his custom to call his children unto him by whistling.

Whims and Caprices.

Other habits of Mr. Van Butchell might seem odd to the conventionally disposed. Thus, he used to walk about the streets with a large Otaheitan tooth or bone in his hand; but some said it was the jawbone of an ass. A string fastened to his wrist this implement, which he carried to deter rude boys from insulting him. He bought a white pony. He gave it fluted shoes, and sometimes he would paint it all purple, "sometimes with purple spots, other times with black spots, and with streaks and circles upon his face and hinder parts; and of these various colors, he says, each spot costs him a guinea." Blessed with this world's goods, he nevertheless would sell apples, nuts, gingerbread and half-penny cakes to children at his house door. The biographer writing in 1803 says that Mr. Van Butchell's beard had not been cut or shaved since 1791; "his hat is shallow and narrow-brimmed, and though originally black, is now almost white with age; his coat, a kind of russet brown, he has also worn a number of years, with an old pair of boots the color of his hat." He would sometimes be seen shaking a bottle with medicines in it for an hour together at his own door. He dressed his younger children in calico. It was not his wish to visit any patient. He refused 1000 guineas and free carriage from the wife of a sick gentleman eminent in the law. When once a footman dared to take Mr. Van Butchell by the beard, he paid for his temerity with the fracture of a rib, done by a sudden blow with an umbrella which the venerable man fortunately was carrying. The grateful patients mentioned in his advertisements were not non-entities, men of straw. "On the contrary, speaking as we have found, they are not only living, but rejoicing—they seem to consider themselves as almost raised from the dead—translated from the dreary regions of despair to those of joy and hope, and as having commenced a new existence; they, therefore, speak of their benefactor, not merely in terms of grntitude, but often in those of rapture."

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—"A Full House," a farce in three acts by Fred Jackson. First performance in Boston:

Parkes	Edger Norton
Susie	May Vokes
Ottilie Howell	Elizabeth Nelson
Miss Winnecker	Maud Turner Gordon
Daphne Charters	Dorothy Gordon
Nicholas King	Herbert Corthell
Ned Pembroke	Thomas Emory
George Howell	George Parsons
Dougherty	C. W. Goodrich
Jim Mooney	Hugh Cameron
Clancy	John McDaniels
Mrs. Fleming	Leah Winslow
Vera Vernon	Bernice Buck
Mrs. Pembroke	Isabelle Winloche

"A Full House" is the second play with a poker title which Mr. Frazee has lately presented in Boston. Like "A Pair of Sixes" it is contrived solely for the purpose of exciting laughter. It has the same elements of popularity and will no doubt enjoy an equally long and prosperous run.

This farce concerns the adventures of a stolen ruby necklace. It disappears from Mrs. Pembroke's dressing table in Boston, falls into the possession of a highly respectable lawyer during a train wreck, for a time rests within the stocking of a New York housemaid, who hopes by means of the promised reward to return to Sioux City, and is ultimately restored to its rightful owner.

The author has handled his theme ingeniously and amusing incidents follow each other in rapid succession, leading to a wildly hilarious climax. Hysterical ladies flutter about the stage and play an important part in the denouement. Mrs. Howell's husband, a lawyer, has left his bride of one day ostensibly to go to Cleveland on an important case. In reality he has undertaken to wrest the amorous correspondence of his friend, Ned Pembroke, from the vice-like grip of Miss Vera Vernon, a show girl of Boston, that the young man may with reasonable safety propose to Mrs. Howell's sister.

Unfortunately his companion in the sleeper has just laid violent hands on the ruby necklace. When the train is wrecked Mr. Howell mistakes King's suit case for his own. Once at home his secret is soon out and Mrs. Howell thinks her husband a burglar. Her sister is scarcely less agitated when young Pembroke, now her betrothed, confesses his part in the adventure. Then there is an excitable suburban aunt. Susie, the housemaid, takes matters into her hands and calls the police. Mrs. Fleming, who rented the apartment to the Howells, seeks to have such undesirable tenants forcibly ejected. Miss Vernon, showing signs of intelligence, comes on blackmail bent. The plot thickens and the snowball of complications and merriment grows. A comic English butler, capitally played by Mr. Norton, and a joyous Irish policeman lend variety. Nor should Mr. King, the wily second-story worker, be overlooked. The various situations are funny, the business is clever, there are smart lines which excite immediate and hearty laughter.

The company acted in true farcical spirit and at a rapid pace. Miss Vokes, as Susie, the housemaid, amused with her shrewd art in characterization, her voice, her make-up, her shambling gait, her many familiar mannerisms. Mr. Parsons, remembered for his work in "Seven Keys to Baldpate," was in the picture as Howell. Mr. Corthell, as the burglar, greatly pleased the audience. Miss Nelson was attractive in negligee Miss Buck, next to Miss Vokes, the most engrossing woman on the stage, played Vera Vernon with delightful nonchalance and a true sense of humor. Her slang was rich and rare and used with naivete and abandon. Of the minor characters Mr. Norton Parkes was conspicuous for its merits. To him fell many fat lines and the actor made his points neatly without exaggeration.

A very large audience laughed heartily through the evening. The farce is a most appropriate entertainment for the holiday season.

TREMONT THEATRE — Julian Eltinge in "Cousin Lucy," comedy with music, in three acts; book by Charles Klein, music by Jerome Kern and Ted Ward, lyrics by Edward Grossmith. First time in Boston:

Mister	Dallas Welford
Klayburgh	Edward Davis
Horace Holden	Austin Webb
Mrs. Hilary Bronson	Mabel Acker
Hilary Bronson	Mark Smith
Jerry Jackson	Julian Eltinge
Queeny	Jane Oaker
James Baldwin	Ned Burton
Angela Baldwin	Ruth Gartland
Dorothy Walbrook	Beverly West
Miss Henshaw	Nina Melville
Della	Irene Palmer
Mrs. Wallingford	Mrs. Stuart Robson
Clarice	Lillian Ormonde
Broad	J. W. Ashley

Julian Eltinge came back to his home town last evening in by all odds the best vehicle for his remarkable talents which he has had since he went on the stage as a professional. It is the best, for several reasons. It has a story, not a namby-pamby story, but a cleverly conceived, neatly developed plot, with just enough elasticity to permit Mr. Eltinge to appear very charmingly as a stunning young woman, or to rip off his wig and play the very manly man he is in propria persona. Secondly, it numbers several unusually adept character players in the cast, who add zest to the performance when Mr. Eltinge is off the stage, getting into new gowns. Thirdly, it has appropriate musical accompaniment, not dragged in detachedly, but flowing into the action with the purling effect that a tiny brook merges into a pond of clean, clear water.

"Cousin Lucy," is clean; it has many lines which are explosively idiomatic and at worst, characteristically American; but it cannot be said that in any of the three acts there is any intimation of double meaning in a vicious or even over-subtle sense. In fact, Mr. Eltinge is rather a stickler for playing the game, and possibly that is one reason why his audience discloses as many enthusiasts among the gentler sex as among the more discriminating males.

In brief, Mr. Eltinge, in the play, is Jerry Jackson, masquerading as his cousin Lucy. In his latest escapade, before his pseudo-death, Jerry has become entangled with one Queeny Belmont, who, on the announcement of his death in the far West, comes to claim his estate, as his wife, which she never was. There is a complication on about life insurance, which Jerry first collects as cousin Lucy and then restores to the company to save his face; and there is a fanciful little love theme which germinates in Jerry's apartment, flits to Mme. Lucette's dressmaking establishment, and finally rests confidingly and contentedly in Jerry's apartment, in the third act, of course. Meantime Jerry, as Lucy, has an opportunity to wear a series of stunning gowns—and how he—she can wear them!

In a graceful curtain speech at the end of the second act Mr. Eltinge referred to his first appearance in the Tremont Theatre, which marked his first appearance on the stage as well, in one of the earlier plays produced by the cadets. He did not state whether it was "Baron Humbug" or "Three Little Maids," and we, with no records at hand, are in doubt. However, the highest possible praise is due to this young man, who found then and there that he could do some one thing well, and proceeded to do it a little better as each season and as increased opportunity and scope came to him. Today there is no one on the professional stage who can impersonate a woman,

[illegible] old feminine [illegible] which [illegible] from a fluttering [illegible] when lingerie and yet send [illegible] way without the slightest [illegible] nance, as can Julian [illegible] His artistry in his specific [illegible] able.

[illegible] word for the musical numbers, [illegible] the greater part sound very [illegible] Mr. Kern, a writer of odd and [illegible] Mr Kern had his task [illegible] music to Mr Eltinge's [illegible] vocal range as a [illegible] His three songs, "Those [illegible] Eyes," "Call on Me," and "[illegible] are Better Than One" are [illegible] in the character of cousin [illegible] they are so deftly modulated [illegible] make no strain of Mr. Eltinge's voice, while they as surely re[illegible] qualities. There also are [illegible] other numbers, "At Your Ser[illegible]" by Mr Smith, "Sometimes [illegible] Comes True," by Miss Mel[illegible] "Summertime," by Mr. El[illegible] and an ensemble of 10 girls. The [illegible] musical number is a specialty [illegible] Keep Going," by the Misses [illegible] and Langdon.

[illegible] Walford, as the bewildered [illegible] a part from which he ex[illegible] every ounce of droll humor. Mr Smith was a fine foil for Mr. Eltinge and for Miss A[illegible]ker whose Mrs. Bronson [illegible] finished bit, and Mr Burton played the role of the wealthy Californian, who was enamoured of "Cousin [illegible]" without touching the extremes of fatuousness, which were easily within reach. Miss Oaker, in the rather difficult role of Queeny, a lady of marital adventureousness but not a bad sort at heart, deserves rich commendation; and Miss Robson as the flashy nouveau-riche widow gave the adequate characterization which might have been expected of such an experienced actress. In short, it is an excellent cast in support of a [illegible]ely brilliant star in a thoroughly delightful comedy.

At the Tremont Theatre on Monday, Jan 1[illegible] "Daddy Long Legs" will be given with Henry Miller and Ruth Chatterton.

AT B. F. KEITH'S

Miss Elizabeth Murray, who has won success on the legitimate stage, was heard in a group of dialect songs and recitations at B. F. Keith's Theatre last evening. Miss Murray imitates all dialects well and is particularly successful with the Irish brogue. Her appearance is very attractive.

Walter Brower has a monologue that is far removed from the conventional. A plausible and comely youth, he has a style that is suggestive of extemporaneous speech. Much of his talk is so pointed and follows so quickly over a previous point that the audience is at times bewildered. He balances his act nicely by offering a sentimental bit at its conclusion that makes a nice contrast.

Other numbers on the bill were the uproariously funny bicycle act of Charlie Ahearn and company; Gus Van and Joe Schenck in a singing act that was a good outlet for some nice dialect work; Bud Fisher, the newspaper cartoonist; Margaret Braun and company in the musical satire, "The Married Ladies' Club"; Homer Mills and Helen Ray, who appeared here for the first time in "An Innocent Bystander," a comedy sketch with a unique melodramatic theme suggestive of the main idea of "Stop Thief"; the latter act was so good as to incline one to welcome them again; and Betty Bond and Jimmy Carson, in a dainty musical act.

Dec 29 1915

Mr. Roger Askem of Springfield asked on Christmas day whether the word "gripman" meant scene-shifter in the theatre. He also asked about a "dictionary of drama terminology."

We referred him to Arthur Pougin's "Dictionnaire du Theatre," as far as France is concerned. He will find a "glossary," that is, a little dictionary of theatre terms at the end of Mr. Brett Page's "Writing for Vaudeville," published in Springfield. The glossary defines "grip". "The man who sets scenery or 'grips' it." We mourn the absence of "ham" and "hamfatter."

"Invincible," Etc.

As the World Wags:

I read lately in some newspaper about the folly of giving bombastic names, "Invincible," "Terror," "Indomitable," and the like to battleeships, which it now seems may be easily sent to the bottom by a mine or a torpedo. I was then reminded of a passage in "The Devil's Law Case," a "tragecomedy," by John Webster, published in 1623.

Romello, a Neapolitan merchant, is telling Arioeto, an advocate, about the loss of his three ships.

Ari—Come, come, come.
You gave those ships most strange, most dreadful,
And unfortunate names; I never look'd they'd prosper.
Rom. Is there any ill omen in giving names to ships?
Ari. Did you not call one "The [illegible]'s Defiance,"
Another "The Scourge of the Sea," and the third,
"The Great Leviathan"?
Rom. Very right, sir.
Ari. Very devilish names
All three of them; and surely I think
They were curs'd in their very cradles. I do mean;
When they were upon their stocks.

GEORGE P. BOLIVAR.

Beverly, Dec. 27.

"I'd Be a Parody."

Some one in San Diego, Cal., has been reading Miss Amy Lowell's "Patterns," published in the Little Review. He cannot understand why Mr. W. S. Braithwaite pronounces it "The greatest poem of the year"; and he is disturbed, for he takes Mr. Braithwaite seriously, as though he spoke while seated on a tripod or as a solemn voice coming from the recesses of a sacred grove. The San Diego doubter quotes these lines:

I walk down the garden paths, and all the daffodils are blowing, and the bright blue squills. I walk down the patterned garden paths in my stiff brocaded gown, with my powdered hair and jeweled fan. I, too, am a rare pattern. As I wander down the garden paths.

and is moved to parody them:

I walk down the windy street, and all the shortest skirts are blowing, revealing silken hosiery. I walk down the crowded windy street in my brand new overcoat, with my clean-shaved face and walking-stick. I, too, am a rare old bird. As I wander down the windy street.

But is this parody published in the San Diego Union of Dec. 19 really funny? To our mind it is not so funny as the wish of the writer "to show you how far the grand daughter of the poet, who wrote the Biglow Papers, can deviate from the conscious humor of her grandsire."

For "M. L. S." Dec. 23.

As the World Wags:

Somehow "the celebrated French humorist Rabelais" sounds to me like the well-known Roman politician Julius Caesar, or the popular British dramatist, Mr. William Shakespeare. I don't know why, perhaps something is wrong with my tympanum.

But what does "M. L. S." mean by the "boy"? I rode once more, last night, with Gargantua to Paris, sitting behind him on the huge mare, and devil a word did I hear about a boy. I watched the trees go down as that terrible tail swished; but was reminded more of a Margaret Foley tongue-lashing than of any "feminine court attendants." I helped Gargantua filch the bells and hang them around the mare's neck, but I didn't see any "peal restored." I listened to the harangue of Master Janotus de Bragmardo, but I didn't see the mare fed on the bells restored. What "M. L. S." says is interesting, but it fails to ring true. I would suggest that he review "The Book." It is worthy of it.

Comes to my mind, for some reason, a contribution some months ago dealing generically with ardent spirits, and specifically with mead. In the context it bore reference to a well known character, one "Panzaglobа." Apropos of that letter I wrote a learned dissertation involving a highly logical argument and arriving at an irrefutable conclusion. The conclusion was the waste basket where the article promptly went to press.

Let us turn aside from this painful subject. A few days ago you spoke of things you rather wouldn't drink out of than a tin dipper. This sentence is put in this way merely to show that there are other ways of writing rotten English besides splitting infinitives. Well—you overlooked one thing. Those flat paper cups that come in envelopes in Pullman cars. You can't stand them up while you "mix your drink," and even if you get it mixed you are liable to cut your lips drinking it. They are enough to make "Spiritus Frumenti" change his name.

Medford, Dec. 24. H. J. L.

The "boy" was Gargantua. "M. L. S." asked whom Gargantua personified. Yes, the bells were restored. "And that the cougher might not be puft up with vainglory, by thinking the bells were restored at his request, they sent . . . for the major of the city, the rector of the faculty and the vicar of the church unto whom they resolved to deliver the bells before the sophister had propounded his commission. . . . The bells put up again in their own place, the citizens of Paris, in acknowledgment of this courtesy, offered to maintain and feed his mare as long as he pleased, which Gargantua took in good part and they sent her to graze in the forest of Biere. I think she is not there now." Peal: "Also a set of bells."—Ed.

Dec 30 1915

Strange all this difference should be
'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee.

From the Orchestra.

As the World Wags:

By the apparent unfairness of the criticism contained in the article headed "An Old Complaint," I am tempted to write a few words which would also interest the public who have, or have not, heard the concert of the Cecilia Society.

The members of the Boston Symphony orchestra, who played at the concert, are charged with inefficiency, carelessness and indifference. "They paid almost no attention to the conductor, who is a conductor, not merely a time-beater."

A conductor, who is a conductor, should in rehearsing establish his authority, so that strict attention to his baton is imperative; as to beating actually correct time, this is not at all a secondary matter.

My opinion is that the conductor of the "Cecilia" had no fair chance to prepare the concert in one rehearsal; especially as some important solo singers could not attend.

Dr. Muck would probably have had three rehearsals for such an important work, and would have calculated sharply on the proper dynamics, especially as the hall is a small one for a chorus and orchestra.

G. H. C. says "mistakes were noticeable to the veriest amateur in the audience."

This is generally the case, but it takes more than an amateur to properly locate the blame. CARL BARTH.

Boston, Dec. 25.

AUTHOR! AUTHOR!

C. L. H. of Brookline writes, enclosing some verses published in the Transcript many years ago. She asks the name of the author.

A TRUE BOSTONIAN.

A mortal once to heaven went
To whom the saint, as he drew near
Said, "Sir, what do you represent
On earth to be admitted here?"

"In Boston I was born and bred,
And in her schools was educated.
I afterwards at Harvard read,
And was with honors graduated.

"At Trinity a pew I own
Where Brooks is held in such respect,
And whose parishioners are known
To be the cream of the elect.

"In fair Nahant, that favored spot,
I own a villa and arcades.
I also have a burial lot
In sad Mount Auburn's hallowed shades."

St. Peter mused, and shook his head,
Then, as a gentle sigh he drew,
"Go back to Boston, friend," he said;
"Heaven is not good enough for you."

Incomplete.

The World records the death of Mr. Edward Baker, "famed 20 years ago in Williamsburgh as the champion pie eater." We are told that his singular ability won him weekly engagements in the local theatres, but his digestion failed in time; he went down hill and died a charity patient. Well and good; but we are not told how many pies he ate at one sitting when he was at the zenith of his fame and—digestion.

A python 28 feet long is suffering at the Lincoln Park Zoo, Chicago, from whooping cough. But how many feet are whooping?

War Notes.

A British soldier fighting in Flanders was brought to the hospital wounded in the right groin. The surgeon dug out the projectile and also these articles in the order named: Blade of the man's pocket knife, bone haft of the knife, calico button of the right hand trouser pocket, the projectile, "the screw ring of the head of a German shell, and the thread was as perfect as the day it left Krupp's." The man recovered.

The war is said to be putting an end in England to mourning note paper. A London journalist, who answers all questions, can name off-hand the inventor of the stomach pump and tell the weight of Orion's belt, says that the earliest example of mourning note paper is a letter written by Lord Donne, on Jan. 5, 1683, asking a friend to attend the funeral of the Countess of Moray, his mother. In the eyes of some, deep-edged mourning paper is repulsively ostentatious.

"Since the war, men's dressing gowns and pyjamas have been transformed into things of beauty." The "latest" takes a damascened form. The jacket is cut extremely low with lapels of black silk. Pyjamas, and always with a "y!" Mr. George Moore wrote fantastically about them in his "Lovers of Orelay," but the reader will not find the passage or the account of the quest of pyjamas in "Memoirs of My Dead Life" as published in this country; he must send to London for Mr. Heinemann's edition, the original one. "Pyjamas," says Mr. Moore, "redeem us from the shame of the nightshirt." Yet, there are some, and deep thinkers are among them, who still prefer the old-fashioned night gown, the "nightie" of their childhood. They say that the pyjama cord hurts the waist; that trousers bunch or slip down to their discomfort.

Zealously patriotic Englishmen and Englishwomen refuse to buy eau-de-Cologne, thinking it to be a German invention; but we are informed that the invention was by an Italian physician of the 15th century, who was experimenting on some other object. His "restorative water" was found to have a sweet odor. Formulas for eau-de-Cologne may be found in that invaluable book, Cooley's "The Toilet and Cosmetic Arts," a volume that should be on every "perfect lady's" dressing table. A paragraph in fine print (page 565) informs us that "a very large quantity is consumed by ladies in high life as a cordial and stimulant to drive away the vapors and to perfume the breath. For this purpose it is [illegible] sweetened with sugar, or taken on sugar." On the Cape thirsty men in dry villages prefer bay rum or Jamaica ginger as a steady drink.

The scarcity of willow wood in St. Louis delays manufacturers of artificial legs in filling orders for the injured in war. Miss Kilmansegg, it will be remembered, frowned on a leg of wood or cork.

Wood indeed, in forest or park,
With its sylvan honors and feudal bark,
Is an aristocratical article;
But split and sawn, and tracked about town,
Serving all needs of pauper or clown,
Trod on! Staggered on! Wood cut down
Is vulgar—fibre and partical,
And cork! When the noble cork-tree shades
A lovely group of Castilian maids,
'Tis a thing for a song or sonnet!—
But cork, as it stops the bottle of gin,
Or bungs the beer—the small beer—in,
It pierched her heart like a corking pin,
To think of standing upon it!

Dec 31 1915

The object of music is to promote affability and to incite a gentlemanlike joy.

"G. L. C." Answers.

As the World Wags:

I hold Mr. Carl Barth of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in high regard as a conscientious musician, but in his letter published in The Herald yesterday he evades the point.

In my letter, which you published on Christmas day, I spoke of the carelessness and indifference shown by members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Cecilia concert. Mr. Barth answers that Mr. Clifton, the conductor, had only one rehearsal. All the more reason, then, that the players should have done their utmost to insure a good performance. His reply reminds me of the old choir loft rule: If a singer makes a mistake or breaks down, let him turn round and scowl at the organist, so that the congregation may know who was to blame.

I repeat, players at the Cecilia concert —I do not say all of them—were not so watchful, not so careful, as they should have been; some took the matter lightly, as was shown by their behavior on the stage.

It was so when the Cecilia was conducted by Mr. Lang; it was so at the concerts conducted by his successors in turn. Mr. Clifton is a capable conductor, who has ideas about interpretation. An orchestra with pride in its work and artistic appreciation of the music performed would gladly follow his directions. If there were only one rehearsal, it would at least do the best it could, and not play in a lethargic and sometimes slovenly manner. G. L. C.

Boston, Dec. 30.

"Propeller" Davis.

As the World Wags:

In 1857 "Propeller" Davis, his name being Thomas, had a printing office on Washington street, nearly opposite School street, the sign reading "Propeller Printing Office." I was commencing business for myself at that date and Davis did some printing for me. He was a breezy fellow and often came into Bixby's express office, then at 10 Court square, to solicit printing. The cognomen of "Propeller," I was told, had been a name he used in writing for some of the Boston dailies. Stern wheelers at that time were called propellers.

GEO. O. DURGIN.

Exeter, N. H., Dec. 24.

Concerning the Onion.

First class in vegetables.

Teacher. Who probably first mentioned the onion in poetry?

Bright-eyed Willie. Homer. In his Iliad, the fair Hecamed prepares a potion for the wounded Machaon. "She put a brass fruit dish, in which she serv'd a wholesome onion cut for pittance to the potion, and honey newly wrought, and bread, the fruit of sacred meal." And Niceratus says in the Banquet of Xenophon: "The same Homer says somewhere that an onion relishes well with a bottle. Now let some of your servants bring an onion, and you will see with what pleasure you drink. I know very well, said Charmides, what he means; Niceratus, gentlemen, thinks deeper than you imagine. He would willingly go home with the scent of an onion in his mouth that his wife may not be jealous or suspect he has been kissing abroad. A very good thought, said Socrates." And Callias added that onions are good to prepare people for the day of battle and inspire courage. "You know they feed cocks so against they fight."

For Rummagers.

As the World Wags:

Mr. George P. Bolivar of Beverly recently alluded in this column to John Webster's play, "The Devil's Law Case." Perhaps he can explain a passage in this drama.

Romello, disguised as a Jewish physician, stabs Contarino, who had been previously wounded so badly that the surgeons shook their heads. Romello, purposing to kill him, performs an operation that saves his life.

His steel has lighted in the former wound
And made free passage for the congeal'd blood;
Observe in what abundance it delivers the putrefaction.

The other surgeon says:

Why, this is like one I have heard of in England,
Was cured a' th' gout, by being rack'd i' th' tower.

Is there any historical foundation fo[illegible]

...s. Although the scene of the play is ...aples, there are allusions to events ...ncerning England, as the massacre of ...e English by the Dutch at Amboyne, ...d the episode of the Countess of Nottingham and the ring.

LUCIEN B. HENDERSON.

Boston, Dec. 29.

The Household Physician.

Holly berries have their use, especially after Christmas dinners. In old times they were taken internally to cure the vapors, the spleen, and other followers of stomach stuffing. The dose was 10 berries taken before breakfast. We recommend this prescription, although we have never had the courage to test it. If in doubt, write to good old Doc Evans.

Squabash.

As the World Wags:

"Squabash" is in the Standard dictionary. It is used in the preface to the second edition of the "Ingoldsby Legends." It means to crush. Is it not probably the origin of "kibosh"?

ANON.

Boston, Dec. 27.

The word was used 25 years before this preface was published. Prof. Wilson probably invented it and used it as noun and verb in Blackwood's. There is also the word "squabasher." Sir Walter Scott knew the value of "squabash." Here are two quotations of more than ordinary interest: Pall Mall Gazette, 1886 "Mr. Ruskin is right in saying that J. S. Mill has been squabashed." Blackwood's Magazine, 1841: Sidney Smith, squabasher of the cowardly invention of the ballot box. Something in our heart tells us that "squabash"—a combination of "squash" and "bash"—has nothing in common with "kibosh" in respect to derivation.

An Improving Anecdote.

Alexander I. of Russia employed a professional cutter of quill pens and expected to have at least 100 quills always ready, for he never used the same pen twice. If he wrote only his name, the pen was tossed aside. This cutter of quills received a salary of $1700 a year and journeyed with his master, even in the campaign against Napoleon.

Jan 1916

Mr. Schelling Plays 21 Variations of Theme, His Inspiration Drawn from Many Sources.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 10th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Brahms, Symphony No. 3, F major, Schelling, Impressions (from an Artist's Life), in Form of Variations on an Original Theme, for orchestra and piano (first performance); Rimsky-Korsakoff, Caprice on Spanish Themes. Mr. Schelling was the pianist.

Mr. Schelling is not one of those who say confidently that the day of variations is long past. Twenty-one variations on his original theme were played yesterday, and we suspect him of having more in manuscript, for evidently the task was a congenial one, and his invention is fertile. Tschaikowsky wrote a set of variations for a chamber work to portray certain habits and the general character of Nicholas Rubinstein. A deep-thinking German pictured the nature, amusements and opinions of Johannes Brahms in a set of orchestral variations. We are also familiar in Boston with orchestral variations by Elgar in which he painted musically some of his friends and acquaintances.

The variations of Mr. Schelling were written during the last two years with the sound of the Boston Symphony orchestra in his ears, the timbre of the strings, the timbre of the wood-wind, and with the thought of its conductor and certain virtuosos in the band. But other persons, certain events, certain places kindled his fancy. The variations he has annotated briefly. Some of the persons identified by initials are Dr. Muck, Mr. Longy, Mme. Pavlowa, Mr. Paderewski, Mr. Kreisler. There are variations in memory of Mahler and Pfitzner. A lagoon in North Carolina sugested one, a view of the Wartburg in 1915 another.

The theme, suggested by the Boston Symphony orchestra, as is the first variation, is in the unusual key of G sharp minor. The choice by some, especially violinists, who are obliged to play in this key, might be thought fantastical. The variations are even more fantastical. As a whole, here is a virtuoso piece intended to display the brilliance of the orchestra and the skill of certain individual players. The French in the slang of studio would say that this music is "amusing," but there are serious pages and there are pages of great beauty in a simple form as the oboe solo, the viola solo, "Polska," with [illegible] Paderewski, and [illegible] "Lagoon." The most impressive variation is the one marked "August, 1914." It pictures the rush of the German army through Belgium, the despair and agony of the outraged country. And at the end of this singularly powerful page the plain song of the "Dies Irae" is introduced in a striking manner. So too, the final variation, with the Lutheran Choral, rises above the merely fantastical. As a purely humorous variation the one entitled "Erin," is ingenious. Let us hope that no "patriot" may class it in his condemnation with Synge's "Playboy of the Western World."

A composer that in these days writes 21 orchestral variations gives hostages to fortune. No matter how great his technical skill, how cunning his invention, his work will seem, on the surface at least, episodic, scrappy. The average hearer will be little interested in the transformations of the theme; his attention will be directed to rhythms, melodic figures, effects of color, purely sensuous impressions. Furthermore the variation-maker, the more earnest his purpose, runs the risk of wearying the hearer, especially if the latter listens by rule of thumb, misses count in the numbering, and then flounders in perplexity.

Mr. Schelling, however, has shown genuine fancy, with a touch here and there of fantastical that is not displeasing in its wildness; he has also shown in several variations poetic imagination and a sense of the dramatic, as in "August, 1914." We have spoken of variations of pure beauty. It would be an agreeable task to dwell on certain musical harmonic effects, on the delightful extravagance of "Erin," on the composer's peculiar instrumentation. If the variations in memory of Pfitzner and of Mahler seemed less successful than others, it is perhaps because we know too little of the music by these composers.

The performance was an orchestral triumph. Nor should praise be given alone to Messrs. Longy, Ferir, Sand and other players of solos, charming as their playing was; the whole orchestra covered itself with glory.

Dr. Muck gave a remarkable reading of Brahms's symphony. He brought out a bitterness, a sullen despair, not wholly lost in the final pages of resignation, acceptance of Fate that have passed unnoticed in former performances. While there was an expression, when necessary, of the tenderness that is akin to melancholy, the reading on the whole was more masculine and more defiant than those to which we have been accustomed. Rimsky-Korsakoff's Caprice is dimmed by the gorgeous coloring of Chabrier. Debussy and Ravel remembering Spain.

There will be no concerts next week. The program of those on Jan. 14 and 15 will be as follows: Kelly, New England Symphony (first time here), a Suite of Gluck's dance music, Cherubini's overture to "Anacreon." Mme. Melba will sing Handel's "Sweet Bird" and two airs from "Le Nozze di Figaro."

> O for a draught of vintage! that hath been
> Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,
> Tasting of Flora and the country green,
> Dance, and Provencal song, and sunburnt mirth!

Strange Blends.

As the World Wags.

"Never mix your drinks" is good advice. If the Haligonians of old drank gin and port mixed, they were, indeed, a hardy race. I once met a mighty man of the northern stock who put a "stick" of rum in a glass of beer and swallowed the mixture without a grimace. Can human endurance go further?

In the autobiography of Benjamin Robert Haydon, historical painter, we are told that John Keats "was scarcely sober for six weeks," and that "he covered his tongue and throat as far as he could reach with cayenne pepper, in order to appreciate the delicious coldness of claret in all its glory." In justice to Keats it must be told that Cowden Clarke indignantly denied Haydon's statement. Clarke, however, admitted certain "convivialities" in the poet's circle of friends, and Keats hints at an occasional "good time" in his "Lines on the Mermaid Tavern":

> Souls of poets dead and gone,
> What Elysium have ye known,
> Happy field or mossy cavern,
> Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?
> Have ye tippled drink more fine
> Than mine host's Canary wine?

Perhaps, after all, it wasn't the Quarterly that killed John?

Imagine Mr. Golightly's astonishment if in reply to his genial "What will you have, Auger?" Mr. Auger should say: "Cayenne pepper and claret, Eugene." And what would the dignified waiter at the aristocratic Porphyry think of Auger!

MICHAEL FITZGERALD.

East Brewster, Dec. 23.

Keats liked his claret cold. There are references to this taste in his letters: "Please heaven, a little claret wine cool out of a cellar a mile deep." "'Tis the only palate affair that I am at all sensual in. . . . It fills one's mouth with a gushing freshness—then goes down cool and feverless. . . . Other wines of a heavy and spirituous nature transform a man into a Silenus: this makes him a Hermes—and gives a woman the soul and immortality of an Ariadne, for whom Bacchus always kept a good cellar of claret—and even of that he could never persuade her to take above two cups. I said this same claret is the only palate passion I have—I forgot game—I must plead guilty to the breast of a partridge, the back of a hare, the backbone of a grouse, the wing and side of a pheasant, and a woodcock passion." He wrote to his brother George, who was living in this country, of a claret feast: "We all got a little tipsy, but pleasantly so, I enjoy claret to a degree." Keats nowhere in his letters speaks of the red pepper trick. Mr. Herkimer Johnson once informed us that as an earnest student of sociology he had red-peppered his ale and the result was not wholly unpleasant. Dr. Maguire thought that tap-claret tastes best out of a pewter pot. He doubted whether any red wine should be iced at all. "Burgundy, unquestionably, never should." As for claret, "it is always quite sufficient to wrap a wet towel (or perhaps a wisp of wet straw is better still) about the bottle and put it in the draft of a shady window for a couple of hours." This should not surprise us. Deep thinkers often err. What is to be said of Charles Astor Bristed's proposition that champagne should be diluted one third or one half with iced water? By the way, we were unaware that the Porphyry is an "aristocratic" club. We were under the impression that it is a "free and easy joint."—Ed.

As the World Wags:

In last Sunday's Herald appeared the statement that the first performance of the second part of "Henry IV." in New York was at the New Theatre. The performance took place at the Park Theatre, which had just been rebuilt and was doubtless called the new Park Theatre. The playhouse was burned in May, 1820, having caught fire from the wadding of a gun fired during the performance of Major Noah's drama of "The Siege of Tripoli." The wadding lodged in the scenery and smouldered there unperceived, and the fire was not discovered until after the audience had left the theatre. A similar accident later caused the destruction of the Howard Athenaeum here.

It may be interesting to note that at the first performance of the second part in America in Philadelphia in 1804, the father of William Warren, the comedian of the Boston Museum, played Falstaff and was remarkably successful in his portrayal of the fat knight. So far as known, Samuel Phelps is the only actor who ever doubled the part of Falstaff with another character in the play.

J. B. CLAPP.

Dorchester, Dec. 28.

The statement about the performance at the "New Theatre" was in the advance notice of a coming performance of the second part of "Henry IV." by a dramatic association of Harvard students.—Ed.

Oberammergau.

The Sioux City Sunday Journal of Oct. 3 stated that Anton Lang, the Christ of the Passion Play at Oberammergau, had been killed in battle. He abhorred war, and was forced into the conflict. The Herald published the story as then told, and remarked that it had not seen any allusion to the death of Lang in any other American journal or any foreign newspaper.

"S. B. W." now writes with regard to Lang: "This recalls the old story of the prophecy that the Passion Play would continue to be given at Oberammergau as long as the cross remained standing on the mountain nearby. Unless I am mistaken, the cross was struck by lightning and overturned just before the last performance two or three years ago. As I am uncertain of dates and facts it might be interesting to look them up."

A Comedian's End.

Mr. Fred Stone, the comedian, has just received a letter from a friend in London, telling the circumstances of James Blakeley's death. It seems that Blakeley, who first came to this country in "The School Girl" (1904), and later in "The Little Cherub" and "The Girls of Gottenburg," was playing in London. He stepped out in the street between the acts to watch a Zeppelin. A bomb fell on a housetop nearby. The shock was so great that it affected the comedian's heart and he died two days later.

Jan 2 1916

Mr. Carl Van Vechten is the author of seven essays collected in a volume of 168 pages, published by G. Schirmer, New York. The essays are entitled: Music After the Great War; Music for Museums? The Secret of the Russian Ballet, Igor Strawinsky, Massenet and Women; Stage Decoration as a Fine Art, Adolphe Appia and Gordon Craig.

For the text of his first essay Mr. Van Vechten takes a declaration made by Leo Stein that the war will put an end to the cubists, futurists and other gentry that have been making a stir and causing the bourgeois to sit up in rage or alarm. Mr. Van Vechten, speculating on the effect of the war upon composers of music, neatly puts in packages the works that have hitherto attracted attention, and labels them for the convenience of antiquarians to come. He believes that music after the war will be "newer," more primitive than it was in July, 1914. "There will be plenty of disharmonies, foreshadowed by Schoenberg and Strawinsky, let loose on our ears, but in spite of the protests of Mr. Runciman, I submit that these disharmonies are a steady progression from Wagner, and not a freakish whim of an abnormal devil. I do not predict a return to Mozart as one result of the war."

Mr. Van Vechten says that it is apparent to anyone but the oldest inhabitant that Wagner's music dramas are aging rapidly. The public is no longer greatly interested in them. One reason of this is the foolish recognition of the "Master's tradition" invented chiefly by Wagner's widow. "All of it is guaranteed to put the Wagner plays rapidly in a class with the operas of Donizetti and Bellini, stalking-horses for prima donnas trained in a certain school." Having thus disposed of Wagner, Mr. Van Vechten dismisses German music as having passed its zenith. There is only Humperdinck in opera, and he has written only one successful work, "Haensel und Gretel," which is "folk music with Wagnerian orchestration." Wolf-Ferrari, half-German, is not conspicuous for originality of treatment. Even his "Vita Nuova" is archaic, a musical Cimabue or Giotto. Richard Strauss has nothing more to say; he is "assuredly not postbellum." The names of Bruckner, Reger, Mahler are easily passed by. There is a possibility of Korngold doing something.

Then there is Schoenberg, a torchbearer, also a stone in the architecture of music, not an accidental decoration. These comparisons are Mr. Van Vechten's—we would not rob him of them for the world.

The musical invention of the past two decades has come from France. Erik Satie is of immense importance as an indication, though not important in himself. Debussy is a high water mark "'L'Apres-midi d'un Faune' is certainly post-Wagnerian in a sense that 'Salome' is not"; but Debussy's latest works are not epoch-making. Ravel has written lovely music. "Vincent dIndy—has he written a vibrant note since 'Istar'?" Has Mr. Van Vechten heard d'Indy's symphony in B flat, his later orchestral pieces? Charpentier's "Julien" is "a rehash of 'Louise.'" Yes, but unfortunately much of it was made before "Louise." "Charpentier will never compose another stirring phrase, that is written in the stars."

Look at Italy. "Puccini's work is accomplished. * * * You will find the germ of all that is best in Puccini in 'Manon Lescaut,' an early work. After that theer is repetition and misdirection of energy." Spare us, O ruthless iconoclast, spare us "Boheme." There is promise in Zandonai. Perhaps Spain may yet tinkle her castanets to some purpose.

There has been no real composer in England since Arthur Sullivan, though Cyril Scott is interesting. "I once spent a most frightful afternoon—at least nearly all of an afternoon—listening to Elgar's violin concerto, and I remember a dreadfully dull symphony, that sounded as if it were played on a throbbing organ at vespers in a dark church on a hot Sunday afternoon." Irving Berlin is a greater genius than Sir Edward Elgar.

The American composer has not been neglected, but why dwell on this subject? "I shall not hesitate on the music of America, because in a country that has no ante-bellum music—one cannot speak with too great enthusiasm of Ethelbert Nevin and Edward MacDowell—there is no immediate promise of important development."

"Orchestral works by Paine, Hadley, Converse and others are heard almost as soon as they are composed." We are delighted to hear that Prof. Paine is still composing; that conductors, native and imported, smile on his orchestral works. We were under the impression that Prof. Paine died in 1906.

In Finland there is Sibelius and for Poland there is Karol Szymanowski; but it is to Russia that we must turn for "the inspiration and a great deal of the execution of our post-bellum music." Above all, to Igor Stravinsky "perhaps the greatest of the musicians of the immediate future."

Thus and with an enviable confidence—enviable because as the years pass some of us are not so cock-sure of everything as we were in the brave days and in a garret—Mr. Van Vechten draws up the catalogue of his likes and dislikes. On a memorable occasion Mr. George Moore said to Mr. Andrew Lang. "I prefer claret to port." "Oh, do you? I like port better." Perhaps it was the other way round; but the parable will serve. For the benefit of ambitious young composers in this country we quote Mr. Van Vechten's final words: "The new music will not come from England, certainly not from America, not from France, not from Germany, but from the land of the steppes—a gradual return to that orientalism in style which may be one of the gifts of culture, which an invasion from the far east may impose on us some time in the next century." Beware the Slav! Beware the yellow peril, oh, young composer now meditating a great American work! Or, if you are nothing daunted, shout for "preparedness," buy a gun, and drill, with resolute face turned toward the Pacific coast.

Concerts do not always please Mr. Van

Vechten. Much of the music played or sung is only fit for museums. If an orchestra plays Mozart's music it makes a little too much of it. "Voi che sapete" would "probably sound very well on mandolins. The Anglican church has found it well adapted for hymnal purposes, as any one knows who has heard 'Adeste Fideles.'" So "Adeste Fideles" is adapted from Cherubino's song! This is one of the most important discoveries of the 20th century. The Nobel prize has been awarded to men less worthy.

Mozart, Bach and Gluck stand the test of frequent repetition better than Beethoven. * * * The very limited attendance on which our symphony orchestras may count is largely made up of middle-aged people who are never contemptuous of familiarity." A modern symphony orchestra ought not to be allowed to play more than one Beethoven symphony a season. When an orchestra "ambles idly through Brahms and Bach it occupies the same place in the world's affairs that the museum does." In fact, symphony concerts in this country are museums. "The audiences are shameless, so-called music-lovers, who dawdle through endless repetitions of the 'Euryanthe' overture, and who whisper exquisite trifles to one another about the delights of an audition of a Mozart symphony. Really, there is nothing so smug, so snobbish, to be found in the world as the audience of a symphony society, unless it be a string-quartet audience. Beside these groups you find operagoers are simple human beings."

"At a recent concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra in New York"—this essay was written in January, 1915—"Dr. Muck dared to place three unfamiliar works on the program. (God knows this was an unusual proceeding.) Not one of these was formidable; not one of them new, except to those comfortable ladies and gentlemen who have sat through concerts devoted to Beethoven and Bach so long that they should know the tunes by heart. Yet the protests were many and loud. I think Dr. Muck really stirred up an interest in music by this procedure."

Chamber music should be played at home, as the title indicates. "It is music intended to be played at home, music intended to be played, not to be listened to, except, perhaps, by some doting members of the performers' families. * * * The string quartet plays in the very dustiest part of the museum in which 'modern' concerts are given. Its audiences are fanatics who have gone mad over an old religion." But stay! Mr. Van Vechten is interested in Schoenberg, and Schoenberg is best known here by his chamber music. As for the poor critics—by the way, was not Mr. Van Vechten also in Arcadia?—they are "the cataloguers of the museum, and as each set of performers takes out an old doll and makes its arms and legs wobble, and teases it to cry 'Mamma,' they express their delight or displeasure over the results."

It will be seen that the first two essays in this volume might come under the head "Amusing." We recommend the essays on the Russian ballet, Strawinsky and stage decoration to all those purposing to see the performances of the visiting Diaghileff Ballet Russe next month at the Boston Opera House. Mr. Van Vechten, who has seen many of the performances in Europe, writes about them with a pleasing enthusiasm. Of this company, he says, to those who ignorantly think it only an aggregation of virtuosi, the ultimate goals of the management are cohesiveness and general pictorial effect. A representative performance does not depend on any particular dancer. The ballet in a large sense is a picture exhibition. It, on its decorative side, is entirely responsible for the riot of color which has spread over the western world in clothes and house furnishings. * * * George Bernard Shaw did not stretch the truth when he said that for the past five years the Russian ballet has furnished the sole inspiration for fashions in women's dress." Furthermore this ballet has brought some of the most anarchistic of modern composers before the public.

Mr. Van Vechten explains that the action of the ballet with DeBussy's music "L'Apres-midi d'un Faune" is a prelude to the wonderings of Mallarme's faun; it is a short scene that precedes Mallarme's poem: A faun is asleep; Nymphs dupe him; a scarf left behind satisfies his dream; the curtain then falls for the poem to begin in the minds of all. When Nijinsky first mimed this prelude, Paris was shocked. He changed his performance; but according to Mr. Van Vechten he soon returned to his original conception.

There is an interesting study of Nijinsky's art, and of Tamara Karsavina's. Of the latter, Mr. Van Vechten says, Her beauty has not the subtle quality of the more gifted Anna Pavlowa." "She fits more perfectly into an ensemble scheme than Pavlowa, who was once a member of this organization herself. She is delicate and flower like and she suggests vice with a great degree of verisimilitude. Her Salome, with the painted roses on her nude knees and breasts, is a fragile bit of decadence. As the temptress Queen of "The Golden Cock" she suggests the strange perverted power of a Kundry, an Astarte, or a Loreley." He finds her portrayal of the ultimate emotions of Potiphar's wife "a little unconvincing."

The study of Strawinsky is carefully made and highly eulogistic. But here is a stumbling block. "From Moussorgsky to Strawinsky is not a step, especially if you refer to the original text of 'Boris Godounoff' and not the Rimsky-Korsakoff version." Has Mr. Van Vechten seen the original edition of "Boris"? If he has he is a lucky man. Mr. Toscanini once told us that he hoped to visit Debussy in Paris if only to see this score, for he had been informed that Debussy had it. We have not yet met with any one that has seen it. Strawinsky's music has strongly affected Mr. Van Vechten. "I remember one passage"—he is speaking of "The Sacrifice to the Spring" —"in which the entire corps of dancers is engaged in shivering, trembling from head to toe, to music which trembles also. It makes my flesh creep even to think of it again." So Strawinsky is Dickens's Fat Boy in the musical world.

Mr. Van Vechten speaks of the "Five" Russians as choosing in most instances, Russian subjects for their operas. He should have said that Cesar Cui, who was most strenuous in insisting on national subjects, chose for his own operas librettos derived from Heine, Victor Hugo, Maupassant and Richepin.

The essay on Massenet and women is an annotated catalogue of noble operatic dames. Writing the essay, he drew fully on the composer's "Souvenirs."

In the essays on stage decoration and Appia Mr. Van Vechten discusses Gordon Craig, Leon Bakst and other designers of stage scenery and effects. He quotes, as if approving Gordon Craig's "now famous description of the decorations for 'Macbeth': 'I see two things. I see a lofty and steep rock, and I see the moist cloud which envelops the head of this rock. That is to say, a place for fierce and warlike men to inhabit, a place for phantoms to nest in.'" But how does this description fit Shakespeare's tragedy? Do we think reading the play or seeing a performance of this lofty rock, moist cloud, etc.? No. There is, first of all, an open place, the heath, where the three witches meet Macbeth. Contrast Mr. Craig's "lofty and steep rock," a place for warlike men, with Duncan's words entering Macbeth's castle: "This castle hath a pleasant seat."

Amalia Strakosch, an older sister of Adelina Patti, and the wife of Maurice Strakosch, died in Paris on Dec. 12.

Mrs. Abner S. Brady, a sister-in-law of Adelina Patti and Amalia, died in New York, Dec. 14. She sang in concert under her maiden name, Nully Pieris. Her second husband was Carlo Patti.

There is a curious account of the Patti family in Gottschalk's fascinating "Notes of a Pianist," a book that should be much better known than it is. The passage now quoted was written in June, 1863. Mme. Strakosch was then touring with him. Gottschalk wrote:

"She possesses a very agreeable contralto voice, a sympathetic appearance, and a popular name, three conditions of success, enhanced, in her case, by distinguished manners and a private life which the tongue of slander has never assailed. The family of the Pattis is truly a dynasty of distinguished singers. The father, Salvator Patti, was still 20 years ago an excellent tenor di forza. His wife (the mother of Adelina) a fiery lyric tragic actress, of the name of Barili (she was first married to Signor Barili) is still celebrated in Portugal, Spain, and Naples, where she achieved some great triumphs. I said that she was a fiery actress. She sometimes had transports not always connected with art, and, it is reported, several times allowed herself to be carried away into violent apostrophes against the audience for not listening to her with all the attention and respect due to her talent. A very worthy woman otherwise. These freaks were readily forgiven, thanks to her fine voice and to her large black eyes, which Adelina has inherited. Her eldest daughter Clotilde Barili (deceased some four or five years ago) was eminently successful in New York and all Spanish America, particularly at Lima and San Francisco. Her sons, Ettore Barili, a distinguished baritone; Antonio, a basso profundo, and Nicolo Barili, basso cantante, bravely maintained the reputation of the family. The children of the second marriage (Patti) are, Amalia Patti, married to Maurice Strakosch, a very distinguished pianist, whose charming compositions deserve to be better known; Carlotta, whose extraordinary voice and marvelous agility have set wild the United States, and are just now exciting in London a second edition of the enthusiasm which Adelina has gained there. After Carlotta came Carlo and Adelina; the last Europe is already acquainted with; as to Carlo, he is a fine fellow, rather Bohemian, as his adventurous temper has led him to California and Mexico (where he played the violin in a very remarkable manner); to New York, where he sang, married, and divorced (he was then 17 years of age); to Memphis, where, after having been the hero of gallant adventures, he remarried, it is said, enlisted as private in the Southern army, became musical leader, was killed and resuscitated in many battle bulletins, and is as well today as all the other Pattis, who, to so many privileges add that of never being sick. What a family! Do you know as many in art whose coats-of-arms are worth as much as those that I have just enumerated?"

When "Ernani" was performed at the Astor Place Opera House, New York, Nov. 22, 1847, Antonio Barili was the director. Amalia Patti made her appearance as Agnese in "Beatrice di Tenda" Dec. 1 of that year. The Beatrice was Clotilda Barili. The mother of Clotilda, and the Patti sisters and son, Catrina Barili-Patti made her debut at this opera house, Jan. 28, 1848, as Romeo, to the Juliet of Clotilda.

Carlotta Patti, born at Florence in 1840, died at Paris in 1889.

Carlo, born at Madrid in 1842, one year before Adelina, was conductor at the New Orleans Opera House, afterward at New York, and the Wakeful Opera House in St. Louis. He died at St. Louis in 1873.

Richard Grant White describes the Mother Catarina—some spell her Christian name Catrina; others—Caterina—in Romeo. "Notwithstanding the lack of freshness in her voice, she delighted the most appreciative part of her audience by her splendid and truly imposing display of the grand style in the old Italian school of singing." He heard her again in 1851 as Norma. "It was the last time that the grand old Italian school of singing was heard in America. I am inclined to think it has never since been heard even in Europe—that large simplicity of manner, severe, and yet not hard; that thoroughness, that constantly present sense of the decorum of art, died out before we, who were brought up on Donizetti and on Verdi, came to the enjoyment of operatic delights. Catarina Barili-Patti, the eminent mother of a still more eminent daughter, uttered the last notes of an expiring school, and closed her own career in the town in which Adelina Patti, her child, but not her pupil, began her splendid course of triumph as the most brilliant vocalist of her day."

Carlotta Patti, although lame, sang in opera. She made her appearance in New York in 1862 as Amina, with Sbriglia as the tenor, she sang Lucia with Brignoli and in "I Puritani" that season. We heard her at the Academy of Music, New York, in the fall of 1868, as the queen of night in "The Magic Flute." A good many years afterward, we heard her in concert. Her voice was brilliant, but metallic. Her singing of florid music was dazzling in its accuracy and dash. In concert, one of her favorite airs was the laughing song from Auber's "Manon Lescaut."

Vachell's New Play and Other Stage Notes

Mr. Vachell's new play "Who Is He?" (The Haymarket, London, Dec. 9) was described as having been "very freely adapted from a novel by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes." The Pall Mall Gazette at once asked: "Why this further mystery about the novel's name? Was it a ruse to make people rush to the libraries to read them all? Clever somebody! The present writer happens to know the novel, but would not for worlds spoil sport, or the increase in Mrs. Lowndes's circulation—particularly in that of a story of hers called 'The Lodger'—by giving away the secret. As it happens, there is really no need whatever, the whole thing is just Mr. Ainley in another shy part—and a play. The play is by no means perfect. Still, it is bright, and will serve, and Mr. Ainsley is simply wonderful." The story, it seems, is a blend of "The Great Adventure," and "No. 5, John Street," with murders thrown in. Lord Twyford, somewhat eccentric, nervous, was jilted, so he hid himself under a false name in Bloomsbury. Going out only at night he gave penny buns and half-crowns to "members of the submerged tenth. About that time there were horrible murders of poor girls. Jack the Ripper is here called "The Avenger." The mysterious lodger was nearly arrested as the murderer. Meanwhile he fell in love with a fellow-lodger, a young "typist-authoress." He disclosed his name when he found out that he was suspected. "Landlord, landlady, police inspector, and all are duly overcome at the mere thought of having suspected a real live peer." The "typist-authoress" becomes Lady Twyford. "It is quite a light affair. Even with Mr. Ainley as the shy young peer, some may doubt if Mr. Vachell was wise in making four fairly long acts of a story that might easily have been compressed into one, and which needs a certain amount of stretching to keep one's curiosity thoroughly alive even for three. As it is, the last act is very like a piece of sheer farce tacked on to the end of a very charming comedy. * * * There is an excellent litter cluster of characters, brightly written and brightly acted, though nothing would have availed much without Mr. Ainsley. * * * Altogether a very satisfactory Haymarket play; not great, but light and clever and wholesome, and just the thing in wartime."

The London Chronicle, reviewing Matheson Lang's revival of "The Merchant of Venice" thinks that Miss Hutin Britton could have dispensed with all her pains to make Portia girlish in the early scenes. "The mistress of Belmont needs no such meretricious charms. She should have manner and not manners. Miss Britton made amends in the court scene. Here she played Portia in the buoyant spirit of the boyish hose she had donned."

"The Two Gentlemen of Verona" was revised by the Royal Academy of Music, London, Dec. 9, '10. As the academy now suffers, "as it is only right it should suffer," from a lack of young men, many of the masculine roles were allotted to female players. "It was a little startling at first perhaps when a heavily bearded Antonio began to speak in female accents, high and clear, but upon the whole, the play did not suffer by this unorthodox casting, while one could not be too grateful for being spared a spectacle, which is particularly unpleasant nowadays, that of a number of healthy young men spending their time in play-acting."

Apropos of Mr. Lang's revival of "The Merchant of Venice," the London Times remarked: "Conspicuous among the St. James's audience were a row or two of schoolgirls, who, lucky creatures, were evidently making their first acquaintance with 'The Merchant of Venice' on the stage. They went into fits of laughter when poor, blind, old Gobbo mistook Launcelot's back hair for a beard, and shrilly applauded when Portia so ingeniously turned the tables upon the bloodthirsty Shylock. That is the way we should all try to enjoy our Shakespeare in, if we were wise, instead of making a fuss over new 'readings' or minute details of mise-en-scene. The trouble is that at every successive Shakespearian performance a long vista of previous recollections gets in the way of our simple pleasure and spoils what should have been a whole-hearted surrender to the romance or the fierce passion or the mere fun of the moment. The players, too, are in much the same case, embarrassed by the past, racking their brains in the effort to depart from it, tempted even to purchase novelty at the price of extravagance or absurdity. . . . The true test for a Shylock (as for so many other famous parts) is: Does the actor speak the lines not only as if he felt them, but as if they were the spontaneous expression of his feelings just at that moment being coined into words for the first time. . . . The Portia of Miss Hutin Britton is quite pleasant; none of your dreamy, die-away, romantic Portias, but a practical little body with a strong sense of fun. Perhaps, however, the lady of Belmont, when she is at Belmont, should be a little more of the grande dame."

Mr. H. B. Irving intervenes in the "Sunday variety shows" controversy to remind us that while music is permissible and "scenes of wild buffoonery and lurid passion on the cinematograph," it is forbidden to perform a play of Shakespeare on a Sunday. The crux of this matter—if the dreary Sunday is finally accepted as a thing of the past—is the question of Sunday labor. But that is a difficulty which should not prove insurmountable. It is absurd to cater for particular tastes. We should like to see perfect freedom in the matter, always reserving, of course, the veto of decency and order. Soldiers with Sunday leave can spend it in one of two ways. Why should they not be encouraged to spend it harmlessly?—Pall Mall Gazette, Dec. 16.

The Irish Treatre Out of Debt

Mr. W. B. Yeats lectured early last month in London on "The Irish Theatre and Other Matters." Through the energy of Lady Cunard the Irish Theatre, he announced, is now out of debt. Mr. Thomas Beecham, who introduced the lecturer, said that the Irish Theatre was the most remarkable phenomenon the British theatre had seen for 200 years. It was not yet fully understood. In the Irish Theatre was found drama in English with an entirely new touch, an entirely new spirit, a touch of Moliere, something more than English, and it was the first appearance for over 300 years in English literature of that spirit.

Mr. Yeats stated that the debt of the Irish Theatre had not been due to mismanagement or carelessness. Their building came into the market. If they had not bought it, their entrance to the pit could have been cut off. They then spent £1200. Then the war came. Now the debt was paid and they could carry on through the war. Outlining the history of the theatre, which was inaugurated about the time the Sicilian players came into existence, he told of the group engaged in offices and workshops who organized and played in a coffee palace of Dublin. There was a desire for Irish plays by Irish players. They took a hall that held about 30. From that they were driven out in cold weather for want of a stove. "Had they produced propagandist plays of any kind in Dublin they would have been bad plays. The great work was the complete piece. Time could add nothing, detract nothing. Ireland then read nothing. Ireland was one of the least sentimental and most passionate countries in the world. There was a real natural culture, and they studied the desires of the people and surmounted their difficulties, Lady Gregory finding them a home in the Abbey Theatre."

In connection with this, it is interesting to note the comments of Arthur Lynch in a recently published book. He tells about the discovery of Deirdre, queen or goddess, as a needed heroine. "Deirdre had been so long dead that little was known against her family. So A. E. rediscovered her. Mr. Yeats wrote a ghostly drama around Deirdre and Synge gave us another. And now every budding Irish dramatist in full sail for the conquest of fame must pass the Cape of Deirdre." Lynch liked Synge and dislikes Yeats. Even toward Synge he shows the malice of a friend. Witness this story:

"It happened that about the period of the ascendency of Mr. Yeats there came to my house in Paris an Irishman of the

school w... ...e suggested me rather the ... of the fields of ...n than the subtleties of taste. He ...ed me, however, with an earnest ... and said 'Th... d...e puttin' on ...e plays in Du... now...days!'

"I replied 'Ah' ...h e...uraging in...nation.

"'Yes,' he continued, 'very quare plays. ...ey do be puttin' on plays where the boy from the country kills his da.'

"'That seems wrong.'

"'Yes. And they make us out to be nothing but coat-throats, and murderers, and dijinirates.'

"'What on earth do they mean by doing that?'

"'They calls it—ART!'

"He uttered this word after a pause, and with a peculiar solemn emphasis, and my honest friend had a look in his eyes as if he too was sounding the infinite space to know the secret of a term that produced, that excused, and that explained so much."

Notes of Musical Life in London

This is not the time, as all will agree, for the making of complaints, but there exist certain abuses which seem to call for complaint, even if they are derived fundamentally from the state of affairs at present existing. A correspondent has written to me to say that at the last Royal Philharmonic concert he had just begun to be interested in Vincent d'Indy's work that was being played when an attendant calmly walked down the gangway with a tray of tea and biscuits, which was passed over six or seven people to a couple of young men. These two proceeded to drink their tea to the French composer's music; but the attendant was not yet done with, for in a few moments she returned armed with boxes of chocolates, which she offered ... ... of the audience. My correspondent asks if this is not overstepping the bounds of hospitality, especially as the society do not provide the tea.

I agree, though I did not see the event. But during the season of promenade concerts last autumn I protested vigorously against the chocolate maidens, whose peripatetic wanderings round the auditorium of the Queen's Hall during the actual performance of the music were of a most disturbing nature. In the good old days of the promenades, before the war, there would have been an outcry had a humble smoker so far forgotten himself as to strike a match during a performance, and even when there were nomads wandering about at intervals of musical silence, as it were, they were provided, not with chocolate creams, but with small full-scores of the music about to be played. No doubt the grievance of my correspondent, which seems a real one, will be remedied in future. Somehow, I feel that if I were asked to pass tea along to someone in the middle of the row my emotion might possibly get the better of me. Tea and D'Indy seems even now in the secrecy of my own chamber somewhat to stir the emotions. Horrible!—Daily Telegraph, Dec. 7.

Truly there is nothing new under the sun. Mr. Isidore de Lara's recent suggestion for a new style of chamber music, to be organized by giving to each instrument of a string quartet a separate human existence, as it were, was anticipated a good many years ago by an old-fellow student of my own—the American composer, Templeton Strong. I have lying before me the score of a most amusing and musically interesting trio for two violins and viola, which is played by the Flonzaley folk. Here the underlying idea is of a Beethovenish, irascible old musical direcor with a couple of pupils. The finale of the trio is called the Fugue lesson; the master delivers the subject and the pupils respond with the most hair-raising "answers." The old buffer falls asleep (a true touch, this: it is precisely what one of my own masters was wont to do in Leipzig during the lesson!) but is rudely awakened by the unruly pupils, and there is a rumpus. The trio is a capital example of humor in music, a rare feature in modern music. I commend it to Mr de Lara as an "awful" example either of what should or what should not be done after his suggestion! The "Music Student" are agents for the trio.—Daily Telegraph.

A Slavonic musical festival in aid of the Serbian relief fund was held in London on Dec. 15. There were four sections: Czech, Polish, Serbian and Russian. The Russian "Credo" was sung by Mme. d'Alvarez to the music of Gretchaninoff, while the accompaniment was sung sotto voce by the ensemble of soloists and the London Choral Society. Unfamiliar pieces were a Serbian overture, "Equinizio," by Stanslau Binicki, and songs by Milojevic.

Miss Alys Bateman, at her concert on Dec. 7 for the fund of blinded soldiers and sailors, brought out a violin sonata by Akimenko. Other Russian music not familiar in London was by Slonov, Kolneman, Trailin and Jacobson.

There are two very distinct Bachs. One is the composer familiar to us from childhood by performances that used to be described as "conscientious." The other is the tone poet revealed by more modern interpreters and by such writers as Pirro and Schweitzer.—Pall Mall Gazette, Dec. 11.

Moving Pictures and the Modern Mob

Forbes-Robertson, the actor, thinks that the movies have reached the climax of their popularity. Prof. Muensterberg, the eminent Harvard psychologist, on the other hand, is of the opinion that their vogue has not yet begun. Prof. Muensterberg is not always accurate in his psychological deductions, but in this instance I think he speaks with authority, although his reasons for his conclusions are not mine. Water seeks its level. The mob can rise no higher than its collective intelligence. The Greek mob could rise to the level of Sophocles, Euripides, Aeschylus and Aristophanes; the Roman mob was up to the plane of Plautus and Terence; there was a French mob that knew the beauties of Moliere; the English groundlings of Elizabeth's time could appreciate the genius of Shakespeare and Marlowe and Ben Jonson; the modern mob in America and England has degenerated from those high standards; they cannot see the play save through the interpretation of the player. Shakespeare, for example, is for them a sealed book until it is opened for them by a Forbes-Robertson. In America the taste of the mob has been corrupted by musical comedy and vaudeville and slapstick melodrama. The American mob has reverted to its childhood love of make-believe in pantomime. Action is the essence of all drama because mankind has never departed from the first principles of its being. The mob on occasion has been educated to a higher standard of dramatic appreciation—as I have previously explained; but in the intervals it has lapsed, finding its supreme delight in inexplicable dumb shows and noise. The movies fit precisely with the mood and intelligence of the modern mob. It is not altogether the cheapness of the new-fangled show that accounts for its vast popularity, although that inducement must be taken into consideration. The real reason for the prevailing phenomenon is its exact accordance with the understanding of the mob. If the greatest plays ever written were presented in the spoken drama at the price of a movie the mob would desert the theatre to see the same thing on the screens of the film shop.

My chief objection to the moving photographs is the explanatory written stuff which the scenario makers find necessary to throw on the screens. It was not so in the old pantomime. The story of the original dumb show fitted the action and the action told the story. So it should be in the movies; but it isn't—I have seen many picture plays that would have been absolutely unintelligible if the "inserts" had been omitted, and these interpolations were so frequent that the pictures could have been omitted without spoiling the plot of the play. In some of the plays, however, the written stuff was so illegible that I didn't get the drift of the drama after all. Wherefore I conclude that while Prof. Muensterberg may be right in his statement that the movies have not yet reached the climax of their popularity, and while Forbes-Robertson is probably wrong in the contrary opinion, the art of photoplaying, such as it is, lacks much of dramatic requirement even within its own possibilities and limitations. The superior excellence of the spoken drama may be conveyed in the axiomatic statement that its silences are more eloquent than its oral utterances, while verbal utterances in the picture play are fetters upon free action as annoying and inartistic as digressions, asides, soliloquies and repetitions in the living drama of the legitimate stage.—San Diego—(Cal.) Union, Dec. 19.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3.30 P. M. Fritz Kreisler's second violin recital. See special notice.

MONDAY—Copley-Plaza, 11 A. M. Sixth morning musicale. Mme. Marie Sundelius, soprano, will sing "Depuis le Jour" from "Louise," two Swedish songs by Petterson and one by Grieg. Miss Kathleen Parlow, violinist, will play the Air from Goldmark's concerto, the Variations on a theme of Corelli, a Polonaise by Wieniawsky and a Nocturne by Chopin. The selections of Mme. Germaine Schnitzer, pianist, are: Mendelssohn, Prelude, op. 104, No. 1; Chopin, Etude, op. 25, No. 2; Schubert, Military March; Strauss, Schulz Evler, Blue Danube Waltz. Albert Janpolski, baritone, will sing two songs by Gretchaninoff and four Russian folk songs.

TUESDAY—Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Third concert of the Kneisel Quartet. Sibelius, Quartet in D minor, Voces Intimae, five movements, op. 56 (first time here); Strauss, Piano Quartet in C minor, op. 13 (Ossip Gabrilowitsch, pianist); Beethoven, Quartet in G major, op. 18, No. 2.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Lee Pattison's piano recital. Beethoven, Rondo in G major; 32 variations; Sonata, op. 101; Chopin, Nocturne, op. 62, No. 2, Scherzo in B minor, Chant Polonais, Fantasy; Scriabin, Etude, op. 42, No. 1; Ravel, Sonatina, Liszt, Rhapsody, No. 13 (Rakoczy March).

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Mme. Julia Culp's second song recital. Schubert, Suleika I., Suleika II., Klaerchen's Lied, Des Maedchen's Lied, Ellen's Third song (Ave Maria); Franz, Widmung, Mutter, O sing mich zur Ruh', Fruehlingsgedraenge; Cornelius, Untreu, Ein Ton, Ein Veilchen; Brahms, Wenn du nur zuweilen laechelst, Therese, Auf dem See, Es steht ein Lind, Wie Komm' ich denn zur Thuer herein, Der Schmied. Conrad V. Bos will be the pianist.

KREISLER GIVES SECOND CONCERT

Fritz Kreisler gave his second concert of the season yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall. Carl Lamson was the accompanist. The program was as follows: Bach, Suite, E minor; Schumann, Fantasy, C major, op. 131; Romance, A major; Vieuxtemps, Concerto No. 2, F sharp minor; Weber, Larghetto; Schubert, Movement Musical; Mozart, Rondo, G major; Godowsky, Valse Macabre, "Wienerisch"; Cartier, La Chasse; Kreisler, Berceuse Romantique; Dvorak-Kreisler, Slavonic Fantasy.

It was stated on the program that Mr. Kreisler repeated his revised edition of Schumann's Fantasy, which he played here in November by request. In spite of the violinist's admirable performance a second hearing did not alter first impressions, nor persuade some listeners that the work is either interesting or brilliant.

Vieuxtemps' concerto was a feature of the afternoon, played with Mr. Kreisler's familiar and melting quality of tone, his poetic phrasing, polished execution, fire and brilliance. In this, and in the shorter pieces, Mr. Kreisler was at his best. Schubert's Movement Musical, which aroused pleasurable memories of Miss Piaskovitzka and her joyous sister nymphs, Cartier's La Chasse and the violinist's own exquisite Berceuse were repeated. Godowsky's Valse Macabre has character, individuality and distinction, but his "Wienerisch," written in gayer mood, will no doubt be more popular.

There was the usual very large and enthusiastic audience. Many sat upon the stage and others stood. Mr. Kreisler displayed his customary graciousness in adding to the program. He will play again on Sunday afternoon, Jan. 30.

The concert next Sunday afternoon will be by Mme. Emmy Destinn, soprano, assisted by Joseph Malkin, 'cellist, and an orchestra of Symphony players conducted by Ernest Schmidt.

Owing to a demand for evening concerts at Symphony Hall and the inability to provide seats for the great numbers who wish to hear Mme. Melba with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, she will give a concert at Symphony Hall on Monday evening, Jan. 17. Mme. Melba will be assisted by Mr. Percy Grainger, pianist.

Jan. 1911

"Ferdinand Lopez of Castegnede, historiographer to the King of Portugal, in the eighth book of his Chronicle relateth that Nonnio de Cugne, being Viceroy at the Indies in the year 1536 there was a man brought unto him as a thing worthy of admiration, for that it was averred by good proofs and sufficient testimony he was three hundred and forty years old. He remembered he had seen that city wherein he had dwelt unpeopled, being then, when he spake of it, one of the chief cities in all the East Indies. He had grown young again four times, changing his white hair, and recovering his new teeth. When the Viceroy saw him, he then had the hair of his head and beard black; although he had not much; and there being by chance a physician at the time present, the Viceroy desired him to feel the old man's pulse; which he found as good and as strong as a young man in the prime of his age. This man was born in the realm of Bengal, and did affirm, that he had at times near seven hundred wives, whereof some were dead, and some were put away. The King of Portugal being told of this wonder, did often inquire, and had yearly news of him by the fleet which came from thence. He lived above three hundred and seventy years."

The choir will now sing "There was an old man of Bengal."

The king was Joam III, called the Pious King. Under him Camoens was born, and this was the time when Portugal reached the zenith of her fame; it was her golden age. For "Nonnio de Cugne" read Nuno La Cunha, who after glorious service in the East fell victim to slander and, ordered home in irons, died off the Cape. When the chaplain asked him if his body should be carried home, he replied: "Since God hath been pleased thus to send me afloat, let the sea be my grave: Earth hath so badly received my services that she refuseth me a tomb." And in his will he directed that the price of the iron that sank his corpse should be paid to Don Joam as the only debt lying on his conscience.

De Senectute.

As regards the old man whom Cunha saw at Diu, we learn from other grave authorities that he was then attended by his little son, a sprightly boy of eighty years. The Portuguese confirmed the pension that had been awarded by Bahudar Shah. The old man died "after his 400th year." There have been many venerable men among the Hindus, ranging from one hundred and twenty to three hundred and eighty. Varthema at Reamu conversed with many persons who were more than 125 years old. He attributed this longevity to the climate, "which here is most perfect and singular," but Hindus have declared that they can prolong life by hibernation.

Is it not possible that Mr. Herkimer Johnson is now in some winter retreat? We have not heard from him for many weeks. And where is Percival Smallweed, Esq.? Has the wedding ceremony been performed? At the beginning of the year let us think cheerfully of old age. Let us banish from our minds the old song once heard in minstrel shows: "I'm Not So Young as I Used to Be." Let there be no mention of hardening arteries, quisby kidneys, faint hearts and reluctant livers. Jones, a glass of wine with you, sir! Robinson, may you live to be a hundred, sound in brain and limbs! Brown, may we all be there to celebrate that birthday, pewter tankard in hand, joy and hope in our hearts!

Boastful Names.

As the World Wags:

Two things should be remembered in criticising the apparently boastful names of British men-of-war. One is the custom of keeping the same name steadily on the records, transferring the name to a new vessel when the old was broken up, lost, or sold out of the service. As a result of this tradition, there are vessels in the British Navy today which carry names running back to the time of the Armada. Again, a number of these names are so-called "trophy-names," due to the fact that when vessels were captured from the enemy in the old French and Spanish wars they were frequently taken into the British navy under their original names.

The battleship "Revenge," due for completion last year, carries the name borne by Sir Francis Drake's flagship in the Armada fight, the same vessel which was later immortalized by Sir Richard Grenville's desperate resistance at the Azores. The name of Howard's flagship, "Ark Royal," is still carried on the records. There were "Dreadnoughts" before the "Dreadnought" launched in 1905, the first of the name being mentioned about 1618.

The "Invincible," referred to by Mr. George P. Bolivar, belongs in the second class of "trophy-names." This ship and the "Terrible," both 74-gun vessels, were captured from the French in 1747 and taken into the navy under their original names, which have been carried on the records ever since. The "Temeraire," 74, and the "Formidable," 80, were taken from the French in 1759. These names also are still on the records. The name of "Temeraire" was later transferred to a large 98-gun ship launched at Chatham in 1798, which fought at Trafalgar and formed the subject for Turner's painting.

There was a slight touch of braggadocio in the names given by the French to their vessels, particularly so in the case of ships launched during the reign of the "Sun King." Invincible, Majestueux, Terrible, Monarque, Triomphant, Conquerant, Dictateur, Victoire, Valeur, Magnifique illustrate this trait. The British in their choice of names ran more to members of the royal family and classical deities.

Such names, handed down to modern times, undergo strange variations in every day use, if the following quotation from a book on the British navy of today can be trusted: "The readings and emendations of the Navy List supported by the ship's company for'ard would do justice to the great Hermann himself. You might recognize the Old Maggy for H. M. S. Magnificent, and the Sampan for the Sanspareil; or the two fine sisterships Agamemnon and Lord Nelson in the Agapemone and the Lord 'Elp Us. But how about Billy Ruffian for Bellerophon? or Pom One for Pomone? or Subtle Jay for Sutlej? or Hermy One for Hermione? or Psitch or Psyck or Pysh or Fish or anything else ad libitum for Psyche?"

CAPTAIN BRASSBOUND.

Roxbury, Jan. 1.

The Best Boots.

He had recently returned from Germany as an exchanged prisoner. His was a swell London regiment, and his bootmaker, happening to call round on him in the ward, asked:

[illegible] ... [illegible] (Wadsworth) "[illegible]

[illegible] as at the evening speech ... Marpois in the last ... "For ten long ... I have not tasted food or clothes."
—Ed.

Mme. Schnitzer, Miss Parlow and Mme. Sundelius Please at Copley-Plaza.

The sixth morning musicale under the direction of S. Kronberg took place at the Copley Plaza yesterday morning. Mme. Germaine Schnitzer, pianist, played these pieces: Mendelssohn, Prelude, op. 104, No. 1; Chopin, Etude, op. 25, No. 2; Schubert-Tausig, Military March; Strauss-Schultz Evler, Arabesques on "The Blue Danube Waltz." Miss Kathleen Parlow, violinist, played these pieces: Goldmark, Air; Tartini-Kreisler, Variations on a Theme of Corelli; Chopin, Nocturne; Wieniawsky, Polonaise. Mme. Marie Sundelius, soprano, sang an air from Charpentier's "Louise" and these songs: Petterson-Berger, "Maj. Titania"; Grieg, "Talk for Dirt Rad." Mr. Albert Janpolski, baritone, sang Russian folk songs and Gretschaninoff's "Steppes."

It was a pleasure to hear Mme. Schnitzer again. Her technic is highly developed. She plays with elegance, ease and a certain electric brilliance. She began with an extraordinarily spirited performance of Mendelssohn's Prelude and maintained this quality through her other numbers with due regard for passages of lyric beauty, a great variety of tonal effects and an irresistible sense of rhythm.

Miss Parlow displayed familiar characteristics. Goldmark's air was played with dignity, poise, a full tone not aggressively virile. The variations and Wieniawsky's Polonaise permitted an additional revelation of scintillating virtuosity.

Mme. Sundelius, who richly deserves the wide recognition of her voice and ability that has lately come to her, was vocally well disposed. She sang with pure and enchanting quality of tone, excellent control of breath, fine phrasing, warmth in emotional expression. In the air from "Louise" her voice was girlish, newly awakened, marvelling at her new found happiness. The Swedish songs were sung piquantly.

Mr. Janpolski has sung here before. He has a manly and sonorous voice, of true baritone quality, which he does not always use felicitously, especially when he forces tone. He sang in Russian with evident regard for the text and mood of each song, which he first explained in English.

There was an appreciative audience of fair size and each artist added to the program.

The next musicale will be on Monday morning, Jan. 17. Mme. Frances Alda, soprano, and Paul Althouse, tenor, of the Metropolitan Opera Company, will sing. Frank La Farge will be the pianist.

KEITH'S THEATRE

Frederick V. Bowers received an ovation at the conclusion of his act at B. F. Keith's Theatre last evening that must have warmed him through and throug. He is a Boston boy.

Mr. Bowers's act is in seven scenes with a song for each scene. Most of the numbers are sentimental in character and the comedian and his associates add to the effect of this or that song with their tricks at harmony. Then there are two good dancing acts, that of Perry Black being one of the best seen in a long time.

Florence Roberts and company appeared in the sketch "The Woman Intervenes," by J. Hartley Manners. The dialogue is crisp and the action is alert and there is just enough of the melodramatic to rouse the audience. The piece is a tribute to the intuition of woman, to her serving the purposes of others, but always and primarily using the advancement of the interests of others for her own selfish purposes.

A lively sketch was that of Fred Haydn, Eddie Borden and Tommy Haydn. With several good instrumental numbers they have a lot of chatter that is funny if at the same time nonsensical. Mr. Borden's imitation of Bert Williams was capital.

Other acts on the bill were the ventriloquil act of Marshall Montgomery and Edna Courtney; Lady Sen Mei, "the Chinese prima donna," though she would be more appropriately classified as a comedienne, in a group of songs, and like Hong Fong, the baritone, whom we have heard sing "Where the River Shannon Flows," she, too, sang an Irish song with a surprisingly good brogue; Charles Grapewin and Anna Chance, in "Poughkeepsie," a snappy sketch that is a great laugh provoker; John O'Malley, the Irish tenor, in a group of songs; Myrl and Delmar, in "Over the Garden Wall," and Mlle. Maryon Vadie and Company in a series of lyric dances.

'UNDER FIRE'

By PHILIP HALE.

"Under Fire," a melodrama in three acts by Rol Cooper Megrue, was performed last evening for the first time in Boston at the Park Square Theatre. Produced by Selwyn & Co. at Long Branch, N. J., Aug. 5, 1915.

Georgy Wagstaff	Madeline Moore
Ethel Willoughby	Violet Heming
Henry Streetman	Felix Krembs
Sir George Wagstaff	Walter Kingsford
Guy Falconer	Norman Tharp
Mrs. Stephen Falconer	Eleanor Carr Perry
Charlie Brown	Frank Craven
Capt. Redmond	William Courtenay
A Frenchman	E. G. Robinson
Henri Christophe	Robt. Fischer
Jeanne Christophe	Dorothy Abbott
Andre Lemaire	E. G. Robinson
Maj. Von Brenig	Edward Mawson
Lieut. Baum	Frank Morgan
Sergt. Schmidt	Jack Wessel

It is easy to see why this play has been eminently successful, although some may hold that the horror of the war still raging should not be mimicked on the stage. The people dearly love a melodrama, and "Under Fire" is a melodramatic treatment of the news that came to us in July and August, 1914. Mr. Megrue has served it piping hot, with spies galore, with plots and counterplots. Beginning with talk in a London home about the possibility of war, he shows us German spies at work with the going up of the curtain. A wronged woman burning to be revenged, a returning officer who finds that from timidity he lost the woman he loved, the spies trying to learn the destination of the English fleet while they are in the house of Sir George Wagstaff, high in the British admiralty, the announcement of war, Ethel's discovery that her husband, already married, is in the German Secret Service, her prayer to serve England in company with her lover Redmond, also a spy—surely here is enough to whet anticipation of excitement and thrills to come.

In the second act the Germans are passing through a Belgian town. Another spy is added to the number; a Frenchman waiting in an inn for Redmond. Then follows a series of perilous deeds and incredible situations. In the treatment of the plots, the audacious attempts, the hair breadth escapes, Mr. Megrue relies bravely on the good nature of the audience to accept the palpably absurd as real and inevitable. Fortunately, there is so much that is of genuine dramatic interest in this act, as the episode of the innkeeper and his daughter; so much that is convincing in the behavior of the German officers; so much that appeals to the eye, as the rush of frightened villagers before the tramping host, with the narration of the frenzied neighbor of the landlord, that the improbable and the impossible are overlooked.

The first scene of the third act shows life in the trenches and is contrived chiefly for the spectacular explosion of a bomb that brings ruin and death to all—except, of course, the hero. The short scene that follows to bring the comparatively happy ending is conspicuous only for the remarkably effective stage setting showing the interior of a ruined church.

While Mr. Megrue has put a specious argument in the mouth of Maj. von Brenig; while Charlie Brown, the American correspondent, declaims shrewdly against the barbarity of war itself, even when each nation believes it is fighting in a just cause, the play might be considered as a document in favor of the allies. The execution of the innocent innkeeper would be enough, although here the dramatist follows the Horatian injunction that Medea should not kill her children in the sight of the public. Yet in this episode Mr. Megrue prudently differentiates, and the hasty action of the subordinate is mildly reproved by the commanding officer, who takes occasion to remark that he is a father, that Germans are not brutes, and that he himself was once at Columbia College.

The dramatist has relieved the tragedy of his main theme by introducing the light-hearted and garrulous correspondent, who in his own slangy way comments on civilization, culture and war, and at times might be mistaken for a Greek chorus reciting colloquial lines invented by Aristophanes. His talk and his behavior in the London living room, in the Belgian inn and in the trenches are not merely amusing; his lines are often to the point, illuminative, even when they are grotesque in form or superficially flippant.

The melodrama is admirably produced and well played. The most effective scene so far as stage management is concerned is that of the invading host preceded by the terror stricken mob. With dramatic insight this scene is preceded by the naked [illegible] description of the peaceful village and his allaying his daughter's fears. All the business of the German soldiers and officers is skilfully managed. The spectator constantly says to himself, "So it must have been." This he cannot say of the manner in which Redmond and Ethel attempt to outwit Streetman or of Streetman's successes and failures in the desperate game.

Mr. Courtenay was all that could be asked of a popular melodramatic hero. It is to be deplored that he yielded to temptation and spoiled the illusion by making a short speech of gratitude. Mr. Craven played the part of a correspondent in an amusing manner, with fine touches here and there of seriousness. Miss Heming, as deceived woman and spy, in the London home, the inn, the church hospital, in the most distressing circumstances, pleased the eye and ear. We all knew as soon as Mr. Krembs came on the stage with glass, scowl and muttered curses, that he was a desperate villain. The innkeeper was impersonated by Mr. Fischer in a quietly impressively manner at the end and with rare good humor in the earlier scenes. Nor should the acting of Mr. Mawson as the Major be passed by unnoticed, or that of Mr Tharp as the typical highbred, rather indifferent English lad.

The theatre was filled with a deeply interested audience. There were many curtain calls.

Some people eats their Powldoodles quite neat
 Just as they came out of the sea,
But with a little black pepper and vinegar
 some other people's stomachs better agree;
Young ladies are very fond of oyster patties,
 and young gentlemen of oyster broth;
But I think I know a bit of pasture that is
 far better than them both;
For whenever we want to be comfortable, says
 I to the Doctor—my dear man,
Let's have a few scolloped Powldoodles, and a
 bit of tripe fried in the pan.

Chorus—
Oh! the Powldoodles of Burran,
The green, green Powldoodles of Burran,
The green Powldoodles, the clean Powldoodles,
The gaping Powldoodles of Burran.

Dando et Al.

We spoke recently of Dando, the oyster-eater that never paid, the Dando known to Dickens, the herò of Thackeray's tale, "The Professor"; but at the time we did not know how many oysters he would eat at a sitting. Notes and Queries of Dec. 16 gives a fairly full account of him; how "he ate his oysters with so much relish, he seemed so entirely at home with them, he handled them so completely with the touch of a master, that—for a time at least—self-interested criticism was lost in admiration." The writer from whom we quote speaks of "dozen after dozen" with "mounds of bread and butter and floods of porter." Dando, this "bouncing, seedy swell," according to a street ballad, made nothing of 30 dozen. Haled into court in 1830, he was accused by honest Mason, who kept an oyster stall, of eating 11 dozen of the largest size. In Thackeray's story, published in 1841, Dando ate only 11 dozen, but he also put down two lobsters, a salad, bread to the amount of a shilling and tuppence, 14 pats of butter, two bottles of Dublin stout and four glasses of brandy and water.

Our Dando died in Clerkenwell prison of starvation, it is said. For some time his grave was kept covered with oyster shells by pious hands. There is probably no authentic portrait of him, but a ballad in his praise gave this description:

An old white hat slouch'd over his eyes,
And a flounder mouth for mutton pies.
His coat was rusty, holey, and fat,
His hair was like an old door mat.

A farce in one act, "Dandolo; or the Last of the Doges," by Edward Stirling was acted in 1838. It is printed in Duncombe's "British Theatre."

There have been oyster-heroes since Dando. Grenville Tudor Jenks, the Cicero of the Brooklyn bar, would eat a dozen dozen as an appetizer before dinner. In the "Almanach des Gourmands" by Grimod de la Reyniere (Paris, An XII.) we find these words: "Oysters are the ordinary prelude and in a way indispensable to any dejeuner in winter. But this prelude often costs dear through the imprudence of the guests who please their pride by gulping down hundreds into their stupidly vain stomachs. An enjoyment doubly insipid; for there is no true pleasure in it, and an estimable Amphitryon is thereby grieved. Experience has proved that beyond five or six dozen oysters surely cease giving pleasure."

Grimod de la Reynière, by the way, did not relish the idea of inviting ladies to a "dejeuner-dinatoire," which, beginning at 1 or 2 P. M., was ordinarily prolonged far into the night. In his "Manuel des Amphitryons," he says: "If ladies are admitted, they are either femmes galantes, or ladies indulgent in all matters of etiquette; for a dejeuner is agreeable only when it is wholly free from constraint of every kind."

Sturdy Boys and Girls.

As the World Wags:

I was greatly pleased, my heart swelled with joy, at the sight of bright eyed boys and girls, sliding down hill in Brookline. Not one of them sat on the sled, either sideways or with feet outstretched in front, timorous effeminate. Jack and Lucy, Willy and Jane, all slid by me in good old belly-gut fashion, shrieking with laughter, fearless of danger. I wish the colonel—"The Wild Man of Oyster Bay"—had been standing with me. He would have seen that in Brookline at least there are no young mollycoddles. Yet, I fear he would have been disappointed, for my dear son Lorenzo, on his return, said that there had not been any accident; no one knocked senseless, no ribs crushed in, no head gashed, no eye put out.

MARCELLUS GRAVES.

Brookline, Jan. 4.

Ironical Nomenclature.

We were greatly interested in "Capt. Brassbound's" article on "Boastful Names" (of ships) published in The Herald yesterday. It brought to mind a couple of pages in Herman Melville's fantastical "Mardi," which has been described as the dream of a sailor drunk on hashish after reading the voyage in Rabelais's book. In the first volume of "Mardi" there is a disquisition on names of ships. "In this matter of christening ships of war, Christian nations are but too apt to be daredevils." Melville gives the names of British men-of-war, not omitting the Etna, struck by lightning in the roads of Corfu. The Frenchman's are characteristic of his aspirations. The dons ransacked the theology of the religion of peace for fine names for their fighting ships; but the Santissima Trinidada, thundering like Sinai, was silenced by the cannonade of the Victory. "And without being blown into splinters by artillery, how many of those Redoubtables and Invincibles have succumbed to the waves, and like braggarts gone down before hurricanes, with their bravadoes broad on their bows."

Now note this passage published in 1849: "Much better the American names (barring Scorpions, Hornets and Wasps) Ohio, Virginia, Carolina, Vermont. And if ever these Yankees fight great sea engagements—which heaven forefend!—how glorious, poetically speaking, to range up the whole federated fleet, and pour forth a broadside from Florida to Maine. Ay, ay, very glorious, indeed! Yet in that proud crowing of cannon, how shall the shade of peace-loving Penn be astounded, to see the mightiest murderer of them all, the great Pennsylvania, a very namesake of his. Truly the Pennsylvania's guns should be the wooden ones, called by men-of-war's men, Quakers."

War Names for Engines.

New passenger engines constructing at the London & Northwestern Railway works will bear names prominently connected with the war. The first four will be Gen. Joffre, Tsar of Russia, King of the Belgians, King of Serbia. This takes us back to the good old days when a locomotive engine had a smokestack that was a smokestack; when the engine, highly polished, shining, was a thing of beauty; when it bore a name of strength, Vulcan, Hercules, Samson, Atlas; or of speed, Mercury, Antelope; or of place, statesman, military hero, officer of the road; when the tender was richly painted with a landscape, a portrait, some historical or mythological scene. In those days boys collected names of engines.

KNEISEL QUARTET GIVES THIRD CONCERT OF SEASON

The Kneisel Quartet gave its third concert of the season last evening at Steinert Hall. Mr. Ossip Gabrilowitsch, pianist, was the assisting artist. The program was as follows: Sibelius, Quartet in D minor, op. 56, Voces Intimae; Strauss, Quartet in C minor for piano, violin, viola and violoncello, op. 13; Beethoven, Quartet in G major, op. 18, No. 2.

Mr. Kneisel and his associates again introduced a novelty. The Quartet by Sibelius the Finn was played for the first time in Boston. It is among the composer's later works. The title "Intimate Voices," suggests revelations of a personal nature. Yet as played last evening there were but fleeting glimpses of the composer communing with his soul. The work is elaborately planned, restless in spirit, generally lacking in continuity, often curiously void of emotional significance or spiritual interest. At intervals, themes of marked beauty are introduced, but disappear almost immediately within the labyrinth of subsequent elaboration. The subtlety of these momentary flashes of inspiration was wholly lost by a too obvious reading. The fourth movement is the most decided in character, built on a theme as rugged as it is sombre. Still further and but dimly perceived beauties in the music might be revealed by a performance more inspired, less pitiless in italicization, less pedestrian.

The Quartet, stimulated by the verve and romantic fervor of Mr. Gabrilowitsch's brilliant playing turned with apparent relief to the music of Richard Strauss. The Quartet in C minor won the prize at the Tonkuenstlerverein of Berlin in the fall of 1885, when there were 21 competitors. The influence of Brahms is keenly felt in the first movement, that of Schumann in the fourth, while on the other hand the Scherzo has a typically Straussian figure. The piano part bristles with difficulties. The performance was sympathetic and effective.

The fourth and last concert of the present series will be on Tuesday evening, March 14.

'TOWN TOPICS'

SHUBERT THEATRE: "Town Topics," a musical comedy spectacle in two acts and fifteen scenes. Book and lyrics by Harry B. Smith, Thomas J. Gray and Robert B. Smith; musical score by Harold Orlob; produced by Benrimo; dancing and musical numbers staged by Allen K. Foster.

With so many scenes and most of the principals taking part in all of them, it is obviously unnecessary to go into detail in giving the casts. The principals were Trixie Friganza, Bert Leslie, Jimmie Fox, Marie Lavarre, Peter Page, Bessie Gray, Everett Albin, Carbrey Brothers, Wellington Cross, Lois Josephine, John Johnston, Artie Mehlinger, Lilian Herlein, Lew Hearn and Bonita.

The scenes were: A Dancing Pavilion, A Theatre Lobby, Behind the Scenes, Black and Silver Corridor, Newport Transformed to the Sunny South, On the Mississippi, Transformation to a Cotton Plantation, Warships on the Hudson, Launching of the Ship of Peace, In the Subway, Outside the Polo Grounds, New York; Interior of the Polo Grounds, Exterior of a Fashion Shop, Madame Flair's Emporium of Chic, Exterior of a Fashion Corridor and Restaurant.

As a spectacle and a dancing entertainment it is not too much to say that it is the biggest and most lavish that has ever visited Boston. It is also equally obvious that, stripped of its enchanting dancing and its treat to the eye, the entertainment is but a monumental burlesque show. Nor is it the less apparent that the producer in gathering his big company showed astute judgment in corralling some of the best acts in vaudeville. For, after all, the piece is decidely episodic. To be sure there is an attempt to provide a story, and Mr. Ford is at the outset ingeniously brought in with his peace movement, conveniently relegated to the storehouse and then passively resurrected just before the final curtain, when we are told that the peace mission has failed. Here and there the piece is entertaining in colloquial speech. The vernacular of the "tough guy" is glorified in the sallies of Bert Leslie. The music, often inviting one to sit up straight and listen, is quite as easily forgotten. But the big audience laughed and applauded vociferously and the latter was often drowned out by the noise of the company, who lustily followed the spirit of the entertainment.

There are so many good things on the bill that it is hard indeed to pick this or that act without complimenting the entire company. Yet there was one act, unusual in its style and as unusually played by Peter Page. The character, that of a "perfect lady," never for a moment left the picture in the hands of the comedian. The style is more often overplayed and the actor's interpretation was free from the slightest taint of coarseness or vulgarity. Playing throughout in most of the scenes, he "fed" Mr. Leslie so cleverly as to make one wonder at another playing the part.

Mr. Leslie was of course funny in his slangy speech. To him was given the fat parts of the evening. As the stage manager of the benefit performance he was a study as he examined the different actors before their turn and later gave them their "sentence." His role of the conductor in the subway was a splendid outlet for his style and was one of the funniest incidents of the evening.

To Miss Friganza fell the principal female roles of the evening. Whether in the character of Mrs. Albany Dayline or in her specialties she was always entertaining. With a growing tendency to embonpoint, she was a picture to remember, when in the suit of a ballplayer she made a home run and dashed down into the left aisle skirting the auditorium and back to the stage again for a home run. Just for a moment she was serious and showed another side of her versatility as the Indian squaw in "Heap Big Suffragette."

The dancing act of Wellington Crosa and Lois Josephine was one of the most pleasing features of the performance. There was a lightness of step and the airiness that is born rather than acquired as graceful an act in the dancing line as we have ever seen.

Then there were the great dancing powers of the entire company and spirited ensembles that evoked great enthusiasm. With praise for the entire cast, it is not unlikely that before the week has fled this huge spectacle will be "Town Topics."

Jan 6. 1916

So some wish the cross-roads by Symphony and Horticultural Halls to be known as Symphony square. There are already streets in Boston named after musicians, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Nikisch. For the sake of a pleasingly harmonious scheme the two avenues might be bisected and named after four modern composers, or after conductors of the orchestra. But why "anything square" at all?

In London some are fretting because nearly 40 thoroughfares have German names. The mention of Reventlow road evoked a coroner to exclaim: "Is the English language so poor that we must name streets after these blood-thirsty men?" Among these "German" streets are Bismarck, Bremen, Dantzic, Halberstadt, Leipsic, Limburg, Mecklenburgh, Nassau, Vienna, Wagner, Weimar, Wiesbaden. Do those resolved on suicide rush to Werter road? In Battersea there is a Musjid road which annoys some who think the chivalric Turk "unspeakable," and we are told there are doubts about the propriety of Ferdinand place and Ferdinand street.

Some one has considered Ferdinand as a royal name and found its associations highly discreditable. He names Ferdinand II., "the cruel fanatic of the Thirty Years War, who avowed his willingness to see Germany a desert rather than a land of 'heretics';" the last Ferdinand in Austria, a puppet of Metternich; Ferdinand IV. of Naples; a later Ferdinand, commonly called "Bomba," whose rule was described by Gladstone as "the negation of God erected into a system of government." Then there is the wretched Ferdinand of Spain who dishonored his father and mother to the advantage of Napoleon and violated his solemn oath. Landor flayed him in the imaginary conversation between Ferdinand and Don John-Mary-Luis. Who is one of the greatest seoundrels in all fiction? Ferdinand, Count Fathom.

Why "Blighter"?

The war is constantly enlarging the Dictionary of Slang. Jack Johnson is already an accepted and orthodox word. Frost-bite is now known as "trench-feet." The patient in the hospital says he "got a Blighty touch." This strange word "Blighty" is also synonomous with "England." A soldier writes: "I'll be lively enough once I find myself in Blighty." But why "Blighty"?

Historical Repetition.

As the World Wags:

Have the Germans forgotten their own history? In 1813 they also, at the call of a Prusalan ruler, rushed into the fray "Fuer Gott und Vaterland," sacrificing blood and treasure, under the stimulus of promises of constitutional government, and then came Leipsic and the defeat of Napoleon, but later came that miserable Congress of Vienna, repudiating all the fine things promised in the time of the rulers' distress. The reactionary period that followed is well pictured in the bitter and ironical comments of Heinrich Heine, who had mighty little use for the Prussian dynasty and bureaucracy, and with excellent reason. It would be interesting to learn what many of the inhabitants of Baden, Wuerttemberg and Bavaria really think of the adventure started in August, 1914, with Austria as a catspaw for the domineering Hohenzollern.

Arlington, Jan. 3 EMIL SCHWAB.

The deadly arrows of wit and mockery shot by Heine still stick. His statue is not to be seen in Germany and the monument raised by Elisabeth of Austria on an island in the Mediterranean was removed or destroyed, it is said, by the present Emperor of Germany when he took possession after her murder.—Ed.

An Observing Eye.

As the World Wags:

From an advertisement in our town paper:

"You won't Need coal 'Hereafter,' so Buy it Here."

I noted this sign in the window of an Italian cobbler shop in Federal street:

"If you want to fight, go to Europe;
If you want to talk war, go to hell;
We are neutral."

Boston, Jan. 4. E. S.

Horse Flesh.

Although horse meat is now by law permitted to be sold in New York, butchers of that city say that the inhabitants are too prosperous to eat it; in other words, they are too proud. It was once thought that the Scythians were the only hippophagists from choice, and because the Scandinavian Goths liked horse meat, therefore they came from Scythia. Later the opinion prevailed that the hippophagism in each case sprang from the necessities of nomadic life. In the 10th and 11th centuries the use of horse flesh was regarded as a proof of paganism. Icelanders refused to adopt Christianity unless they were permitted to eat horse flesh, and even in the 19th century some ate it through preference. When Capt. Cook and his merry men landed on the island of Savu they found that the natives ranked food in the following order: First of all, hog; then horse, buffalo, poultry, dogs and cats, sheep and goats. They did not like fish. Fifty years ago the jailed in Denmark were condemned to horse meat. How is it today? In many old nations a white horse was held to be sacred. Was it spared in the market? As for dogs and cats, Archdeacon Gray saw restaurant placards in Canton (China, not Massachusetts) announcing that the flesh of black cats and dogs would be served at short notice. "The flesh is cut up into small pieces and fried with water chestnuts and garlic in oil." It should be remembered that the leading Chinese physicians think that cat flesh, especially the flesh of a black cat, is a valuable medicine as well as a wholesome food. Furnerius says—his treatise is not so widely read as it should be—that the flesh of horses being well boiled is medicinable for divers diseases. "Moreover, it is very usual and common with the women of Occitania to take the fat or grease of horses to anoint their heads to make the hair of their heads multiply and increase; and certain later physicians do mingle the marrow of a horse with other ointments for a remedy against the cramp."

PATTISON GIVES PIANO RECITAL

By PHILIP HALE.

Lee Pattison, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Rondo in G major, 32 variations, Sonata, op. 101; Chopin, Nocturne, op. 62, No. 2, Scherzo in B minor, Chant Polonais, Fantasy; Scriabin, Etude, op. 42, No. 1; Ravel, Sonatina; Liszt, Rhapsody No. 15 (Rakoczy March).

Mr. Pattison is known here as a pianist of serious aims, who has already acquired sufficient technic for the performance of important works. It is also recognized that he has an agreeable tone in lyric passages, while he can gain in true sonority in chords when power is demanded. He has musical understanding and taste. In a word he is a young pianist of present achievements and genuine promise.

But like to many other young pianists he has not acquired the art of program-making, and he is content to play pieces that he considers as orthodox and necessary. There was a small audience yesterday to hear him, small and friendly. Let him ask himself seriously if the program was one to attract those who were not personally interested in him. Forty minutes were consumed by works of Beethoven. The Rondo has been played here this season and was already shop-worn. The Variations, of which Beethoven himself thought little, were played in a masterly manner not long ago. The Sonata demands a pianist that has the gift of re-creating the music. It is not enough to know the notes and the rules of the Sonata form or to know that in this Sonata Beethoven first used the fugue as the fundamental means of development.

The only modern favored by Mr. Pattison was Scriabin, who recently died. But there is much piano music by modern composers, especially the French and Russian, that is not familiar and is worth at least a hearing. Then there is the vast treasure house of ancient music. It is not necessary for a young pianist to put on his program a formidable work in order to display his ability. The great artist is revealed in the interpretation of small compositions. Mr. Paderewski was never more delightful and poetic than when he played this season pieces by Couperin.

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The Matin of Paris states that about four years ago a surgeon of that city was invited to Berlin, for it was there thought that the Emperor William might be obliged to undergo a severe operation. "An offer of 100,000 francs and all his expenses was made to him." We are not now concerned about the condition of the Emperor in 1911 or today. The question is about the fee.

One hundred thousand francs is about $20,000. In 1768 one Dr. Dimsdale, an Englishman, visited the Empress of Russia to inoculate her for smallpox. The risks he ran were great so that the Empress had relays of horses ready that he might escape to the frontier if the operation did not prove to be successful. The horses were not needed. The grateful Empress made Dr. Dimsdale a Baron of the Empire, gave him a fee of $50,000, with an annuity of $2500 and a little present "on the side" of $10,000. She also gave him miniatures of herself set in diamonds.

But Catherine was famous for her generosity. During her reign every one attached to her court was presented twice a week with two bottles of every kind of wine stocked in the imperial cellar, besides a liberal amount of liqueurs, beer and mineral waters. Count Feodore Golovkin, stating this fact, added: "In the hot weather we drank champagne mixed with seltzer; but none of the other beverages were touched by us, and they became the perquisites of our servants. There was a frugal person at court, the Prince Bariatinski. He protested against this extravagance. Catherine cut him short by exclaiming, 'None of your cheese-paring economies for me.' Some of the courtiers saved the wine for the future. In this way Baron Nicolai in the course of years gained the reputation of having the finest cellar in Europe."

Catherine may have been all that Byron said she was, but in spite of his famous line, in spite of Mr. George Bernard Shaw's little play, we wish that we had known her. A fine figure of a woman, as well as a woman of captivating whims and caprices! The great majority of us poor mortals were born too late.

M. Leon Daudet.

The Matin of Paris! M. Leon Daudet, in the third volume of his venomous "Souvenirs" published last year, speaks of its founder, Alfred Edwards as a "Levantine adventurer," who with Nan the founder of the journal, established a press, as they said of important news, but whose characteristic is to give precedence to tittle-tattle and vulgar treatment of any serious question. This gong is of all instruments the most deafening." Edwards escapes easily in this book of vitriolic personalities. What a relentless, malignant Jew-baiter is this Daudet! What hatred of the Germans! It crops out on nearly every page. In his description of Oscar Wilde, whom he met and cordially disliked before the trial, Daudet refers to "'Salome,' a medley of Flaubert and Maeterlinck, to which le Boche Strauss has set music." Turgenieff was an "envious, perfidious man who exerted all his strength in France to keep under a bushel his old friend and successful rival, Leon Tolstoi." An amusing book in its way, cruelly amusing. This son of Alphonse Daudet professes that he was fond of Marcel Schwob, but the Lord deliver us from such affection! The description of Schwob's face and curious behavior is brutal. Few men and women named in this book are treated gently. Shimli, the son of Gera, who cursed as he came and cast stones at David and at all the servants of King David, and all the people and all the mighty men, was not more malevolently reckless. By the side of M. Leon Daudet, the Thersites of Homer and Shakespeare was a bleating lamb. Daudet's description of Jewish salons in Paris once read will not easily be forgotten; but what is to be thought of a man who frequented them and then abused his hosts and hostesses, some of them old women, "with Syrian profiles, bodices cut down to the navel, loaded down with necklaces of pearls and diamonds, darting haughty glances on every side between oily eyelids barren of lashes." We quote only one of the milder passages in this infamous description.

A Parisian Slinkers.

A book of personalities, this book of "Souvenirs," which apparently embitter years that should be sweet and benevolent. Does anyone read "Noctes Ambrosianae" today? Some time ago, we saw the statement made by a young writer that they were insufferably dull. We commend to this youth and to all interested in "scandalous" memoirs, the third number of the series (May, 1822) when the use and abuse of personalities in criticism is discussed. In an earlier number, Christopher North asks what can be done without personality in reviewing? "Nothing, nothing. What are books that don't express the personal characters of their authors; and who can review books without reviewing those that wrote them?" But M. Leon Daudet might have entitled his "Souvenirs": "Persons that I have Hated." In spite of his wit, in spite of his mordant style, he reveals us of Mr. Slinkers, the editor of the Bugle Horn of Liberty. According to Artemus Ward, he was a "polished skarcastic writer." "Folks in these parts will not soon forget how he used up the Eagle of Freedom, a family journal published at Snootville, near here. The controversy was about a plank road. 'The road may be, as our contemporary says, a humbug; but our aunt isn't bald-headed, and we haven't got a one-eyed sister Sal! Wonder if the editor of the Eagle of Freedom sees it?' This used up the Eagle of Freedom feller, because his aunt's head does present a skinn'd appearance, and his sister Sarah is very much one-eyed. For a genteel home thrust Mr. Slinkers has few ekals."

Lang of Oberammergau.

As the World Wags:

In the current number of the Newfoundland Quarterly, published at St. Johns, N. F., there is a short account of the death of Anton Lang, the Christ of the Passion Play at Oberammergau. "A letter received from Innsbruck, Austria, tells of the tragic death in battle of Anton Lang. He had been sent to the front with the German army and the scenes he saw were so terrible, he broke down and had to return to Bavaria. After recuperating, he was again sent to fight and was killed in action." S. M. CHURCHILL.

Medford.

Jan 9 1916

'BLACKMAIL'

By PHILIP HALE.

WILBUR THEATRE: First performance of "Blackmail" a play in a prelude and four acts by Amelie Rives (Princess Pierre Troubetzkoy). Produced by Harrison Grey Fiske and George Mooser.

The Padrone	Juan Villasana
Cielia	Merle Maddern
Silvia	Regine Wallace
Pietro Forni	Kenneth Hunter
Maj. Stone	Albert Bruning
Sam	Richard Quilter
Judge Adam Torridge	Dewitt C. Jennings
Mrs. Reynolds	Eleanor Gordon
Dicky Wilkes	France Bendtsen
Johny Carson	Charles Laite
Walter Gale	Philip Perry
Robert Hill	Herbert Rauson
Oliver Ellis	Harrison Hunter
Milly Sayre	Lenelle Watson
Bertie Layne	Edwin Nicander
Count Baroni	George Ten Eyck
James Foster	Howard Barbour

It has been said that this play is a satire on modern society; that the

[illegible] unfortunate be- [illegible] that [illegible] would be the [illegible] "Blackmail" is a [illegible] and [illegible] is the [illegible]

[illegible] Stone is the owner and editor [illegible] has made his fortune [illegible] scandalous stories about [illegible] in society, business [illegible] also by accepting hush-[illegible] threatened. He has [illegible] a lawyer, a judge, an oily, cynical [illegible] who shares in the plunder. [illegible] has a daughter, Sylvia. [illegible] that she should be ignorant of [illegible] he has her at school in [illegible] where she is known by her [illegible] name. She believes him to be a great reformer. Falling in love with the Italian singer, Forni, she runs away with him, but finding he has too much of the artistic temperament to wed her she leaves him before it is too [illegible]. Returning to New York, she is [illegible] unaware of her father's black-mailing habit.

Having formed an acquaintance with the Sayre family, she is their guest. She [illegible] betrothed to Ellis who in the interest [illegible] clean living attacks in his [illegible] the major and his methods. The singer Forni turns up at the Metropolitan Opera House and also at the Sayres. At a masked ball he is stabbed by a Sicilian woman whom he had abandoned. Repenting his behavior toward Sylvia, he calls her to his death bed. She, wearing the domino of Mrs. Sayre, is mistaken for the latter who is therefore marked as a victim of blackmail. In this way Sylvia hears about the true character of her father. She will not be convinced till at his office. Mrs. Reynolds, who had been blackmailed, succeeds in bullying the Major into returning the money. The Major makes a passionate defence of his paper, throwing the blame on those that eagerly read it. It would not be fair to those about to attend the performances to disclose the solution of the problems.

This play must undergo revision and [illegible] before it can hope to succeed. Last night the curtain had not fallen at 11.30. There is needless conversation, there is wearying repetition. The first scene between the Major and the Judge is needlessly long. In the last act the opening scene between the Judge and the Major is wholly unnecessary.

The playwright is first of all in this drama a novelist. Conversation too often takes the place of action. In the [illegible] the talk is romantic in the earlier style of Miss Rives, the teller of stories. We had thought that this manner of dialogue had gone completely out of fashion on the stage. In the acts that follow the dialogue is often interesting, humorous, even witty, although it is shot through with slang, and the words "damn" and "hell" are freely used to point a joke or emphasize an affirmation. "How she do cuss and swear just like a man" might be [illegible] the dramatist.

There is skill in the drawing of characters. The Major, the Judge, Mr. and Mrs. Sayre, Wilkes, the society tale [illegible] and scavenger—these are living characters. Mrs. Reynolds is a woman [illegible] comedy. Sylvia and Ellis are [illegible] figures.

The company is an unusually strong [illegible]. The lateness of the hour prevents [illegible] comment. It may now only be [illegible] that the parts of the Major, the Judge, Wilkes, and the Sayres were adequately played. Mr. Bruning even excelled in a certain respect, if not sympathy, for the Major. Miss Watson was delightful as Mrs. Sayre and Miss Gordon was amusing in an extravagant manner. Miss Wallace was not a convincing Sylvia, the part itself is not a striking one, yet an experienced actress might make it appealing. The minor parts were well taken.

The play was mounted with uncommon care and taste. The opening scene, Lago Maggiore, was beautiful. We do not remember any interior that has equalled in exquisite color and refinement the Peacock room with its carefully chosen furnishings.

A large audience was most attentive. There were many curtain calls. The [illegible] was summoned before the [illegible], but she did not appear.

There is much that is interesting and [illegible] in melodrama, which, however, [illegible] be made over if it is to [illegible] success. More action and less talk [illegible] matters. A conversazione is not a play.

MME. CULP IS IN EXCELLENT VOICE

Mme. Julia Culp gave her second song recital of the season yesterday afternoon at Jordan Hall. Coenraad V. Bos was the accompanist. The program was as follows: Schubert, Suleika I, II, Klaerchen's Lied, Des Mädchen's Klage, Ellen's third song (Ave Maria), Franz, Widmung, "Mutter, Osing, Mich zur Ruh," Fruehlingsgedraenge, Cornelius, Unthen, Ein Ton, Veilchen, Brahms, "Wenn du nur Zuweilen laechelst"; Therese, Auf dem see, "Es steht ein' Lind'?" "Wie komm ich zur Thuer herein?" Der Schmied.

In 1821 Anna Milder-Hauptman of the Royal Opera House at Berlin wrote to Schubert asking if he would consent to one of his operas being given there. Schubert had not forgotten her voice, which had enchanted him in Vienna days, while she had heard of his progress through Vogel. He at once sent her "Alfonso and Estrella," with a copy of his song Suleika II, which, he wrote, he wished to dedicate to her. Three months later the singer returned the opera. The Berliners, she told the composer, demanded either heavy works of a tragic nature or French opera comique. She thought the dedication "charming and flattering," but though she found the song "heavenly" she suggested that Schubert write her something more brilliant and effective for concert work.

Both Suleika I and II, with a group of other songs, were set to poems by Goethe from the "Westoestlichen Divan." His poetry became a constant source of inspiration to Schubert and caused his genius for melody to be directed into new channels. The Suleika songs, however, have no marked character and others in this group reveal more strikingly the oriental atmosphere created by the text.

Of greater significance is Klaerchen's Lied, Des Maedchen's Klage and Ellen's third song, (the Ave Maria) written with the other songs from Scott's "Lady of the Lake" in May, 1825, during Schubert's second visit to Tyrol.

The program included representative and some unfamiliar songs by Franz, Cornelius and Brahms. Those by Cornelius, each of marked individuality and sharply contrasted mood. Franz's "Mutter, O sing mich zur Ruh', Brahms's Der Schmied and "Wenn du nur zuweilen laechelst" are favorites with the singer.

Mme. Culp was in excellent voice. Never was her supreme art in coloring tone more effectively used. Never was her subtlety as an interpreter more apparent. Songs of a romantic or contemplative nature, songs of touching sentiment or regret were succeeded by others that required a display of archness and coquetry as in Veilchen, Therese, and Brahms's "Wie komm ich zur Thuer Herein?" far more ingratiating than his shopworn "Vergebliches Staendchen" written in the same mood.

Some of the songs were repeated and at the end of the program Mme. Culp added Brahms's Botschaft, de Lange's charming Dutch Serenade and The Star by Rogers. There was a very large audience. Seats on the stage were filled and many stood.

HARRY LAUDER'S COMEDY GIVEN AT

COPLEY THEATRE—"The Night Before," a domestic comedy in three acts, by Harry Lauder. Produced under the direction of the author; additional songs by Mr. Lauder. First performance on any stage. The cast:

Auld Rab MacBeth.....James Finlayson
Mrs. MacBeth.....Marie Stuart
Bessie MacBeth.....Carrie Glenn
Jimmy Morrison.....Peter MacArthur
Mrs. Twaddle.....Jessie Villars
Jock Lowrie.....Andrew Clyde
Willie Watt.....Harry Layden
Peggie Patton.....Dawsey McNaughton
The Fiddler.....Jimmy Provan
Piper McPhee.....Henry A. Smith
Dopie Jonn.....Harry Morgan

We are told that this is Mr. Lauder's first attempt as a dramatist. His first born was received by a fair sized audience at the Copley theatre last evening. But the gathering was a very enthusiastic one, there were numerous curtain calls and at the conclusion of the last act the curtain was raised again and again till Mrs. Lauder made a brief speech in which she thanked the audience for her husband and said that he would thank them personally at his earliest opportunity.

Mr. Lauder has chosen as the theme of his play the old fashioned Scotch custom—that of a housewarming "the night before" the wedding, when all should be present except the bride. The story is simple. Rab MacBeth is a stern, rigid father. His daughter Bessie is to be married to Jimmie Morrison, a plumber. The mother is fond of the sturdy young chap; the father regards the daughter as still a girl. It is here that the author has cleverly shown the real character of the father, for in his bickerings with the wife, he tells of visiting the Union Bank every Saturday since the birth of Bessie, and there is now 50 pounds for a dowry.

James Finlayson was seen as Rab MacBeth, the father. His impersonation was that of a man who had lived among these homely people. What repressed joy as he told of saving a shilling a week for Bessie! What a contrast to his earlier moments when he took charge of the pre-nuptial celebration.

The feature of the evening was the Jimmie of Peter MacArthur. A fine specimen of physical manhood, he was an ideal beau. A simple country fellow, he was none the less manly. Gifted with a magnetic, a sonorous baritone, to him fell most of the songs of the evening. His dialect was excellent and at the same time understandable, and the same might truthfully be said of all his associates, notwithstanding its broad speech.

Much of the fun of the evening was created by Jessie Villars in the role of Mrs. Twaddle. While many might consider this interpretation an exaggeration in comparison with the rest of the characters, no doubt there have been Mrs. Twaddles both in speech and action.

The rest of the cast gave good accounts of themselves and there were no hitches in the entire performance.

"Sarah Bernhardt: An Appreciation," by Forrest Izzard of Boston, is published by Sturgis & Walton Company of New York. This little book of 49 pages is something more than a mere rhapsody. It gives enough facts and dates to satisfy the statistician; there is fairness in the presentation of various and conflicting opinions concerning the art of the actress; there are enough allusions to the legendary Bernhardt to give piquancy to the pages.

Only a day or two ago we were asked who Mme. Bernhardt's father was? We could not answer the question. Mme. Bernhardt herself knows only this—or at least it is all that she will tell. He went to China when she was a mere baby. Why he went there she has no idea. Happy at a boarding school when she was seven, she was transferred to a convent by order of this mysterious father. Her mother was a Dutch Jewess, but French by sympathy. At the convent Sarah was baptized and confirmed. Extravagantly pious, she wished to be a nun. Fortunately for the world, she was sent to the Paris Conservatory, when she was very thin, with a pale face and kinky hair. She had the great gift of industry.

But it is not necessary in speaking of Mr. Izzard's valuable little book to review the career of this extraordinary woman who some years ago was classed with the old Empress of China and Mrs. Eddy as the three leading women of the world. Mr. Izzard tells the story of her theatre life in an agreeable, anecdotical manner, now and then translating the judgments of prominent critics. It is pleasant to think that in 1872 she asked the manager of the Odeon for $3000 a year and was refused.

Many of the old stories are here. How Sarah drank a bottle of ink hoping thus to die and vex her mother; how she slept in a pearwood coffin, kept a skeleton in her bedroom—she was more than once caricatured as a skeleton; how her tortoise Chrysogere had a skull of gold set with topazes—but this story is told also of Robert de Montesquiou and is introduced in Huysmans's "A Rebours"—how she kept lions and an alligator for pets, went up in balloons, etc., etc.; even that for a shilling in England any one could see her dressed as a man, had broken two teeth of her teacher in boxing, stories rivalling those told in Paris of her having thrown a live kitten into the fire and poisoned two monkeys.

Then come the anecdotes connected with her first visit to this country in 1880. Mr. Izzard does not mention the outrageous caricature published in Judge of Sarah as a cat on a roof with more than an allusion to Henry Ward Beecher. We are reminded that in Boston "she visited a captive live whale in the harbor and stood (and fell!) upon its back."

"Marriage was the only eccentricity that Sarah had not yet perpetrated," said the ingenious Jules Huret. We are told about her marriage to Damala, the actor, but little about her adventure with Jean Richepin, nor is the father of Maurice Bernhardt, who was 17 when his mother married, named. Was it in Boston or New York that Mme. Bernhardt replied to a curious woman who asked how she happened to have a son when she was not wedded: "I don't know, madam, unless it was a caprice." There is due attention paid to that vile book, "Les Memoires de Sara Barnum," written ostensibly by Marie Colombier, but really the dirty work of Paul Bonnefain, the author of a disreputable novel, or by some less conspicuous journalist.

Mr. Izzard, quoting Mr. William Winter's view of Mme. Bernhardt's art as an exhibition of morbid eccentricity, remarks: "Mr. Winter, here as elsewhere, has been made intolerant of much in the institution he has served and honored by his insistence on 'intrinsic grandeur' in its characters. He is always looking for 'the woman essentially good and noble,' whereas the modern drama has as one of its most cherished prerogatives its right to portray mixed characters—often women whose 'essential goodness' is mingled with much human frailty." Mr. Izzard then quotes Mr. Winter's specification and definition of Mme. Bernhardt's peculiar merits.

On page 11 Mme. Bernhardt is quoted as saying that when George Sand went to the Odeon for the rehearsals of her play "L'Autre," she was "a sweet charming creature, extremely timid," who did not talk [illegible] but [illegible] all the time. Compare this description with that given by Mme. Judith in her Memoirs. She found George Sand very ugly and very dirty. Her hair was greasy, her clothes shabby. She was wholly without womanly grace. When she directed rehearsals of her "Le Roi attend" she either straddled a chair, or sat in one with one leg on another. She talked and laughed noisily and smoked a clay pipe. On page 210 there is a picture of her puffing vigorously. But Mme. Judith was a spiteful person, and George Sand is not the only famous person she clawed and scratched.

Mr. Izzard brings his account of Mme. Bernhardt down to the amputation of her leg. There is a footnote: "When the American comedienne, Elsie Janis, omitted from her London program her imitation of Bernhardt, Sarah heard of it and cabled to Miss Janis: 'I am very well. Continue to charm the public with imitations of me,'" an anecdote that reflects credit on the two women of the stage.

It should not be thought from our quotations that this book is of a light and flippant character. Full justice is done to the actress' great art and the inherent nobility of her character. In 1879 Charles Varrey dying said: "I am content to die because I shall hear no more of Sarah Bernhardt and the great Francais" (de Lesseps). Now in 1915 this woman old and crippled is still a commanding figure in the world, which is not weary of her, which gladly hears of her courage, her indomitable will, her devotion to her glorious country.

The Herald has received from Oliver Ditson Company "My Favorite Songs," Julia Culp, Vol. 1; "My Favorite Songs," Emma Calve, two volumes; "My Favorite Songs," Elena Gerhardt, one volume. These volumes attractively printed contain the portraits of the singers with short autobiographical sketches.

The first volume of Mme. Culp's songs contains two Dutch songs by Catharina Van Rennes. The German songs are by Beethoven (Adelaide, a sentimental romance that is unworthy of the composer); Brahms, seven songs; Cornelius, three songs; "Untreu," Veilchen, and, of course, Ein Ton; Franz, two songs; Jenson, two (the dramatic Waldesgespraech and Am Uber des Flusses); Liszt, two songs, (Angiolin dal biondo crin and Es muss ein wunderbares sein); Loewe, two songs, one of them Der Asra, which is inferior to the settings by Rubinstein and Scherbatcheff); Mendelssohn, two songs. The English group consists of Horn's familiar I've been roaming; Bayly's, Long, long ago; Edward Purcell's, Passing By and a 17th century air, So sweete is shee. There are three old Irish airs. The four American songs are by Densmore, Gaines, Watts and Kramer. It must be said that the singers choice of English and American songs is for the most part unfortunate. The wonder is that she sings some of them. Edward Purcell, by the way, was the youngest, but the only surviving son of the great Henry. The Second Volume will contain songs by Schubert, Schumann, Strauss, Wagner's Traeume, H. Wolf; the French composers are represented by Debussy, Franck, Lalo, Saint-Saens, Wekerlin, six songs in all. Nothing by Gabriel Faure or Henri Duparc! There are two songs by Grieg, two by Tschaikowsky and Hadley, Sharp, Watts and Rogers are represented each by one song. Is Mme. Culp unacquainted with songs by Loeffler, Chadwick, MacDowell, Johns, Carpenter? In the autobiographical sketch Mme. Culp says that she began her singing lessons when she was twelve years old. "My voice was always very natural and easy. So I really had no trouble with technical things." She gave her first song recital in 1898 when she was fifteen years old. After that she studied with Cornelie Van Zanten in Amsterdam. In Berlin she studied for two years with Mme. Gerster, "from whom I learned everything." "I am happy to sing my songs to the American public, which has such a fine understanding of music."

The first volume of Mme. Calve's collection includes songs by these composers: Bizet, 2; Chausson, 1; Dalyrac, 1; David, 1; Debussy, 3; Delibes, 2; Duparc, 3; G. Faure, 3; Franck, 2; Godard, 3; Niedermeyer, 2. There are also Berat's Lisette; a noel of Provence, which, with the once famous airs by Niedermeyer, were songs of Mme. Calve's grandmother. "If I might only have equalled the clarity of diction and the depth of sentiment which my adorable grandmother gave to her songs, and which made of her a living harp! But alas! I shall ever be, compared with her, only a beginner." Another song in the first volume was discovered by Mme. Calve in Auvergne. "The aged peasant who sang it to me declared that the melody had been handed down through the centuries, and that it could be traced back to the time when Julius Caesar invaded Gaul. The song might properly be called 'The Call of the Roman Trumpeters,' but it is known throughout the countryside as 'The Call of the Shepherds,' and is sung and repeated antiphonally from one mountain to another." The second volume contains songs by Gounod, 6; Hahn, 2; d'Indy, 2; Lalo, 2; Massenet, 4, and Saint-Saens, 4. The songs of her grandmother in this volume are the song of Florian with music by Queen Marie Antoinette (Godard's music to the song is far more familiar); Mehul's Chant

[illegible] an Auvergne folk song; Mme. de Trevchet's "Poor Jacques" and the Menuet d'Exaudet made known to us in Boston by Mme. Blanche Marchesi and the lamented Gilbert. All in all an interesting collection of singable songs, as well as some that demand most artistic interpretation, as Debussy's "Death of Lovers" and "Her Hair" and the melodies of Duparc.

Mme. Calve says that she thus presents to American music-lovers songs of France that are her favorites. Mme. Gerhardt is equally frank in showing her preference for German songs. Her collection contains a song by Beethoven, five by Schubert, six by Schumann, one by Liszt, two by Franz, five by Brahms (including, of course, "The Blacksmith," which she sings with amazing spirit), one by Jensen, five by Wolf and three by Strauss.

These collections would have been still more interesting and valuable if each singer had given a short characterization of each song as she understands it, with some directions, technical and aesthetic, concerning the interpretation preferred by her. Thus they would have done for these songs what Mme. Pauline Viardot did for the collection of classic songs edited by her, a collection that, unfortunately, has long been out of print. Mme. Culp would then have had opportunity for explaining her preference for the American and English songs apparently chosen by her. As it is, each singer has gayly named her "favorite" songs, signed an autobiographical sketch and gladly consented to the insertion of her portrait. The buyer is enabled to procure a certain number of songs at a much lower price than if they were bought separately; but the buyer learns nothing of a critical or helpful nature from the singer. We regret to see in the translation of Miss Gerhardt's communication "proven" for "proved."

"Sixty Irish Songs," edited by William Armes Fisher and published by Oliver Ditson Company in the musicians' library, is a book of another class. It deserves more than a passing note, and will receive due attention next Sunday.

Mr. Israel Zangwill has written a study of Shylock, suggested by the recent production of Shakespeare's play by Matheson Lang in London. This study was published in the Daily Chronicle of Dec. 22.

"The new Shylock may serve to soften the old Jewish objection to 'The Merchant of Venice,' which goes so far that the great Jewry in the States has petitioned for its removal from the school curriculum. The objection, though it would bar out some of the greatest poetry in the language, is not so unreasonable when it is remembered that, as a Christian lady put it, 'Shylock is the only Jew most of us know personally.'

"A popular stage anecdote recounts how Macklin puzzled the critics and the crowd by playing Shylock for the first time not as a low comedy ogre, but as a human being, and how Pope closed the controversy by his pronouncement:

'This is the Jew
That Shakespeare drew.'

It was not, however, till the performance by Edmund Kean—who replaced the Judas-beard by a black—that the full dignity of Shakespeare's creation was revealed. And Kean was a Jew. I have seen three Shylock's—Irving's, Tree's and Bourchier's—but although all these great actors had more or less of Jewish blood, they were not so Jewish as Matheson Lang, who has apparently no drop of the precious fluid which Lowell considered almost indispensable for a Christian celebrity. Practically all the critics, with that wonderful unanimity of theirs, concur that the latest Shylock is at once the most natural and the most novel. But they do not seem to understand how this has come about.

"One thing that has happened is that the first impression of the Jew no longer radiates to the audience from 'a public place.' The bargain with Bassanio and Antonio is boldly transferred to Shylock's house, that house of which all previous audiences have seen only the door through which Jessica eloped and the window through which she dropped the stolen jewels to her Christian gallant. As the Englishman's house was his castle, so the Jew's house was his synagogue. Here, kissed by the Princess Sabbath, the dog, in Heine's phrase, became a man. But this secret of the Ghetto was only imperfectly divined by Shakespeare, in whose days England knew no professing Jews. I would have Shylock discovered poring over some old Talmudic folio, or at some picturesque ceremony with wine-cup and spice-box, and Jessica holding the taper. Mr. Lang has not ventured so far as that, but he has given us Jessica flitting about the home, so that we can, for the first time, realize her flight as a tragedy for her father, not as a mere comedy for the gay Venetians.

"It has been curiously overlooked that Shylock only demands his 'pound of flesh' after he has been robbed of his only child and of his treasures, and outraged in his deepest instincts by her baptism. He is now practically insane with lust for vengeance, and from that point Shylock should be played as a morbid will and a deranged intellect, with all the remorseless logic of the monomaniac. Hazlitt, according to the late Dutton Cook, described Shylock as 'a man brooding over one idea.' Hazlitt said exactly the opposite—such is the reliability of even the best dramatic critics—but the description misattributed to him is true for the second part of the story. The opening Shylock, however, is neither a mean usurer, nor a brooding fiend, nor a pathological figure, but a deeply intellectual Jew, probably of Spanish origin and Spanish pride, devoted to his daughter and his dead wife. And this spiritual self-sufficiency—which Irving's too pathetic performance missed—Mr. Lang realizes.

"But did not then Shylock plot to trap Antonio into this monstrous bargain, to 'catch him on the hip'? My answer is, 'No, he made the bargain out of a superb disdain for the money-seeking Christians.' These flamboyant prodigals flouted his thrift, taunted him with usury, spat upon his gaberdine, reviled him for a 'cut-throat dog.' Very well, he would lend them the three thousand ducats for nothing, nay, for something less valuable than nothing, a pound of their own flesh.

"It was a piece of panache, as of a Cyrano de Bergerac, no deep-laid plot, but the inspiration of an ironic moment. As a plot, indeed, it would have been unworthy of a schoolboy, not to say a shrewd, calculating financier. Antonio, to cover these 3000 ducats, had no less than four argosies out, with other 'miscellaneous ventures.' The chances that all these would make shipwreck were infinitesimal. Ask any marine insurance broker, inquire at Lloyd's, what was the chance of Shylock getting his pound of flesh. It was practically nil. And this without allowing for the probability of Antonio or Bassanio borrowing the money from another source, Christian or Jewish. But the audience, knowing beforehand that the wildly improbable will happen, reads the malignity of the sequel into the merely mocking contract, the ironic revenge of the Jew dog, when the grand signiors who have spat upon him must stoop to his money bags.

"And with this irony went also—so oddly is human nature compounded—a desire for the love and respect of these lordly Christians—when has the Jew not coveted that? Shylock has cleared his bosom of the rankling tale of his wrongs—were he trapping Antonio, resentment is the last thing he would have betrayed—and now he is ready for a new relation. Flattered by their friendliness, he even relaxes his rigid piety. He goes to supper with them, and it is while he is at supper that—by what the orthodox Jew would regard as a nemesis the catastrophe of his daughter's abandonment falls on him. To his tragic frenzy the contract devised in irony now appears the way to vengeance. Here is a consistent characterization, here a genuine dramatic development.

"I am well aware that there are passages that make against this reading, which do show Shylock as a scheming devil, planning for his pound of flesh in cold blood, but they are enormously outweighed by the passages that make the diabolical reading impossible. The fact is that the text offers us two discrepant Shylocks. But the passage upon which the case for the scheming devil mainly rests is a long 'aside' lugged in at a most improbable moment, in the very presence of Antonio and Bassanio, who were to be caught napping, and contains, moreover, the statement that Antonio lends money gratis—a statement which Antonio (who is supposed not to hear it) contradicts in his first speech. True this same self-contradiction occurs earlier, but even the careless Bard of Avon would not be likely to contradict himself within the compass of a few lines. It is not impossible that the 'aside' was inserted by the commercial manager who had commissioned the play, to offset Shakespeare's unexpected humanization of the Jew. For as Sir Sidney Lee has surmised, 'The Merchant of Venice' was probably written to exploit the popular odium for the Jew, arising from the hanging, drawing and quartering of the converted Jew, Rodrigo Lopez, the Queen's physician, on the charge of complicity in a conspiracy to poison Elizabeth.

"Written post-haste as a topical 'money-maker,' at any rate produced within three months of the execution, it blessed, like Balaam, where it should have cursed, and, closely though it kept to the old story or play on which it was founded, it was yet subtly transformed. For Shakespeare was not only the hack dramatist, he was also Shakespeare. And Shakespeare was—in the language of Novalis—'at one with Nature.' Though, as Carlyle said, 'his great soul had to crush itself as it could into the mould of the Globe Theatre,' his genius could no more tell a lie than George Washington. Moreover, as a ruthless collector of his own private debts, his subconscious sympathy went with Shylock's augmentation. Hence these discrepancies, hence these traces of the earlier type and play left crudely standing—or reinserted managerially—in contradiction of the new Shylock and universal humanity had evolved.

"Even, therefore, if Matheson Lang's Shylock did not exist in Shakespeare, it had to be invented. If every age reinterprets its old masterpieces, that is practically rewriting them. The recognized license to cut Shakespeare—which subtly changes all the proportions—should be supplemented by, indeed requires, a complementary license to add and readjust. Mr. Lang allows Jessica to kiss her father's hand—Irving introduced the knocking at the door of the deserted home—it were no great transition to add a line or two. But in any case Shylock must be made plausible. And that can only be done if the flight of his daughter is made the dividing line between Shylock sober and Shylock drunk for vengeance. The impossible "aside" must be eliminated—Mr. Lang merely slurs it over. Apart from its absurdity, it is a great artistic flaw, for if even before Jessica's treachery Shylock was meditating so diabolical a revenge on the heathen, the whole episode and all his sufferings become artistically meaningless. That is hardly the method of a master craftsman, whose every stroke has significance, whose tragedy is always cumulative."

"Snobbism in Music" and Other Notes

Mr. Edwin Evans of the Pall Mall Gazette says that when the new becomes a cult it is time to protest. "Some years ago I was almost alone in this country in urging the claims of Claude Debussy, and protesting against our apathetic attitude towards the modern movement in French music. A little later amateurs, chiefly feminine, began to gush over him. He was pronounced exquisite, charming, and so on, and I protested louder than ever, until my best friends said there was no pleasing me. But nothing would have been more fatal to Debussy's recognition as a sane musician of progressive tendencies than this absurdly snobbish plot to kidnap his music. More recently we have had intense young people telling us all about Schoenberg's futurism and Scriabin's theosophy; because they could not meet either of them on the plane of pure music. That is an even worse form of snobbism. But the evil is not by any means limited to the new. Who has not met the dear old devotees at those concerts where ladies take their knitting and where alone Mendelssohn is understood? Who has not met the elect few who have solved the riddle of Beethoven's posthumous quartets? Is it not snobbism that tells us what is and what is not legitimate in chamber music? And the song world! In fear and trembling I remind the reader that there are such things as songs and divinely appointed people who sing them. And opera! There is much more social snobbing in one entr'acte of a fashionable operatic performance than has ever been voiced in connection with all the 'moderns' from Debussy to Stravinsky; yes, even to Leo Ornstein, of pious memory. But there is a solace for the musical profession: the snobs some times pay."

Recently a "piano recitalist" wrote to a musical journal asking whether it was true that Rachmaninov's C sharp minor prelude was "supposed to represent the feelings of a man who has been buried alive by mistake and wakes and realizes his position." If so, he wanted to cheer his audience up by mentioning it in the program. Of course the famous prelude is innocent of any such preposterous basis. But why, in any case, should a "piano recitalist" want to make his audience's flesh creep? Is this one an advocate of musical frightfulness?—Daily Telegraph.

Elgar embodied in his "Enigma Variations," for orchestra, musical portraits of his friends. Eugene Goossens in his second string quartet, dedicated to the Philharmonic String Quartet of London, of which he is a member, has portrayed one of his colleagues in each of the three movements. "It is hardly possible to say that the music gave one a very definite insight into the characters of the three musicians, nor, probably, was it intended to do so." Long ago Schumann in his "Carnaval" portrayed Chopin, and Rheinberger in a little fugue for organ Fesca. These attempts were eminently successful. Pierre de Bréville in later years sketched musically for the piano portraits of masters whom he admired. This quartet of Goossens, produced Dec. 10, led the critic of the Pall Mall Gazette to remark: "It is right that a young composer should learn from his predecessors. That much is admitted. We happen to be of those who also claim for him the right to learn from his contemporaries, provided that he does so with discrimination, not confining himself to their mannerisms. That is the case with Mr. Goossens. He has, with fastidious selection, assimilated some melodic devices from Debussy, the ironic precision of Ravel, and he has taken Stravinsky's hint to preserve polyphony from the ultimate harmonic fusion which is its ruin. In his first movement he is as formal as Debussy on a like occasion, but he uses the "cylic" method rather with a Straussian metamorphosis of material. And with all this acquired knowledge he is still unspoiled. . . . He is, au fond, a lyrist who cynically appropriates the processes of emotional insulation. He should end by wallowing in romance, if there is such a thing as poetic justice. Meanwhile, he has produced a work that, although by no means of epoch-making quality, yet stamps him as one of the very small number of men who may perhaps mould the musical history of this generation."

When Mme. Baron-Fonariova sang in London (Dec. 9) the Times spoke of the beautiful quality of her "contralto voice." (She had sung in "The Queen of Spades" last summer at the London Opera House). The Pall Mall Gazette described her voice as "a beautifully pure mezzo-soprano," and added: "The designation is so often misused by being applied to sopranos who are half-proficient that we emphasize the rarity of the genuine type that combines the best portions of two registers."

The Daily Telegraph (Dec. 16) said of a concert of Bach's music given by the Classical Concert Society: "While it is impossible not to approve the spirit of reverence, it is not to be denied that too great sacrifices can be made to it, especially when the fact that Bach was a human being with human emotions is lost to view. There were moments when all the performers seemed to be suffering from attacks of acute melancholia. * * * Throughout, indeed, it seemed that Bach was being regarded as a being almost too sacrosanct to be approached save in a spirit of deep humility, and though this reverence is an excellent quality, it can be carried to too great lengths"—not a euphonious sentence, but full of sense.

The Times heard movements from Rachmaninoff's Suite for two pianos (op. 17) played on Dec. 14 by Messrs. Sapellnikoff and Rumchisky. "The introduction is modelled in the four square manner of Wagner's prelude to 'Die Meistersinger.' One might almost say that it is like 'Die Meistersinger' without either its tunes or its orchestration. None of the music in this suite is up to the level of Rachmaninoff's best things."

Miss Ethel Smythe's new comic opera, "The Boatswain's Mate," and Liza Lehmann's operatic setting of "Everyman" —are announced for performance at the Shaftsbury Theatre, London, by Mr. Beecham. The latter, cut down, will last an hour. William Poel has devised a stage setting in keeping with the mediaeval atmosphere of the play. Miss Smyth's opera is based on a story by W. W. Jacobs.

Rutland Boughton's carol-drama, produced at Glastonbury, Eng., is based on the Coventry Nativity play. Two of the wise men have become Zarathustra and Merlin, the former because Nietzsche's Zarathustra was calling for the superman, and Christ was the ideal he was seeking! Merlin was also in search of the "perfect man" and failed to find him in Arthur.

Liza Lehmann's "Studies in Recitative" have been published in London by Chappell & Co.

It is now said that Arthur Sullivan just before his death was contemplating a serious opera for Clara Butt. The heroine was to have been St. Cecilia.

The savage pastel caricature of Handel by J. Goupy representing him as "The Charming Brute," i. e., a pig, was recently sold in London at auction for seven guineas.

The late Lord Alverstone's love of music made him for many years a member of the choir at Kensington Parish Church. A good many curious folk went to see the unusual spectacle of an attorney-general in a surplice, but were not always able to identify him. One of these visitors asked the verger which of the choirmen was the attorney-general, and received the dignified reply: "That's the vicar, them's the curates, I'm the verger, and so long as the choir gives satisfaction it's not my business to inquire into the antecedents of any of 'em."—Daily Chronicle, London.

The Secret of Salvini's Eminence

If Tommaso Salvini was not the greatest actor this world has seen, he was, in any case, far and away the greatest of modern times. In theatrical history he will take rank with the few acknowledged great masters of his art, with Burbage, Garrick, Talma, the Kembles, Modena, Kean and the Booths. Some of these he outshone even in their own specialties. His death, of course, cannot now be accounted a loss to the theatre, for many years have sped since his work was done, and he retired full of honors. But his achievements are still fresh in the memories of many thousands of elderly playgoers on both sides of the Atlantic, and his final exit will not fail to provoke regretful sympathy and somewhat melancholy comparisons.

No longer are there any great actors, either in tragedy or in comedy; while the poetic and imaginative drama has, for the time, almost ceased to exist. The statement is the oldest platitude. But it suggests pertinent inquiries. Is there less natural histrionic talent in the world today than there was 50 or 100 years ago? There is not the slightest reason for supposing so. On the contrary, there is probably far more. But there is no constant opportunity for its development. We have abolished the schools which produced all the great actors of the past, the competitive stock companies in which they learned the rules, the possibilities and the practice of their profession. Wherein lay the secret of Salvini's extraordinary pre-eminence? Not by any means altogether in his genius—brilliant as it was—or in the rare physical gifts with which he was endowed. The question is not quite so readily answered. The splendor of his presence, his fine face, matchless voice and colossal strength were, beyond doubt, invaluable aids to him in heroic parts. They counted for naught in what was, perhaps—this is a point upon which it is difficult to be precise—his most wonderful achievement, his Conrad in "La Morte Civile." That, from first to last, was sheer ar-

ist. Interpretation full of microscopic, harmonious and utterly veracious detail. His powers were superb, in their fullest manifestation overwhelming, but they were always under his perfect governance. He had learned how to suppress, control and apply them. The true secret of his varied triumphs is to be found in his early and laborious training. His genius revealed itself in the tragic fury of his Saul, when he was only 15 years old, but it was only in later years that the performance ripened into a masterpiece.

It is not generally known—although he furnished in this city one amazing instance of his versatility in "Sullivan"—that in his native country Salvini was almost as highly esteemed in comedy as in tragedy. When he first came to America, Ristori earnestly advised him to act in comedy and nothing else. This counsel, however, was disregarded after his instant success in "Othello." Thenceforward his managers kept him in the mood of assured prosperity. It is a pity. Had he appeared, with his own competent Italian company, in some of the lighter pieces of his repertory, he might have demonstrated yet more decisively the adaptability of his art and have proved the fallacy of some ungenerous and imperceptive criticism. The essence of this was that in Shakespeare he violated traditional conceptions and methods—in other words, that he did not follow the best Anglo-Saxon models—and that he dazzled the crowd and confounded judgment by the phenomenal brilliancy of his emotional outbursts. In both of these allegations there was a sufficient measure of truth to give them a certain plausibility. Not knowing English, he had to read Shakespeare by such light as he had. Some of his interpretations may have been—that of his Hamlet certainly was—erroneous, but he made most of his more orthodox rivals look like pygmies. And it must not be forgotten that all his characterizations were eminently consistent in themselves; were inspired by the main outlines, if they missed some of the more subtle implications, of the text; were reasonable, exquisitely finished and in the highest degree vital."

But to analyze or discuss the correctness of his conceptions is not the intent of this article, which is concerned chiefly with the perfection of his workmanship and the moral of it. With him, in his performances, not to speak it profanely, there was neither variableness nor shadow of turning. Of mannerisms—those habitual tricks of speech, gesture, and attitude with which the ordinary actor constantly repeats and betrays himself—he was utterly devoid. It was only by his stature that he could always be identified. Each of his embodiments had its own individual characteristics and action. No confusion between them was possible. What each was once it was always. One representation was as exactly the duplicate of another as are successive proofs from an engraved plate. Not a motion of a finger or a muscle that had not its due and considered significance. Everywhere there was proof of artistic deliberation and purpose, executed with supreme facility; nowhere was there a trace of that reckless abandonment to the impulse of the moment—in which the player necessarily imputes himself—which, too often, by a woful misnomer and misunderstanding, is, in these latter days, dignified by the title of inspiration. The processes of Salvini were intellectual, calculated, not emotional. He divined the feelings or the passions appropriate to the fictitious character, studied their symptoms, and simulated them, sometimes with appalling realism. But he never, as our multitudinous young geniuses do, pretended to feel. He knew that to feel—which has nothing to do with appreciation—was to fail. On the stage he was an executive brain, cool as an iceberg.

Aristry—artisanship, if you please—raised him to his heights. Nature gave him the implements; arduous study, under competent instruction and example, in a long course of stock company drudgery, taught him how to use them. He of course was a genius. That was one reason why he was a patient, industrious and apt scholar. The successful practice of art, of any kind, demands labor and instruction, as well as capacity. Not every aspiring actor can become a Salvini, but, with ordinary intelligence, industry and thorough instruction in the rudiments, no theatrical beginner need despair of ultimate success. Without training schools there can be no great actors. And the only known, tried and proved good school is the stock company. No great actor ever came out of any other.—New York Evening Post, Jan. 3.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Concert by Miss Emmy Destinn, soprano; Joseph Malkin, 'cellist, and players of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. See special notice.

MONDAY—448 Beacon street, 3 P. M. Miss Terry's first concert of the 17th season. Miss Ruth Townsend, soprano, of New York, will sing these songs: Tremisot, Novembre; Chausson, Serenade Italienne, Les Papillons; Paladilke, Psyche; Brahms, Wir Wandelten, Von ewiger Liebe, Der Schmied; Carpenter, Color'd Toys. George Proctor will play these piano pieces: Bach, Gavotte from 6th Violin Sonata; Schumann, Nachtstueck, No. 4; Chopin, Waltz in E minor; Schuett, Carnaval Mignon.

TUESDAY—Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Third recital of Leo Ornstein of New York, pianist. Franck, Prelude, Chorale and Fugue; Cyril Scott, Impressions of the Jungle—The Jungle, Dawn, Rikki Tikki Tavi and the Snake, Morning Song in the Jungle, Dance of the Elephants, Schoenberg, Six short Pieces, op. 19; Novak, Pan, op. 43—Prolog, Berge, Meer; Debussy, Cloches a travers les feuilles, Et la lune descend sur le temple que fut, Poissons d'or, Ornstein, Dwarf Suite—At Dawn, Dance of the Dwarfs, Funeral March, Serenade of the Dwarfs, At Work, March Grotesque.

Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Second concert of the Apollo Club (45th season), Emil Mollenhauer, conductor. Buck, On the Sea; Rudolf Wagner, Troubadour's Serenade; M. R. Lang, The Maiden and the Butterfly; Alcock, Music When Soft Voices Die; Wienzierl, Love and Spring; Cooke, Strike, Strike the Lyre; Warner, Wake, Miss Lindy; Saar, Cradle Song (violin obbligato by Miss Marshall); Offenbach, "Beauteous Night," from "Tales of Hoffmann"; Stahl, Hymn to Song. The American String Quartet will play theme and variations from Gliere's Quartet in A and the Romance and Presto from Grieg's Quartet in G minor.

WEDNESDAY—Jacob Sleeper Hall, 668 Boylston street. First concert of the Hoffmann Quartet (14th season). Beethoven, Quartet, op. 95; Rachmaninoff, Trio elegiaque, op. 9, for piano, violin and 'cello; Mozart, Quartet, D major. Hans Ebell, pianist.

First Church in Boston, Berkeley and Marlboro streets, 8 P. M. Concert of the Choral Music Society of Boston, Stephen Townsend, conductor (third season). "Jephthe," oratorio by Giacomo Carissimi (1600), for solo voices, mixed chorus, organ and strings; "Talithi Kumi" ("The Daughter of Jairus"), by Wolf-Ferrari, a sacred mystery, text according to the Gospel of Mark, for solo voices, mixed chorus and orchestra; "Benedictus" and "Behold I Come from Heaven Above," by Karg-Elert, for solo voices, female chorus, mixed chorus, boy choir, solo violin, harp and organ. The society will be assisted by 22 members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Daniel Kunz, concert master. A choir of 20 boys, led by W. Lynwood Farnam; John P. Marshall, organist; J. Angus Winter, pianist. The compositions will be performed in Boston for the first time.

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Piano recital by Hunter Welsh of Philadelphia—his first recital here. Bach-Busoni, Chorale-Preludes, In dir ist Freude, Ich ruf' zu dir, Chaconne; Mozart, Sonata in A major, No. 9; Chopin, Etudes, op. 10, No. 12, op. 25, No. 2, Mazurkas, B minor, A minor, Valses, E minor, D flat minor, Scherzo, B minor; Liszt, Sonata in B minor.

Tremont Temple, 8 P. M. Tremont Temple Course concert. Miss Fay Cord, soprano, will sing these songs: Richardson, A Summer Shower, Dennis; Lehmann, The Cuckoo; Lemon, My Ain Folk; Del Riego, Happy Song; Stevens, Summer Time. Miss Blance Hamilton Fox, contralto, will sing as follows: Saint-Saens, "Mon Coeur s'ouvre"; Woodman, Birthday; Leoni, Dawn; Tosti, April; Handel, Largo. Arthur Hackett, tenor, will sing these songs: Branscombe, I Bring You Heartsease; Chadwick, Before the Dawn; Bennett, Take, Oh Take Those Lips Away; Horsmann, Bird of the Wilderness; Donizetti, Spirito Gentil. Albert Edmund Brown, baritone: Wagner, Romance from "Tannhaeuser"; Storace, The Pretty Creature; Homer, A Banjo Song; De Koven, Sheriff's Song from "Robin Hood"; Damrosch, Danny Deever. Heinrich Gebhard will play these piano pieces: Rachmaninoff, Prelude, C sharp minor; Chopin, Waltz, op. 34, No. 1; Nocturne in F sharp; Gebhard, Chocolat; Wagner-Liszt, Spinning Song, from "The Flying Dutchman"; Liszt, Etude, The Harp; Mendelssohn-Liszt, Wedding March and Fairy Music, from "A Midsummer Night's Dream." John A. O'Shea will be the accompanist.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Eleventh concert (A) of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor; Mme. Melba, soloist. See special notice.

Tremont Temple, 8:15 P. M. Concert by Mme. Tamaki Miura, soprano; Miss Leveroni, contralto; George Baklanoff, baritone; Jose Mardones, bass. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Eleventh concert (B) of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor; Mme. Melba, soloist. See special notice.

Jan 10 1916

I was speaking to a friend on this pressing question of less meat. Said he; "It's not the meat itself I should miss if I gave it up, but the gravy."

With a "K"?

Lord Coleridge has been protesting against the common pronunciation of "cinema," and insisting that all should say "kinema." This leads the Daily Chronicle to doubt whether his lordship talks about the "Enkuklopaideia Britannica" or enjoys "Kycling," that is "Kukling." "Surely we are not asked to pronounce 'cylinder,' 'cynic,' or 'cinnamon' with a 'k.'" If we were all to be primly correct "gigantic," "angel," and "geography" would be pronounced with a hard "g." "The truth is," says the Daily Chronicle, "that a great many alien words like cinema creep into our language and find that hearty welcome that we are wont to accord to all strangers. Ours is a free country and a free language. The 'cinemas' of the verbal world know it. They come over here from heaven knows whence and 'squat' on the English language to the chagrin of the purists. It is about time their passport should be demanded of them, the failure to produce which should be perpetual internment in the great camp of illiteracy." And so all strangers going to England have been awarded a "hearty welcome!" This is news. How about the phrases "insular eye" and "stony British stare"?

Book Titles

Has any one written an essay on changing fashions in the titles of novels? The titles of some of the old ones take nearly the whole of the page. We speak knowingly of "Moll Flanders," but the title runs: "The Fortunes and Misfortunes of the Famous Moll Flanders, etc., who was born in Newgate, and during a life of continu'd Variety for Three score, Years, besides her Childhood"—and here we had better stop. There was the fashion of a quotation: "Cometh up as a Flower," "Not Wisely, but Too Well." Thomas Hardy and Besant and Rice thus at times employed quotations. A host of lesser writers ransacked the Bible, Shakespeare and all anthologies for an alluring title. Anthony Trollope was characteristically matter of fact. Wilkie Collins never equalled his "Woman in White," as far as the title went. "The Dead Secret" is not so suggestive as "The Dead Letter," published long ago in Beadle's Magazine. Of modern titles "Sinister Street" appeals to us—we are saving the book for our old age, with golf and backgammon. Mr. Leonard Merrick made a lucky hit with "Conrad in Quest of His Youth," a delightful romance. Mr. Rider Haggard's "She" was the forerunner of "Eve," "Now," "Fan," "Kim," "Why" in brevity. Now we have "Me" and "K." Monosyllabic titles are inexpressive as a rule. Has any one entitled a series of stories "North," "South," "East," "West"? Jane Austen's titles lend themselves to parody. We remember Mr. Frank E. Chase recommending "Colic and Bucolic, a Summer Idyll," also "Seen and Obscene." Going back to schooldays, we revelled in "Snaky Snodgrass," "Mad Mike the Death Shot," "Sixteen String Jack." There were older boys that read "Mysteries of the Court of London" and other "mysteries," but none of them, not even "The Mysteries of Paris," excited goose flesh so quickly as certain novels with plain titles, "Uncle Silas," for instance, and other romances by Le Fanu.

"Nice Conduct."

Some time ago canes were discussed in this column. A contributor, quoting Pope's line, "And the nice conduct of a clouded cane," asked about "nice conduct." In the Tatler a beau remarks that his cane is as indispensable to him as any other of his limbs, "and the knocking of it upon his shoe, leaning one leg upon it, or whistling upon it with his mouth, are such great relief to him in conversation that he does not know how he should be good company without it." But we see Pope's "Sir Plume" more general, nor do we think that "nice" could be applied descriptively to the beau's management. We are supported in this view by Leigh Hunt, who in his essay, "Of Sticks," refers to Sir Plume as one of the most courtly personages in the "Rape of the Lock." Sir Plume undoubtedly turned his clouded cane to "infinite purposes of accomplished gesticulation"; and we cannot imagine him rapping his teeth with it—it might have worked sad injury—or slapping his boot leg. Our young cane-sporters are uneducated in the management of the stick. They simply prod the pavement with it, or on subway stairs endanger the eyes of those immediately behind.

"Lifted."

We have already mentioned the lecture by Mr. Craigie, one of the editors of the great Oxford Dictionary; how he ascribed the gorgeous and impressive vocabulary of Sir Thomas Urquhart translating Rabelais to his free use of Cotgrave's French-English Dictionary. In this lecture Mr. Craigie stated that the preparation of the Oxford Dictionary threw light on the methods of authors "Copying without acknowledgment"—this sounds better than plagiarism—was no uncommon practice among celebrated writers. For a paragraph that sounds extremely nautical in the second voyage of Gulliver, Swift consulted Sturmy's Mariner's Magazine of 1669 and copied a series of phrases from two pages. In Scott's "Fortunes of Nigel"—one of his best romances—the watchmaker, David Ramsay, works out some calculations: "Locking wheel being 48—the power of retort 8—the striking pins are 48." All these technical phrases are in the article on clockmaking in the third edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, only "power of retort" is a blunder of Scott or his printer for "pinion of report"; nor were the figures in the calculations correctly copied.

By the way, how is "Nigel" pronounce? Is the "g" soft as in "gin," or hard as in "gout"? (Old joke. See Vanity Fair of the early sixties.)

Good Words.

Speaking of words, who was not pleased by the letter of "Casuist" to the New York Sun last month? He told of a wood-chopper who, if his opinion were asked of any superior individual, would always reply: "Well, sir, he is a man of anagogity and judition."

EMMY DESTINN

Miss Emmy Destinn, soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company, sang at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. She was assisted by Joseph Malkin, 'cellist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and an orchestra of symphony players conducted by Ernst Schmidt. K. W.

Miss D[illegible]n sang [illegible] Massenet's "Herodiade," "Dvorak's" Rusalka, Puccini's "Tosca" and these songs: Mc Fadyen, Inter Nos, Jensen, Am Meer des Manzanares, Schubert, Der Erlkonig, Die Post; A Mendelssohn, Ausdem Nachtlied Zarathustra; Liszt, Loreley. Mr. Malkin played two movements from Lalo Violoncello concerto; Bach's Air, Friemane's Berceuse Slave and Popper's Elfentang. Homer Samuels and Arthur Fiedler were the accompanists.

It was Miss Destinn's afternoon. Frequently recalled, she repeated the aria from "Tosca," sang "Unbeidi" from "Mme. Butterfly" and generously added to the program. The public dearly loves an opera singer and the delight of yesterday's audience of fair size was unmistakable.

The singer's voice is in itself a magnet. Rich, warm, full with its own peculiar timbre, it can be melting and passionate in emotional moments or pure and golden in the softest pianissimo. Yesterday, however, Miss Destinn's singing of the operatic numbers was, with one or two exceptions, more to be admired than her performance of the songs. In the famous "Il est doux il est bon" from "Herodiade," in the airs from Puccini's operas in the charming aria from "Russalka," the singer was on thrice familiar ground.

On the other hand, she sang the songs after the manner of opera singers, with glowing warmth, with a prevailing regard for dramatic effects and contrasts and, at times, with a vehemence traditional with German singers. She took frequent liberties in breathing and in phrasing sometimes emphasized unimportant words. Except in the case of Loreley and Die Post, her conception of the songs was vague. She has sung Der Erlkoenig better. Singing in French, in German and in English, Miss Destinn's diction was sometimes slovenly, her enunciation indistinct.

Mr. Malkin, a serious and accomplished artist played with customary excellence. The orchestra began the concert with the overture to Massenet's "Phedre."

Next Sunday afternoon Harold Bauer, pianist, and Pablo Casals, 'cellist, will give a recital.

Jan 11 1916

When is a square not a square?
When it is Symphony square.

Habits of Authors.

Mr. Bludyer J. Hackem, the celebrated dramatic critic, having written a murderous review of a new play, eats in his bed chamber two or three doughnuts, drinks a deep slug of New England rum, and then sleeps like a child upon its mother's breast.

Canned Resentment.

As the World Wags:

I send a specimen of canned resentment dating back to 1598, in which year the excellent John Stow, in his "Survey of London," writes:

"This much to stop the tongues of unthankful men, such as used to ask, Why have ye not noted this, or that? and give no thanks for what is done."

I do not know when I have struck a human note out of the past that tickled me as much as this pouting paragraph. Yours forever, MARY ELLEN RYAN.

Boston, Jan. 9.

A War Prescription.

As the World Wags:

I enclose a rather pathetic advertisement from an English exchange:

ZEPPELIN SHOCK, NERVE WEAKNESS, AND MENTAL DEPRESSION. (Formula 470T.)

Don't fall to pieces; try this, and you will be better in a day:
Phosphorus, 1-000 grain.
Nux Vomica Extract, ⅛ grain.
Damiana Extract, 2 grains.
Pure Ovo-Lecithin, 1 grain.
In one tablet. Dose: 1 or 2 tablets after each meal. Price 1s. 7d. (36 tablets) and 5s. 6d. (144 tablets).

Jan. 10. H. B. H.

Miss Rehan.

Those who remember Ada Rehan only as brilliant in comedy should know that before she went to New York she played in tragedy and melodrama. We remember her as a member of a stock company in Albany, N. Y., playing Desdemona with long black hair. John W. Albaugh was the Othello, and John McCullough the Iago. The disparity in size between the two men was amusing when Othello grappled Iago and threw him. Iago was certainly not one of McCullough's best parts. Miss Rehan was then billed as Miss Crehan. Obituary notices have stated that she played Big Clemence in a version of "L'Assommoir," at the Olympic, New York, in 1879, "under Daly's management." Daly was not the manager. The managers were Gardner & Hallock. Daly's management of Mrs. John Wood's Olympic was from Jan. 30, 1877, till the fall of that year. After the first week of "The Assommoir" Miss Rehan replaced Emily Rigl as Virginie. The play was a failure.

"Belly-Butt?"

As the World Wags:

Mr. Marcellus Graves spoke last Wednesday morning of having seen the boys and girls in Brookline sliding down

... "in t... ...-fa-h... ...fa-hion." Is that right? Here in Maine we call it "belly-butt." "Belly gut" would seem to be rather obvious tautology, a fault that children don't come naturally by.

But how is truth forgotten! Mr. Marcellus Graves, are you aware that the "good old-fashioned belly gut (or butt) fashion" of sliding down hill is itself but an innovation of yesterday. Time was, back in the sixties, say, when a manly boy would have been scorned to slide "belly-butt"; it was a method for girls, and puling sissies. To fall face downward upon the sled, to stumble foreward with sled held vertically in front, to drag the toe of one boot or the other—all this was a mark of weak character, and beneath the pride of boys who were eventually to become men. Furthermore, the practice was frowned upon at home; fathers sternly chastised their boys for rubbing the toes of their boots; for in those days such sterling virtues as thrift and economy were actually taught to the young.

The real old-fashioned sliding start, the high trick in the art of sliding, was to hold the sled crosswise of the body, at a rakish angle, and with a mighty run plunge forward with it like an arrow, boy and sled together cleaving the air, the boy landing upon the sled in a quartering position, with one leg curled under him, and the other swinging free. In this position, hands well forward and body crouching low, he steered, not even with the heel, but with the swing of the free leg. To touch the heel to the ground was to confess inadequacy in the art. The boots, by the way, that were such an important factor in this matter, were of the red-top variety.

This was in the days of long and narrow sleds, of sleds whose runners curved up proudly at the prow, of sleds shod with round metal bars, "round runners," of sleds built loose in the joints, sleds that would "work," that would not "die easy," that could be wiggled and urged a few inches farther—of sleds such as you do not see nowadays. I have seen them a good six feet long and not over a foot wide, racing sleds, painted blue or red, with the name on the top in another color. They were all named—"Red Devil," "General Sherman," "Flying Cloud." From sleds like these, the modern blunt-nosed, ugly things of metal are a far cry; just as it is a far cry from the artistic handling of such sleds, to clumsy and spiritless "belly-butt" work on a self-steering creation of an age of industrialism.

"Belly gut," forsooth! Indeed are the mighty fallen. Fresh from a reading of Ludovici's "Defence of Aristocracy" I cannot but interpret all this as still another sign of the weakening influence of democracy. CLEW GARNET.

Searsport, Me.

In Northampton in the sixties the phrase was "belly gut" and only "sissies" slid down hill in any other way. We have also heard the phrases "belly-bumping" and "belly busting." Mr. Garnet will find "belly guts," but not "belly-butt," in dictionaries of slang.—Ed.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—James K. Hackett and Viola Allen in Shakespeare's "Macbeth."

Duncan	Charles B. Hanford
Malcolm	Franklin George
Donalbain	Albert Hickey
Macbeth	Mr. Hackett
Banquo	Paul Everton
A Doctor	Allan Thomas
A Sergeant	Cassius C. Quimby
A Porter	William A. Evans
Lady Macbeth	Miss Allen
Gentlewoman	Mrs. Alexander Salvini
First Witch	Annie Hughes
Second Witch	Mabel Inslee
Third Witch	Forest Doolittle

K W

The roles of Lady Macbeth and her husband have tempted many. The list of famous players who have acted them is long and illustrious. There have been widely varying conceptions. Irving, for instance, made Macbeth a coward Others have portrayed him as a neurotic, a victim of hysteria and superstition. Still others have insisted that he be brawny and barbaric. Lady Macbeth, too, has in turn been played as a devoted wife and as a virago.

Mr. Hackett and Miss Allen appeared in the famous play for the first time on any stage. Their experiment was not a fortunate one, and in both cases revealed marked limitations. It was said that both had new and strong views of the manner in which the parts should be acted. However, as presented last evening, these ideas did not strongly commend themselves to the audience, nor efface the memory of other performances.

Mr. Hackett has physical and vocal qualifications for the part of Macbeth. In appearance and general behavior he realized Charlotte Cushman's description "Macbeth is the great-grandfather of all the Bowery ruffians." His first scene was promising. He strode upon the blasted heath with manly vigor, was inclined to jeer at the three sisters, taunted them in derision and was only reduced to silence and contemplation when they hailed him with the titles of his coming greatness. Even then, though sobered, he appeared to give the matter little serious attention, leaving the fulfilment of the prophecy to chance. In this scene, too, it was apparent that Macbeth was a good fellow, well liked by his comrades.

In the following scene in Duncan's ...t where the first part of the witches' ...he...y is realized and after the King ...named his son Prince of Cumberland Mr. Hackett changes suddenly to become the conventional a... ...wing villain of melodrama It is at once evident that the murder will not be performed at Lady Macbeth's instigation alone. Later in the first scene with his wife this Macbeth's purpose is still more clearly seen. The two crouching before the huge fireplace plotting their ghastly crime are indeed unpleasant people.

As the impersonation progressed, strange touches of irony and sarcasm appeared in Mr. Hackett's reading of the lines, notably at the beginning of the speech "Is this a dagger?" and in his talk with the murderers. All in all, Mr. Hackett's performance was crude, lacking in intellectual subtlety, defective in elocution. Nor is the illusion favored by his absence of make-up. He is not a tragic actor and his part demands the full measure of mature powers. The interpreter must come to it with all the panoply of histrionic and artistic accomplishments.

Miss Allen, too, was overweighted by her part. She was nervously intense, but not a tragic figure. Her elocution was often mannered. Her impersonation spent itself in one spasmodic emotional climax after another. It lacked variety and depth.

The production, too, is not an imposing achievement in stage management. The heath scene was conventionally effective. Lady Macbeth's rooms showed Mr. Urban's continued delight in economy of space, but in the banquet hall the most striking scene of this production he is more generous and has realized a certain and appropriately barbaric magnificence. The absence of the ghost from this scene was regretted by some. Is Macbeth's anguish more acute and realistic when he is seen ranting and blustering at an empty chair? The green light thrown on Mr. Hackett's face in moments when Macbeth was hatching deadly schemes and which was strangely lacking when he plotted Banquo's murder belongs to melodrama. The incidental music by Verdi, Wagner, Dvorak and other composers, besides Scotch airs, was sometimes irritating during the progress of the action and rendered the speech of those on the stage indistinctly audible. There was a friendly audience of fair size.

Before the untimely death of Charles Frohman, he and David Belasco had arranged to make several joint productions, and among these was a new American play of George Scarborough, entitled "Oklahoma," distinctly an American drama. It will be presented at the Hollis Street Theatre for two weeks beginning Monday, Jan. 24, with a company including John Miltern, William Courtleigh, George West, Lenore Ulrich, Edith Benton and other competent players.

TREMONT THEATRE—Henry Miller and Ruth Chatterton in "Daddy Long Legs," a comedy in four acts, by Jean Webster. First performance in Boston:

Jervis Pendleton	Henry Miller
James McBride	Charles Trowbridge
Griggs	Clifford Walker
Walters	Alfred Helton
Miss Pritchard	Mabel Bert
Mrs. Pendleton	Ethel Martin
Julia Pendleton	Gladys Wilson
Sallie McBride	Ruth Tomlinson
Mrs. Semple	Mrs. Jacques Martin
Mrs. Lippett	Margaret Sayres
Sadie Kate	Lillian Ross
Gladiola	Rita Coakley
Loretta	Virginia Smith
Mamie	Maude Erwin
Freddy Perkins	Master Dewey Smith
Judy Abbott	Ruth Chatterton

Lg

Much was expected of this play and its performance. Far more than was expected was given. A remarkably fine presentation of one of the most appealing plays in years, with a wonderful slip of a girl in a wonderful role, and an actor of ripe experience as her companion star; and a company of children and grown-ups, each and all efficient and many of them absolutely delightful; that was what last night's audience gained by defying the weather man and his accomplices.

Many became acquainted with Judy Abbott when her naive letters to "Daddy Long Legs" were first published in serial form in a magazine. As many, perhaps, read the letters when they were woven in to a book which became one of the best sellers. Many again have seen the play elsewhere; and those who have opportunity here in Boston to see it and fail will have lost an evening of ineffaceable charm and beauty. This will be due, chiefly, to the rare artistry, or should we say, the more rare naturalness of Miss Chatterton. We recall the pathos of Eleanor Robson in "Merely Mary Ann"; we could name other Cinderellas of the stage who have been able to start tears by wistful portrayals.

It was remained for Miss Chatterton to reveal that astounding thing, an absolutely flawless, completely perfect creation of Jean Webster's shadowy dream-child. This praise, fulsome as it may sound, need not place Mr. Miller in the background. His is the balancing part, the needful element in a perfect blend of the two chief characters in the play. And his acting is evenly finished, with fine consideration for the lights and shades, a not too heavy emphasis in the serious moments, and a substantial rather than a light twist to the more fanciful scenes. He has his splendid opportunity in the third act, when Jervis Pendleton tells Judy of his reverent love, and is sent away, a man suddenly aged and broken. That one scene alone might well be Mr. Miller's memorial when "Daddy Long Legs" has passed away.

From the instant when Judy drags her wearied little body into the dining-room of the John Grier Home, Miss Chatterton caught and held fascinated an audience which immediately gave its full sympathy and encouragement. Her defiance of the pettifogging trustees was the outburst of a brave little heart which had long been oppressed with misery. When in the second act she appeared as the freshman college girl, placed in happier and more luxurious environment by the philanthropic "Mr. Smith," she was a radiant picture, yet always with the sad eyes which searched for something unpossessed, always with the mind which would not cease to revert to those ugly days of waifdom, those torturing years when, as Judy said, she had endured long, silent stretches of revolt.

When gradually, as Jervis Pendleton came closer and closer into her life, and her loyalty toward her unknown benefactor, her love for Pendleton, and her feeling of her own unworthiness, she had to face the big crisis of her youthful life, she was still Judy the brave, Judy, the wistful, Judy the tender. When she wept, her audience wept with her; when she smiled, under that captivatingly tilted little nose, the audience was eager to laugh with her. It was most fitting, despite the obviously unrelated ages of Judy and Jervis, that in the end they should find their happiness in a mutual love.

The five "orphan children," the Misses Ross, Coakley, Smith and Erwin and Master Smith, who appeared in the first act only, were as delightful as any of those of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Their acting was spontaneous and natural. To Mrs. Jacques Martin, for her delightful interpretation of the role of Mrs. Semple, Pendleton's old nurse, must be given more than a passing line of praise. Her motherly appearance, her ready wit, obviously of New England generation; her convulsing commentaries on the usefulness of the telephone as a means of gleaning the town news, all were splendid. Miss Bert as Miss Pritchard, the loyal, high-minded guide to Judy's career; Miss Sayres as Mrs. Lippett, the two-faced virago who served as the orphanage matron, and Miss Tomlinson, Miss Wilson and Mr. Trowbridge, in lighter parts, deserve commendation.

The four scenes revealed the careful attention to detail and verisimilitude which are characteristic of productions in which Mr. Miller appears, that showing the interior of Pendleton's summer home at Lock Willow Farm being especially attractive. As Mrs. Semple remarked, when some one praised its home-like qualities, "Yes, Mr. Pendleton is very fond of it in the summer time. He does not have to live here in the winter." It was just that kind of a house. We have seen them.

PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRY AT B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE

Plays Juliet and Sings Charmingly —Excellent Program.

Phyllis Neilson-Terry at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week, heads a bill full of clever acts. She appeared in two scenes from "Romeo and Juliet." Her versatility is not confined to the drama of the spoken word, for she has an excellent singing voice. Her singing of "Ben Bolt," brought out the sweetness of her voice as few other songs could have done. But it was "Couplets du Mysoie," that brought out its wonderful range.

R

Her impersonation of Juliet in the cell of Friar Lawrence and in Juliet's bedchamber, was remarkable for its depth of feeling.

Sharing honors with Miss Terry on the bill are Lydell, Rogers and Lydell, in "A Native of Arkansas." This is a funny skit with a character comedy role that is very amusing.

Others who help to make up the bill are the Four Statues, statuesque acrobatic novelty; Santley and Norton, singers; Lola Merrill and Frank Otto in an episode of the great European war, "Wards of the U. S. A."; Miss Kathleen Clifford, direct from a solid year in London, in songs and impersonations; Harry Tate and his company in an English comedy, "Motoring"; Parillo and Frabito, Italian street singers, and Togan and Geneva, taut wire performers.

Jan 12 1916

ORNSTEIN GIVES

By PHILIP HALE.

Leo Ornstein of New York, pianist, gave his third recital in Steinert Hall last evening. The hall was filled with an expectant and curious audience. The program was as follows:

Franck, Prelude, Chorale and Fugue; Cyril Scott, Impressions from the Jungle (the Jungle Dawn, Rikki-Tikki-Tavi and the Snake, Morning Song in the Jungle, Dance of the Elephants); Debussy, Cloches a travers les feuilles, Et la lune descend sur le temple qui fut Ornstein, Dwarf suite (at Dawn, Dance of the Dwarfs, Funeral march, Serenade ... Dwarfs, At Work, March Grotes...); Schoenberg, six short, piano pieces, ... 19; Novak, Pan (Prolog, Berge, Mee...

Mr. Ornstein played the noble c... position of Cesar Franck a few ye... ago when he was comparatively orth... dox, a young pianist "in good and reg... lar standing." There were fine momen... in the performance last night. Th... pianist treated the music respectful... without attempting to put "Pere Franck in the ranks of the wild-eyed futurists. Yet we missed the spirited exaltation akin to mysticism with what might be called the compassionate and human feeling that give this music its peculiar place in literature.

Cyril Scott is undoubtedly a man of talent, but this talent is not so unmistakably revealed in his "Impressions from the Jungle," as in other works that have been played here. There is little of the Orient in the several pieces. The monotony of "The Jungle" might be that of a tobacco field along the Connecticut river or that of an ice-foot, as far as color or suggestion of lush vegetation is concerned. The one piece that has really musical interest is the "Morning Song." As studies in impressionism the other pieces are neither seductive nor pictorial.

As an interpreter of Debussy this pianist is seldom poetic. His touch is too hard; his style is too cramped. The interpretation of the pieces chosen last night was obj...ve, not vaporous and dreamy. This music should be heard as through a Maeterlinckian mist that softens familiar objects and gives unreality to that which in the garish sunlight is palpably prosaic.

We cannot agree with those that find in Mr. Ornstein a master of tone-color, with all nuances at his control. He is seldom, if ever, sensuous, seldom emotional through tonal effects. He is a draughtsman in black and white, rather than a colorist. Thus limited, he soon fatigues the ear, and only awakens attention by the extravagant performance of still more extravagant compositions that are without beauty, without true power. We do not now refer to "lack of form" or the wild irregularity of his own music and that by the ultra-radical who are admitted by him to the honor of comradeship. It has been said that there is no true beauty without a wild irregularity. We are not sticklers for musical propriety. Mr. Ornstein's "Wild Men's Dance," for instance, is to us graphically pictorial and intensely exciting. With the best will in the world we find little or nothing in his "Dwarf" Suite.

Not knowing Schoenberg's op. 19, we cannot say whether Mr. Ornstein played them all, for the last pieces on the program were run together without definite pauses. If he played the music by Schoenberg, it was not so striking as the chamber and the orchestral music previously performed. After the "Dwarf" suite any music would seem tolerably sane and reasonable. The pieces by Novak, a Czech, who has written orchestral and choral music, chamber music and songs, have defined melody and a certain brilliance, though the effect is too often marred by unvaried thematic repetition.

The audience applauded. It also laughed. Yet it was not courteous or fair to treat Mr. Ornstein as though he were the Count Joannes of the piano. Those who know him personally say he is not a poseur, secretly laughing at the elect who, hearing his compositions, are lost in wonder, love, and praise.

"What do you know about Sir Walter Raleigh?"

"Sir Walter Raleigh introduced tobacco into England, and when smoking it in this country said to his servant, 'Master Ridley, we are today lighting a candle in England which, by God's blessing, will never be put out.'"

The Raleigh "Legend."

Mr. G. L. Apperson's "Social History of Smoking" has been published by Martin Secker of London. It contains stories of all sorts, more or less improving anecdotes. No doubt the book includes little that is not to be found in the material collected by Mr. Herkimer Johnson, but as not even the first volume of the latter's colossal work is yet in the hands of the anxious subscribers, he will pardon us for quoting Mr. Apperson.

First of all is the Raleigh "legend" that associates Raleigh with the first pipe smoked in England; Mr. Apperson is inclined to believe that there is no historical foundation for the legend. He suggests that while Raleigh may have brought the practice into common use, he was led into the smoker's ways by one Thomas Hariot, whom he sent on an expedition "for the specific purpose of inquiring into, and reporting upon, the national productions of Virginia." This is certain: that tobacco was in fashion in England before Raleigh's

... But is Mr. Apperson jus- ... snussing the Raleigh story ... "l s i i"

... ubrey was born eight years ... le th of Raleigh. In 1680 he ... Anthony Wood notes for the ... eminent men. A superstitious ... person—witness his "Miscel- ... curious, prying, he was a dili- ... antiquarian, and according to the ... y of those who know him, very ... l and accurate in his account of ... of fact.

... states positively in his notes ... Raleigh was the first to bring to- ... into England, and into fashion. ... ne part of North Wilts * * * it ... first into fashion by Sr. Walter ... They had first silver pipes. This ... nary sort made use of a walnut shell ... a straw. I have heard my gr. father ... say that one pipe was handed from ... to man round the table. Sr. W. R. ... nding in a stand at Sr. Ro. Poyntz ... ke, at Acton, tooke a pipe of tobacco, ... made the ladies quitt it till he had ... nne. Within these 35 years 'twas ... dalous for a divine to take tobacco. ... was sold then for its wayte in silver." We also learn from Aubrey that Raleigh took a pipe of tobacco shortly before he went to the scaffold: "Which some formal persons were scandalized at, but I think 'twas well, and properly donne to settle his spirits."

As for Thomas Hariot, we learn something about him from Aubrey; how he went to Virginia; how the Earl of Northumberland settled an annuity on him; and how he valued little "the old storie of the Creation of the World." He would say, "Ex nihilo nihil fit." His manner of death was regarded as a judgment upon him for "nullifying the Scripture." but accounts of this death differ. Some say he had "an ulcer in his lip." But Mr. Haggar, a countryman of Hariot says: "In the top of his nose came a little red speck (exceeding small), which grew bigger and bigger, and at last killed him." Aubrey adds: "I suppose it was that wch the Chirurgians call a noli me tangere." Lip or nose, ulcer or cancer, there is nothing in Aubrey about Hariot introducing or smoking tobacco. Let us continue to believe in the Raleigh "legend." We see Sir Walter now, "a tall, handsome and bold man, damnably proud," puffing away; in his study on a little turret of Durham House; in his lodgings in the Tower.

Let us not forget that some say Sir Francis Drake first took tobacco into England; others that it was one Lane from Virginia. As Mr. John Aubrey remarked in his introductory letter to his worthy friend Wood, "What uncertainty do we find in printed histories!"

Old Friends.

Again there is discussion over Macbeth and Lady Macbeth. Was the former a coward? Was the latter a voluptuous beguiler or a raw-boned Amazon? One editor of Shakespeare censured him for introducing the witches, and thus pandering to the superstitious. The editor of "a new theatrical dictionary" (London, 1792) on the whole approved the tragedy although he admitted it was "extremely irregular." "Lady Macbeth, discovering her own crimes in her sleep, is perfectly original and admirably conducted."

We have seen excellent murderers in this play; witches that were not to be sneezed at; ghosts of Banquo that would strike terror to the stoutest soul; but we have never seen an admirable impersonation of Macbeth. We once saw J. B. Booth with Charlotte Cushman at the Boston Theatre. Miss Cushman then played in a way that led one to doubt whether Macbeth, heroic or timid, would have lived with her for any length of time. Duncan would surely never have accepted her hospitality. He would have said to his attendants: "Let's move on and find lodging elsewhere. This is no place for us." Irving preferred his own Macbeth to his Hamlet, and Miss Ellen Terry was simply delighted with her dress as Lady Macbeth and believed that it would be immortalized by Sargent's portrait of her in the part.

Do many remember George L. Fox as Macbeth? How annoyed he was when a servant informed him that a load of Birnem wood had been left at the kitchen door. There were improved readings, as "Infirm old porpoise! give me the daggers." He could not help seeing the dagger that marshalled him his way. It was a large one of wood, suspended by a string. Perhaps an audience today would not think Fox and his burlesques funny. It surely would not be thrilled by Miss Cushman. It would say that she ranted and was stagey.

A Thin-Skinned German.

Dr. Walter Rathenau was quoted not long ago as the heir of the head of the Allgemeine Electricitaets Gesellschaft. As an unsuccessful author he is thin-skinned. When his "Reflections" were published about three years ago the Zeit im Bild remarked: "It would be difficult to discover a single new idea in this work, even if a prize of 1000 marks were offered to stimulate the search." Dr. Rathenau offered 1000 marks to any one who would prove that the "Reflections" did not contain a new thought. His anger was redoubled when the public did not take the offer seriously.

SECOND CONCERT BY APOLLO CLUB

The Apollo Club last evening gave its second concert of this season at Jordan Hall, assisted by the American String Quartet. The club sang "On the Sea," by Dudley Buck; "The Troubadour's Serenade," by Rudolf Wagner, "The Maiden and the Butterfly," an interesting and charming composition by Margaret Ruthven Lang, and an exquisitely dainty, harmonious little piece called "Music When Soft Voices Die," by G. A. Alcock.

The American String Quartet played a "Theme With Variations," by Gliere, and Grieg's "Romanze." "Strike, Strike the Lyre," by T. Cooke, was sung with variety and restraint. Miss Marshall played a violin obligato to a "Cradle Song," by Saar, and the club put forth its full power on the majestic "Hymn to Song," by E. Stahl. Mr. Mollenhauer conducted, and Dr. Davidson was at the organ.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE — The Craig Players in "The Woman Hunter," a play in four acts, by Giles Manton. First performance on any stage. K. W.

	Mr. John Craig
Philip Pendleton	Mr. William P. Carleton
Lloyd Grabame	Mr. Theodore Friebus
Dawes	Mr Donald Meek
Parkins	Miss Betty Barnicoat
Denise Atberton	Miss Vida Croly Sidney
Martbe	Miss Mary Young
Marian Grabame	

Mr. and Mrs. Grahame have just returned to New York from a trip abroad. On the evening in which the play opens they are discussing a reception. Mr. Grahame wishes his friend Philip Pendleton to be included among the guests. His wife, however, demurs. She dislikes Pendleton and has always avoided him, for his reputation is that of being a woman chaser.

Curiously enough, Grahame has just sent for his friend. He wants his advice in a family matter. His brother, a black sheep, has become entangled with a siren, Denise Atherton, whose reputation is public property. Left by his brother for a new love, Mrs. Atherton takes a house on Washington square and proposes to make trouble. Pendleton advises Grahame to talk things over with his wife. He refuses flatly. It seems he has an appointment with the siren at 10:30 that evening. Pressed, he admits a previous call. When his friend leaves he prepares to keep his engagement. While he is on his way the impatient siren telephones the house and thoughtlessly gives her name to the butler. Thus Mrs. Grahame learns her husband's whereabouts and thinks the worst.

Act II. is at Pendleton's apartment opposite the siren's on Washington square. Mrs. Grahame demands permission to watch her husband's coming from the window. She tricks him and succeeds in catching her husband.

Act III. shows the siren practising her arts. With a feigned French accent and liberal self-pity she at once enlists Grahame's sympathy. Later on they agree to meet frequently. He goes out with the gleam of the chase in his eyes. Mrs. Grahame follows him to the house. She and the siren exchange outspoken words about the problem of sex. As she leaves, the siren, temporarily worsted, tells her maid she will be at home to no one the following evening.

In the last act there is a scene between the Grahames and Pendleton and one between husband and wife. She leaves her home and her return remains problematical.

The author displays a knowledge of human nature. He has been shrewd in the drawing of his feminine characters. The two women represent extremes. Mrs. Grahame is old-fashioned, a woman of ideals, affectionate, not sensual. Mrs. Atherton lives today in many guises. She is the typical siren who believes men are to be held by their passions alone, forgetting that a relationship based solely on sex is destroyed ad infinitum by other and newer charms more potently exerted.

Both men are less convincing. Grahame behaves like a schoolboy. His technic as a philanderer is slight. He makes a mess of things generally. Pendleton's vicious character is only hinted at. In the play he behaves with the utmost propriety and restraint considering his suppressed passion for Mrs. Grahame.

The scene for which the play was no doubt written, the scene between the ladies in the third act, is merely a polemical treatment of free love versus marriage. It is brutally frank, sometimes amusing and presents few arguments on either side that have not appeared in novels of French and other nationalities. The wife's coldness is the familiar justification used by sirens in defence of their own behavior.

The piece was acted with spirit. Miss Young added another striking impersonation to her long list of conspicuous achievements. The gayety of the first act was strongly contrasted with the distress of mind and soul which followed. The actress played with quiet force, with prevailing dignity, with marked emotional power. Miss Barnicoat's siren was convincing after a fashion. She was seductive and jaunty, hard and petulant. Mr. Craig was excellent as Pendleton. The impersonation was carefully thought out and well sustained. Mr. Carleton's Grahame needs a lighter touch, but he will no doubt improve the characterization.

The play was received with mild enthusiasm by a large audience which displayed no eagerness to solve the closely guarded mystery of the author's true identity.

Jan. 13, 1916

CHORAL MUSIC SOCIETY OPENS

By PHILIP HALE.

The Choral Music Society of Boston, Stephen Townsend conductor, gave its first concert of the season last night in the First Church in Boston. The program included Giacomo Carissimi's oratorio "Jephtha"; Wolf-Ferrari's "Talitha-Kumi" and Karg-Elert's "Benedictus" and "Behold I Come from Heaven Above." The solo singers were Miss Louise K. Brown, Miss Bernice Taft, Miss Jessie Nute, Messrs. Woods, Bellis Lunger, Dane, Evans and Master Seibert. The boy choir of Emmanuel Church, Mr. Farnam, conductor, an orchestra with Mr. Kuntz solo violinist, assisted.

Carissimi is known chiefly by his "Jephtha" and this oratorio by the final chorus "Plorate," yet Carissimi exerted a great influence not only in Italy, but on French music, especially on opera as written by Lulli. Much of Carissimi's music was destroyed by fire, but fortunately his pupil Charpentier had copied many of his compositions and taken them to Paris. In the music of Carissimi that has come down to us—he lived from 1604 to 1674—we find a singularly authoritative calm, clearness, simplicity and, above all, the impersonality that Goethe declared the privilege of the Greeks and the Southern races. According to report the composer was a tall and melancholy man; but the plaintiveness of certain recitatives and the choruses of lamentation is not subjective or morbid. M. Romain Rolland has described the grace of Jephtha's daughter expressed in this music as Racinian. The characterization is final.

After this oratorio the cantata of Wolf-Ferrari seemed labored and affected for the most part; now too deliberately dramatic; now with an attempt at archaism. What Carissimi accomplished with his chorus, Wolf-Ferrari endeavors to accomplish with his orchestra. In his vocal treatment of the story of Jairus's daughter, he is often and singularly unfortunate in his breaking the narration, in giving rhetorical emphasis to unimportant words, in separating sentences that should be continuous by long and wearisome interludes, wearisome when they are intended to be especially significant and dramatic. At times he is frankly operatic, not to say in operetta vein. At other times he is a Wagnerian well stocked with quotations from his master. On the other hand there are effective moments, when the composer allows himself to speak naturally and without thought of a page of commentary for two lines of text.

Mr. Woods in the cantata took the place of Mr. Glines, who was suffering from a cold. The choruses were on the whole sung more effectively than the solo measures. The recitatives without regard to the spirit of the words were generally delivered in a lachrymose manner.

HOFFMANN QUARTET OPENS 14TH SEASON

K. W.

Large Audience Hears Concert In Jacob Sleeper Hall.

The Hoffmann quartet gave the first concert of its 14th season last evening at Jacob Sleeper Hall. Hans Ebell, pianist, was the assisting artist. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Quartet, op. 95; Rachmaninoff, Trio Elegiaque, op. 9, for piano, violin and 'cello; Mozart, Quartet, D major.

The program was agreeably contrasted, not too conservative. Rachmaninoff's Trio was composed in 1893 in memory of Tschaikowsky. It is romantic, with a prevailing spirit of melancholy. The themes have marked character; the flowing lines of melody are gracefully developed. These are opportunities for the pianist. The Trio was first played here in 1904 by Messrs. Eaton and Hadley, violinist and 'cellist, and Mrs. Jessie Donner Eaton, pianist. Last evening Mr. Ebell played sympathetically, with agreeable quality of tone, appropriately varied, and a fine sense of proportion.

A large audience enjoyed the sound musicianship of the quartet as displayed in the pieces by Beethoven and Mozart and the playing of Messrs. Hoffmann and Barth, Mr. Ebell's associates in the trio.

The next concert will be on Wednesday evening, Feb. 23. Alfred de Voto, pianist, will assist.

We like to think of Dr. F. B. Bostwick hastening at the command of Morocco's Sultan to pull, plug, file and ornament the teeth of the odalisques and houris at the harem. The story of this dentist, practising at Gibraltar, far from his boyhood's roof in Coshocton, O., and once at Fez setting voluptuous teeth in diamonds to suit the S... whim, takes us back to the musical comedies with scenes in Oriental lands not found upon the map. We remember a front-row girl in a show some years ago who courted attention by a diamond set in a front upper tooth. She was not therefore the more attractive.

The lover exclaims in the Song of Songs—Solomon's not Sudermann's—"Thy teeth are as a flock of sheep which go up from the washing." For such there is no need of embedded jewels, and if the teeth are irregular or discolored or seen only at intervals, each one lonely, a diamond, ruby, topaz would only invite the eye to observe imperfect or absent dentistry. "And still the phantasma of the teeth maintained its terrible ascendency." But few of us would so dwell on the peculiarities of our Berenice's teeth, survey their characteristics, ponder their conformation, muse on the alteration in their nature, that like unto the hero of Poe's wild tale, we would visit the sepulchre at night, spade in hand, and return with a little box containing "thirty-two small, white, and ivory-looking substances."

> There was a lady lived at Leith,
> A lady very stylish, man,
> And yet, in spite of all her teeth,
> She fell in love with an Irishman.

Dr. Maginn did not describe the lady's teeth. His powers of description were lavished on the roaring hero with the "terrible name," Timothy Thady Mulligan. Tastes in women's teeth vary. In old times the Chinese and the Japanese preferred them black, and in India women craving admiration stained their teeth. In Sumatra some gilded theirs. Bonzes in Japan and China were said to have a secret prescription for colored decoration. In the time of Marco Polo, the women subject to the Great Khan wore a strip of thin gold over their teeth, which led the sceptical La Mothe le Vayer to say that this was perhaps put on to preserve the teeth from rheums and also exhalations from the stomach. And yet he retold the story of the surprising Silesian boy, aged seven, who in the year of our Lord 1596 sported a gold tooth. The sceptical Frenchman quoted Horstius (James, or Gregory named the Aesculapius of Germany?) who tested the gold with a touchstone, and Martin Rulland ("L'Histoire d'une dent d'or," 1597), who maintained that the tooth could easily and naturally have grown in the boy's jaw. Truly, this is a little world of great wonders, we again exclaim. Let us hear from Dr. Bostwick. Although he is now on the Atlantic, we see him at work in the harem with Masrour, the Sworder, standing by him and other gigantic eunuchs guarding the doors.

Search the Scriptures.

As the World Wags:

Your query as to whether any one has written on the changing fashions in the titles of novels reminds me of the many newer writers who have gone to the Bible for their titles—if for nothing else.

Your own reference, some months ago, to a well known author as indulging in "Chambering and Wantonness," illustrates the tendency. The following titles will be familiar to many:

The House of Mirth, Eccles. vii. 4.
Thou Shalt Not, Ex. xx.
The Inside of the Cup, Matt. xxiii. 25, 26.
The Woman Thou Gavest Me, Gen. iii. 12.
The Leopard's Spots, Jer. xiii. 23.
When Kings Go Forth to Battle, 2 Sam. xi. 1.
The Mantle of Elijah, 2 Kings, ii. 13.
Melchisedec (z), Gen. xiv. 18.
The New Commandment, John xiii. 34.
Talitha Cumi, Mark v. 41.
The Potter and the Clay, Rom. ix. 21 (might possibly be from Omar Khayyam).
A Pillar of Salt, Gen. xix. 26.
A Far Country, Luke xv. 13.
Whosoever Shall Offend, Mark ix. 42.

And so on indefinitely.

I counted recently in a single issue of The Herald, advertisements of six books, presumably novels, whose titles were taken from the Bible.

Boston, Jan. 10. H. B. HASTINGS.

P. S.—As to "Belly butt" or "Belly-gut." In the neighborhood of Winsted, Ct., and Watertown, Mass., 40 years ago I think the term was "Belly bunt" or "Belly bump."

All Smiling.

As the World Wags:

The New York Sun published this paragraph:

> Must not something be said for the powers of endurance and self-control of men who, for little a week, stand behind the counter (with no brass rail whereon to ease the strain of gravitation), surrounded by battalions of bottles, in fair range of the muzzles of batteries of spigots, and keep sober while setting out "straight" drinks or "mixed" drinks, O. S. contemporaneously conventional or futuristic for the long rank of faces of all types—the pig, the ape, the fox, and for each rare lion a mean hyena? To confront that line of faces is a test of supermanhood.

On a visit to New York in the Seventies I visited many saloons. Harry Hill's, The. Allen, Kit Burns, Reddy the Blacksmith, Cobweb Hall and many others were flourishing at that time. The patrons were all cheerful and wore a "Have-another-on-me" smile. The types spoken of by the writer above were not of that day. J. D. K.

Boston, Jan. 10.

The choir will now sing:

> Remember the barkeeper never forgets
> To greet the old man with a smile.

HUNTER WELSH'S

By PHILIP HALE.

Mr. Hunter Welsh gave a piano recital last night in Jordan Hall, and then played for the first time in this city. The program was as follows: Bach-Busoni, Choralvorspiele—In dir ist Freude, Ich ruf' zu dir, Chaconne (from the Sonata for violin alone, No. IV.); Mozart, Sonata in A major, No. 9; Chopin, Sonata in B-flat minor, Mazurkas B minor and A minor, Valses E minor, D-flat major, Polonaise E-flat minor; Liszt, Sposalizio, Il Penseroso, Canzonetta del Salvator Rosa, Waldesrauschen, Legend of St. Francois de Paule.

The playing of Mr. Welsh abounded in contradictions. At times he showed technical facility; at other times, and when it was least expected, he would slip and fumble. His tone in lyric passages was now pure and free and beautiful, and a few minutes afterward it would be dry and earthy. It would be wrong to say that he too often played without thought, for he plainly showed at times, as in the performance of the Funeral March, that he had a deliberate purpose, which, unfortunately, was not musical, not aesthetically effective, not warranted by anything in the printed page. Perhaps in the surprise of the March movement he wished to imitate the booming of cannon, perhaps the tolling of a huge and funereal bell; whatever his intention, his treatment of the bass drowned the melodic figure and distorted the measures. Indeed, his interpretation of Chopin's Sonata was often a curious perversion. There was something fascinating in the performance. The hearer was conscious that the music was by Chopin, and yet it did not sound like Chopin.

Mr. Welsh belongs, unhappily, to the school of pianists that believe Bach is more reverenced by transcription than by the playing of his original pieces for the piano. Mr. Busoni in one of his idle moments, perhaps in pessimistic mood, conceived the idea of transcribing the Chaconne, and thus wreaking vengeance on those who had not hitherto fully appreciated him. What is to be said of a pianist who encourages Mr. Busoni in his fell work by playing this transcription, and immediately after transcriptions of two Choral Preludes for organ? Mr. Welsh was not wholly merciless. Seized with pity or remorse, he faltered in his task, and for a moment it seemed as though he would stop and ask forgiveness.

It will be seen that it is not easy to classify Mr. Welsh. He has acquired a certain technic that is plausible for a time and then is found to be not secure. His interpretation is seldom continuously poetical or impressive; as a rule it is pedestrian or amateurish.

THIRD CONCERT OF THE TREMONT TEMPLE COURSE

Heinrich Gebhard, Pianist, and Four Singers Take Part.

The third concert in the Tremont Temple course took place last evening. The singers were Fay Cord, soprano; Blanche Hamilton Fox, contralto; Arthur Hackett, tenor, and Albert Edmund Brown, baritone. Heinrich Gebhard was the single instrumentalist and John A. O'Shea was the accompanist.

Mr. Gebhard played selections from Rachmaninoff, Chopin, Wagner, Liszt and Mendelssohn and one of his own compositions; Mr. Brown sang a group from Wagner, Storace, Homer, DeKoven, Damrosch; Miss Cord sang selections from Richardson, Lehmann, Del Riego and Ware Stephens; Mr. Hackett sang songs by Brabscombe, Chadwick, Bennett, Horsmann and Donizetti; Miss Fox was heard in selections of Saint-Saens, Huntington-Woodman, Leoni, Hosti and Handel. The audience was a large and very appreciative one and the artists were generous in lengthening the program.

Mr. Gebhard is familiar as a pianist. Like most of his associates on the program, he arranged his numbers to suit the popular taste; there was no long drawn out sonata, and his pieces were those that lend themselves quickly to the ear rather than those that call for technical brilliance. He played with accustomed sincerity; a master of technic, he is still something more and beyond a mere technicist; the performance was anything but drab.

Mr. Brown displayed a sonorous baritone.

Miss Cord has the advantage of a prepossessing appearance. Her numbers were decidedly of the lighter class and she sang as an interpreter as well as a singer.

One of the features of the evening was the singing of Mr. Hackett. His singing of "Spirito Gentil" was a pleasure.

Miss Fox, who chose the more exacting numbers of the program, displayed a wide range and sang freely and without effort.

Jan 15 1916

'NEW ENGLAND' SYMPHONY AT 11TH CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE.

The 11th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Ernst Schmidt conducted, for Dr. Muck has not yet recovered from an attack of the grip. The orchestral pieces were these: Kelley's Symphony No. 2, "New England" (first time in Boston); Gluck-Gevaert, Ballet Suite No. 2—Tambourin, Gavotte, Chaconne; Cherubini's overture to "Anacreon." Mme. Melba sang these airs: Handel's "Sweet Bird"; Mozart's "Porgi Amor" and "Voi, che sapete." Mr. Maquarre played the flute obligato for Handel's air.

We remember with pleasure many pages of Mr. Kelley's operetta, "Puritania," and the music of his "Aladdin" suite, especially "The Flight of the Genius with the Palace," a movement that fascinated Edward MacDowell, of which he often spoke. We also remember some songs of genuine fancy. Mr. Kelley is well known as a musician of the soundest training, of solid acquirements, a man of original thought and views.

His symphony, written for the Litchfield County (Conn.) Choral Union, was first performed at Norfolk in June, 1913. A New Englander by descent, he "feels" New England, as he himself has said, and he felt that he should "write New England." For this symphony he chose as mottoes for the movements passages from the log book of the Mayflower, which was afterwards enlarged into the "History of the Plymouth Plantation." And to express the sentiment of early New England he chose for a theme, with variations, the old funeral tune, "China," to which the hymn, "Why do we mourn departing friends," was sung.

It might be said that this symphony expresses the stern New England idea of beauty—the New England conscience—as opposed or affected by a longing for the beautiful—"love of life in its best sense." It is to be expected that a symphony in traditional form contains a first movement in which there are two strongly contrasted themes. It matters little what these themes may typify. The interest, even where there is an elaborate program, is chiefly musical. The hearer considers first of all the nature of the themes and the use made of them: ingenuity, workmanship, harmonic and orchestral color.

New England! The oppressing sense of duty! The longing for the beautiful, that was in some instances crushed, while in rarer instances it softened austerity! Whenever we hear about New England duty we recall "Orpheus C. Kerr's" parody of Whittier in the form of a rejected national anthem:

My native land, thy Puritanic stock
Still finds its roots firm-bound in Plymouth Rock,
And all thy sons unite in one grand wish—
To keep the virtues of Preserv-ed Fish.

Preserv-ed Fish, the Deacon stern and true,
Told our New England what her sons should do,
And should they swerve from loyalty and right,
Then the whole land were lost indeed in night.

Too much of this symphony sounds as if it were "made in Germany." With the possible exception of the Scherzo, which has for motto "Warm and fair weather, the birds sang in the trees most pleasantly," there is little that reveals the individuality of the composer shown in other works. The chief motive—Duty—is well found, but the composer was not fortunate in his expression of longing for the beautiful. A more sensuous strain would not have brought blushes to the cheeks of fair New England women with forbidding Christian names. The thematic treatment throughout is no doubt scholarly, but seldom striking, impressive. Take the variations, for instance, they are sombre, without true variety in expression. The Scherzo contains the relieving pages. Here is a pretty melodic idea and there is freshness, there is spontaneity in the invention. The symphony suffers from a lack of variety in orchestral color. Perhaps the composer wished to portray the prevailing monotony of early New England life. But one drab movement should be enough. It seems as if Mr. Kelley as a composer had been oppressed by the sense of duty, that he feared if his Muse were even innocently sportive, she would be pilloried. Her feet, at least, are in the stocks.

Mr. Kelley, fortunate man, is now free to compose at leisure. Let us hope that with his natural gifts he will turn his back on Germany, where he has spent many years; let him consider the French and their ways, let him kindle his fancy again by dreams of fairy tales and the Orient; or if he must have an American subject, let him choose one in which Duty does not like a Gorgon freeze his blood. He was in the audience yesterday and had reason to be pleased with the reception of his work.

Mme. Melba yesterday sang "Sweet Bird" for the fourth time at these concerts. The first time was 20 years ago. It was not to be expected that her performance yesterday of this florid air would be so brilliant as in former years. But if the years are inexorable in certain ways, they are merciful in others. Mme. Melba's singing of the airs from "Le Nozze di Figaro" was delightful. In them the voice was as fresh and beautiful as of old. There was the charm of exquisite phrasing; there was the simplicity of the great artist.

The dances of Gluck pleased the audience, and the noble overture of Cherubini brought the end.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Berlioz, overture "Rob Roy"; Liszt, symphonic poem, "What One Hears on the Mountain" (first time at these concerts); Schumann, Symphony in B flat.

OPERATIC CONCERT GIVEN IN TREMONT TEMPLE

Mme. Miura and George Baklanoff Contribute to Program.

An operatic concert took place last last evening at Tremont Temple. Owing to an attack of the grip Miss Elira Leveroni, contralto, failed to appear, while Jose Mardones, bass, was reported as having missed his train from New York.

Mme. Tamaki Miura, the Japanese soprano, and George Baklanoff, the distinguished Russian baritone, contributed chiefly to the program. They were assisted by Miss Marguerite Dunlap, a contralto, of New York.

Mme. Miura sang airs from Puccini's "Mme. Butterfly" and "Tosca," besides songs in English and Japanese. Mr. Baklanoff's numbers included arias from Rubinstein's "Demon" and Thomas's "Hamlet" and Russian songs. An audience of fair size was appreciative.

We again state that in Northampton, Hampshire county, boys in the sixties did not coast; they "sild down hill." The favorite sled was the "spring runner," and the object of every true "sport" in winter life was to prove to the other boys that the runners of his sled were worn more, were flatter than theirs. Only "mollycoddles" sat with their legs stretched straight in front, or sideways and steering with a leg behind. Your true, manly boy sild "belly gut"—not "belly guts," not "belly bumps," not "belly butt." We wore no overcoat, but a tippet round the neck; often a fur cap with a piece of fur like a doughnut hall on the top. Prudent mothers insisted on clothing their hopeful sons in red flannel drawers and shirts, and some saw to it that they wore a chest protector, made of huckskin covered with flannel, a hideous thing that provoked sweat and encouraged pneumonia. Trousers were tucked in leather boots. A few wore rubber boots. We remember one boy, who, much against his will, wore boots of corduroy, which his father had brought from Boston. They were recommended as warm and sanitary, but the wearer's life was made a burden, for his playmates mocked and derided him.

The favorite slide was one starting from the top of Round Hill, crossing Elm street, a dangerous crossing, going by the district school house, and then descending the hill that led to Damon's Mill, near Damon's pond, where there was excellent skating; where several boys were drowned. The drowned, if they belonged to the Sunday school of the Old Church, were exposed for view at the funeral exercises. "How natural he looks!" In summer they were put away in the burying ground, near a ball field. The favorite hymn at the grave was "There's a Light in the Window for Thee, Brother." But we wander.

We publish today letters showing that other terms than "belly-gut" were used in other parts of New England and in other states. But it is foolish to attack "belly-gut" on the ground that it is tautological or against rules of philology and reason. Boys are not strict grammarians, nor are they curious about derivations.

Good Old Albany.

As the World Wags:

Clew Garnet certainly gives us old coasters a raw deal. In Albany, N. Y., as far back as 1867, we used to challenge one another to slide "belly gutters," and let me tell you that any fellow who coasts in that fashion in Albany is no mollycoddle. The streets rising from the river are as steep as a church roof, and after a start from the top of one the finish is fearsomely uncertain. One fellow, coasting down Lancaster street, went through the dining room window of a house at the foot, on Eagle street. Another, sliding from North Pearl street to Broadway, scudded between the front and hind wheels of a wagon which crossed his path at the moment he reached Broadway. Had he been coasting in Clew Garnet's fashion his head would have struck the bar of the wagon and he would never have coasted more. By the way, in Albany we used to say "sled." I think "sled" is the word in New England. But in Brooklyn and adjacent parts the boys and girls call the vehicle a "sleigh." You won't hear them say "sled" thereabouts unless they are outlandish folks who have come from up the river or from New England.

Boston. W. E. K.

As the World Wags:

In my younger days in the classic town of Boston "belly bumps" was the correct phrase, and considered rather startling at that. I never heard the other terms, "belly butts" and "belly guts" that I remember. As to girls using this form of coasting, it was very rare; perhaps the name was deterrent. Girls used to sit on their slede in a decorous manner, and for boys to do the same was considered most unmanly, except in the case of double-runners, where, of course, it was necessary. We had plenty of snow in the days of which I write, and the Common used to present an inspiriting spectacle, crowded as it was by the coasters and the many spectators. S.

Boston.

In Central Maine.

As the World Wags:

Away with "belly-butt" and "belly guts." They cannot be defended on grounds of philology or reason. In central Maine in the civil war period and as far back as the oldest inhabitant could remember, "belly bump" was the only usage. A sled built of heavy planks four feet long, a foot and a half wide, that roared like an ox-sled going over an icy road and that held three and sometimes four, piled atop one another, was the machine, and the god of it was usually a burley six-footer, still amenable to school training, if not always to school discipline (as often as not he thrashed the schoolmaster). This giant steered and lay prone as the base of the pyramid which rose in regular gradation to the small boy (myself), who made the pinnacle and had to look sharp and cling tight to maintain his dizzy perch. The hill, which I shall never forget, was not less than half a mile in length, and when the bottom was reached, the halt was still a quarter mile in prospect. That was the life! H. S. K.

Newtonville.

"MACBETH."

The production of "Macbeth" at the Hollis Street Theatre shows that the interest in Shakespeare's tragedies is not purely literary as some maintain, saying that these plays are out of date for stage use. Even before the production there was discussion concerning the probable characterization of the murderer and the Lady Gruach. Would Mr. Hackett represent Macbeth as a moral coward, superstitious, and at last weak and irresolute, a prey to his own fears, which in the end numb his soldier's arm? This conception has appealed to psychologists. Sir Henry Irving, favoring it, disappointed all his admirers except Miss Terry and himself. Or should Macbeth be a roaring swashbuckler, the melodramatic hero dear to the gallery boys in the old Bowery, whose shout "Wake me up when Kirby dies!" is one of New York's cherished theatrical traditions.

Would Miss Allen represent Lady Macbeth in the robust Charlotte Cushman manner, or would she be sensuous and subtle, the more ambitious of the two, seducing her husband into the thought of murder rather than commanding him to do the deed?

When there is such discussion, the characters themselves are something more than creatures of a printed page. The public wishes to see them in flesh and blood, to judge the plausibility or the authority of the impersonators. There is also discussion concerning the stage business. Should Banquo's ghost be seen by the audience? Should he be, like the dagger that marshalled Macbeth the way, only "a false creation, proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain"? Should the costumes be rude and primitive, in keeping with those of the period, or should there be a sort of barbaric splendor?

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Nor are Shakespearian discussions confined to "Macbeth." In London the appearance of Mr. Matheson Lang as Shylock even now provokes dispute concerning the true nature of the Jew, and Shakespeare's purpose in putting him on the stage. Men still question whether Hamlet were mad; whether Iago should be played as a jaunty clubman or a scowling villain; whether Ophelia were only a weak girl; how Desdemona could have loved the Moor—for they are not all satisfied with Othello's explanation.

Nor does Shakespeare spell ruin in the theatre, as certain managers have said. Let favorite actors and actresses appear in his plays, and the public welcomes them. Some may say that the art of speaking the lines is nearly lost; others may answer that they prefer the colloquial manner to stilted and ponderous delivery. A tragedian's performance of Hamlet is described in "Great Expectations" as "massive and concrete." What wonder that some prefer livelier action and a tripping speech.

Charles E. Pearce has written the life of "The Jolly Duchess," Harriot Mellon, afterwards Mrs. Coutts and the Duchess of St. Albans. The book is published in London by Stanley Paul (16s. net). Her father, a vague person, called himself Lieutenant Mellon, but, like Sarah Bernhardt's mysterious father, he vanished at an early date from the scene. Her mother was a mantua maker and the daughter of an Irish cottar. Harriot was a handsome woman, remarkable for her indomitable will and sturdy independence, but not a pre-eminent actress. She was not snobbish when she became a duchess and very rich. Visiting Nottingham, where she had played, she met a lawyer, who, with much soft soap finally said he might be of service to her grace in London; where would he call on her? She replied: "The old shop in the Strand will find me." At a birthday supper she was called on suddenly to answer a toast. She began: "Ladies and gentlemen, unaccustomed as I am to public speaking—since the days when everyone who chose could come and hear me for sixpence in the gallery." Harriot apparently never had any flirtations, much less amours. Her heart was rather stony. The banker Coutts, an old man, saw her at Cheltenham, where he was taking the waters. Her mother begged him to buy a ticket for her daughter's benefit. He paid five guineas for a box, was fascinated, and though he had one foot in the grave wedded her in 1815. He thoughtfully died in 1822 and left her the richest widow in England. Then the soft-headed Duke of Albans appeared. Mr. Pearce says of her: "The circumstances of her two marriages are totally opposed to the tenderness of romantic sentiment. It is hard to assign to them any motive other than selfglory. Her first husband was double her age and almost tottering into his grave—she married him for his money. Her second husband was half her age—she married him for his rank. One cannot get away from the facts, nor from the conclusion that, after quitting the stage, her story is one of the worship of gold—that she flung it about lavishly does not alter the position."

The Herald has mentioned the publication of "Samuel Coleridge-Taylor: His Life and Letters," by W. C. Berwick Sayers (London, Cassell & Co., 7s. 6d. net). As is well known the composer was the son of a West African negro, who left Sierra Leone, went to England, where he became M. R. C. S. and L. R. C. P. of London. He married a white woman, Alice Hare. Their son was a fiddler of local fame when he was 7 or 8 years old, and his treble voice was uncommonly sweet and pure. But it is not necessary to speak of his career, for the important facts in his artistic life are in the dictionaries of biography. It is said that in his early youth, as a student at the Royal College of Music, he was nervous and timid, but there is no proof that this fact had anything to do with his race. Later he became an enthusiastic champion of the Negro. The biographer states that his success in this country was so flattering that he seriously contemplated transferring himself and his family to the United States and making his home here. Some of us remember that he was rather shabbily treated in Boston. The Cecilia Society had performed his choral works, and it was suggested that it would be a gracious act to invite him to conduct one of them. As the story went at the time, objection was raised in the society on account of the composer's color.

A volume of 60 Irish songs, edited by William Armes Fisher, has been published by the Oliver Ditson Company in the Musicians Library. Mr. Fisher says in his preface that one-third of these songs are familiar to lovers of Irish music, while two-thirds are presented for the first time. "That is, nearly 40 folk melodies of Ireland are here united to lyrics by Irish poets and welded with accompaniments that seek to express their spirit." The melodies were chosen by an examination of more than 2000 recorded folk tunes, most of them wordless. Mr. Fisher describes the two types of songs hitherto based on Irish folk tunes. The poet seeking melodies to match his lyrics, as Thomas Moore, who did not scruple to change the tunes to fit his lyrics; the musician seeking lyrics to fit selected melodies, as Sir Charles Stanford, who called in the valuable help of Alfred Percival Graves. Mr. Fisher adopted a third and untried plan. He examined the storehouse of modern Irish lyric poetry and finally selected 200 poems that had the "song quality." Having also selected tunes he was obliged to find the right melody for a chosen lyric, or the appropriate lyric for a chosen air, "without changing either melody or lyric—the sine qua non being their mutual fitness, not merely in metre and in rhythm, but in spirit, in kinship. The two should so accord as to seem to have been written for each other." Then came up the much vexed question of the proper accompaniment, for folk songs in their natural state are without accompaniment. The ordinary arranger manufactures an unobtrusive, conventional, colorless piano part. The composer "creates a colorful accompaniment" that enhances the character of melody and text, and he may sin by lack of due constraint and disregard for the beauty of simplicity. Mr. Fisher, it seems to us, has been fortunate in the accomplishment of his delicate and difficult tasks. The preface from which we have quoted describes various editions of Irish songs already published from Bunting's "Ancient Irish Music" to Stanford's and Joyce's labors. There are illuminative words about the essential characteristics of Irish music, with quotations from Ernest Walker, Kuno Mayer, Renan, William Sharp and Matthew Arnold. The volume lacks an index of Irish poets whose lyrics have been used. By the way, is not Arthur Stringer a Canadian? A year or two ago the statement was made that the tune of "Wearing of the Green" is of Scottish derivation; but it is not easy to trace familiar airs to their birthplace, and surely this tune is so closely identified with Irish words and Irish sentiment that there should be no quarrel with Mr. Fisher for saying: "A street ballad of 1798 altered by Dion Boucicault who added the third verse."

Melodrama is now high in favor here. Sometimes it is disguised as a war play, detective play, "comedy with thrills," etc, but it is melodrama, and the old definition that melodrama is a baser sort of tragedy will not always fit. Apropos of "The Spanish Main" by Vasco Marenas, a pseudonym that some connect with Oscar Asche (the Apollo, London, Dec. 21), the Pall Mall Gazette remarks: "We all of us have a warm corner in our hearts for gold moidoires and pieces of light, and brown sails on sapphire seas, and the foam of far lagoons, and lovely Spaniardesses with mantillas of red and yellow, who smoke long cigars and wear daggers in their garters, and blood-thirsty ruffians prowling mysteriously around, and haunting chanteys and hoarse oaths and whispers of passion, and the gleam of steel and the smell of powder, and fierce adventures in which we foil whole rows of pirates single handed, and no work and all play, and the color laid on thick—'Madre de Dios!' 'Caramba!'—yes, we all have a tenderness for the days when we went gipsying, a long while ago! But, frankly, for grown-up folk the play will have to be a better one than it is at the Apollo." We are told that the beautiful Spaniardess is the daughter of a private King, and on her arm is tattooed a map of a treasure island. "Captain O'Gorman's wit seems to consist in repeating the phrase, 'What do you think of that?' which is not funny and soon becomes little more than an irritating habit. His terms of abuse, 'flea bitten son of a rat,' 'filthy dog,' 'slab-eyed lump of rottenness,' and things of that kind—show a condescension to Billingsgate without creative imagination which makes them merely vulgar and uninteresting. Even the oaths are terribly repetitive." The Times informs us that Mr. Asche, as O'Gorman, shrugs defiance with arms crossed, or glares defiance bound hand and foot, or grins defiance with lighted torch over a powder barrel; Miss Brayton wriggles defiance with that movement of the hips which marks every senorita or romantic drama. . . "It is just the sort of romance which wise parents take their children to see in the Christmas holidays, because the children will like the plucky Irishmen and senoritas, and the wise parents will like the contortionist—pirates. Caramba! Madre de Dios! Arrah-bedad!"

The question was lately raised whether the second part of "Henry IV." had been played in Boston. There was a question in New York about the number of Shakespeare's dramas that it has been possible to see there. Mr. Edward Fales Coward wrote to the New York Sun as follows:

"To the Editor of The Sun—Sir: Octavia Bolle of Washington is to be congratulated on having seen 28 of Shakespeare's plays out of the generally accepted 37. In the vernacular she is batting an average of .756.

"It is really better than that, for a hasty consultation of the records shows that there have been no productions in New York or vicinity of 'Henry VI.,' parts 1, 2 and 3; 'Troilus and Cressida,' 'Timon of Athens' or 'Pericles.' It is a question whether 'Henry IV.,' part 2, or 'Titus Andronicus' have ever held the metropolitan boards. But it is possible that the playgoers of the early 19th century have seen them.

"Ira Aldridge, a Negro, was prominently identified in those days in England with the role of Aaron the Moor in the supersangulnary tragedy of 'Titus.' There is an excellent steel engraving of him in the Tallis Shakespeare.

"Granting these conclusions, Mrs. or Miss Bolle has seen 28 out of a possible 31. I do not believe that William Winter, E. A. Dithmar or J. Rankin Towse can show a better record.

"Personally I have seen 26, and if I could see myself as others see me it would be 27, for I have acted in an amateur performance of 'Richard II.' But, oh, the pity of it! I might have tied Mrs. or Miss Bolle, for I foolishly and wickedly neglected to see the Daly productions of 'All's Well That Ends Well' and 'Love's Labor Lost.'

"Samuel Phelps during his memorable regime at Sadler's Wells in London from 1844 to 1862 and 31 Shakespearian productions. He never gave the three parts of 'Henry VI.,' 'Titus' or 'Richard II.' As Aldridge played 'Titus,' Tree 'Richard II' and a stage society 'Troilus,' it will be seen that the English records will be made complete when some one has the temerity to present the 'Henry VI.' trilogy.

"Irving in London acted 12 of the bard's great roles. Tree, offhand I should say, had made about 17 different productions of the master's works.

Will not Mrs. or Miss Bolle let a reader know which her missing nine are?"

It was recently stated in The Herald that the second part of "Henry IV" had been performed at the Park Theatre in New York, and the date was then given.

An Amateur Performance of "Macbeth"

J. K. Hackett's revival of "Macbeth" at the Hollis Street Theatre brings to mind a performance of the tragedy at the Boston Theatre, called for a time the Boston Academy of Music on May 21, 1862. It was given by the Avon Club for the benefit of the Massachusetts Soldiers' fund. The committee of arrangements included, among other distinguished citizens, John A. Andrew, Frederic W. Lincoln, William Gray, Sidney Bartlett, James P. Fields, Amos A. Lawrence, George Tichnor, Richard H. Dana, Winslow Lewis and Thomas C. Amory. The cast of the play follows: Macbeth, James Bogle, for years the designer for the Cocheco Print Works; Macduff, J. Edward Hollis, long prominent in insurance circles; Banquo, Samuel L. Knapp; Malcolm, John W. Ryan; Duncan, O. B. Joy; Rosse, A. T. Bricher, the well known landscape painter; Lenox, William Tuttle; Seyton, Crawford F. Brown; First Witch, William J. Mellen; Second Witch, William E. Brown, Jr., brother of Charles Barron, so long identified with the old Boston Museum company as its popular leading man; Third Witch, Henry Day, teacher and artist; Bleeding Sergeant, N. Burbank. In the operatic features of the play P. H. Powers was the Hecate. He was once a valued member of the choir of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, and he was assisted by a chorus of 50 voices, chosen from the city church choirs, and the local musical organizations under the direction of Frank Howard. The veteran, Thomas Comer, led the orchestra, and Joseph P. Price was the stage manager. The only non-professional in the distribution of characters was Mrs. Farren, a former distinguished tragedienne, as Lady Macbeth. She came from New York as a volunteer for the occasion.

The performance for an amateur one was smooth and creditable throughout, and this was the result of numerous and careful rehearsals. There was not a hitch at any time during the evening. The majority of those who took part in the entertainment have gone to the Silent Land. Peace to their gentle memories!

Only one of the amateurs, M. J. Higgins, appeared under an assumed name. He enacted Duncan and, after the King had been murdered in the mimic scene by the wicked Thane, his impersonator went out front and witnessed the remainder of the tragedy from the parquet. Perhaps he had this in view when he masqueraded as O. B. Joy.

The scenery was that shown at a special production of "Macbeth" in which Edwin Forrest took part at the Boston Theatre a few years before. The sets were supposed to be remarkably fine and realistic, and the court yard especially striking. I have not seen Mr. Hackett's production and, therefore, cannot make comparison. But, after all, the play's the thing. Sometimes I think the mountings are too elaborate at the present day and detract from the interest in the acting. But other times, other manners. JOHN W. RYAN.

Dorchester, Jan. 11

Was not this James Bogle, who took the part of Macbeth, at one time a hairdresser and the manufacturer of Bogle's "Hyperion Fluid"?—Ed.

Music Notes of Peace and War.

Mme. Liza Lehmann's "Studies in Recitative" are published by Chappel & Co. In her preface she says that the singer who can deliver a recitative faultlessly is a veritable artist. She points out that recitative teaches self-reliance, dramatic feeling, sense of style, authority and variety of tone-color. The volumes now published are for soprano and mezzo-soprano. Mme. Lehmann's taste is catholic; for she includes examples from Mozart and Sullivan, Handel and Smart, Mendelssohn and Edward German.

It is said that Richard Strauss is completing an opera, "The Wife Without Shadow." The libretto is by Hofmannsthal, but it is said to be "quite harmless" and "very concentrated."

A concerto by Mendelssohn for two pianos, discovered in a pile of old papers in a museum, was played last month in Berlin.

To H. G. L.: The late Theodore Leshetizky was married four times. First to Anna von Friedenburg, who had a fine voice and at one time, it is said, was betrothed to Anton Rubinstein. After 14 years the two agreed to part. Wife No. 2 was Annette Essipoff, a beautiful woman and brilliant pianist. They were married in 1880 and lived together about 12 years. The third was a Polish pupil, Eugenie von Benislawsky. They were married in 1893, and did not live happily together. No. 4 was another Polish pupil, Marie Gabriela von Rosborna.

A correspondent in France writes to the Central News that the British soldier no longer sings "Tipperary," but songs of his own making.

One of the most popular, composed by a private in the Royal Fusiliers, and, it may be hoped, not copyrighted, is entitled "Iron Rations," and deals with that bag of bully beef, tea, sugar and beef-tea cubes served out to every man upon his arrival at the front, to be kept in good condition, but never eaten unless in the last extremity. The first verse of this already famous marching song ends up with a fervent wish:—

That one day I'll meet the Kaiser,
And biff him in the jaw.
When he feels my iron rations
Then the Kaiser he will roar.
Chorus.
I see you've got your cast-iron rations,
I see you've got your old tin of bully;
Why don't you boil it down,
And make a pot of fat,
Or cut it up in little bits
And give it to the cat?
I don't want to talk about it, Colonel,
But there's just one thing I'd like to mention
If I keep these tins
Until the New Year begins
They're bound to get the old-age pension.

"The influence of Walt Whitman and Mr. Irving Berlin seems to be about equally divided in this plaintive ditty.

"The King's Royal Rifle Corps have a 'lament' sung to the tune of 'I've lost the sunshine and roses,' and deriving its point from the fact that it is a court-martial offence to lose equipment. The words of the refrain are:

I've lost my rifle and bayonet,
I've lost my entrenching tool,
I've lost my little oil bottle,
I've lost my pull-through.
I've lost the gloves that they gave me
To see me the whole winter through:
And, Lord love my brother, if they give me another
I'll lose that, too."

Mr. Legge of London, writing about cuts in Wagner's "Ring," says: "It is impossible to satisfy every one in this far from perfect world, where, indeed, perfection is only attained by the 'perfect Wagnerite,' and some people have been heard to call him a perfect nuisance."

Mme. Liza Lehmann's operatic version of "Everyman" was produced at the Shaftesbury Theatre, London, Dec. 28. The Times said: "All through the music was discreetly solemn. If it never interfered, it also never collaborated with the words in any striking way. No sentence gained a new force from the partnership; no speech was brought into prominence above its surroundings. When, about 10 years ago, Walford Davies produced his concert version of 'Everyman' at Leeds, we all knew at least what his view of the matter was, but what is Mme. Liza Lehmann's? We could gather nothing, except that it is all a matter to be heard with reverence, and that the prologue tells us in so many words, so the music is hardly needed to insist upon it." The work is scored for a small orchestra, without trombones. The Daily Telegraph says there are telling lyric moments and the music is "invariably suave."

Notes About Films and Other Stage Matters.

At Damascus those interned were allowed full liberty of movement within limits until a scene recently occurred at the Cinema Theatre. "The pictures were usually German war films, but on this occasion by some oversight the landing of Australians and New Zealanders in Alexandria was

...esented 1 a... applauded the scene with gre... and the rest of the audience, pro...ably not realizing what it was all about, joined in very heartily. When the German consul in Damascus, Dr. Pavel, heard of the incident, he became furiously angry, and called upon the Vali to exile all who had participated in the demonstration. The Vali declined, pointing out that the authorities were to blame for having passed the film. The consul thereupon wired to Constantinople, and the Vali was ordered to deport all the male enemy aliens inland to Urfa (the ancient Edessa, in N. W. Mesopotamia). Later all women enemy aliens were deported to Urfa, where there is now a colony of nearly 300 allied subjects. We quote from a Reuter dispatch in the Daily Chronicle.

At the Alhambra yesterday afternoon a Press gathering witnessed a film entitled "The Circus of Death," newly produced by Signor Armando Vay, of Milan. Signor Vay need be in no doubt of the dramatic quality of his production. It is sensational in the highest degree, and if sensationalism is really the touchstone of success, its future is assured. There is a marvellous monkey, which mounts guard over the deserted wife's child, and at one point of the play swarms up a giant chimney-stack with the infant under its arms. The wife, a circus girl, climbs the lightning conductor in pursuit, and a most thrilling episode is carried through some hundreds of feet in the heavens. The effect is most decidedly nerve-trying on an audience; but that is likely to prove the strongest recommendation of the film as it goes its round.—Pall Mall Gazette, Dec. 22.

Miss Horniman, who acquired the remainder of Charles Frohman's lease of the Duke of York's Theatre in London, has been talking about her venture in that city. "During the five years prior to the outbreak of the war I read on an average 40 plays a week, making a grand total of something like 10,000. Since then my task has been considerably lightened, having decreased to a weekly average of 15. Out of all these I calculate only 2 per cent. were worth a second thought. I remember receiving a manuscript from Yorkshire dealing with the question of Belgian refugees, the author of which had obviously and 'unblushingly taken' Kathleen Houlihan as his model. It may be useful to ambitious young playwrights to learn that for the moment I have no use for anything in the shape of a war play, my conviction being that threatre-goers have at present little relish for that sort of thing. Do not supose this means the abandonment of the Gaiety, Manchester. On the contrary, I purpose running the Duke of York's as a branch business or offshoot of that theatre. By the bye, some people talk, in relation to my management, of the 'Manchester school.' That is sheer nonsense, the thing doesn't exist, and I am in no way responsible for the phrase Nor do I admit the word 'repertory,' a term I hold in horror as synonymous with something dull, amateurish and slightly improper. My tastes are catholic; nothing could be more mistaken than to imagine that my preference is for gloomy plays. Would you call 'The Comedy of Errors' or Dr. Layton's 'The Parish Pump' gloomy? No. On the other hand, it cannot be too widely known that I shall always be delighted to consider any proposal relating to the more dramatic side of my venture."

The "Westminster Play," abandoned through the war, appears to have been mainly responsible for our insular way of pronouncing Latin like English. It seems to have been first introduced at this school, soon after the foundation, by Queen Elizabeth. In his "Diary" for 1661, John Evelyn comments unfavorably on the "odd pronouncing of Latin" by the Westminster boys, "so that out of England none were able to understand or endure it." But Dr. Robinson, the late dean of Westminster and present dean of Wells, discovered there was method in this madness. He found some evidence to show that in days when Westminster was our chief public school, and most public school boys became clergymen, this Anglican pronunciation was taught for the express purpose of rendering more difficult the reintroduction of the Roman Catholic mass. And minor schools naturally followed the lead of Westminster.—Daily Chronicle.

Mr. Louis Parker, proposing "The Dramatic Profession" at the O. P. Club luncheon in London, said all the other professions combined had not done as much as the dramatic profession in the way of sacrifice and service at home, and in that the women stood on an equal footing with the men. But theirs was a charity which began anywhere except at home, and such a fund as that established by the O. P. Club would be of great assistance to those members of the profession who had been seriously affected by the war.

"Charley's Aunt" is running again in London. It was welcomed at the London Opera House Dec. 18.

The Little Theatre, temporarily to be turned to the uses of Tommy in transit, stands where were, formerly, the strong rooms of Coutts's Bank There was, one may recall, a previous Little Theatre in Stageland "The Little Theatre in the Haymarket," which stood, from 1720 to 1820, very near to the site on which Nash built the present Haymarket Theatre. This Little Theatre was so called to distinguish it from Vanbrugh's larger theatre across the road (the predecessor of His Majesty's). Till about the middle of last century the Haymarket Theatre still figured on playbills as the "Little Theatre."—London Daily Chronicle.

An Answer to Arthur Sullivan's Detractors.

When will a certain class of musical scribe in this country—a country only too prone to admire any music but its own—cease to trot out the old, trite, tiresome jibes about Sullivan having failed to rise to his opportunities? Surely it is high time to drop all that stale nonsense.. Yet, once again, in a musical paper, we find a sapient writer lamenting that Sullivan "sold his great art to the most profitable bidder," and "stuck to comic opera for the greater part of his mature life." And pray why not? Is there not a confusion here between cause and effect, and would it not be far fairer and more accurate to say that the Savoy composer "stuck to" comic opera, not because it secured for him the "most profitable bidder," but becase he felt and knew that therein lay the fullest scope for his peculiar genius? Would posterity have benefited in the smallest degree if Sullivan, instead of dedicating that genius to the particular art-form in which he was unapproached and unapproachable, had devoted himself to some other and more serious form in which he could never have hoped to win a place by the side of the "immortals"?

For goodness' sake, let us be reasonable in this matter and have done once for all with this sorry and ungracious belittling of a composer incomparable in his line, who gave the best that was in him and did more than any other before or after him to increase the gaiety of this nation How, in the name of common-sense, would that nation have profited if Sullivan, having composed, say, "The Mikado" or "Yeomen of the Guard," had said to himself, "This won't do; I am 'selling myself to the highest bidder.' I must burn this score and proceed to write a symphony. It won't be nearly as fine as Beethoven's 'Eroica,' not to mention dozens of other symphonies which the world can listen to and enjoy almost any day in the year. But I shall have accomplished something solemn and serious. So here goes" (consigning thereupon his score to the flames)?

The obvious, the only, reply is that Sullivan, by such an act, would have robbed countless thousands, both of his and a later generation, of an immense amount of pure, wholesome enjoyment, and received in return neither profit nor fame. That symphony, or whatever else it might have been, would now—with luck—obtain a rare, occasional performance, and be voted, like practically all the music of its period, out of date, and its composer would have deliberately have withheld from us veritable masterpieces of light music. And if it comes to a question of musical "immorality" how many of the really serious works composed today will be accounted masterpieces, or even listened to, a quarter of a century or so hence? Yet we make bold to say that a comic opera the equal of Sullivan's best, if produced today, would stand an excellent chance of not being forgotten or discredited by the end of a similar period. And, for all that this would mean of clean, honest enjoyment in the world, it would be offering the composer a poor return to taunt him, in the usual fatuous phrase, with having "degraded" his talent. * * *

With reference to some strictures directed in this column last week against Sullivan's detractors, Mr. Herman Klein writes: "Supplementing your timely criticism of those who would critcise Sullivan, I should like, as an old friend of his, to say that there was never a musician (whose success had brought him many enemies) more free from the taint of writing 'potbollers' after his reputation had once been established. He wrote his masterly comic operas (thank goodness!) because the whole world insisted on his doing so; but neither in them nor in any other art form did he lower his standard from its high level to please any 'profitable bidder.' Instead of reviving these charges it would be far more just and useful to point out that splendid patriotic trait in Sullivan's character which urged him, forty years ago, to start the crusade on behalf of British music which is now being so sedulously preached in every quarter. At that date his was but a 'voice crying in the wilderness.' Yet it was he who initiated the whole movement in the face of opposition from many English musicians who ought even then to have known better. It was Sullivan who founded the national training school that provided the basis for the Royal College of Music. It was he who strove to make our provincial musical festivals as far as possible British throughout. It was he who encouraged young native students to steer clear of Brahms and Wagner and express themselves on the lines laid down in classical models. Above all, it was Sullivan who first championed the cause of the British orchestral player and ...ted upon giving first chance to native instrumentalists in all his bands. In short, he labored well for the good of his art and his musical countrymen, and to the day of his death he never forgave the Germans for their maliciously unkind treatment of his 'Golden Legend' on the occasion of its production in Berlin."

Apropos of Sullivan, how many of his admirers, if any, are aware that shortly before his death he was engaged on the score of a serious opera with the view to a production in which the chief part was to be assigned to Clara Butt? Certainly this was news to us. The interesting statement is made in the course of an interview with that artist which appears in the "Lady's Pictorial." "Arthur Sullivan," according to the interviewer, "was among those who firmly believed that, given the opportunity, Clara Butt would make a great career for herself on the lyric stage, and he actually went so far as to back his opinion by setting to work upon the score of an opera in which the principal role, that of St. Cecilia, was to be assigned to the popular contralto." It would certainly be very interesting to know what became of that score.

To the same interviewer, by the way, Madame Clara Butt, recalling the time she was in Paris studying with Bouhy—this was after her successful debut as a Royal College student as Eurydice—mentioned that she was introduced to Saint-Saens, and that he was, "most anxious to arrange for a production of 'Samson et Dalila' at Covent Garden, with Alvarez as Samson and the young English singer in the other title-role." Uufortunately, at that time Saint-Saens's work was banned from the opera stage in this country because of its Biblical story, so that nothing came of his project.—Daily Telegraph (London.)

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Concert by Harold Bauer, pianist, and Pablo Casals, 'cellist. See special notice.

MONDAY—Copley-Plaza, 11 A. M. Seventh Morning Musicale under S. Kronberg's direction. Mme. Frances Alda, soprano, of the Metropolitan Opera House, will sing these songs: Philidor, Je ne suis qu'une bergere. Chausson, Les Papillons; Debussy, Fantoches; Rabey, Tes Yeux, Massenet, Ouvre tes yeux bleus; La Forge, Retreat, I came with a song; Rimsky-Korsakoff; Rachmaninoff, No t'en vas pas; Puccini, "Un bel di," from "Madama Butterfly"; and with Paul Althouse, tenor of the Metropolitan Opera House, the duet from "La Boheme," act I. Mr. Althouse will sing: Verdi "Celeste Aida", and these songs: Strauss, Nichts; Hermann, Serenade; MacDermid, Sacrament; Horsman, Bird of the Wilderness. Frank La Forge will play his own Romance and MacDowell's Etude de Concert.

Jordan Hall, 3 P. M., Lester Donahue's first piano recital here. Beethoven, "Eroica" Variations and Fugue; Brahms, Sonata, F sharp minor, No. 2, Chopin, Nocturne in C minor, Mazurka in F minor, Scherzo in C sharp minor; Liszt, Gnomenreigen, Sposelosio, Tarantella. Mr. Donahue, a Californian, is a pupil of Rudolph Ganz.

Symphony Hall, 8 15 P. M. Concert by Mme. Melba and Percy Grainger. See special notice.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Miss Winifred Christie's first piano recital here. Bach, Prelude and Fugue in B flat minor; Loeilly, Gigue; Couperin, Les Barricades Mysterieuses; Chopin, Allegro de Concert; Florent Schmitt, Glas; Ravel, Pavane, Ondine; Debussy, Reflets dans l'eau, Toccata, Franck, Prelude, Chorale, and Fugue. Miss Christie, a Scotch woman, has played with the leading orchestras in London and in the English provinces, and has given recitals in cities of France, Holland, Scandinavia and Germany

Jorden Hall, 8 15 P. M. The Boston String Quartet's (Messrs. Noack, Roth, Ferir, Schroeder) second concert. Miss Ruth Deyo, pianist. Beethoven, Quartet in A minor, op. 132; Chausson, Piano quartet, op. 30; Haydn, Quartet, op. 76, No. 5, D major.

THURSDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. John Powell's second piano recital. Schumann's Sonata in F sharp minor and Forest Scenes; Chopin's Impromptu, G flat Etude in C sharp minor, Scherzo in C sharp minor and Sonata in B minor.

Jorden Hall, 8:15 P. M. Second concert of the Longy Club (wind instruments and piano), assisted by Mrs. A. Roberts Barker, singer, and Miss Renee Longy, pianist, Wollett Quintet in E major on folk themes, for flute, oboe, clarinet, horn and bassoon, Enesco, Variations for two pianos (Miss Longy and Mr. De Voto); Songs: Florent Schmitt, Demende; Marc Delmas, S'il revenait un jour; Ropartz, Berceuse (Mrs. Barker); d'Indy, Chanson et Danses, op. 50.

Steinert Hall, 8 P. M. Havrah Hubbard will lecture on "Prince Igor."

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Twelfth concert (A) of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3:15 P. M. Piano recital by George Copeland, assisted by Miss Elizabeth Gordon, pianist. Gluck, Gavotte, Musette; Mozart, Fantaisie, C minor; Scarlatti, Pastorale, Capriccio; Franck, Danse lente; MacDowell, First movement of Sonata Tragica; Debussy, Six Epigraphs Antiques—Pour Invoquer Pan, Pour un tombeau sans nom, Pour que la nuit soit propice, Pour la danseuse aux crotales, Pour l'Egyptienne, Pour remercier la pluie au matin —first time here (Mr. Copeland and Miss Gordon); Amani, Orientale; Granados, Danse Espagnole; Albeniz, Tango; Grovlez, Evocation; Turini, A los Toros.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Twelfth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra (B), Dr. Muck conductor. See special notice.

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Has anyone had in mind, of late, a sonnet by Alfred Tennyson?

Montenegro.

They rose to where their sovran eagle sails,
They kept their faith, their freedom, on the height,
Chaste, frugal, savage, arm'd by day and night
Against the Turk: whose inroad nowhere scales
Their headlong passes, but his footstep falls,
And red with blood the Crescent reels from fight
Before their dauntless hundreds, in prone flight
By thousands down the crags and thro' the vales.
O smallest among peoples! rough rock-throne
Of Freedom! Warriors beating back the swarm
Of Turkish Islam for five hundred years,
Great Tsernogora! never since thine own
Black ridges drew the cloud and brake the storm
Has breathed a race of mightier mountaineers.

Tribute to Bucephalus.

As the World Wags:

Not to Alexander's war horse, but to one of those long, low, narrow sleds mentioned a day or two ago in your department, as being the pride of New England boys a generation ago.

I was and am the fortunate possessor of just that kind of a sled made of white oak and "by a carpenter," shod with heavy round steel runners and named Bucephalus.

Such a sled was of course used only with the running jump, and steered side-saddle. After leading most of the other sleds on the magnificent hills of Springfield, Mass., in the early seventies, Bucephalus went to northern Wisconsin, and if not exactly a missionary among the Indians, at least showed them the paleface method of coasting. Back again to Massachusetts, this sled of oak and steel, humbly serving at the rear of a double runner, which at one time or another has carried four generations of the family which created it, may be seen any winter doing service on Lincoln street, Hydo Park.

Hyde Park. A. F. B.

Suspicious Silence.

We have not heard anything about "belly-flounders," "belly flumps" or "belly bumpos" from correspondents. Where were these words in common use among coasters? Did they ever have life, or were they only coined by compilers of slang dictionaries?

The Speech of Truce.

As the World Wags:

I enclose herewith a "Speech of Truce," recited upon the cessation of a feud among Icelanders. It is to be found in the Saga entitled "Story of the Heath Slayings." It may be of interest in these days when we are looking forward to a truce in Europe.

Boston. R. E. CRANE.

This is the beginning of our speech of truce, that God may be at peace with us all: so also shall we be men at peace between ourselves and of good accord, at ale and at eating, at meets and at manmotes, at church-goings and at king's house; and wherever the meetings of men befall, we shall be so at one as if enmity had never been between us. Knife we shall share and shorn meat, yea, and all other things between us, even as friends and not foes. Should henceforth any trespass happen amongst us, let boot be done, but no blade be reddened. But he of us who tramples on truce settled, or fights after full troth given, he shall be so far wolf-driven and chased, as men furthest follow up wolves, Christian men churches seek, heathen men their temples tend, fires flare up, earth grows green, son names a mother's name, ships sail, shields glitter, sun shines, snow wanes, Fin skates, fir groweth, a falcon flieth the springlong day with wind abaft under both his wings standing, as heaven dwindles, the world is peopled, wind waxeth, water sheds to sea, and carles sow corn.

He shall shun churches and Christian men, God's houses and men's, and every home but hell.

Each one of us taketh troth from the other for himself and his heirs born and unborn, begotten and not begotten, named, and not named, and each one giveth in turn troth, dear troth, yea, main troth, such as ever shall hold good while mold and men be alive.

Now are we at one, and peace wheresoever we meet on land or on water, on ship or on snowshoe, on high seas or horseback:

Oars to share,
Or bailing butt,
Thoft or thole plank
If that be needful.

So at one with another, as a son with his father, or father with son, in all dealings together. Let us now give hands to the speech of truce, and hold we well to our truce even as Christ wills it, witness thereto all those men who now have hearkened the speech of truce. Let him have the grace of God who holdeth the truce, but let him have God's grame who riveth rightful truce, Hail us that we are appeased, but God be at peace with all.

Inducements.

As the World Wags:

I pass a shop every day I am out which has this sign over the window frame: "Good Shoes Low Prices." A few steps bring one to the door, which bears the legend: "Better Shoes for Less Money." The purchaser can take his choice, I suppose. OBSERVER.

Plymouth.

Proper Pride.

As the World Wags:

The "old joke" on the hard or soft pronunciation of the letter "G" suggests the one about a Mr. Gillette, a new club member, who was greeted by a fellow member as "Mr. Gillette" (G hard). Gillette bridled, "I beg your pardon; the G in my name is pronounced soft, as in 'Gentleman.'" "Oh, I understood it was pronounced hard, as in 'Beggar.'"

Boston. A. E. HAWKINS.

Nigel.

As the World Wags:

About the pronunciation of "Nigel." I am not fortunate enough to possess a file of Vanity Fair of the early sixties, but from an incident in the 23d chapter of "The Fortunes of Nigel" it would seem clear that the owner of the name pronounced it with the vowels short and the "g" hard, very much like the word "niggle." C. W. P.

Boston.

HAROLD BAUER AND CASALS GIVE RECITAL

Symphony Hall Crowded for Remarkable Performance.

Harold Bauer, pianist, and Pablo Casals, 'cellist, acnowledged virtuosi at their respective instruments, gave a brilliant concert of ensemble music in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. The audience was large, and gave many indications of its delight at the performance of the following program: Beethoven's Sonata in G Minor; Saint-Saens' Sonata in C Minor; Beethoven's Variations on a Theme by Mozart, and Rubinstein's Sonata in D Major.

It was a severe program, even for such recognized artists, a program which in other hands might have proved too heavy a burden for performers and audience alike; yet Mr. Bauer and Mr. Casals took their tasks lightly, confidently, almost eagerly. Mr. Bauer particularly seemed in fine mood. Always a player of marvellous technique and masterly control of the tonal powers of the pianoforte, he yesterday turned those famous sonatas into actual singing music. Mr. Casals, too, was frequently brilliant and always facile. It is amazing how many orchestral tones can be coaxed from the 'cello at the bidding of such a rare artist.

The Saint-Saens sonata was given flawless reading. It entranced the audience. It was dramatic, imaginative in the extreme. The two artists, with that wonderful compatability of richly endowed musical intellects and impeccable technical erudition, rose to rare heights in this number. Again, in the Beethoven variations on Mozart's theme, in which the solo and accompaniment passed facilely from one instrument to the other repeatedly, Mr. Bauer's supreme confidence infected his associate, and the number received finished reading. If anything the Rubinstein number came as a sort of anti-climax, the first movements having less of appealing qualities, though the final presto movement made a worthy conclusion to the afternoon.

Jan 18 1916.

AT THE WILBUR

By PHILIP HALE.

Wilbur Theatre: First performance in Boston of "It Pays to Advertise," a farce in three acts, by Roi Cooper Megrue and Walter Hackett. First performance in New York at Cohan's Theatre, Sept. 8, 1914.

Mary Grayson	Marjorie Wood
Johnson	George Schaeffer
Comtesse de Beaurien	Louise Drew
Rodney Martin	Grant Mitchell
Cyrus Martin	Ben Johnson
Ambrose Peale	Will Deming
Marie	Cecile Breton
William Smith	George Spelvin
Donald McChesney	W. J. Brady
Miss Burke	Frances Wright
Ellery Clark	Gerald Oliver Smith
Charles Bronson	Clyde Fogle

This is a very funny farce capitally acted. It is a pity that Phineas T. Barnum did not live to see it. He would have appreciated it, enjoyed it, and at once endeavored to secure the services of Mr. Ambrose Peale.

The story is one of soap. (All jokes about the farce, therefore, being clean and wholesome are shopworn and barred).

The elder Martin practically controls the soap business and his only one serious competitor wishes his son to stop idling and go into business. He plots with his stenographer, Miss Grayson, whom the boy Rodney loves. The stern parent, in pursuance of the plot, orders the two to leave his house. Rodney falls in with Ambrose Peale, who believes in sensational advertising and has astounding facts and figures to back his belief. They form a company to sell the "Thirteen Soap" at a high price. Their adventures, their risks and dangers, how they attempt to trim the elder Martin, how he sees through their little game, and at last is outwitted to his joy and pride by the son who is now a "shrewd business man" and his confederates; all this is told in a most amusing manner. Then there is the Comtesse de Beaurien, a shrewd business woman, so shrewd that she should have been taken into the firm of fakirs. Let us hope that after the certain fall she married Mr. Peale.

This is a farce, a farce abounding in reflections on doing business in a way known to one Wallingford. Even the conservative father at last admits that he is a slow coach and is happy to join his son in a scheme that will enable him to sell three cent soap for sixty cents a cake to the middleman who charges one dollar. That it pays to advertise is shouted throughout the play. There is liberal and good-natured advertisement of many goods and articles now before the public. The comments on the present methods of selling one's wares might be taken at first as satirical, but the authors themselves seem to approve them, and the moral is that the conservative business man must in turn become a sensational hustler or he will go to the wall.

The stern moralist from another planet might say that such a doctrine preached in an amusingly attractive manner is pernicious, but he would soon be laughing and admit that the very extravagance of the doctrines and the riotous burlesque prevent the farce from being taken as a zealous tract in behalf of business immorality.

The situations are ingenious. The lines are humorous, and they are witty, if the chief element of wit, as some insist, is surprise. The tirades of Peale, the sublime self-confidence of Rodney, are only among the many comic features. Only in the third act does the fun flag for a little while; but the farces in which the last act is as good as those that precede are as rare as the horn of the unicorn.

Although only four of the original company are now playing at Ye Wilbur Theatre, three of them, Miss Drew and Messrs. Mitchell and Deming, have leading parts. The character taken by Miss Drew is not a familiar one on the stage. The scene in which she suddenly drops her French and falls into every-day American slang is a surprise to the spectator. Miss Drew played the part with astounding volubility and a peculiar incisiveness. Miss Wood was a vivacious stenographer with a keen sense of humor. Mr. Johnson gave an excellent impersonation of the conservative soap king, with a twinkle in his eye. Messrs. Mitchell and Deming, each in his way, were hugely entertaining. It is not easy to think of others equalling them. Nor should Mr. Gerald Smith, as the grotesque model son, the hope of Martin's only rival, be forgotten. In a word, the farce was acted with uncommon spirit by all the members of the company.

An audience that filled the theatre laughed incessantly and immoderately. The farce should have a long run.

LESTER DONAHUE

By PHILIP HALE.

Lester Donahue gave a piano recital in Boston yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. His program was as follows: Beethoven, variations and fugue, op. 35; Brahms, sonata F sharp minor, op. 2; Chopin, nocturne, C minor, Mazourka, F minor, Scherzo, C sharp minor; Liszt, Gnomenreizen, Sposalizio, tarantelle. There was a small audience.

Mr. Donahue, a young man with a modest and engaging manner, played for the first time in this city. He comes, it is said, from California and is a pupil of Rudolph Ganz. His program was an unfortunate one. It is true that Beethoven liked one of his themes in the ballet, "The Creatures of Prometheus," for he used it for these variations, for a contradance for orchestra, and for the finale of his "Eroica" symphony; but listening to this set of variations op. 35 is weary work, and playing the music is not worth while. Nor is the sonata by Brahms, with the exception of the Scherzo, an ingratiating composition. Brahms wrote it before the sonata known as opus 1, and signed the manuscript, Johannes Kreisler. Second, but the fantastic spirit of Hoffmann's Kreisler, the suffering Kapellmeister, is not in it. The remainder of the program was more agreeable. For some reason or other pianists have discovered this season Liszt's "Sposalizio" a musical illustration of Raphael's painting. Thus Liszt anticipated Huber, Rachmaninoff, Reger, Volbach, Weingartner and others in setting music to pictures, as he went before them in his symphonic poem "the Battle of the Huns."

Mr. Donahue is a pianist of promise. Even in the variations and the sonata he often charmed by his liquid touch, the clearness of his runs, his musical phrasing and general understanding. He has yet to acquire true sonority in the striking of massive chords.

MME. AIDA AND ALTHOUSE SING AT COPLEY-PLAZA

Despite a Cold, Soprano's Voice Is of Beautiful Quality.

Mme. Frances Alda, soprano, and Paul Althouse, tenor, both of the Metropolitan Opera Company, sang yesterday at the seventh Morning Musicale at the Copley-Plaza. Mme. Alda sang these songs: Philidor, Je ne suis qu'une bergere; Chausson, Les Papillons; Debussy, Fantoches; Rabey, Tes Yeux; Massenet, Ouvre tes Yeux bleus; La Forge, Retreat, and I Came With a Song; Rimsky-Korsakoff, Amant de la Rose; Rachmaninoff, Ne t'en vas pas; Puccini, "Un bel di," from "Madama Butterfly." With Mr. Althouse she sang a duet from the first act of "La Boheme." Mr. Althouse sang "Celeste Aida" and these songs: Strauss, Niehts; Hermann, Serenade; MacDermid, Sacrament; Horsman, Bird of the Wilderness. Frank La Forge played his own Romance and MacDowell's Etude de Concert and accompanied Mme. Alda.

Mme. Alda was suffering from a severe cold, so that at times her lower tones were somewhat veiled, but on the whole her voice was fresh and of beautiful quality, and her upper tones were delightfully clear and pure. She gave a sympathetic interpretation of the various songs, and sang the air of Puccini with much dramatic feeling. In the duet from "Boheme" the singers walked off the platform singing as in the opera the lovers leave Rodolfo's room. Mr. Althouse, who has been heard here before, has a rich and agreeable voice. He sings skilfully and with emotion. Mr. La Forge added to the pleasure of the occasion.

The next concert will be on Monday morning, Jan. 31.

RUSSIAN BALLET

By KATHARINE WRIGHT.

[Special Dispatch to The Herald.]

NEW YORK, Jan. 17—Serge de Diaghileff's Ballet Russe gave its first performance in America this evening at the Century Theatre. The ballets given were Stravinsky's "L'Oiseau de Feu," Tschaikowsky's "Princesse Enchantee" and Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Soleil de Nuit" and "Scheherazade."

UNIQUE MOVEMENT.

This remarkable organization represents a unique movement in the modern theatre. With the enhancement of music by distinguished composers, music which is much more than that commonly associated with ballets; with stage settings and costumes designed by the most skilful and imaginative modern artists, daring in the use of color, this group of highly trained dancers has as its aim to present ballet which defies tradition in the attainment of striking pictorial effect and perfection of ensemble.

A disregard for established dance steps in favor of new forms which express most characteristically the nation and period represented; the use of dancing and mimetic gestures not as a mere divertissement, disassociated from the ballet as a whole, but solely as an expression of its dramatic action; the replacing of conventional gestures of the hands, for instance, by an expressive use of the whole body; the emphasis upon expressiveness of groups and ensemble dancing; the complete liberty permitted to composers and decorative artists in the alliance of their arts with dancing; all these are the fundamental principles revealed by the Diaghileff Troupe.

The Russian Ballet, which began as an art exhibition in Paris, has had its effect upon modern art, music, dancing, stage decorations, house furnishings, fabrics and fashions. It has brought to wide attention the musical achievements of Igor Stravinsky, a modern of the moderns, and in his recent works a genius in the use of disonance and barbaric rhythms. Bakst's exultant use of color and exuberant Orientalism was the beginning of a revolution in costumes and decorations.

"L'oiseau de Feu" is a Russian fairy story arranged by Fokine. The Firebird, captured by the young Prince Ivan while hunting, gives him one of her plumes in exchange for her liberty. At dawn Ivan stands before a castle. White clad maidens flit through the gates. Ivan is enamored of their leader but they warn him against entering.

Left alone he pushes back the gate. A torrent of slaves, dancers, armored men buffoons is let loose. They whirl about him with deafening noise and frenzied antics. They are followed by Kostchei, monstrous lord of the castle, one of the many incarnations of the dark spirit known to Russian folk lore. But Ivan, protected by the plume is not petrified. The bird appears and shows Ivan the egg which contains the ogre's soul. He smashes it. The ogre crumbles to bits carven statues come to life, other wonders are accomplished and the lovers are united.

"Schcherazade," which made Bakst, the designer of its setting and costumes famous, has been given in America. The enchanting music of Rimsky-Korsakoff's suite is familiar to concert goers. It continues to be used with the ballet arranged by Fokine, despite Mme. Rimsky-Korsakoff's violent protests. The episode is concerned with a riotous night in the harem of a certain Shah during his absence; Zobeide's infidelity, the Shah's return and the ensuing tragedy.

"La Princesse Enchantee" is a pas de deux danced by a prince and princess to Tschaikowsky's music with decorations and costumes by Bakst. "Soleil de Nuit" illustrates Russian games and national dances with music by Rimsky-Korsakoff. A chorus takes part.

Scene in Ballet "L'Oiseau de Feu"

(Photograph by White Studio, New York.)

Performed at Century Theatre, New York, by Diaghileff's Ballet Russe. Artists Are Leonide Massin and Lubov Tchernikowa.

Rimsky and Jim[illegible] both unavoidably detained [illegible]. While the individual note was t[illegible] dominant, the dancers replacing them gave satisfaction and the performance was emphatically a triumph of ensemble.

The setting of "L'Oiseau de Feu" suggested fairy land. There was a tree with golden fruit, an ominous castle in remarkable perspective, there were graven images that once were men. Stravinsky has realized in the music his striving for definite expressions of situations and emotions. The music is vividly descriptive from the beating of the fire bird's wings against her captor to the triumphant crowning of Ivan and the princess.

Miss Maklezova, as the fire bird, was graceful and well poised. Her gestures were significant. Mr. Massin was a manly Ivan. Mme. Tchernikowa's radiant beauty and lithe grace enchanted as the princess. Mr. Cecchetti, as the ogre, was admirable in make-up and miming. The minor characters of his fantastic suite were individualized. Taarévna's maidens flowed across the stage with winged feet. There was unerring sense of rhythm, eloquent facial play was heightened by effective lighting and Golovine's gorgeous costuming.

"La Princess Enchantee" revealed the technical accomplishments of Miss Maklezova and Mr. Bohm in a typically Bakstian setting.

In "Soleil de Nuit," a barbaric jest with crimson stars, grotesque dances and gags are enjoyed by a gay company in a circle dominated by the comic antics of two clowns, impersonated by Mr. Massin and Mr. Zverew with surpassing skill in pantomimes.

"Scheherazade" showed Bakst's consummate generalship in the batties of the maddest colors. In the superbly oriental aetting of the harem figures, clad in every variety of purple, orange, green, red, gold and other colors, with effective patches of black, move to the pressing insistence of oriental rhythms. After the carnival of lovemaking comes the general slaughter carried on with eastern complacency in brutality.

Mme. Revalles, a striking apparition with curves wrought for the destruction of man, was a voluptuous Zobeide. Mr. Bohm, indisposed at the dress rehearsal, had recovered sufficiently to display effectively his agility and talents as a pantomimist. As the favorite slave, he was a fervent lover. Mr. Cecchetti exhibited a fine sense of humor as the eunuch, and the shah and his brother were portrayed with distinction by Messrs. Grigoriew and Iazwinsky.

Mr. Ansermet conducted with taste. Under his direction the orchestra played, besides the music for the ballets, an excerpt from Rimsky-Korsakoff's suite, "Antar." A brilliant and representative audience filled the theatre in every part, and there were hearty expressions of appreciation. Boston may look forward to the coming engagement.

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Besides these things a man should make a collection of abridgments, of tragical catastrophes and diverting stories; or wiseMen's aphorisms, happy extemporary sayings, choice jests, epigrammatic points, sharp repartees, and [illegible] witty turns and conceits as are consistent with virtue.

Spatchcock

At the Porphyry the other day a spatch-cack was served to the great joy of two or three deep thinkers and heavy feeders. The question was raised, why spatch-cock? An orientalist said modestly that the word was Anglo-Indian and referred to the method of preparing the dish. Mr Lummerston timidly asked if the fowl were not a sort of capon. For a few minutes the war, Mexico, and the Mohr trial were forgotten.

We consulted several dictionaries—among them Capt. Grose's "Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue" (second edition, London 1788), a book that certainly should not be a "Young Lady's Companion." Says the captain: "Spatch cock—he spells in two words—"abbreviation of dispatch cock. A hen just killed from the roost, or yard, and immediately skinned, split and broiled: an Irish dish upon any sudden occasion." The Oxford English dictionary, more enthralling than any romance, gives this definition: "A fowl split open and grilled after being killed, plucked and dressed in a summary manner. Originally in Irish use, later chiefly Anglo-Indian." Among the illustrative quotations added are these: 1823, "Fables, Holy Alliance." Proud Prussia's double bird of prey, Tame as a spatch-cock, slunk away. 1851, Burton, "Goa": "Presently the 'butler' informs you that your breakfast, a spatch-cock, or a cufry with eggs is awaiting you."

There is a verb spatch-cack, to cook as or in the manner of a spatch-cock, to insert, interpolate, or sandwich a phrase or sentence; to add to, or modify, by interpolation. Thus the Pall Mall Gazette stated that anyone who has never eaten a spatchcocked grouse does not know the real flavor of the bird. Here is a housekeeping hint in the Queen (1890): "To split a fowl in two and serve one half a la Marengo, and the other half the next day either spatchcocked with mushrooms, or in any other approved fashion." Gen. Butler in 1901 stated publicly he had "spatchcocked into the middle of that telegram a sentence" etc. A month later the Speaker referred to generals who "spatchcock telegrams and receive reprimands."

"Spatch" seems to be an abbreviation of "dispatch," Grose states the and in the "West Indian Sketch Book" (1831) we read: "These dispatch cocks are simply fowls cut down the back and expanded to the purposes of a grill * * * they afford an egrecable relief to an appetite that demands haste to be gratified—whence the name." But the Concise Oxford Dictionary, giving this explanation, adds: "Perhaps confused with "spitchcock." Now "spitchcock" originally meant a certain method of preparing an eel for the table; later, an eel cut into short pieces, dressed with bread crumbs and chopped herbs, and broiled or fried." In the "Cruise of the Midge" a character calls for another cup of coffee and the wing of a "spitchcock chicken." The origin of "spitchcock" is obscure. From "Tom Brown at Oxford" we learn that the college kitchen furnished a "spitchcocked chicken." In the West Indies a spatchcock is sometimes called "sudden death."

An Old Friend

As the World Wags:

During a discussion the other evening at the Lambs Too Club about the heroes of fiction, the talk turned on Robinson Crusoe and the influence which that famous hero had exercised upon the youth of our day. Someone quoted what Philip Hale said recently in As the World Wags about the appropriateness of the life of Alexander Selkirk as a Christmas present for a boy. One member mentioned Abraham Lincoln's liking for Crusoe and another recalled Edward Everett Hale and his enthusiastic eulogium of DeFoe's great work. Another said that the name of the shipwrecked seaman always brought him pleasant memories. He declined to say what those memories were, but the next evening when we were gathered together he read the following lines, first offering an apology to Julia Ward Howe, whose poem entitled "Hamlet at the Boston," which appeared in the Atlantic Monthly for February, 1859, had suggested the lines about Robinson Crusoe.

Boston Jan. 15. ERNEST SEEKER.

CRUSOE AT THE BOSTON.

'T was in childhood's happy moments, in the front row next the band
That I first saw poor old Crusoe, saw the footprint on the sand.

Crusoe was a lovely figure clad in white tights faultlessly,
For the part was played by Lydia—Lydia Thompson with a P.

'T was in childhood's happy moments sitting in the row marked A
That I first saw Willie Edouin who Man Friday used to play.

How the whole house shrieked with laughter, such rare fun was hard to beat,
When he spread the mat for wild men, bidding them to "Wipe their feet."

'T was in childhood's happy moments, in the front row once I sat,
When Gill played the hateful Bad Man, tried to knock poor Crusoe flat.

My! the fun was fast and furious, not an actor let it flag
And Gill kept the ball a-rolling with his "Put it in the bag."

Gone are childhood's happy moments, gay burlesque no longer charms,
Problem plays and sober dramas cheer me during war's alarms.
Yet 'mongst memory's richest treasurers, still one form will never fade—
Crusoe of the lonely Island—Crusoe charming Lydia played.

From a Scoffer

As the World Wags:

As the building which has replaced our fine old State House on Beacon Hill resembles nothing so much as a summer hotel, I make bold to ask if the dames of Boston will be allowed to sit on the balconies with their knitting and fancy work? It seems to be the one thing lacking to complete the picture. Or would they be frightened away by the shade of Bulfinch mourning over the ruin of his masterly work?

South Boston, Jan. 14. A. T. C.

ELSIE JANIS AT

Elsie Janis, now one of the foremost mimics on the international stage, heads the bill at B. F. Keith's this week in an unusually clever act. Nor is the manner of presenting her act the less unique and original. Of all the celebrities whom she impersonates, there is none with the single exception of Frank Tinney, who uses the same act.

ETHEL BARRYMORE SINGING.

She rather asks the audience to imagine this or that actor using her words and songs. Thus while she opens her act with Miss Ethel Barrymore at the telephone singing a "hello" song, the audience gasps at the idea and yet is rewarded with a remarkable impersonation of the actress, with her peculiar speech and facial play. Miss Janis then deals cleverly with Frank Tinney, Nazimova singing "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier," George M Cohan and Eddie Foy in a duet, Sara Bernhardt as she would sing "Tipperary" and Harry Lauder as an ardent Romeo, burlesquing "Ta-ta, Maggie Darling." She concludes her act with her "joyous dance." There is no little mannerism or inflection of the voice that escapes the actress; thoroughness is stamped all over the act. Nor is she the less interesting in her dancing. She romps around with all abandon and joyousness of unbridled youth.

The biggest laugh getter on the bill was the act of Henry Lewis in "A Vaudeville Cocktail." Mr. Lewis prefaces his act with a Prologue after the manner of some of the more recent popular dramas and does anything but fulfil his promises. Gifted with a sympathetic voice which he uses skillfully to further his purposes as a comedian, he runs the gamut of all kinds of nonsensical songs. The act is original and a part of the actor.

G. Aldo Randegger, an Italian pianist, was heard in a number of classical selections. The performer was recalled many times.

Paul Morton and Naomi Glass have a good sketch in the musical satire, "Before and After." It provides many opportunities to introduce Mr. Morton's clever dancing numbers, and the couple were especially seen to advantage in their songs.

Conlin, Steele and Parks create a great deal of merriment in a sketch that affords good singing, dancing and unusually good burlesque.

One of the surprises of the bill was the act of the Meyakos, an act that commences with gymnastics. Three little Japanese were soon seen as comediana. They not only danced well, but sang in excellent style songs of other countries than their own.

Other numbers on the bill were Jule Bernard and Florence Scarth, in a comedy sketch; Bertisch, in a strong man act, and Mlle. Natalie and M. Ferrari in classical and modern dancing.

MELBA STIRS HEARERS TO HEIGHTS OF ENTHUSIASM

Percy Grainger Is Pianist—Symphony Hall Packed.

Mme. Melba and Percy Grainger, pianist, were warmly greeted last night at their concert in Symphony Hall by an audience that filled every seat and all the standing room.

Mme. Melba sang Phidyle," Duparc; "Les Temps des Lilas," Chausson; "Les Anges Pleurent," Bemberg; "Nymes et Sylvains," Bemberg; "Ave Maria," from "Otello," Verdi; "Addio," from "La Boheme," Puccini, and a waltz song, "Se Saran Rose," Arditi.

Mr. Grainger played four organ choral preludes arranged for piano, Bach-Busoni; a Walking Tune, variations on an air composed by himself on a tramping tour in Scotland; an Irish tune from County Derry; "Shepherd's Hey," an English Morris dance tune, "Ondine," Ravel; two Chopin studies; "The Leprechaun's Dance," Irish, Stanford-Grainger; "Maguire's Kick," Irish dance tune, Stanford-Grainger.

Both artists added to the program in response to recalls, and Mme. Melba roused her hearers to a high pitch by singing "Annie Laurie" and "Comin' Thro' the Rye." And it is not surprising that there was enthusinsm, for both tunes were sung with rare simplicity, beauty and charm.

The singer was in abounding good humor and sang with refreshing animation. Her limpid voice was in perfect condition and she used it with the skill and precision for which she is famous. All her selections, like those of Mr. Grainger, were of the distinctly "popular" variety, and while none of them taxed her voice or vocal capabilities, they all enabled her to display to the full the beauty and shining brilliance of her tones.

Both artists received many floral tokens, some of them elaborate. With one sent to Mme. Melba was a small Australian flag, which she waved with vigor, calling forth shrill cries from different parts of the house, which one might guess came from the Australasian plains. She gave one of the calls in response, accompanied by a little backward kick, and thereby roused a storm of applause.

Jan 19 1916

There is no doubt about it. The people at large—that is, unchained and not within stone walls—are now divided on the great, burning, vital question: Did boys, and some girls, in the Sixties and Seventies, slide down hill belly-gut or belly bump? Letters come to us daily. Some, alas, are anonymous, and, according to the rule, cannot be printed. Thus, "An Old Gray Ghost of a Girl from the Granite Hills, Born in 1860, 'Just Before the Battle, Mother,'" writes entertainingly from Charles River. All are eager to enter the controversy. All? Here is a singular letter.

Prunes and Prisms.

As the World Wags:

I am somewhat shocked at the discussion now going on in your column. As an ex-school ma'am I cannot write the objectionable word in full, but in the more refined circles of my childhood one always said: "B—y whack." A male cousin, born in a town 60 miles from my native place, says they always made use of the B—y g—t term, so I feel justified in using the above adjective in regard to our practice. Pausing to blush, believe me, yours for refined terminology. (Miss) PRUDENCE PRIM.

Boston, Jan. 16.

A Personal Question.

As the World Wags:

I shall not be so foolish as to attempt to attack the editor of this column for his loyal preference of the term "belly gut." He does not claim it is more euphonious. Just because I did, and my children do, call it "belly bumps" is no proof that it is grammatical, reasonable or philologically correct. Some people call sausages "sassingers." I write to inquire of the native of Northampton, Hampshire county, whether he "slewed" or "slurred" around the corner when he slid down hill. R. M. SPENCER,

A native of Essex county.

Forest Hills.

We "slewed." But we are not a "native of Northampton." We were born in a village of Vermont. Yet no memorial tablet informs the traveler passing by the birth-house still atanding. Vermont! Land of green mountains, marble and maple sugar! Stato that paid its debts in gold during the Civil War! And yet not knowing all this we were torn from her breast when we were only a few months old!—Ed.

In Brooklyn.

As the World Waga:

"W. E. K.," now of Boston and formerly of Brooklyn, says that the boys and girls went "sleighing" in the latter city. Perhaps so in some isolated parts of it, but not on the Park slope, nor down the old Montague street hill, where it was "coasting." It was a dangerous hill, for at the foot of it, and with only a short level run from the end of the slope, were the iron posts and gates of the ferry house leading to the Wall street line. Down that hill the flower of Brooklyn youth did not go sleighing—they went coasting, and among them were Eddie Bok (of the Ladies Home Journal) and Harry Beecher (Henry Ward the third) and Victor Mapes and the cream of that aristocratic neighborhood on Brooklyn Heights. Another group of boys of that era (1877-1885) in which I was a member, congregated on the vacant streets of the old Prospect Park slope. It was coasting there also, not sleighing. Sleighing was reserved for the highbrows who owned horses to drag their two-seaters or four-seaters out to the park or for a spin on the eastern parkway. Sledding was a word in common usage, too, but it really meant coasting or being dragged on level ground. And, furthermore, Brooklyn boys went "belly-whopper" and so did the girls. Crowds of citizens congregated on the bridge at Montague terrace to see the youngsters scooting down the hill. Those joyous days ended, however, when the inclined cable railway came as an interloper on the street, which is only five blocks long. W. C. B.

Boston, Jan. 15.

"W. E. K." did not say that he formerly lived in Brooklyn. He spoke more of sliding down hill in Albany.—Ed.

In Rhode Island.

As the World Wags:

In Providence, in the Seventies, the approved method of coasting was known as "Charley-coach." As described by your correspondent, the sled—preferably a long red one with round runners—was held crosswise of the body for the initial run and plunge, the boy "landing in a quartering position with one leg curled under him and the other swinging free." Usually the right leg did the steering. The "tomboys" among the girls could achieve the red clipper sleds, the opening run, the nonchalant ease of the drop into position, but as a rule we ignominiously trailed the right foot for steering purposes and did not attempt the energetic flings and kicks with which our brothers kept their sleds in the track. A. S.

One or two interesting letters will be published tomorrow. The question will then be raised whether a "double runner" should be called a "rip." But "Baize" will now be heard. His comments on "Jake" Thoman and The Bogles will be published next Sunday.—Ed.

Down Fort Hill.

As the World Wags:

Yes, "belly bumps" was the term we used in Boston when I was a little lad and the boys coasted from the top of Fort Hill down High, Oliver, Hamilton and Belmont streets, when William Winter lived on the last mentioned sloping thoroughfare, after he had arrived from Gloucester, where he was born. But the phrase that we used when our playmates were ignoble enough to sit on a sled going down hill was "squatty bumpo." A girl in this position might be passed without a sneer, but a "feller," never. BAIZE.

Dorchester, Jan. 15.

Our Musical Public.

As the World Wags:

Here is a story that I can vouch for:

It was after Miss Emmy Destinn's concert one Sunday afternoon. Two extravagantly dressed women were leaving the concert by the front steps

of Symphony Hall. It so happened that one of the billboards advertising Miss Destinn's appearance was still standing against the wall. One of the women glanced at the board and then turned to her friend in surprise: "Why, I didn't know she was coming! I certainly must hear her!"

Boston. A. A.

"Blighty."

As the World Wags:

A question was recently asked in this column as to the origin of the name "Blighty" (is not "Blitey" to be preferred?) for England. As no one seems disposed to shed real illumination on the subject perhaps the glimmer of a taper will be better than nothing. I have read that the English have picked the word up from the Indian troops that it is Hindustani. MIRIAM LOWELL.

Winchester, Jan. 10.

In the English newspapers the word is spelled "Blighty."—Ed.

Jan 21 1916

Miss Winifred Christie, with Unconventional and Interesting Program, Makes Delightful Impression on Jordan Hall Audience — Selections Admirable.

By PHILIP HALE.

Miss Winifred Christie, pianist, played here for the first time yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. Her program was as follows:

Bach, Prelude and Fugue in B flat minor; Loeilly, Gigue; Couperin, Les Barricades Mysterieuses; Chopin, Allegro de Concert; F. Schmitt, Glas; Ravel, Jeu d'eau, Pavane, Ondine; Debussy, Reflets dans l'eau, Toccata; Franck, Prelude, Chorale and Fugue.

This was an unusually agreeable concert. The program was unconventional and interesting. Although Miss Christie, a Scotch pianist, who made her first appearance in New York last November, came to Boston a stranger, she did not think it necessary to stun the audience into admiration. She did not play a thunderous transcription of an organ fugue, thirty-seven variations on a Bulgarian theme, one of the latest sonatas of Beethoven, and Liszt's B minor sonata, all in a row. Our young pianists, and some who are old enough to know better, might profit by her example.

Nor on the other hand was her program wholly unfamiliar. The old and charming piece of Couperin was new to the great majority. Florent Schmitt's "Passing Bell"—the last of six pieces in the second set of his "Musiques Intimes" was published in 1903. It is singularly effective. The intensity of the impression is due largely to the simplicity and the originality of thought and expression. The pieces by Ravel and Debussy are well known.

Perhaps the second group was on the whole too aqueous in character. Three of the six pieces had to do with the water, and naturally there was a certain similarity in tonal effects. Yet it seems ungracious to say this, for the pieces were played beautifully—and Ravel's "Ondine," the translation into tones of a prose poem in "Gaspard of the Night," is pictorially varied with a dash of the dramatic.

Mme. Povla Frisch delighted us by her exquisite diction and the subtlety of her art in the singing of French songs. Miss Christie charmed us in like manner by her interpretation of French piano music. The Prelude by Bach was too mannered. The little piece does not admit marked dynamic contrasts or rhythmic halts and changes. Its charm lies in its simplicity, its even flow, its sustained plaintiveness. We should like to hear it played sotto voce, in the spirit of Couperin's "Barricades" as Miss Christie conceived it. After the Prelude there is nothing but praise for the pianist's performance.

Miss Christie has a most musical touch, fluent technic, force and brilliance when they are required, as they were in Chopin's "Allegro," which the composer originally intended for piano and orchestra. More than this: She has fancy, poetic spirit, as well as aesthetic understanding. There is also individuality in her interpretation. In a word few visiting pianists of late years, pianists of high reputation or those with a reputation to make, have given us so much pleasure. Miss Christie should, however, put aside certain mannerisms in performance, as needless tossing of arms in air, and too deliberate swoops from above on the calm and waiting keyboard.

An audience of fair size was warmly appreciative.

Eager, on rapid sleds,
Their vigorous youth, in bold contention, wheel
The long resounding course.

Eheu, Eheu, Postume.

As the World Wags:

In sturdy winter days 60 years ago in Portland, Me., boys slid down Haggetts hill and Workhouse hill "belly bump," crossing Congress street down the steep decline at about a 25-mile pace. The real sports held their spring runner high up in the air, made a run and a dash, and dropped on it bent on getting the pole. There were no double runners, and few steered sideways. There was plenty of snow in those days, and one could not see the sidewalk across the street for weeks at a time. Moonlight nights it was an inspiring spectacle and full of enthusiasm to see the swift going sleds, hear the clatter of the steel runners, and listen to the ringing shouts of the youngsters, shadowing the icy way and going like a streak. How one vainly wishes for those carefree and happy days to return! W. C.

Malden, Jan. 15.

Concerning "Rips."

As the World Wags:

Speaking of coasting, "belly-gutting," etc., have any of your readers heard the popular double-runner designated as a "rip." When I was a youngster in a small town in western Massachusetts, it was the delight of my companions and myself to appropriate two single sleds—not the shining, despised (though secretly cherished), new ones, but old and hardened veterans—and with a wondrous arrangement of blocks, bolts, washers and screws to join the pair with a smooth-planed 10-foot board. This done, we would climb to the summit of a hill nearby, all pile on indiscriminately, and slip away with the speed of the four winds, skimming the surface of the hillside, crossing a level spot, then gliding lightly down a sloping bank onto a frozen pond. Here we would circle around and around until the steerer "ditched" us with a careless twist or until the friction of the runners "made the old cat die."

But, to return to the question of phraseology—to this marvelous contraption we always gave the name of "rip." The word was, as far as I know, universally applied throughout that section of the country with which I was then acquainted, and is, I think, in general use today. Nowhere else, however, have I heard the term. In other parts of the Commonwealth, in Vermont, New Hampshire and Connecticut the accepted phrase seems to be "double runner," while in Pennsylvania "bobsled" is used in the same sense. I, nevertheless, shall always cling to "rip" as the most expressive title of them all.

Has any one heard the word in other parts, or is it peculiar to my old home town? E. P. GOODNOW.

Brookline.

We remember hearing in Northampton, on Round hill, Hospital hill and Mansion House hill, the term "double ripper" applied by some to what was generally known as a "double-runner." This again was in the late sixties.—Ed.

"Doc and I."

As the World Wags:

Mr. Marcellus Graves's "belly guts" was a new one for the doctor and me. The doctor, whose coasting was done on the banks of the Kennebec, reports that the word in his boyhood days was "belly bunt," a fashion of coasting which he early discarded for the more heroic methods vividly described in your column by Clem Garnet, and used with a very long, narrow sled.

This sled the doctor knew as a "pig-sticker," and he speaks enthusiastically of the skill and daring which were exercised in its use. This was sharply impressed upon him when as a young man he visited the farm in coasting time and essayed to ride his old pig-sticker after years of city life. As he landed full tilt, hip down upon his flying sled, he experienced a terrible moment when he realized that he had forgotten the old trick of steering, and he would have been very glad of the sissified security of the once despised "belly bunt."

In the sixties, on both Town and Nigger hills in Exeter, N. H., the terms "belly bumps" and "belly bumpers" were good form, and when I recall the well-placed "thanky-marms" one met at top speed going down those hills, I don't see how these terms could be bettered. Another posture was that of sitting on the sled with one leg curled under the coaster and the other trailing a foot behind to steer with. This was called "lady fashion," and as a child I supposed that was because of its resemblance to a woman's seat upon a side saddle. To sit up straight upon the sled with face and feet forward was called "setty-up," but as one must steer with the heels in this position the snow was sent whirling up one's pantalettes in most unpleasant fashion, so it was oftener "belly bump" for me.

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE.

Roslindale.

Varia.

When did the word "sled" as boys have understood the word first come into use in New England? In John Pickering's "Vocabulary or Collection of Words and Phrases which have been supposed to be peculiar to the United States of America" (Boston 1816) we read: "In New England, as a friend observes, sleigh is a word applied to light carriages used in winter; and sled to carriages used at that season for heavy articles. Sledge (he adds) is the word used by the English in both cases." It is also stated that "sleigh" is "a local name for sledge, learned of the Dutch colonists" and Mr. Kendal, the traveller, is quoted as authority.

An old and obsolete meaning of the word "sled" is significant today when applied to reckless steerers of double runners, "used for dragging condemned persons to execution."

Is the term "sled" for a kind of river boat still heard on the Ohio? "Of smaller vessels there were 'covered sleds,' 'ferry flats' and 'Alleghany skiffs.'"

We hope to publish tomorrow a remarkable letter from Mr. Percival Smallweed, a truly "human document." Mr. Powers's note about James Bogle, the amateur actor, will be published next Sunday.

BOSTON QUARTET GIVES ITS SECOND CONCERT

Miss Ruth Deyo, Pianist, Assists—Beethoven Piece Leads.

The Boston quartet gave its second concert of the season last evening at Jordan Hall. Miss Ruth Deyo, pianist, was the assisting artist. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Quartet in A minor, op. 132; Chausson, Quartet for piano, violin, viola and 'cello, op. 30; Haydn, Quartet, op. 76, No. 5, in D major. L. W.

Beethoven was communicative about this quartet. Thus the third movement is designated as "Thanksgiving to God after recovery from illness, in the Lydian mode. Return to strength."

Chausson's work was first given here by the Kneisel quartet in February, 1903. August Spanuth was the pianist. The music is on the whole somewhat obvious. It has the prevailing melancholy characteristic of the composer. There are moments of beauty in the first movement. The second is conditionally appealing, the third graceful, the fourth effective. The piano part is difficult. It requires, besides technical ease, a display of warmth and imagination. Miss Deyo's performance was conventional. In the lighter passages she had fluency and the necessary softness of touch. The playing of the Quartet was in keeping with its high standard. An audience of fair size was appreciative.

Jan 21 1916

LONGY CLUB

By PHILIP HALE.

The Longy Club gave the second concert of its 16th season last night in Jordan Hall. The club was assisted by Mrs. A. Roberts Barker, mezzo-soprano, and Miss Renee Longy, pianist. The program was as follows: Woollett, quintet in E major on folk themes for flute, oboe, clarinet, horn and bassoon; Enesco, variations for two pianos (op. 5)—first time here—Miss Longy and Mr. De Voto; songs: F. Schmitt, Demande, Maro Delmas, S'il revenait un jour; Guy Ropartz, Berceuse (Mrs. Barker); d'Indy, Chanson et Danses for flute, oboe, two clarinets, horn and two bassoons.

The pieces for wind instruments, both based on folk tunes, were familiar.

D'Indy's Chanson et Danses were played 15 years ago in the course of the club's first season, by Messrs. A. Maquarre, Longy, Selmer and Metzger, Haokebarth and H. and P. Litke. The quintet of Woollett was first performed here nine years ago by Messrs. D. Maquarre, Longy, Grisez, Hain and Sadony. It was a pleasure to hear these works again. They are still fresh, still modern enough to suit even those who are more curious about the future of music than interested in what has already been done. The quintet has marked character.

The themes themselves, melancholy or gay, are charming, and the treatment of them is constantly ingenious, amply diversified, always musical, often poetic. D'Indy's composition is to be ranked with his "Mountain" music in its savor, its suggestion of scenery and life in the Cevennes region. The club again displayed its virtuoso qualities and its admirable ensemble.

Miss Longy, the talented daughter of the leader of the club and the celebrated first oboeist of the Symphony orchestra, joined Mr. de Voto in playing Enesco's variations. They are unlike many latter-day compositions in this form in that they do not at once say "Good-by!" to the theme. They are firmly knit, continuous, not endless; conservative rather than romantic. While they gave pleasure last night by reason of the musical quality of the performance, they made no deep impression and will be easily forgotten by the audience of good size that applauded warmly. Miss Longy has an agreeable touch, a mechanism that was fully sufficient for the imposed task, taste in phrasing and the sense of proportion that is a prime requisite in ensemble.

Mrs. Roberts Barker was at one time a member of the Boston Opera Company, where she pleased, even in small parts, whenever Mr. Russell vouchsafed her opportunity. Schmitt's "Demande," published in 1900, has an elaborate accompaniment, which has been orchestrated. In this song, as in the two that followed, Mrs. Barker's diction and her style were very commendable. Her voice is rich and expressive, but we have heard her use it more effectively. The songs by Schmitt and Delmas are not to be fully appreciated, perhaps, at the first hearing. They are "art songs," in which "art" is dangerously close to "artificial." The invention is labored, nor is the music markedly impressionistic, so that a mood is firmly established. The song of Ropartz is more obviously melodic, but here again there is a lack of spontaneity. We should like to hear a singer with this voice, diction and musical feeling sing music by Duparc, Gabriel, Faure, or Loeffler.

The wharf is silent and black, and motionless
lie the ships;
The ebb-tide sucks at the piles with its cold
and slimy lips;
And down through the tortuous lane a sailor
comes singing along,
And a girl in the Gallipagos isles is the burden
of his song.

The Connoisseur.

As the World Wags:

You know, I think, through my perhaps somewhat indiscreet confidences, a little of my but newly acquired interest in the fairer—no, I will not say that lest it be construed as meaning of greater sense of justice—the weaker—nor that, for they are strong through guile—say then, the other sex. The greater the interest the less the knowledge, and vice versa, if that were possible, which it is not. One never knows where to find them. If I speak with bitterness I have some reason. A painful and personal matter. Let it pass.

I had in mind the judgment of an expert, for such he must, though unwillingly, be called, on the qualities and characters of two famous women. They, the two, being in the dramatic way, your indorsement of or dissent to, as the case may be, the opinion would interest me. It might teach me something, though I hardly think that possible.

First as to the authority. He is a familiar of my infamous brother-in-law. He, my brother-in-law, has an outrageous habit—it may be called that—of bringing to his home sundry casual acquaintances, who straightway become more, picked up in low taverns, pothouses, boozing kens, smoking cars, where you will. Among these is an individual whose name I shall not mention—he shall be known here as the expert—acquired some years since on a train from Montreal. He has returned at varying periods to the home of my relative by marriage. He has been known to be away for two years. Again his visitations are at two months' intervals. A strange man, an adventurer, a wanderer and, physically, an awesome, calamitous figure. He is rising 6 feet tall, weighs 16 stone, owns to 40 years—bushy red beard, high bridged hawk nose, bald, chest like a barrel and a voice—my word—bellows like a bull, I assure you. And this creature inflicts himself upon my sister's home. I should not say that. He seems welcome and spends long evenings roaring, bellowing, trumpeting of his exploits in far lands, which, if his word is to be taken, he has visited many of. Giving credit where credit is due, he does seem truthful. But he is none the less, to me at least, offensive. For his adventures, with extraordinary and frequently disgusting detail, if there are no ladies about and sometimes if there are, without fail deal to an unnecessary degree with women. It seems to be an obsession. It is not that he boasts of his conquests. He merely tells of them. Speak of any place on earth and he will thunder of some female known there.

It was but a night or two ago that we endured him at and after dinner. Something was said of the tea which purported to be of Ceylon. The expert straightway launched into a description of a terraced garden on the slopes below Kandy and a half caste Gee—meaning, I suppose, Portugee—girl from the China coast, Honolulu—loud talk of grass huts and poi and a ravishing hula hula girl who lived with a missionary on the shell road beyond the reef. And always each adventure ending with the booming declamation that the narrator "knows women, knows 'em like a book. Has from childhood."

The talk turned upon the war. Something was said of the Balkans. Ah! Bukarest—and a flat faced Lithuanian maiden with the most beautiful bosom since Cleopatra. I know not where he has his authority on the personal charms of Antony's seducer, nor where he ever heard of her. For this strange man boasts that he can neither read nor write. Yet it must be admitted that he knows more than most of current events, though how is a mystery, since he never allows another to speak more than one

short sentence without interruption.

So on the night I wearied of the man s, I fancy, did others. He was telling ngthily of a blue lipped Siwash squaw, ubber and igloos of some remote Are- he region when I withdrew to what my rother-in-law is pleased to call his ibrary. Here, for the want of some- hing better, I occupied myself with one of those odious chromatic magazines, a red or perhaps a yellow book, devoted to pictures of the ladies of the stage and the films. And I came upon a portrait of Gaby Des Lys, perched perilously upon a pedestal exhibiting as her main points of alleged beauty a symmetrical expanse of das de sole and a vitreous smile. On the following page was a presentment of Miss Geraldine Farrar, also and quite as usually, I fancy, smiling. It occured to me to ask the opinion of the expert on these two ladies. I showed him the Frenchwoman first. He seized the magazine, held it at arm's length and detonated. "Ah! A woman of the world! But generous! Generous! One who would be as generous at 6 of an arctic morning as at 12 of a tropic night." (The swine has a tendency to wax poetic or what he deems poetic.) I turned the page to Miss Farrar. He favored her with a mere glance and a thrust aside. "No! No! Cold! Cold!" and he begun the tale of a little French milliner on the Roo de something in "Parrus."

Now my own thoughts of the two young women had been diametrically opposed to those of the expert. And yet he may be right. I am, indeed, so nearly always completely wrong in my estimates of the other sex. One never does know where to find them

PERCIVAL SMALLWEED.

Goldenrod Court, West Medford.

As for Cleopatra's "personal charms." Plutarch: "Now her beawtie (as it is reported) was not so passing, as unmatchable of other women, nor yet suche, as upon present viewe did enamor men with her; but so sweete was her companio and conversacion, that a man could not possibile but be taken."

Jeremy Collier: "Besides the charms of her beauty, she had a very engaging genius, and withal was the best bred and most pompous lady of the whole world."

Tennyson described her as having "swarthy cheeks and bold black eyes." This is absurd. She was of Greek descent and had no taint of African intermixtures.

Mr. George Bernard Shaw assures us that her hair was wavy when she was sixteen.—Ed.

One night at a festival in a northern city, I met all the women of ancient painters.

JOHN POWELL GIVES SECOND PIANO RECITAL

Interesting Program Performed in Steinert Hall.

John Powell gave his second piano recital in Boston yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. The program was as follows: Schumann, Sonata, F sharp minor and Forest Scenes; Chopin, Impromptu, G flat; Etude, C sharp minor; Scherzo, C sharp minor; Sonata, B minor.

K. W.

Mr. Powell is an imaginative pianist. Whether it is possible or not to agree with his interpretations they are interesting and original and promote a desire to become better acquainted with his playing rather than a desire to escape from the concert hall. On the other hand, his playing in certain respects invites correction. He is apt to be too deliberate. He sometimes delights in metallic fortes followed by palpably impressionistic pianissitumos. There is at times a curious and blurring use of the pedals.

Yesterday his performance of Schumann's Sonata dragged. The first pages were treated with Byronic sombreness and with brutal revelations of structure. As his playing progressed the performance became finer. There was beauty of tone and appropriate delicacy.

Mr. Powell's performance of the "Forest Scenes" was wholly delightful. Here he displayed poetic insight, inventiveness, imagination. The entrance to the forest, the hunter on the watch, the lonely flowers, the haunted spot, the friendly landscape, the tavern, the prophetic bird, the hunting song and the farewell to the forest were all sharply characterized. There was variety and a romantic spirit.

Mr. Powell has certain fine points to commend him as a player of Chopin. His playing and his program, an attractive one, drew a large audience hearty in expressions of approval.

Jan 21 1916

Berlioz's Overture to "Rob Roy," Liszt's "What One Hears on the Mountain," and Symphonic Poem No. 1 and Schumann Composition Make up Program.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 12th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Berlioz, overture to "Rob Roy"; Liszt, "What One Hears on the Mountain," Symphonic Poem No. 1 (after Victor Hugo); Schumann, Symphony in B flat major No. 1.

Some have wondered why Buelow was partial to Berlioz's overture "The Corsair." He praised it in his letters; he delighted in conducting it. It might be asked by those who are so unfortunate as not to appreciate the genius of Berlioz, why do conductors put his overture to "Rob Roy" on programs, especially as it is an early work and Berlioz burned the score, forgetting that he had sent a manuscript copy to the Academy of Fine Arts in Paris. It will be remembered that this overture was not published until 1900 when the second performance took place, and that was in London. The suggestion has been made that Berlioz destroyed the score because he had used one of the themes, the one that resembles curiously Offenbach's "Voici le Sabre," in his "Harold" symphony.

The answer to the questioners is that conductors and many other musicians find that the overture to "Rob Roy" has more than a historical interest. There is a Scottish atmosphere, and not merely by reason of the theme founded on "Scots Wha Hae Wi' Wallace Bled." The horn fanfares, the melody for English horn accompanied by the harp, the suggestion of the bagpipes; in a word, the prevailing mood of the overture is Scottish. We know that Berlioz, as other men of the romantic period were admirers of Sir Walter, whose influence was then great and unmistakable in many ways. Berlioz wrote an overture, "Waverley"; why not one suggested by "Rob Roy"?

There are other reasons for liking this overture. Composed in 1832, it is surprisingly fresh, ingenious, vigorous in its instrumentation. Grant that the themes and some formulas are of an old pattern, they are still expressive, and they are developed and treated for the orchestra by the master of orchestration, from whom all following him have learned and are still learning though no one has yet succeeded in obtaining such striking effect with apparently simple means.

Liszt's symphonic poem was played here for the first time, although it was remodelled by the composer nearly 60 years ago. The poem of the same title in Hugo's "Autumn Leaves" inspired the music. The poem itself is characteristic of the Hugo described by Mr. George Moore as a cross between an Italian improvisator and a metaphysical German student. In it we find the familiar "splendor of imagery and thunder of syllables." The poet puts himself on a mountain by the sea. He hears two voices: one singing superbly the beauty and the harmony of creation—the voice of Nature; the other, the voice of Humanity, is swollen with sighs, groans, sobs, cries of revolt, blasphemies. The poet then asks, why are we here? What is the end of all this? He hears no answer.

Liszt gives full and varied musical expression to these voices, but does not end with Hugo. He finds the answers in prayer, in the hope, comfort, assurance of religion. After the development of the contrasting themes, with a wealth of subsidiary details, the answer to the terrible doubt and vain questioning, the answer to Nature herself, is the final Hymn of Faith.

No wonder this symphonic poem frightened and appalled conductors, players, critics and audiences 50 years ago. Some today may regard the main contents as bombastic, yet accept and praise the solemn Hymn given first to the trombones. To us the music is remarkable in many ways, remarkable even as coming after the more important achievements of Berlioz. No modern composer, not even Debussy or Rimsky-Korsakoff has been more successful in suggesting the murmur of waves, the surge of the ocean. No ultra-modern composer, not even the Strauss of the later years, has expressed more dramatically and convincingly in music cries of anguish and despair. Liszt's use of dissonances is a revelation even in these days of dissonances, when common chords have a certain piquancy.

It is true that there are pages that might be spared. The final section is too long-drawn out. There is repetitation that lessens the effect. Yet this section as a whole has majestic beauty and in it we observe Wagner gaily appropriating music for his "Parsifal," as elsewhere in the poem he found measures for his "Ring." How he and others after him have plundered the storehouse of Liszt!

The performance was impressive. After this music the Symphony of Schumann seemed respectable in its romantic intentions.

The concert will be repeated tonight. There will be no concerts next week, for the orchestra will make a western trip. The program for Feb. 4-5 will include Beethoven's Symphony No. 2; Carpenter's "Adventures in a Perambulator" (repeated by request), and a short piece to be announced. Miss Geraldine Farrar will sing Elsa's Dream from "Lohengrin" and the Romance from "The Damnation of Faust."

All the world's a hill, and all the men and women merely coasters. Letters keep pouring in, letters from Maine, New Hampshire, Connecticut, New York, discussing belly-gut, belly-bump, double-runners, rips, side-saddle—but as yet we have heard nothing about the sliding in Louisiana and Texas. Many of the letters are merely repetitions of those already published. Pleasantly written as they are, we must pass them by. Then there are the letters from enthusiasts who do not sign their name. Some notes of fresh or local interest are now printed. Mark this ultimate conclusion forwarded from South Paris, Me., by Mr. Arthur E. Forbes: "Why all this pother about belly-bump and belly-whack, and all their refined and delicate variations, with or without dashes? The correct term which I haven't yet seen mentioned, is belly bunt. Up in this neck of the woods I can produce scores of men who will back me up in this." As though there were no other coasters in the land except in that "neck of the woods" in the district of Maine!

"Squatty Bumpo."

As the World Wags:

Permit me to mingle with the merry throng. The unerring "Balze" is nearest right, as usual, although this time he and one other correspondent divide the eternal verities between them. "Balze" says "Squatty Bumpo." Perhaps he is biased by memories of Natty Bumpo, a well known apocryphal historico-mythological personage having no connection with coasting, and whose name is further objectionable as involving undue prominence of the dynamic or percussive element. The real term is "Squatty Bumbo," which is sonorous, harmonious and strictly static, or, if you want to take off the last shaving of accuracy, strictly sessile.

The other term is "Belly Flumps," the second word being compounded of flop and jump, in delicate allusion to the way in which the coaster flings himself onto the moving sled, the word being formed as "slithy" is compounded of "lithe" and "slimy." Earnest students of etymology are referred to "Alice in Wonderland" for examples of the great basic laws of the science. B. W. S.

Boston, Jan. 20.

Dr. Crockett's Sled.

We welcome good old Dr. Crockett back to the fold and wish that we could reproduce here the pictures of the sled that he has drawn in illustration of his description.

"When I was a boy of 5 or 6 years," says Dr. W. E. Crockett, "say 76 years ago, the most popular sled was made like the above. No sleds were on sale at any stores. A boy made his own sled, or it was at least a family product. Runners were of any kind of hard wood and bars of the same, held together; the runners by a cord doubled and twisted. The runners were shod with half-round iron, to be bought at hardware stores. Such iron came as bindings for sheet iron. A sled made as above described was loose and pliable and much faster than the stiff box sled of a later date. And you may believe me, there used to be snow in abundance in those days at my home, East Thomaston, now Rockland, Me. And the mode of sliding was called Belly Bunt, Belly BUNT. And the sport was called 'sliding.' If one spoke of 'coasting' in those days it was meant to apply to one who goes to sea in a coastwise vessel."

Other letters, discussing "pigstickers," the warning cry "Lullah," "rutchie," "tiller" and "butcher boy," must wait their turn.

The Salem Legend.

As the World Wags:

Inasmuch as the error of thinking that witches were burned here in New England is sometimes committed by New Englanders themselves, it is not to be wondered at that outsiders do not always steer clear of the blunder. I see that in The Herald of today a correspondent calls attention to the fact that the Copley Society lately fell into that error. It seems strange that the Copley Society should commit such a blunder, but the same blunder was committed by Boston's official Fourth of July orator, John R. Murphy, in the oration which he delivered on July 4, 1892, before the city council and citizens of Boston. I see that in Gertrude Atherton's latest book, "California: An Intimate History," she falls into that same error, speaking (page 15) of the time "when New England was burning witches on the green." Another popular error in regard to the punishment which was inflicted here in New England for witchcraft is that one person was pressed to death for the offence, but that idea is equally baseless with the idea that witches were burned here.

SUBURBANITE.

Brookline, Jan. 18.

Our State House.

As the World Wags:

I trust the architect and committee responsible for the style of the new east wing of the State House will read the note of "A. T. C." in this morning's Herald. My first view of this architectural excrescence struck me—dumb. I may be too far above tide water to be "up" in the construction of state houses, but after wiping my eye-glasses and taking a second look I came to the conclusion that it was a cotton factory transported from some rural district in [illegible] yarns may hereafter be spun h[illegible]re turned out by the capitol lobby. The annex might look well if located in the rear of the Bulfinch structure, but I entertain the notion that if the proposed west wing should correspond in design—as under ordinary circumstances it should—the completed building will resemble a big sea-gull spreading its mammoth wings for the protection of the Hub and its suburban dependencies.

W. E. PARKHURST.

Clinton, Jan. 18.

Jan 23 1916

GEORGE COPELAND

By PHILIP HALE.

George Copeland, pianist, assisted by Miss Elizabeth Gordon, pianist, gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall, which was filled on floor and in gallery with an enthusiastic audience. Mr. Copeland's selections were as follows: Gluck, Gavotte and Musette; Mozart, Fantaisie in C minor; Scarlatti, Pasorale and Capriccio; Cesar Franck, Danse lente; MacDowell, first movement of the Sonata Tragica; Amani, Orientale, Granados, Danse Espagnole; Albeniz, Tango; Groviez, Evocation; Turina, A los Toros. With Miss Gordon he played Debussy's six Epigraphes Antiques, for two pianos: Pour invoquer Pan, Pour un tombeau sans nom, Pour que la nuit soit propice, Pour la danseuse aux crotales, Pour l'Egyptienne, Pour remercier la pluie au matin; and at the end of the concert, as a supplementary number a transcription for the two pianos of Chabrier's Espana.

Mr. Copeland has played many of the pieces on the program before this. He played for the first time Cesar Franck's gracefully melancholy Danse Lente which was composed in 1885, the year before the violin sonata. It was originally published in the Album of the Parisian newspaper, Le Gaulois. We are under the impression that this Danse Lente was heard here some years ago. We remember seeing it on a program, but this program suffered one or two changes. The Spanish dances by Granados and Turina were performed yesterday for the first time, as was the Orientale by Amani, which was recently published in a collection of Russian piano music. Amani's piece is melodically oriental but otherwise without much significance. The dance by Turina is furiously exciting, bolder in spirit, more reckless in expression than the dance of Granados.

The epigraphs were played here for the first time. Before Mr. Copeland and his pupil came on the stage the lights were lowered, possibly to gain a graveyard effect, possibly to enable the hearers to concentrate their attention on the vaporous music. Admiring Debussy as we do, we do not think that these epigraphs will add to his reputation; on the contrary, they will tend to confirm the suspicion that his invention is now careless or failing. The sixth is the most successful in its impressionistic character. There is the subtle suggestion of showers, as in the composer's "Garden Under the Rain" and in the song "Il pleure dans mon coeur." The other epigraphs left no definite impression; even their vagueness was not definite, to speak in paradox; nor during the playing did the music give sensuous pleasure or stimulate the fancy. If one of the first five inscriptions had been mated with the music of any other, no material harm would have been done.

The Herald has often named the characteristics of Mr. Copeland's playing that give him an exalted position. It is not necessary to repeat what has been often said in praise, yet it is a pleasure to state that his peculiar and admirable qualities were never more fully displayed than they were in this recital. The great artist is known by his interpretation of "little pieces" as well as by his treatment of "formidable" compositions. It is not easy to think of more beautiful piano playing than Mr. Copeland's performance of the pieces by Gluck, Mozart, Scarlatti and Franck; beautiful by reason of lucidity, euphony, flawless expression. MacDowell's music was interpreted with the requisite tragic intensity and tragic tenderness; nor for a moment was the tragic note forced into the melodramatic.

Then there was the amazing dash, the dazzling brilliance of the dances, no more remarkable, however, than the bravura of Scarlatti's Capriccio.

Miss Gordon seconded Mr. Copeland sympathetically in the wanderings of Debussy and vied with him in dash and gorgeous coloring in the transcription of "Espana."

The revival of "David Garrick" by Mr. Sothern at the Shubert Theatre this week will awaken pleasant memories of the elder Sothern and of others that have played in this comedy—Barrett, Wyndham, Mason, Goodwin, Willard—and the actor that was the first to take

the part in Boston, E. L. Davenport. For the first performance of "David Garrick" in this city was at the Adelphi Theatre, William Horace Lingard, manager, on Oct. 11, 1869. The cast was as follows:

David Garrick	E. L. Davenport
Old Ingot	A. D. Billings
Squire Chivy	Edward Righton
Mr. Smith	J. K. Kruger
Mr. Brown	Stockwell
Mr. Jones	William J. Hill
Thomas	Moye
George	F. Middleton
Ada Ingot	Edith Challis
Mrs. Smith	Amilie Harris
Mrs. Brown	Lona Edwin

"Black-Eyed Susan" was the afterpiece.

Nor should Salvini in "Sullivan" be forgotten.

The history of the play itself is a curious one. The motive, of course, is old and familiar in many languages. Dramatists and novelists have rung the changes on it. Now it is the man who is persuaded to disillusionize an infatuated woman; now it is the woman who disgraces herself in the presence of her lover that he may forget her and wed the girl of wealth and high position chosen by his parents. Sometimes the stern father relents, as in Leonard Merrick's short story, "The Doll in the Pink Silk Dress."

It is commonly said that "David Garrick" is a translation of "Sullivan," a play in three acts and in prose by Melesville, whose real name was Duveyrier, a prolific dramatist, librettist, author. "Sullivan" was produced at the Comedie Francaise, Paris, on Nov. 11, 1851. Played 21 times in its first year, 70 times in 1853, thrice in 1851, it then disappeared from the repertoire of that theatre. From this play translations were made into English—the David Garrick of T. W. Robertson—Italian—the version played by Salvini—German, and no doubt other languages.

But before that, "Le Docteur Robin" was produced at the Gymnase, Paris, on Oct. 1, 1842. Theophile Gautier in his review of the play, cried out that he was tired of tracing the genealogy of every piece and being obliged to rewrite 50 times the same analysis, hardly without a change. "'Le Docteur Robin,' who would believe it, is again the eternal history of Garrick, or Talma, or Kean curing some poor girl who loves him as an actor by showing himself as a man in a most unfavorable aspect. It is again Miss Smithson or the heroine of 'Tiridate,' playing the same role before an ingenuous heir who should turn toward the comforts of a reasonable marriage." Gautier then adds that the author of "Le Docteur Robin," one Jules de Premaray, "a name more virginal than the snow of the Himalaya, a good and studious young man no doubt, he that recently asked in Les Petites Affiches for a collaborator of good family 'to write together pretty vaudevilles,' well, this debutant, this poet, this rising genius, stole an idea of Bouchardy published as a romance six years ago and already treated seven or eight times." According to Gautier the play had some success, due to the talent of Bouffe and that of Mme. Volnys. "However Bouffe is far inferior to Frederick Lemaitre in the same situation. Frederick shows in 'Kean' a grand and noble side that is lacking in Bouffe's performance. Full of good nature and charm as the doctor, when he assumes the characteristics of the inspired actor, he is still Robin as before."

It has been said that "Sullivan" was suggested by a German play, "Garrick in Bristol," by Deinhardstein, produced in 1832. This, however, is certain: 'Sullivan" was turned into German by Eduard Jermann and was long popular on the German stage.

The romance by Bouchardy to which Gautier alluded was published in Le Monde Dramatique April, 1836. As Gautier said, six or seven plays were soon afterwards written on this subject.

"Tiridate," quoted by Gautier, was a one-act piece, and the heroine that makes herself repulsive is Adrienne Lecouvreur. In the original English version the heroine is Mrs. Bracegirdle. In Charles Reade's story, "Art," and play Nance Oldfield is the woman that disillusionizes the young adorer. In various versions of "Tiridate" Mrs. John Wood and Mme. Genevieve Ward appeared as the heroine before Ellen Terry was seen as Nance.

There is a story that a young woman at Clamont fell in love with Garrick, and through a go-between asked him to marry her, but seeing him on the stage as Abel Drugger, was cooled by the realism of his performance. It is also said that this incident was in T. W. Robertson's mind when he translated and adapted "Sullivan." The story was first written out as a novel in 1863 and sold to the publishers with the reservation of the right to dramatize it. "When the play was done Robertson read it to his friends. Among them were Henry J. Byron. The author of 'Our Boys' though very well of it. 'Don't you part with that, Tom, save on most advantageous terms,' he cautioned, but Robertson was then passing through the 'slough of failure' and money was a much-needed commodity. He went to his friend, Thomas Hailes Lacy, who was also delighted with it, and advanced him £10, with the proviso that if it was ever played the publishing rights should

[illegible] had no purchaser, and then by a [illegible] the late E. A. Sothern, then playing under the name of Douglas Stewart, under which he first came to America, heard of it. Charles Millward, the father of Jessie Millward, and the faithful friend of Artemus Ward, had heard the play and told Sothern about it, assuring him that it was just the piece for him. The actor sent for the author. The author had not the manuscript, that was in pawn to Mr. Lacy, but he could tell the story, which he did, to the delight of Sothern, who wanted to see it at once. He raised the lien on the manuscript, and in Sothern's chambers in Regent street the reading took place. One of the members of that party has described the scene.

"Robertson was punctual," writes Charles Millward, "for when Sothern got home from the theatre he found him pacing the drawing room with the precious manuscript under his arm. Tom looked hugely delighted over what was for him a golden opportunity. The supper party numbered five—Sothern, Buckstone (his manager), John Hollingshead, Roberson and myself. When the meal was disposed of our host produced cigars—and no man kept better—and drinkables, and then proceeded to read 'David Garrick.' Long before he got through the first act I could see that Sothern was favorably impressed. He frequently interrupted himself with such remarks as 'capital,' 'first rate,' 'strong situation' and 'I like that.' But when he came to the party scene, in which David acts like a madman, Sothern became so excited that he began to smash the glasses and upset the furniture. 'I think that will do, Bucky,' he said to the manager. 'Yes, it will do,' replied Buckstone, 'and I rather like that fellow Chivy.' Before the party broke up 'David Garrick' was accepted, and every playgoer knows how successful it was when it was presented. When taking leave of Sothern that evening he put a £50 note in my hand. 'Give that to Tom on account,' he said, 'and assure him that I am charmed with the piece. Of course he will draw a nightly royalty at the Haymarket, and whenever I play the piece here or elsewhere.'"

"David Garrick" was produced with Sothern at the Prince of Wales Theatre, Birmingham, in April, 1864. Miss Edith Stuart was Ada Ingot; G. R. Maskell, Squire Chivy; Bellair, Ingot. It is stated in the Memorial of Robertson that after the first performance Sothern insisted that the piece was a rank failure, and he would never play it again. He was in a state of collapse, despising himself and the play. But he brought out the comedy at the Haymarket, London, on April 30, 1864, with Nelly Moore as Ada Ingot. Chippendale as Ingot and Miss Snowden as Mrs. Smith.

Of this production at the Haymarket Henry Morley wrote: "The play is a translation from the French drama of 'Sullivan,' and I wish, though probably Mr. Buckstone's chancellor of the exchequer has his reasons for differing from me, that the translator, Mr. T. W. Robertson, had not taken the liberty of considering 'Sullivan' the French for 'David Garrick.' The play bill does, indeed, append to the name of the piece a note saying: 'This play is founded on an incident said to have occurred to Garrick, but which has no pretension to biographical accuracy.' Euphemism for this play is called 'David Garrick,' but has nothing on earth to do with Garrick. But why should English actors deal so lightly with the memory of this great chief, that, for the sake of so poor and false an effort as the placarding of Sothern as Garrick, they should falsify and confuse the memory of Garrick's life? Mr. Sothern, we think, should have resisted the temptation to have his name brought into such apposition; for he is not a Garrick; he is a very long way, indeed, from being a Garrick, excellent as he is in his own way of art. If he could act Abel Drugger, he could not act Macbeth; and his serious passages in this French-English drama, though they are well felt, are delivered with a heaviness of intensity remarkable in one whose touch as a comedian is so light. * * * Let me not forget to record of 'David Garick' that it is so very moral as to proceed in the last act to the delivery of a long exhortation, unbroken by dialogue, which Mr. Sothern preaches with such quiet seriousness that we are almost invited to look under his chin for the band and bibs."

The elder Sothern did not like it because the English critics did not approve his treatment of the sentimental passages in the play. It is recorded by T. Edgar Pemberton that one evening, at a benefit in a provincial town, Sothern made a speech before the curtain and said: "The local critics have unanimously declared that unfortunately for my career as an actor, my voice is wholly unsuited to love-making, and with my hand on my heart I should like to inform these gentlemen that following in private life that most agreeable of pursuits, I find that I get on as well as most people."

His biographer also describes a late appearance of Sothern in the part. One night his memory failed him in the last act, just as, kneeling beside Ada, he began to tell her how he grieved his mother by becoming an actor. "He began: 'I had a mother once,' and paused. The words were quite gone. The prompter threw him the line. The weeping Ada, from behind her handkerchief, gave it to him. I sobs. He could not get it. Twice, with a trembling voice, he repeated: 'I had a mother once,' and then desperately added the last lines: 'My mother is dead. Her tears weigh on me still.' The audience applauded. The play ended triumphantly, as usual. After the performance, Pemberton, thinking to console the actor, remarked that the break could hardly have been observed, save by those very familiar with the play. 'Observed?' replied Sothern, "But I should think it was observed! Why, the scene never went so well. It was a chance cut, but it was a good one. "I had a mother once; my mother is dead." That is all the public want. They don't care to be troubled with such merely domestic details as Garrick's becoming a famous actor and drawing a big salary, or with the old lady's inconsistent and uninteresting broken-heartedness. "I had a mother once; my mother is dead." That sums up everything; it's all the public requires; it's all in the future they will ever get from me in the last act of "Garrick."'"

There was another version of "Sullivan" made by William Muskerry and played by Edward Compton at the Strand Theatre, London, in August, 1886. Mrs. Compton (Virginia Bateman) was the heroine, Violet Gresham. Dick Chevy figured as Tom Tallyhaut. Violet opened the play with a recitation of Lady Macbeth's first important speech.

It is a singular fact that in the Italian version played by Salvini the name of the London manager is Thomas Robertson.

We have referred to the tradition of the lady in Compton falling in love with Garrick. There is another story; that Robertson founded his comedy on an alleged incident of Garrick's love affair with Eva Marie Violetti, afterwards Mrs. Garrick. The actor promised his friend, the Countess of Burlington, that he would cure Mrs. Violetti of her passion for him.

"Garrick: An adaptation of the Old Story and the Old Play," by Max Pemberton, was produced on July 14, 1913, at the Coliseum, London. Seymour Hicks played Garrick and Ellaline Terris played Ada. Squire Chevy was replaced by Lord Farleigh, a noble lover of Ada. The play opens on the stage of Drury Lane, where Garrick is finishing the combat with Richmond in "Richard III." His voice is heard. The next scene is Garrick's dressing room, where Ingot and the actor discuss the trick by which Ada is to be disillusionized.

In August, 1913, Sir Charles Wyndham signed a contract with a Cinema company for a film performance of "David Garrick." The play was to be staged exactly as it was performed 25 years ago.

The Boston Herald stated in 1895 that it had been "rather supposed that young Sothern would eventually add David Garrick, the only part especially associated with his father in which he could ever appear, to his repertoire. It is understood that a few years ago he would have done so, but for the fact that Wyndham had the play, and was coming to this country. His delay has lengthened out, and in the mean time Nat Goodwin has produced the play, and if reports are true made a hit with it. How much the Boston comedian thinks of the part may be gathered from the fact that when a doll was begged of him for the Doll fair in aid of Chicago's charities he sent one dressed in an exact facsimile of his David Garrick dress, the outfit and the doll costing $130, and it sold for a larger figure than that."

Wyndham first played the part of Garrick in London in 1886. Mr. Goodwin played the part at the Hollis Street Theatre Feb. 11, 1895, when Miss Blanche Walsh took the part of Ada, Robert G. Wilson that of Ingot and William Ingersoll that of Squire Chevy.

And now Mr. Sothern comes in the play made famous years ago by his father. The writer in The Herald of 1895 spoke of Garrick as "The only part especially associated with his father in which he could ever appear." It is dangerous to prophesy. Many of us remember with pleasure the son as Lord Dundreary.

To the Editor of The Herald:

Mr. Ryan Speaks of Thoman and the Bogles

Now that "Chin-Chin" is with us it may be pertinent to ask if there are any old playgoers who remember "Jake" Thoman as a comic Chinaman in "Aladdin" at the Boston Museum in 1846 or thereabouts. His frequently recurring phrase, "All same so, hi ya!" caught the town. There was no Chinese quarter here then, and the first native of the Celestial empire to settle here permanently was Ar Showe, who came a few years after and was employed in the China Tea Store on the easterly side of Washington street, between Franklin and Summer streets. He married one of the girls who were co-attendants in the shop, and later went into business for himself on Union street. After many years of apparently happy domestic life he vanished on his way to visit his native land. It was thought by many that some secret society might answer for his mysterious disappearance.

To come back to Thoman. He was a capable actor in his way and was as acceptable in serious, as he was in comic business. I saw him play creditably the Duke of Gloster in "Jane Shore," and what an inimitable little gypsy he was as the Kinchin in "The Flowers of the Forest." His wife as Starlight Bess in the same drama was just as captivating. We have had many soubrettes in Boston, but none better than Mrs. Thoman.

William Bogle, who invented the Hyperion Fluid, was an older brother of James Bogle. He taught elocution in the old country—the Bogles came from Glasgow—but I never heard that he appeared as a dramatic amateur here. I played with James in New Bedford, Haverhill, Milford and Lawrence, once audaciously supporting him as Iago when he performed Othello. He was never on the legitimate stage, though a trifle melodramatic, was quite as good as many professional leading men that I have seen.

William Bogle retired from business with a substantial fortune. He was a resident of Melrose, and, indeed, he gave the place its name, and remembered it liberally in his will. His old friend, Francis H. Underwood, who succeeded Bret Harte as consul at Glasgow, used to call him "The Laird of Melrose." JOHN W. RYAN.

Dorchester, Jan. 17.

According to Col. Clapp's "Record of the Boston Stage" "Aladdin" was brought out at the Boston Museum in the season of 1846-1847, had a run of eight weeks and was performed 91 times to crowded houses." We asked the question about James Bogle last Sunday, for on page 94 of "The History of the Boston Theatre" the statement is made that James Bogle, who played the part of Macbeth in 1862, was at one time a hairdresser and manufacturer of the Hyperion Fluid. We have received another note about the Bogles.

To the Editor of The Herald:

Mr. Ryan's statement that James Bogle took part in the performances of "Macbeth" by amateurs in 1862 is correct. The proprietor of "Bogle's Hyperion Fluid" was William Bogle, his brother. James Bogle was a very good amateur actor, had a wonderful knowledge of Shakespeare, and was a very clever ventriloquist. He was an intimate friend of my father, and often came to our house. Among my earliest recollections are the marvellous conversations between Mr. Bogle and the man up the chimney.

Some years afterward, when Lawrence & Co. occupied 13 Chauncy street, Mr. Bogle's room was on the same floor as the office of the firm. Occasionally most remarkable sounds would be heard. The room developed a great capacity for echoes. Mr. Lawrence would occasionally speak of the peculiar voices of the teamsters. Everyone else knew where the echoes and the voices came from. J. F. POWERS.

Boston, Jan. 17.

To the Editor of The Herald:

The Second Part of "Henry the Fourth"

The second part of "Henry IV" was performed for the first time in New York on Feb. 4, 1822. Kent acted Falstaff, other actors in the cast being Maywood, Pritchard, Simpson, Barnes and Cowell. Mrs. Barrett was the Mrs. Quickly and Mrs. Wheatley was the Doll Tearsheet. The play had a successful run and some 20 years later was revived by J. H. Hackett, father of the actor who played "Macbeth" at the Hollis Street Theatre last week.

My records, made up largely from newspaper advertisements, show that 62 performances of "Henry IV" were given in Boston between Jan. 26, 1795, and Feb. 26, 1896. There may be a few omissions in these records on account of the play not being advertised. The advertisements do not state whether part one or part two was acted, but it is likely that at least one of these performances was of part two, and a search is now being made of all available newspapers to see if any reference can be found to the second part. J. B. CLAPP.

Boston.

When the second part of "King Henry IV," was played at Drury Lane in 1864 Samuel Phelps played the part of Justice Shallow and made him anything but a comic character. "Comic upon the surface, it is at the core terribly earnest, and was meant, with a profound seriousness under the jest, as a picture of gray hairs without humor, age looking back to a false heaven of youthful lusts that in its imbecile youth it had ill realized, instead of forward to its well-earned rest, and downward to the open grave before its feet. There is nothing more sternly earnest in Shakespeare, and more tragic in its undertone, than the dialogue between Shallow and Silence at the beginning of the second scene of the third act."—Ed.

Notes of the Stage and Stage People

The theatre committee of the Paris city council has drawn up its annual report. Not till four months after the outbreak of the war did the authorities consider any application to allow theatres to reopen. Managers were told they could try their luck if they would close by 11 P. M. and pay a war charity tax of 5 per cent. on the receipts. By Jan. 1, 1915, about 190 houses (mostly cinemas and concerts) had agreed to accept these terms, and now 225 are running.

"All public performances have always been taxed for the benefit of the French poor law, so that when receipts under this head began to pick up once more the special war charity levy was dropped. Altogether it produced 604,798 francs, which shows that in the six months immediately following the outbreak of war the Paris public all the same contrived to spend some three millions of francs upon theatregoing. From the start, the cinemas easily outdistanced all other forms of amusement. In December, 1914, there were registered 272,000 entrances at the theatres and 788,000 at the cinemas; in March, 1915, these figures had risen to 503,000 and 909,000, respectively; in May, to 640,000 and 1,223,000; and in October, when this report was made up, to 805,000 and 1,604,000. The poor law levy fluctuated in sympathy, falling as low as 20,000 francs for August, 1914, making 27,000 francs in the September that followed, and from 146,000 francs in December of last year had reached 240,000 francs in October last. At the beginning, the theatres were all obliged to fall back upon stock plays, many a generation or more old; they likewise had no little difficulty in getting casts together, while they could only open in the evening. Cinemas run continuously from midday to midnight almost, they had war films and other novelties and could easily change their bill; also, they were all cheaper than theatres, notwithstanding that the latter had all adopted 'war prices.' As may be expected, the censorship on both plays and cinema films is much more rigorous than in times of peace. All authority being vested in the hands of the military governor of Paris, that official had specially to delegate the prefecture of police to supervise all places of entertainment; such supervision included the duties of censorship. Since amusements restarted in November, 1914, the prefecture has gone through some 1500 plays and nearly 10,000 cinema films, while every week 150 concert programs have to be examined, forming a total of some 2000 songs and sketches. After trying all sorts of old favorites, most of the theatres have adopted a standing 'Revue,' the scenes of which can be constantly revised and rendered topical of the moment. Practically no new plays, in the real sense of the word, have been presented, but a new light, but patriotic, operetta has been staged, the composer and librettist of which are both Frenchmen, and not only has it hit the popular taste, but it is declared by musical critics to be quite a chef d'oeuvre in its own particular line."

It may be added that it cost over $15,000 a year to keep the Opera in proper condition while the performances were suspended. The government's grant toward the expenses was used in the relief of the humbler members of the company, ballet girls and others. The Comedie Francaise did better than most of the playhouses, and the Opera Comique has done well, although it distributed about $320,000 among wives and children of its employes. The Odeon confines itself chiefly to performances for various relief funds, and has given away some thousands of seats to convalescent soldiers.

Miss Doris Keane celebrated on Jan. 3 the 100th performance of "Romance" in London, and also the 1000 time she has appeared as the heroine. 1000th?

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt had a great reception at the crowded London Coliseum Jan 3. Queen Alexandra was in a first-tier box. The actress, appearing for the first time in England since the war and the amputation of a leg, was seen in Morand's patriotic and dramatic poem, "Les Cathedrales," in which the cathedrals of France take animate form and speak to a sleeping French soldier. There is music by Gabriel Pierne for this play. The London journals vied one with another in praise. A quotation from the Pall Mall Gazette must suffice "Mme. Bernhardt's genius is conspicuous throughout. We see it in the selection of the cast, each member of which has a voice of different quality; the better for contrast where all the characters but one are women, and the better to emphasize the unique timbre of her own voice. It must be ten years or so since a Coliseum audience heard that voice in an act of 'La Tosca' and wondered at the change. Today it is as clear and ringing as it ever was; and the inimitable beauty of diction in a land of cultivated and gorgeous diction is even more arresting where the mood of the work calls less for the sounding periods of passion, and allows, it may be, the more personal memories and feelings of the actress to find expression. There is no questioning her supremacy. She remains to this moment the unaltered type of what she has always been." The Times said her impersonation of Strassburg was "terrifying in its tremendous vigor and passion." In an interview she expressed the belief that the drama of the future would be "greater, higher, more beautiful than it has been in the past." "For a brief while," says the Daily Chronicle, "it was feared that the greatest actress of all time was to be hidden from us by the mists of death. Tonight you may see her. Not weary, old, a memory of greatness, but fresh, strong, alive and happy. For this beautiful woman is as joyous and as happy as any child, and for her the terrors of age do not exist."

Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson was 63 years old last Sunday. He spent part of the day in traveling to his next "stand." To reporters who called on him at Duluth, Minn., he said that he had been on the stage over 50 years. "My debut occurred when I was 31 years old, at the old Princess Theatre in London, as Chastelard, with the beautiful Mrs. Rousby in 'Mary Queen of Scots.' This was on March 5, 1874, when he succeeded Charles Harcourt in the part. "My first visit to America was in 1885, when I appeared over here as leading man with Mary Anderson." He made his first appearance in New York as Orlando at the Star Theatre, Oct. 12, 1885. His present tour includes over 130 cities in 30 weeks. It closes at the Sanders' Theatre, Cambridge, when he will play Hamlet by invitation, commemorating the 300th anniversary of Shakespeare's death and making his final appearance on the American stage. "Do I feel 'old'? Well, how does that feel? On the contrary I feel, despite this rather strenuous tour, that I might play on forever, and yet I know that I cannot, so I have preferred to quit the stage before my time of usefulness, whatever that may be, to the stage has passed. It is a noble calling. I am very proud of my small share in its great work. I may go to Australia next year as I have never played there, but under present conditions it is impossible to make any definite plans. I should like to say that the theatre I am leaving is in far better condition than the theatre I entered 40 years ago. The tremendous vogue of the motion picture has done the legitimate theatre good, if only in the effect it has had and is having on producing managers. It is also creating a new public for the first-class theatres. The motion picture has come to stay. It has its own field which it is rapidly claiming, but it will never compete with the 'spoken' drama."

On Christmas day the new theatre in Lille, which was nearly finished at the outbreak of war, and which the Germans have completed, was inaugurated. On the facade the inscription is chiselled "Deutsches Theater," and above the President's box a crown has been fixed. The Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria, with his staff, occupied the loge. The "Iphigenia" of Goethe was played. Only German soldiers and nurses were present, no Frenchmen attending the performance.—Central News.

Notes About Music and Musicians

"Melba's Gift Book" is published by Hodder and Stoughton, (3s. net) I paid of the Belgian Relief Fund. The contents are exclusively Australian. In her preface Mme. Melba states that as an operatic singer she was "born in Belgium"; for it was at Brussels that she made her debut (as Gilda, Oct. 12, 1887). "For me personally the remembrance of that night makes a link that can never be broken between my native homeland and the country where my life as an artist had a beginning. To the Belgians who welcomed me long ago Australia was a land of fable; but they opened their hearts and took me in. Could an artist—could a woman—ever forget such an experience?" Over 50 leading Australian writers and poets and as many Australian artists and designers have sent contributions to this volume. The Daily Telegraph says that a young man of military age cannot walk down the streets of Sydney in civilian garb with his head in the air. "We can well believe it after reading this, the first of several stirring verses by Mr. D. W. McCay:

You cheer for the Belgian heroes,
You gibe at the German gun.
You rave about modern Neros,
But tell me—what have you done?
They turned from the Kaiser wooing
With promise of peace and pelf,
You shout with joy for their doing
But what have you done yourself?

Two new English operas, Stanford's "Critic" and Ethel Smyth's "Boatswain's Mate," are promised this month at the Shraftsbury Theatre, London. "The Lily of Killarney" is also to be performed. This opera has had little or no success in the United States. When it was produced in New York for the first time (1868) with Caroline Richings, Mrs. Seguin, Castle and Campbell, Bernard and Peakes, it was received so coolly that there was only one more performance. There was a revival in New York in 1895 with Helen Bertram, Bassett, Clarke and W. T. Carleton, but before that it was performed at Booth's Theatre in 1875 by the Kellogg Opera Company, and then the composer, Benedict, conducted. Mr. Savage tried the opera in New York in 1898. He produced it here at the Castle Square Theatre to empty houses.

The new Symphony Orchestra of London is now to be known as the Royal Albert Hall Orchestra, London. Ronald, brother of Henry Russell, will continue to conduct it.

For more reasons than one it is not an easy task to consider at the present moment any fresh music of Alexander Scriabin. It seems such a short time since he was here in the double role of pianist and composer, as simple in the one capacity as he was baffling in the other. To many people, indeed, the later fruits of his creative genius were more than baffling, they were horrible. But his recent death has softened his memory for us for the time being, and, increasing the fervor of his admirers, has silenced the ridicule of those in the opposite camp. The latest works of Scriabin to be published by Jurgenson are all piano pieces. They consist of two poems (op. 71), a longer poem, "Vers la Flamme" (op. 72), two dances (op. 73), and five preludes (op. 74). At first there seems to be no plan or coherence in any of them. The tonality is as vague as the rhythms are complex, and one feels that the various pieces might just as well be played backwards or upside down. Nor does further consideration wholly dispel this impression. For to speak frankly, a good deal of the music is almost hideous in its abnormality. But in one or two cases, and notably in "Vers la Flamme," there is a dim suggestion of method in the composer's seeming madness. The trouble is that he writes in a tongue not understood of the people, a barbarous tongue of wild eccentricity. There is, however, an elusive atmosphere in those pieces, and an occasional hint of an equally elusive charm. But that is not enough to explain them, and those of us who hold by the old standards are faced with two alternatives. We are free to rejoice or to regret that we cannot catch their intent. —Daily Telegraph, Jan. 1.

"Vivien," with music by Howard Talbot and Herman Finck, was produced at Birmingham (Eng.) the last week in December. The libretto by Arthur Wimperis and Max Pemberton is described as a "modernized version of the Faust legend," containing more dramatic substance than the average musical comedy.

The winter number of the New England Conservatory Magazine-Review contains an interview with George W. Chadwick, giving his impressions of California music; "A Debt to Musical Germany," by F. W. Coburn, with an introduction by Wallace Goodrich, telling the story of the old Germania Musical Society, an engraving of which hangs in the dean's office at the Conservatory; and "Japan Under the Spell of European Music," by Louis C. Elson. Mr. Chadwick believes that the music of the Pacific coast can, for climatic reasons, be built around the human voice as hardly anywhere else in the world. "Such ringing tenors, certainly, and such flawless sopranos," he states, "I have never heard elsewhere en masse. Everybody sings, apparently, in California. 'These women hardly know what it is to have a cold,' said a Los Angeles conductor with whom I talked. Therein, I suppose, is the explanation of the distinctive feature of our far western music. Climatic conditions over the Pacific slope are making it intensely vocal." Mr. Chadwick describes in detail the singing of choruses at Point Loma, near San Diego, and the musical happenings in the grove of redwoods owned by the Bohemian Club of San Francisco.

Half-a-dozen girls are employed as chorus "men" in the touring company from the Adelphi Theatre which is at present appearing in Tina at the King's Theatre, Glasgow. The girls appear not as pantomime "boys" but, so far as wigs and clothes make it possible, as men; and if photographs are any test, they look the part. All the 10 men in the chorus of the principal company are ineligible for military service.—London Times.

G. K. Chesterton Speaks of "Futuristic" Music

I know nothing about music; and my favorite instrument is the telephone. But at least I get through on the telephone; somebody has an impression that I am saying something. And that is more than can be said for some of the most modern music, though conducted with the fullest orchestration.

On the other hand, I know a great deal about Christmas; and I am dealing here only with the popular song or melody of that season, and do not touch the exalted and difficult religious music which is doubtless dedicated to its more serious side. Touching Christmas, I think anything that is not popular must be vulgar. The modern pose of producing the incomprehensible is seriously and vitally vulgar; not only in the sense of being impudent and pointless, but in the working business sense that it tends, of its own nature, to become too common and too easy. It tends to be too common and easy, for this perfectly simple reason: that there is one way of getting through on the telephone; but there are an infinite number of ways of not getting through.

If a friend hears me say on the telephone, "A happy Christmas," the thought conveyed to him may be hardly original, though it is profound. Anyhow, it is conveyed to him. Should he be so unfortunate as to hear me say "A Happy Isthmus," he will doubtless suppose me to be discussing the prospects of Panama. And there will be a lack of rapport between the minds. Similarly, should he seem to hear me say, "A snap of bismuth," he will imagine that the medicament is indicated, as the doctors say. Or again, he may hear nothing except a sound he can only accept with a reverent agnosticism; something like "Arikismus," or "Apikism." Arikismus he will guess to be a Roman general; and Apikism a school of philosophy.

There are, as I have said, a hundred ways in which the message can go wrong, and only one in which it can go right. And this is the common sense which disposes of the mere crazy symbolists and the mere mystagogues of the arts. Of course, there is the one possibility in a hundred that, if my friend hears me wrong, it may be because I pronounce English with an exquisite aristocratic accent unknown in the lower circles in which he moves. It is possible that my tones may have an elfish beauty and bewitchment which charm his attention from the mere words. It is possible that my voice is of such thunderous distinctness as to seem to be mere silence, like the ancient music of the spheres. But it is considerably more probable that he does not hear me because I am a clumsy and inconsiderate lout, who will not take the trouble to talk plainly and politely to his fellow citizens.

Now, as the number and nature of louts is necessarily unlimited, so is the number and nature of incomprehensible mistakes. So that the cult of the incomprehensible is likely to become simply vulgar in the sense of being common and low. For until we understand a thing, we cannot tell whether it is low or not. Take, for instance, this case of the popular Christmas music. Last Christmas eve the rat catcher and other ornaments of the country town in which I live came outside my window with lanterns and sang Christmas carols. A peevish pose of snobbery and affectation has arisen among the urban rich of considering, or pretending to consider, such Christmas customs as a nuisance. The irritation has no roots in real culture and is inconceivable to any one with historic imagination. The scene was not ugly; it was very picturesque. The ceremony was not new; it was old. The idea was not paltry; it was very fine—the idea of the poor announcing to all their neighbors the news that made all men brothers. The singing may not have been very good, but it was not very bad; not so bad as some drawing-room singing. Yet fashionable people of the advanced or cultivated kind confess to find a kind of torture in such very ordinary human tones.

Now suppose my rat-catcher had conducted an orchestra in my garden consisting entirely of the ringing of 200 cracked dinner bells, of the shrieking of 5000 slate pencils, the scraping of iron spades on paving stones (as a substitute for violins), the unremitting repetition throughout the proceedings of the first line of "God Save the King" on a piano with the last note missing; with some hundred choruses of nocturnal cats, for those who dislike them, and plenty of tearing and rending of calico for some who dislike that. Suppose, I say, he had culled all these flowers of melody to express Christmas, the very same fashionable people would probably have talked of him as a great Futurist Musician, and said he was "rather wonderful." If the Christmas "wait" or mummer is moderately good he is despised; but if he had been immoderately bad he would have been worshipped. They treat a man as their inferior if he has produced something of beauty; they treat him as their superior if he has produced nothing but ugliness. But their fallacy remains the fallacy which I have pointed out above.

Let us suppose (for the sake of argument) that the sounds catalogued above really do convey, when in combination, some curious sentiment of excitement or rebellion. Even then it is obvious that a new composer could alter the combination, and nobody could prove that he had made it better or worse. He might leave out a cat or two, and nobody could complain. We might miss, amid the scream of the slate pencils, the voice of the slate pencils that we loved. But criticism will remain impossible until the true place of the slate pencil in music has been more clearly explained. If we do not know why 200 cracked bells are right, how can we prove that 220 cracked bells are wrong?

And all this time the Waits are waiting. All this time what remains of democratic dance and song is despised, and left with the dog on the doorstep, like Lazarus. In their present economic anarchy and economic oppression the poor cannot do much; but they can do something. They have not discovered the futurist art of doing nothing; and then talking of what they mean to do. There are a hundred half educated people round the place where I write, or any other place in western Europe and America, who will say that the Christmas Carol is a mere survival of something that was. But at least it is better than the futurist composition. It is not a mere prophecy of something that will never be. A survival can always survive. If it survives long enough, the more cowardly sections of our society will call it the survival of the fittest. But a prophecy can be lost, as a bet is lost. If we admit that a man is mortal (or, for that matter, a parrot or an elephant) we may be interested in watching what an unconscionable long time he is in dying. But if people have solemnly declared him to be immortal, we shall all know when he is dead.

The old popular culture of Christmas songs and celebrations is not dead, though it has often been dying. Always in its hour its avenger liveth; in Steele, in the coldest of centuries, in Washington Irving, in the youngest of colonies; in Dickens, in the dirtiest and darkest of industrial developments; and in all the great revivsl of Dickens today. So I put my money on the rat-catcher; on the Waits. They have more future than the futurists.—London Daily Chronicle, Dec. 21.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 7:45 P. M. Handel's "Messiah," performed by the Handel and Haydn Society in aid of charitable funds. See special notice.

MONDAY—The Tuileries, 270 Commonwealth avenue, 3 P. M. The second in Miss Terry's Course of Concerts. Miss Ruth Draper will recite these in Monologues: Breakfast after 13 years; A Class in Greek Poise; A Children's Party in Philadelphia; On the Embankment at Night; A French Actress.

TUESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Piano recital by Guy Maier. Bach, Bourree, Sarabande, Gavotte; Beethoven, Sonata op. 81 Leschetitzky Play of the Waves, MacDowell, Starlight and Nautilus; Arensky, By the Sea, Maier, Impression; The Island of the Dead (after Boecklin's picture), Leschetitzky, Intermezzo in Octaves, Debussy, Evening in Granada, The Minstrels Chopin, Study in E major, Polonaise in A flat major.

THURSDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Piano recital by Mme. Yolande Mero Mendelssohn, Rondo Capriccioso, Brahms, Capriccio, B minor, Beethoven, Sonata, C minor, Chopin, Six Preludes, Larghetto, A flat, Etude, F major Scherzo, C sharp minor, Liszt, Funerailles, Second Hungarian Rhapsody.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert of the Flonzaley Quartet Schubert, Quartet in A minor, op. 29; Reger, Trio for violin, viola and violoncello, op. 77B; Beethoven, Quartet, C major, op. 59, No. 3

Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Song recital by Calista Rogers. Her first appearance in Boston. Reger, Waldeinsamkeit; W. L. Rogers, The Tide River, To Memory; Brahms, von ewiger Liebe, Die Mainacht, Meine Liebe ist gruen; Carpenter, When I bring to you colored toys, The Sleep that flits, On the Seashore of Endless World; Paladilhe, Lamento Provencale; Gevaert—Engel, Berceuse d'enfant Jesu; Meyerbeer, Page's Song from "les Huguenots."

FRIDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Albert Spalding's violin recital, Tartini, The Devil's Trill; Bach, Sarabande, Double, and Bourree; Paganini, Concerto in D; Saint-Saens, Havanaise; Spalding, Berceuse, Alabama; Vieuxtemps, Ballade and Polanaise.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Second song recital by Louis Graveure, baritone. Franz, Bitte; Jensen, Fruehlingsnacht; Strauss, Hymnus; Wolf, Mausfallenspruechlein; Greig, Mit ein Wasserlilie; Old English, Westron Wynde, What of a Day? Summer is a-Coming in; Debussy, Le Soir; Hahn, Les Cygnes; Duparc, La Vague et la Cloche; Massenet, Les Extases; Dvorak, Cycle in German, Biblische Lieder; Goring-Thomas, Time's Garden; Stanford, Prospice; Elgar, Pleading; Coleridge-Taylor, Life and Death. Coenraad V. Bos will be the accompanist.

Jan 24 1916

Here is a letter from a man of broad vision. He gladly admits that each county, each city or village may have its own terminology for the sport of sliding down hill.

As the World Wags:

I have been a wanderer on the face of the earth, my pilgrimage thus far having been divided almost equally among the cities of Albany, Brooklyn, Buffalo and Boston. The interesting recollections of your correspondents go to show what a big country we live in, for I am persuaded that they are accurate reporters. "Belly whoppers" was a Brooklyn term and "belly gutters" was an Albany term, and "belly bunt," or "belly bump," was current along the New England coast.

I did not say the other day that we youngsters in Brooklyn went "sleighing." That was a recreation of our elders, but our juvenile vehicle was a "sleigh" on which we "slid" or "went sliding" in that absolutely hill-less district of Brooklyn called "on the hill," lying between Clinton and Nostrand avenues. The nearest declivity down which we could slide was miles away. Query: Is it not possible that the term "coasting" is confined to localities of steep hills? I can't recall that they talk of "coasting" in Buffalo—a city of the plain, and as level from one side to the other as a skating rink.

I wonder if Eddy Bok and "W. C. B." and Harry Beecher ever played "head and footer"—that glorified form of leap-frog which the Brooklyn boys used to play back in the Seventies. Brooklyn boys had some rare sports, such as I've never seen in vogue elsewhere.

Boston. W. E. K.

"Sassingers."

As the World Wags:

My feelings have been wounded by Mr. R. M. Spencer, a native of Essex county. He wrote to you: "Some people call sausages 'sassingers.'" Yes, Mr. Spencer, some people do speak of "sassingers": they not only speak of them, they eat them.

I remember that my maternal grandfather, whose ancestors coming from Somersetshire, settled in Newbury, always spoke of "sassingers," and yet he was the son of an educated clergyman and he himself was graduated with honors from Harvard. Visiting the home village in Somersetshire some years ago, I found that no one spoke of "sausages."

When I was a boy I visited a relative in northern Vermont, a plain but good-natured man, a farmer. His wife set a generous table. One noon a wandering preacher with a ferocious appetite ate with the family. Sausage after sausage went down his throat, until Uncle Eliphalet turned to him and said in an apologetic voice "Look here, Mr. Hutchinson, we like to have you eat all you can, but the boys would like some of them air links." OLIVER MORSE.

Boston.

Warning Cries.

As the World Wags:

I was a small boy in northern Worcester county in the '40's of the last century. The warning cry of boys coasting down hill there was "Lullah, Lullahaa, Lullaahan." A little later I lived at a boarding school in a small village on Warwick Bay, Rhode Island. The only excitement was an occasional coal schooner, the cargo hoisted out in tubs and dumped from a high staging upon the coal pile. The sailor on the staging used to sing out, "Hatch, Hatch" when he lowered the empty tub. The schoolboys sliding down a steep hill nearby adopted the warning and the universal cry of the boys while coasting was "Hatch, Haaatch." I think this the only instance within my observation when boys varied from the old cry of "Lullah." C. G. HUTCHINSON.

Dorchester.

"E. H. D." of Boston asks: "From where did the coasting cry come, 'Clear the Lulla!'?"

Several Coasters.

Charles C. Patten of Boston writes that in his section of the "way down east" part of Maine the term "rip" was common, and sometimes double ripper for double runner. Belly bump was the term for a manner of sliding. The only variation was "belly to bump." "Why, even the girls, and they were always around when the coasting, or sliding as we called it, was good, who were real sports, went down belly bumps and were strong in their competition with the boys for distance as well as speed."

"J. M." writes: "In the year 1862 I was a youngster 10 years old, and I lived in the good old town of South Malden (now the city of Everett), and our favorite way of coasting was going 'belly bump,' a common expression among us. The swiftest sleds were called 'clippers,' and they were rightly named; they were narrow, rather longer than the ordinary sled, and the runners came to a sharp point in front."

A year or two later "J. M." heard "belly bump" in common use in Maine. "The boy who had not the nerve to go 'belly bump' was looked upon as a 'sis.'"

Mr. Perley Doe of Arlington remembers that in southeastern New Hampshire, 35 years ago, he "went sliding." "We never called it coasting, though I think some of the grown-ups, more particular in their choice of English, preferred to say 'coasting.' We had three styles of sliding: 'Belly bump,' 'straddle-bug,' and 'side saddle.' 'Straddle-bug' was simply sitting astride the sled in the ordinary girl's fashion, though the younger girls often resorted to 'belly bumps.' A double-runner we always called 'bob-sleds,' or a 'pair of bobs,' most often of all just 'bohs.' They were sometimes made by the village blacksmith and carpenter, in which case the best of hardwood and stout bolts insured a long lease of life. But sometimes the boys made them themselves out of two common sleds, a fence board, a couple of pieces of joint and a few spikes. * * * I find in Arlington the children say 'belly bumps.' A friend tells me that in Camden, Me., what I call 'side-saddle' used to be known as 'knee bunt,' and it was also 'belly bunt.'"

"Butcher Boy."

As the World Wags:

With apologies to "The Doctor's Wife," "sitting on the sled—trailing a foot behind to steer with" was not called "lady fashion" in my day. It was "butcher" or "hutcher-boy" and decidedly manly. The term "belly-bumps" or "belly-bumpers" is all right, but to "sit up straight—face and feet forward" was "squatty-bumps" or "squatty-bumpers." "Setty-up"—Never!!

My day was in the Sixties; my coasting on Jones's hill and Meeting House hill, Dorchester. Jones's Hill.

Boston.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY PRODUCE "THE MESSIAH"

Performance Given for Benefit of Two Institutions.

"The Messiah" was sung by the Handel and Haydn Society at Symphony Hall last evening for charity, the Children's Hospital and the School for Crippled and Deformed Children being the beneficiaries. Emil Mollenhauer conducted and H. G. Tucker was the organist. The soloists were Grace Bonner Williams, soprano; Nevada Van Der Veer, contralto; Reed Miller, tenor, and Albert Edmund Brown, bass. There was a very large audience and the chorus and soloists were warmly applauded.

The performance of this work by this venerable singing society needs no extended comment at this late day. Indeed, to attempt to do justice to the perfection of this organization is to be seemingly dithyrambic. Last night the various choirs were magnificent in their spontaneity and precision. The singing of the Hallelejah chorus is something to remember. All the soloists gave pleasure.

Jan 24 1916

'OKLAHOMA'

By PHILIP HALE.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Oklahoma," a new play in a prologue and three acts by George Scarborough. Produced at Stamford, Ct., Jan. 20, 1916.

Quannah.....William Courtleigh
Dawn.....Lenore Ulrich
Nanna.....Ethel Benton
David Wells.....Edward L. Snader
Lieut. Anthony Wells.....Lowell Sherman
John Hardin.....John Miltern
Comanche Jack.....Curtis Cooksey
Mary Greer.....Isabel O'Madigan
Indians.....
H. G. Carleton, George West, Chief Deer

It is said that Charles Frohman was interested in this play and purposed before his death to produce it. Perhaps for this reason he was named with Mr. Belasco on the bill.

Lieut. Benjamin F. Pinkerton in "Madame Butterfly" is not a credit to the United States navy; but Lieut. Anthony Wells of the United States army is a still more contemptible cad; nor is it impossible that he will be cited as a shocking example by pacifists and the apathetic opposed to any increase in our army force and to "preparedness" in general.

Dawn, the daughter of Quannah, the Comanche chief, was sent East to be educated. Somewhere she met Lieut. Wells and loved him too dearly. Returning to her father's house, she found that she had been chosen to offer a sacrifice at the Corn Dance. As only a virgin could please the Great Spirit, she confessed to her father, but would not name her lover. He had promised to marry her. Was not that enough? Quannah stormed and disowned her. This is the prologue.

Hardin, the Indian agent, had had an adventurous life. The Indians now respect and like him. Quannah, pursuing blindly the seducer of his daughter, finds Hardin comforting her, whom he in secret loves. Wells appears, jaunty, well pleased with himself; but Quannah is sure that Hardin is the man. He gives him his choice of marriage or death. Hardin does not know the name of Dawn's seducer. To save the girl and her lover, he agrees to the wedding ceremony. Quannah reviles the two. Dawn, fainting, whisper "Tony." Hardin then knows.

The story after this is one of the devotion and self-restraint of Hardin, the outrageous behavior of Tony, the disillusionment of Dawn, and the vengeance of Quannah. The Lieutenant, who by the way, is a schoolmaster, at the reservation, is invited to spend the night at Hardin's house. Hardin will be away, for he wishes Dawn to be put to the test. He tells her that he knows all. Tony tempts her, wishes to visit her in her bedchamber at night. She protests, and at last distrustful of herself begs Hardin to take her with him on his journey. He refuses, urges her to withstand temptation, but does not leave the house. He sits in the dark living room to watch developments. The Lieutenant is stopped on his way to Dawn.

Then Dawn goes to his room and calls him out to discuss matters. She soon discovers that the Lieutenant's love is only lust; she revolts at his desire to abuse her husband's hospitality, and she farewells him for ever. Quannah has found out who her seducer was. He threatens vengeance, Hardin tries to save the cad, for whom the range men have no pity, but the Lieutenant in his escape is shot dead by Quannah. The Comanche chief then moans his lot. No chief of pure Indian blood will succeed him. The Great Father at Washington had told him in a burst of confidence that civilization would absorb his race; this was inevitable. Having pronounced the hard words with a heavy accent on each syllable he stalks majestically out. What is Dawn to do? She would like to remain with Hardin. "You are my wife." To which Dawn answers: "I am obliged."

It's a curious play. In many respects it is an old-fashioned Indian melodrama. There are the many allusions to the Great Spirit, the beautiful half-breed maiden in distress, a scoundrel and a hero, only in this instance the hero is a civilian. Old-fashioned as it is, in spite of Mr. Belasco's attention to detail in the production, old-fashioned in its incidents, cowboy humor, sentimentalism, and prevailing spirit, the play is yet interesting. What matters it if the stilted dialogue of the Indians and of even some of the whites reminds one of James Fenimore Cooper's characters indulging themselves in airy conversation. The lines given to Dawn are often delightful in their naivete, wholly in keeping with her character.

The Comanche chief, Comanche Jack, the post chaplain, even Hardin at times are thrice familiar figures; nor does the Chaplain's performance of the wedding ceremony, which Mr. Snader made impressive by his manner and diction, save him from being like chaplains of many melodramas. But Dawn is a living, simple, suffering, pathetic figure.

At least Miss Ulrich made her more than plausible, playing the part with a freshness of spirit, a convincing self-restraint, a quiet pathos, and not without girlish and sly humor. Mr. Hardin at first took pains to assure the audience that he had been a desperate fellow, [illegible] gambler soldier, who had been led to believe in God because a woman of the streets had cursed him when he was wounded, therefore he had a debt to pay. Having made this shocking confession, he showed himself a miracle of honor, devotion, self-command. Mr. Courtleigh was sufficiently sententious in speech, now coldly dignified, now blazing with longing to kill, always a stern moralist. Mr. Sherman played well an exceedingly disagreeable part, and Mr. Cooksey was the humorous range man of dime novels and vaudeville.

Mr. Belasco made a little speech after the second act. He was pleased; the company was pleased; they were all glad because the audience was pleased; it was a pleasure to bring his "offerings to Boston, although he was not allowed to bring them all." With this delicate allusion to Mayor Curley's objection to "Marie Odile," he bowed in a melancholy manner and withdrew.

'DAVID GARRICK'

SHUBERT THEATRE—E. H. Sothern in "David Garrick," a comedy in three acts by T. W. Robertson.

David Garrick.....Mr. Sothern
Simon Ingot.....Charles Verner
Squire Chivy.....Orlando Daly
Mr. Smith.....Robert Lee Allen
Mr. Browne.....Ezra C. Walck
Mr. Jones.....Albert Howson
Ada Ingot.....Miss Alexandra Carlisle
Mrs. Smith.....Mrs. Fanny Addison Pitt
Miss Aramiuta Brown....Miss Katharine Brook

Last evening Mr. Sothern appeared as David Garrick for the first time in Boston. The part associated with memories of his father, Wyndham, Willard and other actors is no doubt tempting in certain respects. There are golden opportunities that invite the player's art and consideration. The scale of emotions to be portrayed is rich and runs from indifferent curiosity to pathos and passion. The episode of feigned drunkenness, with asides revealing the unhappy gentleman's actual state of mind, is a device that has been dear to the hearts of actors for centuries.

Yet though the part have charms for the well graced actor and though an audience may enjoy his performance of it, does not the play itself now stand on trembling legs? Is Miss Ingot's infatuation interesting, or her father's method of meeting the situation an engrossing study of parental sagacity? Then there is the grotesque behavior of the Smith, Jones and Browne group, comic wraiths of the past. Mr. Chivy, in his cups, is noisy and feebly coarse. The part is but a feeder to the slender plot. Mr. Garrick, himself is persistently noble and self-sacrificing.

Mr. Sothern's acting was, as usual, faithful to the best traditions of the stage. He displayed customary poise, elegance, fastidiousness in his delivery of the lines. The part was well thought out and intelligently sustained. The drunken scene was realistic and the actor's stormy exit with the prevailing temptation to rant was gracefully accomplished. In the first act Mr. Sothern acted with dignity and artistic restraint. In the last act he showed both tenderness and chivalry in his treatment of Ada. As a whole the impersonation is conventional rather than striking.

Miss Carlisle was a charming Ada, exquisitely feminine and a gracious hostess. She acted with delicacy, distinction and girlish fervor. Mr. Verner's Simon Ingot was amusing with sly humor. He was eminently good natured, not a blusterer, and his composure was only temporarily ruffled by his daughter's unfortunate choice of a lover. Worsted in jest, he could laugh at his own blunders. Messrs. Smith, Browne and Jones and their ladies were impersonated with the utmost fidelity to tradition. The play is handsomely staged and the appointments of Mr. Ingot's house and David Garrick's library left nothing to be desired.

The size of the audience and its attitude could leave no doubt in Mr. Sothern's mind as to the regrets entertained concerning his coming retirement. He spoke his thanks at the close of the second act. Next week he will appear in "The Two Virtues," a comedy by Alfred Sutro.

MRS. LANGTRY COMES TO B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE

Large Audience Greets English Actress After Her Long Absence.

Mrs. Langtry (Lady de Bathe) is the headliner at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week in the one-act sketch, "Ashes." Last evening there was a large audience; nor was the great gathering the less curious to see and greet the English actress who has been a stranger to Boston audiences for many years. The piece is mildly amusing, the greater part of the sketch is lacking in action and there is an overabundance of argumentative dialogue. Then the author is bold in his use and disuse of the character, Sir James Lambert, which he lugs on and off the stage for his convenience, but with a total disregard for the logic of the situation.

In a word, the sketch is a verbal duel, a matching of wits, with woman victorious. Lady Lambert had written a compromising letter that would not look good to her husband. Fowler, who is always in need of a few pounds, uses the letter to induce Lady Lambert to procure the money from her husband. This

he lady does, and there is [illegible] change f check and letter. Fowler is elated nd Lady Lambert exults, for she has nother card to play. The letter is urned. Enter the husband, as Lady ambert says she has no further use for he check and that Fowler has been seeking him to return the same. The titled husband then burns the check.

Mrs. Langtry was assisted by Leopold Stark, Lionel Atwill and Mlle. Guillou. It should be said in passing that Mrs. Langtry was not always convincing. The character in her hands was altogether mechanical. But her gown excited the ladies. A bizarre creation, with the peeping pantalettes and trimming of fur, there was a generous display of the back that has caused no end of admiration.

One of the best acts on the bill was that of the Farber Girls. Not long since they paid us a visit, and now they are with us again with a lot of new material. Their singing and dancing is always a pleasure and the act is unique in getting away from the heaten path.

The big laugh-getter on this week's bill is the act of Ed Flanagan and Neely Edwards. Not the least interesting feature of the act is their closing number, a review of the different dancing acts of a generation ago. The sketch is full of action and the dialogue is often uproariously funny.

Other acts on the bill were Simor's Arabs in "A Night in the Desert," a riotous tumbling and acrobatic act; Ota Gygi, Spanish violinist, in a group of classical selections; Anna Laughlin and William Guxton, in a dainty comedy sketch, "At the Landing"; the Miniature Review, a clever manikin act; Dave Kramer and George Morton, in a blackface singing and dancing act, and the Lunette Sisters, in an aerial act.

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Now the circle is rounded. We come back to Mr. Gornet, the spring that set many correspondents in motion. Many letters are still unpublished, some of peculiarly local interest; some discussing "tillers" and "rutchies," terms unknown to us; some picturesquely descriptive; some of a pleasingly sentimental interest. Extracts from these letters, which in many instances are too long for this column, may be published here from time to time, even though there be no snow on the ground.

Down in Searsport.

As the World Wags:

We have heard from butters and bunters of the belly, from all the tribe of toe-draggers now grown to manhood; and here and there, on the shores of the Kennebec, from out-of-the-way places, voices have been raised in memory of the half-hip, heel-dragging style. Incidentally we have had a rise out of our esteemed editor, a pleasure not often vouchsafed. Let us return to the argument.

Never mind "belly butt." I may have been mistaken. Last night, meeting Henry Webster (boy of wonderful bow-legs), in the Hollow, I asked him how he called it. He said, "Belly bunt." He knows. Furthermore, a charming woman of my acquaintance assures me that we used also to have it "belly bumpers" and "belly bust." I grant the point and growl on.

I think I see how the matter stands. The real old style of sliding had its home in the country, whence all true arts spring. Now, there be grades and grades of the country. I mean the country—that place which is not determined by geographical position, but which depends upon the primitive simplicity of its people and life. My town, for instance, is today much smaller than it was 50 years ago, and infinitely less significant; it used to be a prosperous and important ship-building town, and its young men sailed the seven seas. Yet then it was the country, while today it is the country no longer. We have bathrooms and electric lights. We are sophisticated, spoiled. No wonder Henry Webster slides "belly bunt," for all his fine bow-legs. Poor boy, he is caught in the sweeping nets of lesser days.

But the topic grows monotonous. What about "gut-breakers"? Dives that end in disaster? Shall we collect the evidence on this score? Perhaps the small boy is just learning. He trembles upon the capstan of the wharf, looks back apprehensively. "G'wan, Percy!" He topples overboard, springs out frog-wise, doubles up his legs, flings forth his arms, and embraces the ocean in a mighty splash. Chorus: "O-o-oh, what a gut-breaker!" He comes in spluttering to the ladder, scrambles up with grinning face. "Hurt y' much?" "Naw. Did I make a gut-breaker?" "Yah-h-h!—look at 'is belly gettin' red!"

Too bad your columns are not open to an anthology of wharf or swimming verse. There's that one, for instance, which celebrates speed in dressing, and is taken up those in turn who succeed in respectively clapping on some articles of apparel. Anyone can start it; it's usually sung, if I remember, to an accompaniment of hats and caps swiftly going on, these being the natural articles for donning with celerity. You remember how it runs: "King, Queen, etc." Old Josselyn would not have hesitated, but false modesty now clogs our free expression. CLEW GARNET.

Searsport, Me.

Natural History Notes.

In the Bahr-el-Ghazel Province of the Soudan a large elephant carrying tusks weighing nearly 200 pounds drank at a pool infested with frogs. He sucked up a great number of them into his trunk and thereby was choked to his death.

The proposal in Guben, East Prussia, to tax house cats, has been voted down.

During the year 1915 the deaths of 1971 persons (854 males, 1117 females) who had reached the age of 80 years were reported on the front page of the London Times. Their average age was 85.85.

Some one put a hen in the back of Mr. J. H. Stewart's buggy at Indiana, Pa., and closed the flap. Mr. Stewart opened the flap 22 days afterwards and found the hen weak but alive.

Wild mountain hogs ran into the home of Mr. Sanford Phillips near Elkins, W. Va., and attacked his little son. The frightened child ran into a corner of the room where there was a looking-glass. The hogs saw themselves as they were and rushed back, frightened, to the eternal hills.

The Rev. Percy Bignell, returning to England from South Africa, after an absence of 12 years, says that an ostrich can now be bought there, on account of the war, for $1.25, whereas in time of peace it would bring about $750.

Wisconsin and Utica.

The Wisconsin supreme court has decided that to compare a man to Judas Iscariot is libellous. This reminds us of the shameful manner in which Artemus Ward was treated when he took his show to Utica, N. Y., in the fall of 1856.

A big, burly fellow walked up to the cage containing the Lord's Last Supper in wax, hauled Judas out by the feet and began to pound him. Mr. Ward asked him what he was doing.

"Sez he, 'What did you bring this pussylanermus cuss here fur?' and he hit the wax figger another tremenjis blow on the hed.

"Sez I, 'You egrejus ass, that air's a wax figger—a representashun of the false 'Postle.'

"Sez he, 'Thats all very well fur you to say; but I tell you, old man, that Judas Iscarrot can't show hisself in Utiky with impunerty by a darn site.' With which observashun he kaved in Judasse's hed. The young man belonged to 1 of the first famerlies in Utiky. I sood him, and the joory brawt in a verdick of Arson in the 3d degree."

What will be done with the Tremont Theatre, damaged to the extent of $125,000 in Sunday afternoon's fire, will probably be decided this morning at a conference between John B. Schoeffel, part owner and resident manager, and representatives of his partners, Klaw & Erlanger of New York.

Jan 26 1916

'RUGGLES OF RED GAP' AT

By PHILIP HALE.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Ruggles of Red Gap," a farce in three acts, based by Harrison Rhoades on a story by Harry Leon Wilson. Produced at Wilmington, Del., Sept. 13, 1915, when Lawrance D'Orsay took the part of the Honorable George, John Cope the part of Cousin Egbert and Miss Leonore Harris that of Mrs. Kenner.

Mrs. Floud.....Louise Closser Hale
Mrs. Charles Belknap-Jackson..... Lucile Blair
Charles Belknap-Jackson.....Lynn Pratt
Egbert Floud.....Frederick Burton
The Honorable George Vane-Baselingwell.....George Hassell
Senator Floud.....James C. Miliaidy
Mrs. Kenner.....Jean Thomas
Alfred Ruggles.....Ralph Herz
The Earl of Brinstead....Arthur Laceby
Mrs. Judson.....Margarette Johnson
Watterman.....Philip Dunning
Mrs. Pettingill.....Jessie Ralph
Jeff Tuttle.....Fred W. Streng
Mrs. Judge Ballard....Adelaide Cumming
Miss Beryl Mae Watson....Viola Bowers
Ed. Perkins.....Joseph Lotalan
Mrs. Elmer J. Brown.....Leslie Marlon
Mrs. Dawson.....Patti Lawlor

The story from which this farce is derived is said to be amusing, but we are not now concerned with the story. A play, whether it be a tragedy or a farce, must stand on its own legs. For the spectator, no previous story need exist.

Whatever Mr. Wilson's story may be, the dramatization is loose-jointed. There are farces that are masterpieces of complex construction; in which one ludicrous situation follows another; in which there are constant surprises; in which the dialogue is brilliant battledore and shuttlecock. "Ruggles of Red Gap" is not among them.

The first act is capital. It is continually entertaining. It arousea joyful anticipation of the acts that follow. After the rise of the curtain on the second there is a decrescendo of interest until the end. To use a homely expression the farce peters out.

In the first act the Americans in Paris are deftly characterized, Mrs. Floud, the wife of the Senator; the Belknap-Jacksons, all of them eager to be in fashion, to raise the social tone of Red Gap when they return. Then there is Cousin Egbert, good natured, caring more for his home newspaper than the sights of Paris, comfortably dressed, that is in clothes that suit him, but are an eyesore to his associates, in general behavior and conversation a thorn in Mrs. Floud's proud flesh. The Honorable George, an impecunious younger brother of an earl, loses at a friendly game of poker. At Mrs. Floud's suggestion he stakes his valet, Ruggles, the invaluable, imperturbable Ruggles, and again he loses. Ruggles must go to Red Gap and take care of Cousin Egbert, give him a smart appearance. All this is well told. The characters are life-like even to the pretty and coquettish girl from the shirtmakers.

But as soon as Ruggles, the Flouds and the Belknap-Jacksons are at home the fun begins to flag. Cousin Egbert introduces his man as Col. Marmaduke Ruggles to some of his companions. The valet not understanding American ways is at first confused, indignant, shocked. Thinking a surprise party includes only the "tenantry" of the household, he becomes free and familiar. The guests, impressed by a high class English visitor, find him delightful and spread his fame. He loves Judson, the serving maid.

Suddenly, and without explanation we find him proprietor of a grill, with Judson to help him. He is nearly ruined because Mrs. Kenner wishes to dine on the night when the upper crust of Red Gap purposes to make merry. The Honorable George and the Earl are the means of Ruggles's reinstatement in popularity. But this third act is tame, in spite of all that Mr. Herz and his associates can do.

Mr. Herz is especially admirable in the first act, for here he has his greatest opportunity. His delineation of the valet's sense of propriety, his sense of duty towards his master, his well bred distress at leaving him for a barbarous region was conceived and carried out in true comedy vein. His incisive staccato sharpened lines that were already barbed with satire and shrewd worldly reflections. In the second act he was amusingly farcical; in the third he was obliged to labor.

So with his associates. The better the lines the more spontaneous their fun. The playwright, unfortunately, did not do much for the friends of the Flouds in Red Gap. It must be confessed they were an ordinary, rather tiresome lot.

Miss Hale was appropriately snobbish and acid. Miss Ralph was human as Mrs. Pettingill. Mr Burton was funny as Egbert, and Mr. Hassell did not overdo as the thick-witted but amiable Englishman. Miss Johnson was an attractive Judson. An audience of good size laughed heartily during the first act and called Mr. Herz before the curtain after the second.

Miss Maude Fay, a Californian by birth, who studied in Dresden for opera, made her first appearance at Munich in 1906 as Marguerite, and is now a member of the Royal Opera Company in Munich, is telling Americans all about the war. She thinks England and Germany should come together. Germany would be nothing without militarism. "Her army has made Germany what she is. The more law there is the better it is enforced, the freer the individual ego. * * * This war was necessary to Germany." It will be of lasting benefit to her. Why? "It has proved to her that idealism is a real thing." As for the Emperor William, he is a dear, sweet fellow, sadly misunderstood. He visits battlefields and on his sacred knees personally says prayers for the dying. Yet Miss Maude "had much rather that such incidents as the Lusitania disaster and the execution of Miss Cavell had never taken place." So she is not a thorough-going German after all.

Incidentally we are told that Miss Maude has "never been so busy." In Munich she sings three or four nights a week. "The most gratifying of all my work is singing to the wounded. Think of giving three minutes' peace and joy to a man dying in agony, but with never a complaint!" Heroic and courteous soldiers to the last! In the article, that consumes a page of the New York Times magazine (Jan. 23), Miss Maude says "there is absolutely no egoism in Europe."

"Sassingers"

As the World Wags:

Oliver Morse speaks by the card. In my boyhood days, more or less profitably spent at Dover, N. H., I knew a fine old relic irreverently called by the boys "Monkey" Wendell. He was fond of quoting the native classics, and one of them ran thusly:

The eastern stage came rumbling in
All laden down with passengers;
And every man upon that stage
Had his pockets full of sassingers.

That was no feeble attempt to be facetious; the word was used in perfect good faith. Sassingers has an honorable lineage. QUINTUS.

Boston, Jan. 24.

Society Notes

We quote from the Inquirer and Mirror of Nantucket:

"At a social in the Adams schoolhouse in Cambria township, Michigan, the women stuck their toes through holes in a sheet, and men bought them for the evening. The sale netted the school $7.80."

"Gertrude Gross's particular claims to beauty were her long, golden tresses. In a dream, recently, she arose from her bed at Sheboygan, Wis., obtained a pair of scissors and clipped her head as bald as an egg."

The Salem Legend.

As the World Wags:

In correcting that ineradicable error as to the burning of witches in New England, "Suburbanite" has himself fallen into another. "Another popular error," he says, "in regard to the punishment which was inflicted here in New England for witchcraft is that one person was pressed to death for the offence, but that idea is equally baseless with the idea that witches were burned here." All those condemned for witchcraft were hanged except Giles Cory, who, for refusing to plead, was pressed to death.

By the way, two persons have been burned to death in New England—Maria in 1681, and Phillis in 1755, both Negro women, the former for arson, the latter for poisoning. But the legal burning to death of Negroes (both men and women) was more or less common South of New England down to about 1825.

Boston, Jan. 23. A. M.

"Squatty Bumbo"

As the World Wags:

Approbation from "B. W. S." is praise indeed. He is right: "Squatty bumbo" was the term, and so I wrote it. The types made me say "Bumpo"; but do not blame either the compositor, the proofreader or the copyholder, but rather my cramped handwriting. Age cannot wither nor custom stale its infinite variety. There is a typewriter in my house, but I have never learned to use it. It is hard, you know, "to learn an old dog new tricks." BAIZE.

Dorchester, Jan. 22.

"Many Thanks"

As the World Wags:

That was a timely line in the Friday afternoon concert program book: "The ladies of the audience are earnestly requested not to put on hats before the end of a number."

For those of us who sit in the back rows of seats the last numbers of the concerts were being disturbed by the arms in the air adjusting hats, veils, and pins, and so far was the audience forgetting the regulations of 1898 that hats were being put on at any time after the intermission, so as to be ready to leave the hall as quickly as possible. The American rush habit never permits quiet and repose. Grateful thanks of all from the back of the hall to the management. B.

Boston, Jan. 22.

Tillers and Rutchies

K. S., now of Boston, writes that his boyhood days were spent in the eastern section, in the Pennsylvania Dutch settlement. He knew and practiced "belly bumping." "The so-called double runner we designated as a 'tiller.' It consisted of two sleds joined by a plank of any length holding from five to ten people. To me 'tiller' is more consistent than 'double runner,' for such a contrivance. 'Tiller' at least means nothing. 'Double runner' suggests two runners. And has not every sled two runners? And would not a combination of two sleds produce four runners? Have new Englanders any word to use for the hill on which they do their coasting? We called it a 'rutchie.' 'How is the rutchie?' 'Great.' 'I'll meet you on the rutchie.' A slide to us was merely a place where we slid upon our feet. But a 'rutchie'—the 'u' pronounced as in 'fun'—was the place we all flocked to with our sleds. I've used the word here and people look at me, look at each other, and then draw away."

The German "Rutsche" means a place to slide down. "Rutschberg" is a hill for sliding.—Ed.

GUY MAIER GIVES PIANO RECITAL IN JORDAN HALL

Shows Excellent Training and Native Intelligence.

Guy Maier gave a piano recital last evening at Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Bach, Bourree, Sarabande, Gavotte; Beethoven, Sonata op. 81; Leschetizky, "Play of the Waves," Intermezzo in Octaves; MacDowell, "Starlight" and "Nautilus" from "Sea Pieces"; Arensky, "By the Sea"; Maier, Impression, "The Island of the Dead," after Boecklin's picture; Debussy, "Evening in Granada," "The Minstrels"; Chopin, Study in E Major, Polonaise in A flat major.

Mr. Maier has a pleasing touch. His playing showed excellent training and native intelligence. His technic is well developed so that his runs have clarity and brilliance. Last evening his performance as an interpreter did not in-

with healthy discussion. As yet he is chiefly mindful of his technic and beyond a judicious application of color, a fine sense of rhythm, a feeling for contrasts and occasional bursts of youthful exuberance, his interpretations do not depart from the conventional. It is to be inferred from the program that Mr. Meyer is fond of the sea.

Jan 27 1916

The new volume of "Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research" describes interesting experiences of historical figures in the spirit world. Sir Walter Scott, through a "trans-mejim," goes sailing through space in an airship. He says that sun spots are reflections from the sun. Mr. Percival Lowell will be glad to learn that the red planet Mars is inhabited by "gentlemen" having houses "similar to those on earth, yet more modern and much less complicated in structure." Jupiter is not a solid body, for Sir Walter passes gayly through it. There are monkeys in the sun, "dreadful looking creatures, black, extremely black, very wild." They live in caves. To go back to Mars, with Sir Walter: The "so-called canals" are "reflections caused by certain lights from the sun * * * yet they are the peaks and shadows of the mountainous region in the planet." George Eliot and Julius Caesar are also reported in this volume. Julius, who now spells his name "Caezar," when asked to talk to a boy, answered: "My prayers are sincere, my interest great. Good-day, sir."

The landlord of the Green Lion in London took Artemus Ward to a hall where a "spirit feller, a Trans-Mejim," allowed spirits of departed great men to talk through him. "The hall was about half-full, and the Mejim was just then assuming to be Benjamin Franklin, who was speakin about the Atlantic Cable. He said the Cable was really a merrytorious affair, and that messiges could be sent to America, and there was no doubt about their gettin there in the course of a week or two, which he said was a beautiful idear, and much quicker than by steamer or canal boat. It struck me that if this was Franklin, a spiritooal life hadn't improved the old gentleman's intellecks particly."

Natural History Note.

Common hens at Braintree, Eng., on Jan. 5 brought $3.25 apiece at the weekly market.

Painful Familiarity.

As the World Wags:

We are prone to think of dignity as an attribute of the upper classes, but upon reflection I find that it is cherished almost universally. As the lawyers say, it is merely a question of degree. For instance, some might say that William Jennings Bryan had no dignity, but I venture to say that even in him might be found traces of the quality. Perhaps we may suggest Senator Lodge as his antithesis.

This brings us to the real meat of this communication. How shall a perfect gentleman treat a female of the species who persists in addressing him by his last name? In all modesty, I describe myself as a man of reasonable dignity. I do not wear a tall hat on Sunday, nor do I affect a cane upon any occasion. On the other hand, my collar is usually clean, and none of my immediate family have paid the extreme penalty demanded by a vengeful state. From time to time I come in contact with a young married lady of pleasing appearance, who persists in addressing me on all occasions as "Graustark!" It annoys me exceedingly, and I am at a loss to know just how to correct the situation.

You may be sure that I have spent much anxious thought on the matter. Of course, I am positive she is at fault. A certain grain of coarseness and the lack of a sense of proportion have led her into this serious breach of etiquette. I must confess, however, that there are moments when I wonder if I myself am to blame. Is there something lacking in my personality of which she is instinctively aware. But these last thoughts are born only in a moment of weakness and I make haste to throttle them ere they gain strength. Of course, she is at fault. Let us proceed on this assumption.

The remedy should preferably be diplomatic and the only course I have seriously considered so far is to call to her attention a dialogue from a musical comedy of a few years ago.

Villain—"Say, Burns!"

Burns, the Hero (scathingly)—"What's the matter with that 'Mister' thing!"

I feel sure that with my gift of speech and general charm of manner I could so administer this sugar-coated pill that she could be cured of her error without anybody being harmed. And yet it was but yesterday I heard her "bawling out" the "old man" himself with a vigor and thoroughness that made that worthy gentleman's false teeth rattle in his head.

What a difficult task it is, after all, to maintain one's dignity. To paraphrase the popular song "Oh, Herkimer Johnson, what shall I do!"

GROVER GRAUSTARK.

Concord, N. H.

In Vermont.

"Ancient History" writes that in southwestern Vermont, from 1832 to 1838, there were three recognized postures used in sliding down hill upon sleds: "Sitting up," for little boys, girls and "sissies"; "knee gut," the usual mode of sliding by "normal boys"; "belly gut." "It was affected by the older boys and implied a sort of reckless, dare-devil skill in handling the sled. On the trial of Robinson vs. Cone, reported in 22 Vt. 213, the testimony showed that the plaintiff, a child of tender years, was "trying to go belly-gut" in the public highway, and the defence claimed that this was such contributory negligence as would defeat the action. The jury, however, decided for the boy, and the supreme court affirmed. This word does not appear in the printed report, but from minutes of testimony taken at the trial. This occurred about 1844 to 1847."

Jan 28 1916

MME. MERO

By PHILIP HALE.

Mme. Yolanda Mero, pianist, gave a recital in Steinert Hall yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows: Mendelssohn, Rondo Capriccioso; Brahms, Capriccio, B minor; Beethoven, Sonata, C minor, op. 111; Chopin, six Preludes, Larghetto A flat major, Etude, F major, Scherzo C sharp minor; Liszt, Funerailles, Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2.

Mme. Mero changed the order of this program. She played the pieces by Liszt immediately after the sonata. The changes did not better the program. Whatever may be thought of Liszt's "Funerailles"—and to us it is for the most part sheer bombast—it should not come after one of Beethoven's later sonatas. A prelude by Chopin, as was originally planned, would have afforded contrast and given the hearer, as well as the pianist, a breathing spell.

It may be said of Mme. Mero that she excels in compositions demanding crispness, elegance and speed, as the second section of Mendelssohn's Rondo, and in works that are charged with tempestuous emotion. Yet there were admirable moments in her interpretation of the Sonata, a thoughtfulness and a sentiment that are not necessarily associated with virtuoso display. She has a full command of the keyboard; she is a colorist; she has high spirits; she is indisputably emotional; at times too emotional, for there is then a lack of poise and reserve. It is natural that she should play Hungarian music brilliantly; it does not follow that she should play music by Mendelssohn and Beethoven a la Hongroise.

Take the first section of Mendelssohn's Rondo for example. It's a pretty bit of sentimentalism that should be expressed simply and smoothly. The melodic phrase should be sung, not declaimed. Mme. Mero attempted to give a highly emotional reading. We say "attempted"; no doubt she felt the music the way she played it, with marked rhetorical emphasis and a disturbing freedom in time and rhythm; so that we saw the smug Mendelssohn in Hungarian costume eager for the national dances. The pianist failed to express Mendelssohnism.

It is hard for any pianist to doff her own nature and assume that of another, when the pianist's nature is strongly marked. Mme. Mero is interesting even when her interpretation provokes dissent. She has individuality; she is musical; she is emotional even in bravura.

An audience of fair size was heartily appreciative.

FLONZALEYS

By PHILIP HALE.

The Flonzaley quartet gave the second concert of its ninth season in Boston last night in Jordan Hall. There was a large and enthusiastic audience. The program was as follows: Schubert, Quartet in A-Minor, Op. 29; Reger, Trio for Violin, Viola and 'Cello, Op. 77b; Beethoven, Quartet in C-Major, Op. 59, No. 3.

It was announced that those wishing to remain after Beethoven's quartet would hear the little pieces by Stravinsky played by the Flonzaleys last December.

The program, as it stood, was far too long. It is perhaps ungracious to say this, for the playing of the Flonzaleys is always admirable, but even their admirers are mortal, and the ears of mortals are not receptive to chamber music after listening for an hour and a half.

Mr. Carl Van Vechten in an article intended to make the bourgeois sit up, insists that chamber music should be played only at home, in the bosom of the family. We see the picture in all its horror. Papa plays first fiddle; the daughter, who has taken lessons, is a modest second; a neighbor makes noises on the viola, and Uncle Amos, who used to play the double bass in the Choral Union Orchestra of the village, now tries his hand at the 'cello. And, as Mr. Van Vechten loudly asserts, is chamber music chiefly for museums?

The answer to all this is a duo like the Flonzaleys, and music by Schubert, Cesar Franck and the earlier Viennese writers. It is not easy to think of a more musical performance of Schubert's quartet than that of last night; and what beautiful music it is, with its alternations of innocent joy, the joy of the child heard piping by Blake, the poet, and the melancholy peculiar to Schubert, a melancholy that is not hopeless, is not morbid, that passes as the summer cloud which obscures for a moment the "gorgeous, indolent sun."

Reger has the fertility of the rabbit, and the weavings of the spider. In his more aggressive mood he has the brutality of the Prussians; in fact, his music is more indicative of the abhorrent side of the German character than any page of Nietzsche or Bernhardi. In this trio there is an attempt to be genial, to write for the people. Let us be careful. When the quartets of Beethoven forming op. 59 were first played over a hundred years ago, astute critics said they were not easily understood, except possibly the one in C major. Perhaps the more involved music of Reger 20 years hence will seem as simple as the "sacred" works of the late Alfred Gaul.

There are some fine thoughts in the first movement and the larghetto of this trio, and they are effectively expressed in a comparatively simple manner. The scherzo is short and piquant, suggesting a Haydn of 1915. The last movement, like the first, is spun out, and is not spontaneous.

The last concert of the series will be given on Thursday evening, March 16.

MISS ROGERS GIVES FIRST RECITAL HERE

Large and Friendly Audience Hears American Soprano.

Miss Calista Rogers, soprano, gave her first recital in Boston last evening at Steinert Hall. The program was as follows: Reger, Waldeinsamkeit; W. L. Rogers, The Tide River, To Morning; Brahms, Von Ewiger Liebe, Die Mainacht, Meine Liebe ist Gruen; Carpenter, "When I Bring to You Colored Toys," "The Sleep That Flits on Baby's Eyes," "On the Seashore of Endless Worlds"; Paladilhe, Lamento Provencale; Gevaert, Berceuse de l'Enfant Jesus; Meyerbeer, Page's song from "The Huguenots." Miss Helen Tiffany was the accompanist.

Miss Rogers, an American, has studied in New York with Pietro Yon and in London with Georg Henschel. Her voice is light and not always agreeable in quality. The middle and upper tones have body, but the lower ones are lacking in depth. With a limited technical equipment, Miss Rogers's singing suffers from a prevailing rigidity. Imperfect control of breath leaves her without the necessary reserve. When forced her voice becomes hard and there is a tendency to sharpness.

The inflexibility of her mechanism is reflected in the singer's interpretations. Last evening she was formal and uncommunicative. In songs of a frankly emotional nature, as "Von Ewiger Liebe," there was increase in volume, but the tones were not significantly colored.

Miss Rogers should also give serious attention to her diction. At present her singing is uninteresting. There was a large and friendly audience.

A correspondent of the Daily Mail saw the Emperor William at Nish and sat with him at a "banquet" given by King Ferdinand. "From the fact that the Kaiser ate and drank practically nothing I was led to believe a story that he always eats before proceeding to these state functions."

If William does take a snack—sausage, ham, pigs feet, goose, a schnitzel—before attending a formal dinner at which he eats little or nothing he is eminently wise. Mr. Herkimer Johnson once told us that when in Boston he is invited to any "course" dinner at 7:30 or 8 P. M. he eats heartily at 6 or 6:30 P. M., and afterwards toys with his hostess' food from grapefruit or oysters to the final sweet. Yet oysters are a sore temptation, to which he yields, and even hopes that his fair neighbors, fearing typhoid fever, will gracefully give him their portion. There are men that eat on their way home to dinner so that cocktails will do them no harm. False belief! Treacherous illusion! Yet the interior decorators at the Porphyry consume sardines and crackers, fried cheese cakes, little "sassingers" hot, sliced sausage cold, cheese, and we have seen deep thinkers at 6:15 P. M. eating doughnuts with their cheese. In what frame of mind, in what bodily condition, do they arrive and sit at table with their spouse, little Jane and the young Adolphus? We may pursue this painful subject tomorrow.

The Insular Eye.

As the World Wags:

If Mr. Herkimer Johnson, or some lesser man, shall make it his business to write an essay upon a certain lack of mutual understanding between the English and ourselves, let him look through Mr. J. Redding Ware's "Passing English of the Victorian Era," before he completes his researches. I beg to give a taste or two of Mr Ware's quality.

"Continent," he says, is American of the year 1880. "The latest shape of oath in the States; e. g., 'What the continent do you mean by it?' It refers, of course, to the continent of America. Origin obscure." Mr. Ware then quotes from an American newspaper the phrase, "not care a continental," which, it seems to him, illustrates his definition.

The article, "Dime Museum," will repay a glance. "From New York," says Mr. Ware (correctly, for aught I know), "which has a passion for monstrosity displays." Has it? The dime, adds Mr. Ware, by way of giving good measure, is "the eighth of a dollar." Is it? As Dr. Johnson would say, "Sir, he has no Latin."

"Picnic," says mine author, means "a treat—from the frequency of picnics in America, where there is always room for them." Aye, room and room enough; but this, like the reply of the Raven, bears little meaning, little relevancy.

"Wolverines," we learn, means "people of Michigan—probably from the territory (in another article, we hear of Delaware as a 'division') being overrun with wolves." Is it?

Another—"Yailer dog (American). Yellow is the tint of most dogs in America (Is it?), hence it is the most searching term of ordinary contempt." Quousque tandem?

And finally, Mr. Ware's highest achievement, I think, though again his meaning escapes me,—"Yell (Yale College, U. S. A.). Classical war-cry." Upon the supposition, needless and perhaps impossible, that something must have been in Mr. Ware's mind when he thus explained "Yell," I suspect an allusion to the Brekekekex.

I could give other examples. Let these suffice. Nor will I, by giving Mr. Ware's definition of "tart" (his definition may be correct, for he is English and should know a tart when he sees one) reopen a discussion which has recently agitated your columns.

Cambridge. SACKERSON.

A Corrector Corrected

As the World Wags:

My friend, A. M., is usually very accurate in what he writes, and I am surprised to see him so blunder in today's Herald in attempting to correct my statement in The Herald of Jan. 22 that nobody here in New England was pressed to death for witchcraft. I should be disposed to excuse him on the ground that he gave my statement a very hasty and careless reading, but for the fact that he quotes, and correctly quotes, just what I said, viz.: "Another popular error in regard to the punishment which was inflicted here in New England for witchcraft is that one person was pressed to death for the offence, but that idea is equally baseless with the idea that witches were burned here." A. M. says that Giles Corey was pressed to death, and of that fact I have been aware as long as I have known anything regarding the history of witchcraft in New England. Nobody denies that Corey was pressed to death, but for what was he pressed to death? For witchcraft? No. He was never convicted of witchcraft, and, of course, never pressed to death or in any other way punished for witchcraft. He was pressed to death because, when he was arraigned for trial, he refused to plead, thereby avoiding a trial, and, as he thought, and undoubtedly thought correctly, escaping certain conviction. He was satisfied that, if he pleaded and submitted to a trial, he was sure to be convicted. For refusing, in accordance with practice under the old English common law, he was pressed to death. The fact that he was pressed to death because he refused to plead is specifically stated by A. M. in these words: "Giles Corey * * * for refusing to plead, was pressed to death."

In Mrs. Wilhelmina G. Mixter's letter to the Salem News which she sent to and had reproduced in The Herald of Jan. 23, she says that "witchcraft was rampant all over New England." Is that statement correct? Without looking up the matter afresh, my impression is that outside of Salem Village (now Danvers) there were only a few cases of witchcraft, and those sporadic ones, in New England. SUBURBANITE.

Brookline, Jan. 26.

Coasting and Funerals.

As the World Wags:

Of course it was "belly-bumps" and the horizontal method of diving (!) was belly flumps—flat and bump; compare flub (flat and dub), also flubdub; see again Alice in "Through the Looking Glass." But the one-leg-under style was "side saddle" or "butcher." Why the latter? I always imagined butcher boys coasting that way.

Have you studied the relation between coasting and funerals? I don't mean the obvious one of cause and effect, but the sporting value of the funeral as an accompaniment to an exciting coast. To me a hack was a "funeral" in my early coasting years.

Jan. 28. BROOKLINE.

Ger an Lepo ... fore he went to the ro ... If we can believe an artic ... published in the London Times, over-eating has been a noteworthy feature of German life during the last 25 years. We knew Berlin, Dresden, Munich, Stuttgart in the student days from 1882 to 1885. We certainly were not then tempted to eat immoderately. At the ordinary pension, the evening meal was skimpy. Cold sausage was the chief article. The eggs, "they were put on the table, bad, like Hannibal, crossed the Alps. But we now read that the German woman begins with coffee and milk between 7 and 8 A. M.; has a meat breakfast at 10; a substantial meal at 1 P. M.; tea in the afternoon with cakes, chocolates and marzipan; and at 8 P. M. a heavy supper of cold ham, mutton, beef or veal with wine, often sweet champagne, and then beer served in the drawing room." We do not object to beer served in drawing room, library, kitchen, bed chamber, or on the roof; but we wonder at those in any country who can put down quantities of food after 6:30 P. M. In the "Noctes Ambrosianae," De Quincey is represented as saying: "I believe, Mr. Hogg, that it has been ascertained by medical men, through an experience of some thousand years, that no eater of hot and heavy suppers ever yet saw his grand climacteric. I do not mention this as any argument against hot and heavy suppers, except to those persons who are desirous of attaining a tolerable old age. You, probably, have made up your mind to die before that period; in which case, not to eat hot and heavy suppers, if you like them, would truly be most unreasonable, and not to be expected from a man of your acknowledged intelligence and understanding."

"Blighty"

There has been discussion of the word "Blighty," applied by British soldiers in the trenches to England. Mirlam Lowell wrote to us that the word might have been brought to France by Anglo-Indian soldiers: that it is Hindustanic. An orientalist at the Porphyry informs us that the Hindu word "Belaite" means Europe. Tommy Atkins may have corrupted the word itself and restricted the meaning.

"The Continentals"

As the World Wags:

Could you give me any information about a troup of singers who gave concerts through New England in the years just before the civil war? They were called "The Continentals," I think, and a Mr. William (?) Franklin was at the head of the troupe. They had some midgets with them—Charles and Eliza Nestelle, called Commodore Foot (or Foote) and Pet Nestelle. H. H. S.

Providence, R. I.

In Waldo County

"H. C. T." of West Somerville writes a delightful letter about sliding down hill in Montville, Waldo county, Maine, in the early sixties. Unfortunately, his letter is too long, as are many other letters sent to The Herald by those interested in coasters. We must content ourselves with a few quotations. "Some of the girls and a few small boys sat 'straddle' and steered with their heels, others coasted or 'slid belly-bunt' (the terms belly-g..., belly-b..t, etc., being unknown to us). But there were many racing sleds with names painted on the side, such as 'Lincoln,' 'Monitor,' 'Gen. Grant,' etc., names which indicated the spirit of the times. These were long, low, narrow, pointed, rakish-looking sleds, shod with round, spring steel. They had a short board seat at the rear end, perhaps 12 or 14 inches long. The boys held the sled in their hands crosswise of their body, then giving a short, sharp run, threw themselves, sled and all, upon the coast, landing upon the sled in what we called 'knee-bunt.'" Four to six sleds were hitched together. Only a few boys sported fur caps, caps with wide fur round the sides and a "doughnut ball" of fur on the top. Nearly all wore tippets, but they generally called them scarfs or comforters, sometimes mufflers. And here is a passage that particularly appealed to us. "Some of the girls wore copper-toed, legged boots. On their heads, some wore clouds, and some wore 'punkin hoods.' One of the latter, who had a sled of her own shod with steel (her father was a blacksmith), has been my life partner for many years."

Right or Left

As the World Wags

I lately returned from St. John where in spite of former experiences I kept bumping into people, made efforts to enter street cars on the wrong side and dodged automobiles unexpectedly coming on me when crossing the street. All this because in Canada the rule is, keep to the left. Now can you glean from the manuscripts of the Sage of Clamport any facts bearing upon this rule of the road?

I suppose in England and all her provinces we are right if we keep to the left. How is it in other countries? Has Mr. Herkimer Johnson accumulated any facts regarding this? From Gerome's picture, "Son Eminence Grise," I gather it is, or at any rate was, the proper thing in France to keep to the left.

It seems to me that in driving our rule of keeping to the right is the better. We, of course, sit on the whip-hand side, and thus each driver can, by just safely clearing the hedge, curb or ditch, be sure on ordinary roads to avoid danger from interlocking wheels.

About forty years ago the Old Colony railroad temporarily adopted not only the rule of the road, but the style of coach of the English. These adaptations, however, did not prove popular.

Boston, Jan. 27. AL. IQUIS.

What has become of Mr. Herkimer Johnson? Is it possible that in the course of his intrepid researches as an earnest and eminent student of sociology he is now suffering from the grip?—Ed.

On the Common

As the World Wags:

In the early seventies when I was "coasting" on the Common (who ever heard of the long slide on the Joy street slide?) it was "belly bump" or "butcher fashion"—the latter usually on a shorter—a bob sled. Our old, long, narrow sleds did not turn up in front. It was the higher, heavier, more expensive "Poland" that had the haughty nose. Also the warning shout was "Clear the lullah!"

WHISTLING WIND.

Boston, Jan. 27.

Jan 29 1916

By PHILIP HALE.

Albert Spalding, violinist, gave his second recital here this season yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. His program was as follows: Tartini, Sonata, "The Devil's Trill"; Bach, Sarabande, Double and Bourree; Paganini, Concerto in D; Saint-Saens, Havanaise; Spalding, Barceuse and Alabama (Plantation Melody and Dance); Vieuxtemps, Ballads and Polonaise. Andre Benoist was the pianist.

Mr. Spalding now draws attentive audiences of good size to Jordan Hall. He has gained his position by hard work, conscientious playing, a development of emotional phrasing, and a pleasing modesty and sincerity in his performance. The fact that he is an American has not been to his prejudice.

While the program yesterday was of a nature to please an average audience, there was ample testing of virtuoso ability and there was music that made demands on the aesthetic qualities of the violinist.

One never wearies of Tartini's Sonata, even when it is played only in a tolerable manner, and without a heaven-defying cadenza. The Sonata, with its chief pathetic melody, which after bravura passages, returns, as the haunting phrase for Violetta in the gaming scene of "Traviata," is more modern today than many compositions for violin written within the last dozen years. There is a direct appeal, a simple pathos, a frankness, an impersonality in much of this old violin music that are missing in elaborate and pretentious compositions of the "modern school." The pieces by Bach that followed the Sonata seemed tame and conventional after Tartini's Sonata, played by Mr. Spalding in the grand style and with a deeper feeling than he has shown on some occasions.

Hazlitt wrote an essay on famous persons one would like to have seen and talked with. There were certain virtuosos that none of us have heard. It would be a great pleasure to know how Chopin played his music. Who would not gladly have heard Paganini?

We doubt if the tinkered version of the concerto gives us any idea of his music or his playing. Those who pooh-pooh his name and do not hesitate to say that he was a remarkable trickster, relying on pyrotechnical display, run counter to the opinions of many sensitive musicians, composers, violinists, pianists, who heard him and were deeply moved by his indescribable beauty and richness of his tone and his unequalled power of expressing emotion. Mr. Spalding played the concerto frankly as a virtuoso piece, and in this he was wise.

The audience applauded heartily from the very start.

Jan 30 1916

No doubt Mr. Charles Brodie Patterson has many admiring readers, but we cannot see the value of his "Rhythm of Life," published by Thomas W. Crowell Co., although the author "believes" it "to be his greatest work," opening up a new vision of life. We quote from the publisher's announcement: "He asserts that three great fundamental truths of life are to be found in rhythm (feeling), melody (ideals), harmony (adjustment), and that beauty is the final expression of all three, and that the four form the basis of a scientific religion of life that will eventually become a universal religion, although it in no way conflicts with or controverts whatever may be true in any religion. * * * The author claims that musical sounds can be made to produce a musical vibration of every molecule in the body and that from the use of color harmonies a veritable vibration of every atom in man's physical organism will take place; that music and color will not only become the chief remedial agents for the overcoming of pain and the healing of disease, but will in the near future greatly prolong the life of man and eventually become the chief cause in the establishing of a world-wide brotherhood of humanity—a federation of the world, thereby hastening the time when God's Kingdom shall appear on earth."

Fine words! But for several centuries theorists have urged the importance of music as a remedy against bodily and mental ills, and not a few treatises have been written on this subject in various languages. Many of us remember the blue glass craze. Letting the sun stream through blue glass would cure rheumatism, catarrh, cruel diseases of the kidneys, etc. etc. We should shrink from adverse comment on Mr. Patterson's book, for in his preface, in which he describes himself as only a pioneer, a voice of one crying in the wilderness, he foresees that he must run "the gauntlet of time, as well as superficial criticism," but he is not deterred in any way, for he knows the true pages in his book will outlive false criticism.

We are concerned with the book only as a statement of musical opinions and beliefs. In the introduction (page 2) we are told that "quite a number of modern composers have introduced chromatics into their music in what would seem to be an excessive way." It is doubtful whether they have thus added anything of beauty or charm. Chromatics are used to express "the stress of man's superficial nature." The Russian composers have put into their music the unrest of their country. "Much of their music is written in the minor keys." "The effect of Debussy's music on myself is not altogether satisfactory. I seem to be carried up into the clouds, and left suspended between heaven and earth. Yet my head never emerges into the open blue." And thus the expectant open blue is bitterly disappointed.

We are told that the ancient Egyptians had more kinds of musical instruments in their orchestras than we possess at the present time, and some of them expressed fully the warring of the elements, the soughing of the wind, etc. Perhaps Richard Strauss's wind machine was anticipated. How he must regret that he did not live in the old Egypt of countless instruments! We are also informed that writing about the music of the legendary Atlantis, "at best, is only speculative." There are notes about the early great musicians. Haydn's "Creation" is "filled with religious fervor." He did a great deal "for the progress of instrumental music." "Some day the world at large will probably realize how much it is indebted to Bach for laying the foundations of modern music." Yes, yes; and some will become acquainted with the fact that Handel wrote an oratorio entitled "The Messiah." "Beethoven will rank as one of the greatest composer of all times." "Neither Wagner nor his music is more than partially comprehended at present. * * * A man who writes such music cannot be considered an ordinary man; what we might term his weakness, may in a larger light be considered his strength." And then Mr. Patterson, with unconscious humor, quotes from a letter written by Wagner to Matilda Wesendonck.

"Mendelssohn's beautiful 'Spring Song' is another striking example of the higher nature music." Especially when Miss Gertrude Hoffmann dances to it.

We glow with patriotic pride when we read on page 76 that the Panama canal, our system of railroads and labor-saving devices "show us in certain departments to be ahead or fully abreast of the greatest nations of the earth."

Singers should not spend money on throat specialists. "If the same time had been expended in an effort to control their own superficial thoughts and emotions, their throats would have required no such physical treatment." Do not allow yourself to become irritable and you will never have an irritated throat. There will soon be no need of even good old Dr. Evans.

Mr. Patterson is long on theories about singing. "Chest notes * * * correspond to sense or body. Middle or palatal tones to that of mind, and head tones to soul or spirit." If there is unevenness in the development of the upper register, which really corresponds to soul aspiration, it is because of lack of spiritual development.

The music healer should pay attention to the character of keys. People who are negative should hear music in C major, which quickens the circulation of the blood and makes for "youthfulness and activity." Witness Handel's Dead March in "Saul."

"The librettos for Mozart's operas * * * too often kept him from doing his best work." Witness "Don Giovanni," "The Magic Flute," "The Marriage of Figaro."

The volume contains 203 pages. There are many quotations from poets and a corking chapter on "Cosmic Consciousness."

Good old "Trovatore" was revived at the Shaftesbury Theatre, London, and caused the Times and the Daily Telegraph to make remarks. The Times said: "Like 'Ernani,' this brilliant example of Verdi's genius in his earlier manner has been sadly neglected in recent years, at any rate so far as Central London is concerned. And it is rather hard to understand why. One does not look for any special dramatic coherence or intelligibility in operas of this period, but if broad vital melodies, boldly written ensembles and impulsive choruses are wanted, they simply abound in 'Il Trovatore,' while for sheer effectiveness Verdi surely never did better work. All this makes for certain difficulties in execution. It is a matter chiefly of combining vocal control with the right kind of temperamental fervor."

The Daily Telegraph praised the performance for its robustness. "And that is precisely the quality for which this particular example of Verdi calls. For in it he asks for no subtleties of interpretation, none of the more delicate shades. Fine, sounding tunes, unaffected melodies, and full-blooded climaxes he gave to the lyric stage in 'Trovatore,' but they are not of the kind that would stand any superior airs and graces on the part of those who sing them."

We should like to hear "Ernani," which, performed at the Howard Atheneaum by the Havana Company, excited enthusiasm and gave Bostonians its taste for Italian opera. There are fine things in it. Verdi seldom if ever reached greater dramatic intensity with simple means than in the final trio. There was a time when every concert soprano sang "Ernani, Fly with Me," Meyerbeer's "Robert, toi que j'aime" and Harrison Millard's "Waiting." Then there is the chorus in "Ernani" known to singing societies in the sixties as "Crowned with the Tempest."

The London Times of Jan. 10 paid a graceful tribute to Ada Rehan.

"In the closing years of the last century, when Ada Rehan was in her prime, she was without rival in her own province on the comic stage. Whatever scene she entered she dominated. Garrick's brother George called Dr. Johnson a 'tremendous companion.' Ada Rehan's comrades of the theatre must have had the same feeling about her. She was a force that swept everything before it. 'Here she comes, full sail,' you said of her, as Mirabell said of Millamant. Her eyes, sparkling with mischief, seemed looking for fun in every corner and sure to have it out; humor and irony played around the mobile lips; the deep, rich, liquid tones of her voice thrilled you like the notes of a Stradivarius.

"There was a sense of fulness and mellowness in her nature, a genial warmth. She overflowed with animal spirits. Her style was large and liberal. Her mirth had 'body' like a generous wine. In modern plays her line was to be a perpetual combatant—and certain conqueror—in the duel of sex. She was always to be seen matching wits with a man (the man was generally Mr. John Drew), and leaving him hopelessly outclassed. So long as she could play this game the piece itself was of little account. Who now remembers the Teutonic-American comedies, queer outlandish things, that Mr. Augustin Daly provided for her? But who can forget her infectious merriment in them, her buoyant air of competence, her innumerable variations on the theme that wilful woman must have her way?

"In Shakespearian comedy—the full-blooded, not the dreamy, fantastic region of it—she was a marvel. The bubbling, effervescing fun of her Rosalind! There have been more tender Rosalinds, and more refined—Ada Rehan's Rosalind was, in truth, a little 'bouncing'—but probably none so humorous and none so full of essential womanhood. Playgoers who saw her must still remember the coquetry of 'He calls us back again' (Orlando turning his back and certainly not calling); the sudden gleam of fun in dropping from 'swashing and martial' to 'outside'; the slyness of the 'Who hath done this? Is it a man?' (or, as she drawled it, 'ma-a-an').

"But her Rosalind was surpassed by her Katharine in 'The Taming of the Shrew.' You thought Shakespeare foresaw her when he wrote that part. She made Katharine a magnificent animal. Her rage was devastating, like some great convulsion of nature. The Shakespearian vocabulary did not suffice her; she found a whole gamut of inarticulate cries, shrieks and grunts and growls. Looking at her, you seemed to snatch the fearful joy of dancing on the edge of a volcano. Yet the whole thing was harmonious, superbly beautiful, Shakespearian through and through, absolutely 'right.' For once a dramatic character had met with the very person born to interpret and to illuminate it. Such a piece of good fortune is not likely to happen again. You feel that something of Shakespeare's secret died with Ada Rehan."

The London Times some weeks ago published an excellent article on the English film as developed by the war.

The writer begins: "In the old world before the war there was a good deal of anxiety in some quarters about the effect upon public morals and taste wrought by the cinematographs. The clergy foresaw the corruption of youth and the hardening of mature wickedness; school teachers had good cause to complain that their pupils' faculty of keeping awake and attending was being impaired, and the owners and managers of theatres thought that far too much money was being spent on the theatre's young and lusty rival. The coming of war relieved nearly everybody of the call to make a fuss about this and a thousand other matters that seemed very important in the old world; but the coming of war, which means the departure of spare cash has even greatly increased the popularity of this cheap form of amusement, and lately the Budget has brought the question of the cinematograph to the fore again."

The cinematograph theatres in England are now more crowded than ever and more money than ever is spent on the production of films. The film makers have always been careful about the morality of their pictures. They appointed their own censor years ago, G. A. Radford, who has sometimes had trouble in drawing the line between bad morals and mere bad taste. "When you have to deal with a comic genius who is simply too funny to be prohibited, but does sometimes just a little bit jar on the nicer sensibilities, what are you to do but let him have his fling and hope for the time when the public craze for him will have burned itself out or the greed of his proprietors will have put his prices up beyond endurance?"

"Simple considerations, like lack of space, may forever prevent us from producing so colossal and marvellous a film as that 'Birth of a Nation'; and it must be long before we can manage anything so extraordinary as D'Annunzio's 'Cabiria' that story of ancient Rome and Carthage which takes its jerky way through almost unbelievable visions of Etna in eruption, destroying palaces and villas, of Hannibal crossing the Alps, of living sacrifices to a nightmare of a Moloch, of the court of Hasdrubal, and what not. Possibly English 'stunts' of this magnitude are things of the future (if English cinematography is hampered by our 'samples of weather,' it might benefit, on the other hand, from our samples of scenery). And such heroic enterprises as the photographing of The Miracle, for which incredible numbers of people were taken over to Germany, must necessarily be few.

"Meanwhile English cinematography is already doing very good, solid dramatic work in the reproduction of English plays, English novels, and other contents for English scenes. We gave an account the other day of an English-made film of Mr. Thomas Hardy's story, 'Far from the Madding Crowd,' which, when released (with their release, their featuring, and the rest of it, they talk a horrible lingo, these cinemas), will be found to be acted in first-rate style by an English company, and to contain some beautiful studies of 'Wessex' scenery. Many popular English plays, from Shakespeare through 'Caste' to 'The Prisoner of Zenda' and 'The Great Adventure' have lately been occupying the talent of our producers and actors.

"The demand is fast creating the supply. Experience is weeding out the players who, no matter how successful on the stage, are no use for the cinematograph, and proving that there exists among us a great deal of the peculiar kind of talent needed for this special and very difficult kind of 'mime.' Our artists and authors and producers are rapidly finding and developing their own line. Already there is performance enough to promise that the English film will take its place in the world by virtue of its sound merits and its particular quality. It may not be wildly sensational, either in comedy or drama; but it will certainly be firmly conceived and finely executed, full of dramatic interest, unexceptionable in morals and taste —in a word, a worthy entertainment."

If any one wishes to become acquainted with the early years of the ballet in Russia, Pierre d'Alheim's "Sur les Pointes" is to be recommended. The book was published at Paris in 1897. It abounds in strange tales of the barbaric life at court from the time that Alexis Michel ordered Col. von Staden to recruit a company for tragedy, comedy and ballet beyond the borders and gave him six months to do this. And the Tsar and his family in the year 1673 at the Kremlin, concealed in a dark and grilled theatre box saw the ballet "Orpheus" composed by one Johann Gotfried Gregori. When Peter was in Paris he not only asked for a glass of beer at the Opera and was served by the Regent; he not only visited Mme. de Maintenon in bed, drew the curtains, looked at her for a long time and then departed without having spoken a word; he found himsef at ease with the ladies of the ballet while he suspected the malice of the "grandes dames," and shunned them. Then Catherine I summoned the dancing woman Juliette to Petrograd, as Catherine I afterwards summoned the philosopher Diderot.

"Sur les Pointes" is a joyous book, full of curious light on incredible customs and equally incredible absence of manners. There are grave discussions of subjects that to western minds are frivolous or should pass unnoticed. Famous dancers from abroad who triumphed at Petrograd are not forgotten, Elssler, Carlotta Grisi, Cerrito, Rosati, Marie Petipa, Carlotta Brianza, Antoinette del Era, Zucci, Emma Bessone, a superb dancer, whom we once saw at Rome in "Excelsior." We repeat, M. D'Alheim's book is a joyous one. He also wrote a life of Moussorgsky.

Mr. Clapp Writes About Thoman and "Aladdin"

To the Editor of The Herald:

Jacob W. Thoman, who was mentioned in last Sunday's Herald in connection with "Aladdin," was an actor of great versatility. He could play in tragedy and farce the same night, equally well. Born in Philadelphia on Jan. 8, 1816, he was destined from early youth to the ministry, the first six years of his school life being faithfully devoted to preparation for it, but when only 18 he determined to follow the stage rather than the church and made his debut at the Chestnut Street Theatre in his native city. During his long thatrical career he appeared in a varied round of characters in comedy and tragedy, although he was engaged at the original museum at the corner of Tremont and Bromfield streets as a comedian. Both he and his first wife, the latter known on the stage before her marriage as Elizabeth Anderson, were among the hardest worked members of the company at the original museum. When the company moved to the house near Court street, Mr. and Mrs. Thoman were retained. In the early seasons at this house Mr. Thoman was a feature of a new farce of "Box and Cox," Mr. Warren playing Box; Mrs. Judah, the Landlady, and Mr. Thoman, Cox. Some years later James H. Ring succeeded to Mr. Thoman's part, but Box remained in Mr. Warren's repertory to the close.

Mr. Thoman managed the American Theatre in San Francisco with John Lewis Baker. For a time he supported Forrest and later was with Booth, making his last appearance at the Arch Street Theatre in Philadelphia, thus ending his stage life in his native city, where it had begun. He died at the Forrest Home on Jan. 26, 1886. This tribute to his memory is written on the anniversary of his death.

Mr. Thoman's special claim to fame is from the fact that he created the character of the Lone Fisherman in Rice's burlesque of "Evangeline." As originally written, the Lone Fisherman had a speech at the end of the last act, when, as he burned the will, he announced himself as the evil genius of the play. This speech was cut out later. Mr. Thoman's successors in the part were James S. Maffitt and Harry Hunter.

"Aladdin" was an operatic drama in four parts, written for the Museum by Silas S. Steel and produced at that house for the first time on any stage on January 25, 1847. It ran for eight weeks, was taken off for a few days and then had five more performances in March, ten in April, nine in May, four in June and five in July.

There may be still living a few oldtime playgoers who remember that Mr. Thoman was of rather diminutive stature and that Miss Anderson was much larger than he, which caused many witticisms at his expense while they were together at the Museum.

Boston, Jan. 26. J. B. CLAPP.

Notes About the Stage and Stage People

"The Basker," described as a "ducal comedy," a new play by Mrs. Clifford Mills, was produced by Alexander at the St. James's Theatre, London, Jan. 6. It is said that the play could stand revision, and there is a question whether it is a light or a heavy comedy. George do Lacorfe, heir to the dukedom of Cheviot, had ancestors, the foes of the Gorndykes. The old Duchess of Cheviot gave George a volume containing the history of the family every birthday for 20 years, but George never cut the pages. He was a "basker," a popular man about town who enjoyed lion-hunting expeditions. Coming into his dukedom, he wished to make over everything to his cousin Richard. George had fallen in love with Diana Talbot, but Richard wanted her, so George handed over Diana with her "gleaming gold hair, with little blow-away curls." for a time. This Richard, in whom George believed implicitly, turned out to be a coward and a dastard, for he had Gorndyke blood in him. He pawned Diana's wedding gift tiara and was mixed up with black-eyed Mrs. Radford. George found it out in time and wedded Diana. He was assisted by a remarkable valet, so mechanically dutiful that George advised him to read that he might get some ideas. The valet chose the history of the de Lacorfes, which spurred him to be self-confident and resourceful. George took up the book himself and was so inspired by it that from a "basker" he became a Lochinvar. There is true comedy, the Pall Mall Gazette reviewer says, in the transformation of George, and the trumpet note of feudalism stirs the soul. Sir George Alexander as de Lacorfe was praised

"Above all, it was the triumph of Miss Genevieve Ward (the duchess), who, despite her 78 years, gave a performance amazingly full of spirit, humor, dignity, command and panache."

In spite of the darkness of London's streets, the scarcity of taxi-cabs, and the difficulty of getting about at night, the theatres are crowded, according to report. Drury Lane's record has never been higher since the reconstruction of the auditorium. "Any cabinet minister desirous of driving a profitable bargain for himself would easily achieve that object by bartering a year's income for last week's takings at Old Drury." During the same space of time £2400 was paid by playgoers to see "Charley's Aunt" at the London Opera House. The receipts for the week at the Criterion, a much smaller theatre, were about £1850.

"Disraeli" will be produced at the Royalty Theatre, London, with Dennis Eadie as Beaconsfield.

A correspondent writes: When I saw Salvini's magnificent Othello in London he and his company played altogether in Italian. Rossi, when he acted in Shakespeare in London, spoke the words of Lear in Italian to the speeches and cues of the company in English and no acting or diction less wonderful than his could have made the thing tolerable. There was one bit of Lear, however, that was untranslatable, and he said it with a desperate struggle in English—"Every inch a king!"—London Daily Chronicle.

The Daily Chronicle also states: "All the English Signor Salvini knew was acquired from 'Hamlet' and 'Othello.' In 1880 he toured the United States with an American company, whose repertory was confined to these two plays, the leading part in each being played in Italian, while the other characters spoke English. In his autobiography, Salvini describes the difficulty he experienced at the first rehearsals in taking his cue, as he knew no English, until 'gradually a few words, a few short phrases, remained in my ear, and in the course of time I came to understand perfectly every word of all the characters. I became so sure of myself that if an actor substituted one word for another I perceived it. I understood the words of Shakespeare, but not those of the spoken language.'" We remember Edwin Booth playing in English in a Berlin Theatre with a German company. He did not understand German; perhaps one or two of the Germans in the company understood a little English, for some had been in the United States. Never did we see Booth act with more vitality, force and spontaneity. We still see an enthusiastic Jew who sat across the aisle. Every few minutes he would explode with: "Dear God, how the man does act!"

Stanford's New Opera and Other Music

We have mentioned the fact that Sir Charles Stanford has written the music for "The Critic," turned into an opera by Cairns James. It is said that the latter has shown reverence for Sheridan's text. Mrs. Dangle and Sir Fretful Plagiary do not appear in the opera, but no lines essential to Puff, Sneer or Dangle are omitted. There have been some alterations, however. Sneer remains the same, but Puff is the author of the book and Dangle the composer of the score. (The sub-title, "A Tragedy Rehearsed"—has, of course, been changed to "An Opera Rehearsed.") About this latter point there arose a difficulty which will hardly need elaborating for those who know how Dangle conducted himself at the famous 'audition.' Obviously no such incompetent person could be trusted as a composer, and Sir Charles Stanford was faced with two alternatives. He might have written as Dangle would have written. But in that case it was more than doubtful whether his command of musical humor would have fascinated the public for long. The only way out of the difficulty was to supply Dangle with a ghost, and it is revealing no startling secret to say that this has been done without any undue tampering with the text."

The real composer is the conductor of the rehearsal. The public must imagine that it is not Mr. Goosseus who will wear the costume of the period, but the famous Linley of Bath, who was at last Sheridan's father-in-law. Now, it was Linley who conducted the first performance of "The Critic." The under-prompter, or the stage manager, represents one Hopkins who in 1779 at Drury Lane undertook the function now discharged by Cairns James. He, too, with the supers will be dressed in the costume of the period. There will be an attempt throughout at historical accuracy, but Puff's friends will not be allowed to talk freely. That diversion is reserved—as Sheridan wished it—for Sneer and his hangers-on. Sir Charles in the music quotes from contemporaneous composers. When Whiskerandos sings "O cursed parry" the orchestra answers with a passage from Sir Hubert Parry's "Blest Pair of Sirens" —O subtle joking!—and when Drake takes his place in the final masque Sir Charles quotes his own music to "Drake's Drum." The composer has stipulated in a note to the score that the opera should be played as seriously as grand opera.

Another correspondent asks for information of the present activities of several pianists who were prominent in our musical life before the war. The last I heard of Busoni was that he had left Berlin for America. At this distance of time I cannot recall his actual reasons, but my impression is that Busoni's Italian blood boiled too rapidly to be comfortable in Germany. Godowsky has been for a long time in America, of which country he, I believe, is now a naturalized citizen. Carreno is still living in Berlin, but a week or so ago gave a pianoforte recital in Vienna; and of Frederick Lamond, the last I heard was that he was interned in Germany, he having attempted to take out letters of naturalization too late after war began. Moriz Rosenthal is still in Vienna. His American tour had to be renounced for the all-sufficient reason that he was unable to obtain a safe conduct from the British Government to enable him to make the voyage. Backhaus, who long ago reverted to type, has been employed by the German government in a clerical capacity in some hospital or other in Germany. Dohnanyi, too, is in Berlin. He seems to have escaped military service, for his name is constantly appearing on concert bills in Berlin.—Mr. Legge in the Daily Telegraph.

Mr. Andre Tourret, now in New York, thinks that there should be "energetic propaganda for the modern French school. * * * You do not yet realize the wealth of beauty and originality in the work of Gabriel Faure. We brought out works by Ravel, Dukas, Florent Schmitt, Chausson, Faure and others." Well, Mr. Tourret, much modern French music has been played and sung in Boston, and Mr. Walter Damrosch in New York has introduced much orchestral music of the ultra-modern French school. What would Mr. Tourret have?

Jaques-Dalcroze is known in Boston by a violin concerto played here at a Symphony concert by other music and by his rhythmic demonstrations taught here by Miss Longy. The following letter about him published in the London Times of Jan. 10 may be of interest. It was written at Lausanne by Grace Chisholm Young: "Sir: As an English woman resident in Switzerland may I suggest that our officials at home should take rather more trouble to distinguish friendly Swiss visitors to England from those who come under their suspicion as having German sympathies? Here is a case in point. The well known Genevese musician, M. Jaques Dalcroze, has repeatedly shown his anti-German views and incurred abuse from Germany, notably for his denunciation of the bombardment of Rheimes Cathedral. He might reasonably, one would suppose, be regarded with a friendly eye by ourselves, and indeed, when he was in England last July, he received an address of sympathy. Yet these are facts which I have verified. On his way home he was stopped at Folkstone by a military authority, who said he was a suspected person and demanded his papers. These were produced and were perfectly in order, but the official was still not satisfied, and spoke brusquely to M. Dalcroze in words which conveyed that, though a Swiss, he was no better than a German. On arriving at Boulogne, M. Dalcroze was met by a detachment of French soldiers, who marched him off to the authorities. The French official in charge, having looked over the papers, at once released him, but said: 'I can't think what they were dreaming of in England. Why did they telephone to me to detain you as a suspicious character?' Representations have since been made in official quarters in London, but without eliciting any amende honorable. Such an incident makes those of us who know how far removed from Germany is noble, independent little Switzerland feel hot and ashamed. M. Dalcroze expects to go to England from time to time to supervise the management of the school for his rhythmical gymnastic. It would be disgraceful if any difficulty were to recur with respect to these visits."

Alfredo Nardi, a blind composer, gave a concert in London, Jan. 8. "He showed himself to be the possessor of no little talent. His music is straightforward and quite unpretentious. In it he does not attempt to open up new paths, but the old tracks which he follows are all very agreeable." A string quartet, Christmas carol for soprano, baritone, viola (played by Mr. Nardi), organ and chorus and songs were performed and the composer played violin and viola solos.

Paul Rubens has been talking about the writing and testing of popular songs.

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3 P. M. Fritz Kreisler, violinist. See special notice.

MONDAY—Copley-Plaza, 11 A. M. Eighth morning musicale in the S. Kronberg series. Mme. Marie Kousnezoff of the Petrograd, Paris and Chicago Grand Opera Houses will sing: Gounod, Juliet's Waltz Song; Rachmaninoff, J'ai aime; Gretchaninoff, Chanson Orientale; Grieg, The Swan; Tschaikowsky, Il m'a tant aime; Padilla, Lerele; Alvarez, Song of the Prisoner. She will sing with Marcel Journet, for many years bass of the Paris and Metropolitan Opera Houses, a duet from "Thais." Mr. Journet's selections are as follows: Mozart, Leporello's Catalogue Song; Paladilhe, Air from "Patrie"; Massenet, Legend of the Sage Bush; Flegier, Le Cor. Mme. Ethel Leginska, pianist, will play these pieces: Chopin, Scherzo in B minor; Liszt, Hungarian Rhapsody No. 8; Leschetitzky, Etude Heroique; Liszt, "Rigoletto" paraphrase.

musical comedy simp[illegible] first requisite. There is th[illegible] of 'overproduction.' The song [illegible] the singer should stand out, the chorus should not work too hard, the orchestra should be in the background. "You cannot write a successful play without visualizing it. Otherwise it becomes too literary and fails to get hold of the audience. The best example of drama is where there are no lines at all! The cinema is a splendid study in dramatic writing." As this is a period of extravagance, it is the extravagant line or verse that excites laughter. "One way of writing a failure is to copy another dramatist, and by seeing the plays of others one is in danger of doing this. It is for this reason that I have not seen a play for years. I have not even seen one of my own plays for years. On the first night I may watch the effect of a song or two. Even then I don't see the play; I hear it. I stand 'off,' generally at the entrance to the dress circle, and I don't look at the stage; I look at the audience. I was taught this method of judging a play by George Edwardes. It is not what I like that matters; it is what the audience likes. Are they listening? That is the point. If they are, I leave the song in, whether I think it any good myself or not. There is another point in writing songs for the stage. To write an amusing song alone is not enough. There must be preparation; you must let the dialogue lead up to it. The song must come out of the situation, and if it does not do so naturally, you must make it appear to do so. Thus, the latest number which has been introduced into 'Tina' is prepared for by some dialogue which was originally meant for something else."

To the Editor of The Herald:

"Henry the Fourth" and Theatre Alley

In reading Mr. Clapp's letter regarding the performance of the second part of "Henry IV" in New York in 1822, I am reminded of what Macready says in his Reminiscences about this play. "The approaching coronation of George IV, 19th July, 1821, for which preparations had been making for a year, occupied general attention. Of course the theatres took advantage of it. Covent Garden anticipating its pageantry in the crowning of King Henry V, in the 'Second Part of King Henry IV.,' Elliston waiting for the performance of the fourth George in Westminster Abbey in order to present as faithful a copy of it as the dimensions of Drury Lane Theatre would allow. In King Henry IV. the part of the King was sent to me. John Kemble had revived the play in 1804, but produced little effect in the dying Bolingbroke, which was owing to his being 'too sick,' so that he was 'only partially and imperfectly heard.' Garrick had not given the prominence he had expected to the part; and for these reasons I begged hard to be excused from appearing in it. But my objections were set aside. . . . The revival of the play rewarded the managers with crowded houses. Nor was this attributable to the pageant only, for the acting was of the highest order. Farren as Shallow, Emery as Silence, Blanchard as Pistol, Charles Kemble as the Prince of Wales, Mrs. Davenport as Dame Quickly, were admirable. Fawcett was the best Falstaff then upon the stage, although he more excelled in other characters." There are a few old theatre-goers hereabout who would like to have seen that performance, and also the one which took place the following year, now almost a hundred years ago, in New York. Speaking of old times, in a chapter headed: "To the Memory of Theatre Alley," a Bostonian of a former generation states that he found a great deal of romance of a quiet and genial kind haunting that ancient place. The stage door of the Federal Street Theatre was in the alley, and the walk from thence, he says, through Devonshire street to the Exchange coffee house, was once well known to many whose names are now part of the history of the drama. How often, he continues, was I repaid for walking through the alley by the satisfaction of meeting George Frederick Cooke, the elder Kean, Finn, Macready, Booth, Cooper, Incledon, old Mathews, or the tall, dignified Conway—or some of that goodly company that made old Drury classical to the play-goers of years ago. He speaks of old Mr. Stoughton, the Spanish consul, as occupying the first house in Franklin street above the alley, behind which his garden ran back for some distance. And then there was Dr. Cheverus, the first bishop of Boston, who was afterwards transferred to the see of Bordeaux, and made a Prince of the Church.

Mrs. Grace Dunlap's little shop has often been mentioned in connection with Theatre Alley, and was by many old-timers considered to be "co-existent with the alley itself." She is described as having a pleasant face and a fair complexion, a white cap with gay ribbons, all in harmony with the neatness and air of repose that always reigned in her shop, which had a thoroughly cheerful English look. There were plants in the windows, a bird cage, plain furniture, and shining andirons, with a blazing wood fire, all making a picture to be treasured in the memory. No wonder that when Mrs. Dunlap moved out of Theatre Al[illegible] glory began to decline. Is not her[s an] enviable fate? Still to be remembered, when so many seemingly far more important personages are clean forgotten.

West Roxbury. J. W.

The Fair Child Critic in the Theatre

A correspondent of the London Times has been considering children at a play, child critics, especially during the Christmas holidays. "At ordinary times the faces of the audience are not worth watching. They express nothing. They belong to people who have come to the theatre under a vague impression that they will be amused or interested, and, finding, in nine cases out of ten, that they are neither, they assume the protective mask of blank indifference. But at this time of year, and in the afternoons especially, the house is more than half-full of children; and there is no blank indifference about children. They go through a variety of experiences, and they express them all. Sometimes they are pleased, and they show it. Their faces radiate. They laugh and clap and jump about in their seats. Sometimes they are bored, and they show it just as frankly, with yawns and frowns and as much fidgetting as if they were in church. The present writer found himself the other day next to a boy whose Christmas presents had included a wonderful pocket lamp, with one white light and one red light. The beloved lamp had come to the theatre; and never again in its probably brief existence is it likely to be so useful as it was that afternoon. Whenever the interest of the play flagged, out came the lamp, and between carefully shading hands winked as acute a criticism of the piece as the most brilliant of our critics could conceive. Every flash was an epigram at the stage's expense. And sometimes children in the theatre are displeased. And then they make us feel glad, for the sake of author or actors, that those on the stage cannot see their faces. A child can look more pitilessly stony than the haughtiest of high-nosed British matrons. Children do not generally fidget when they are displeased. They keep Medusa-faces fixed upon the offending stage, till it seems incredible that the players do not petrify under their eyes."

The correspondent thinks that children are on the whole as just as they are unprejudiced critics. "Name and fame mean nothing to a child. If he does not like the play, it matters not to him that it was written by Sir A. B. or Mr. C. D., whom all we grown-ups know to be a very great and eminent person. Miss E. F. may smile for an hour on end the smile that gives her picture postcards a vogue from Calgary to Calcutta, and Mr. G. H. may exhale about him the powerfullest whiffs of that atmosphere of poetry in which we grown-ups know that all actors always live. If our young critic does not like them, they will smile and breathe poetry in vain. We elders are befogged by what other people think, by what the newspapers will not let us avoid knowing, by the fashion, by our own theatre habit, which upsets all the values and clouds the judgment. Children are free from all this. They know at first hand what they like and what they do not like, and they see no reason yet why they should pretend."

But the instinct of the child is against a child-actor or a child dancer. "There is no downright unfairness; it is only that to please an audience of children a child-performer must be really clever and attractive. The prodigy, you see, is 'only a kid,' and nine times out of ten only a girl, and the normal child has a strong dislike of 'showing-off,' whether in itself or in any one else. Just here, then, the absolute sincerity of our critic is apt to be biassed toward condemnation. On the other hand, he does not, as older folk too often do, allow his prejudice to warp his judgment. If the prodigy succeeds in pleasing him, no one could be more quick and more generous in acknowledgement."

Changing Taste Observed in London Concert Halls

A feature of the autumn musical season was that among orchestral concerts those which toed the neo-classic line—call it "modern" or "national," or what you will—drew, for the first time, larger audiences than those at which the three B's and their satellites held undisputed sway. This is only one of many indications that the musical taste both of the narrower and the wider public is subconsciously undergoing a kind of revision. If the war were to end now, and normal musical activities be revived at once, the programs that met with success prior to August, 1914, would furnish little enough guidance to an intending concert-giver. If it lasts another year they will be positively misleading. The slow but appreciable differentiation now in progress will by then have modified most of the standards accepted before the war.

The first effect on taste in music, as in other arts, at the outbreak of war was a general reaction against all ostentatious heterodoxy. The wonderfully garbed young men with plans to revolutionize all our ideas of painting, sculpture, and poetry who formed so many centres of interested curiosity in July were hopelessly old-fashioned in September. We seemed then to have heard, in some remoter period, of quite a number of artistic 'isms; some of us could remember their names quite distinctly, but only the wonderfully garbed young men really imagined that they still existed. That first reaction was, of course, far too sweeping. These things really existed, though not in the form favored by their more conspicuous advocates, and their general expulsion left a void that soon made itself felt. Something of the same kind happened in music.

Two years ago it was more or less fashionable among musical amateurs to group together as "futurists" three composers who had nothing more in common than the first letter of their names. These were the three S's: Schoenberg, Scriabin and Stravinsky. A year ago it would have been difficult to find a sympathetic audience for the recent work of any one of them. But the process of differentiation is now in full swing. It is not because Schoenberg is an enemy alien that he is no longer discussed. It is because, by the new standard of values, he is found wanting. His two debated sets of piano pieces are as defunct as those of Leo Ornstein.

The intellectual mysticism of Scriabin deservedly survives, though it is commonly felt that this is not the moment for it. The relative absence of his name from concert programs means in his case no more than that his problems are the problems of peace. But the outstanding vigor of Stravinsky's music is under no such ban, and, war or no war, the number of his admirers is on the increase. It is especially noteworthy, because of its significance, that the concert program of his two ballets by the Philharmonic Society was received with greater acclamation than that of a portion of Ravel's "Daphnis," although one of the former, if not both, was more intimately associated with its theatrical trappings. It affords a practical indication of the way the newer idiom responds to the newer need. Ravel uses practically all the "audacities" of Stravinsky, but, being a musical logician of Mozartian clearness, he merges them in a texture that is constantly harmonious. Stravinsky leaves his dissonances naked and unashamed as a means of saving polyphony from this very harmoniousness.

Two ideas that blend in harmony become, in effect, one idea. If they are to stand as two, they must not blend completely. It is not that his method is better, but, like his music, it is more robust, and robustness is the order of the day. We shall revert to the elegances after the war. For the present we like our music hot and strong. I am as sure that Stravinsky's most daring work would find appreciation now as I am that Schoenberg's would not.—Edwin Evans in the Pall Mall Gazette, Dec. 31.

LOUIS GRAVEURE GIVES ANOTHER RECITAL HERE

Baritone Pleases Large Audience in Jordan Hall.

Louis Graveure, baritone, gave his second recital at Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon. His program was as follows: Franz Bitte; Jensen, Fruelingsnacht; Wolf, Mausfallen-Spruechlein; Grieg, Mit Ein Wasserlilie; Strauss, Hymnus; Old English, In an Angel's Frame, "What If a Day?" Summer Is a-Coming In"; Debussy, De Soir; Hahn; Les Cygnes; Duparc, Les Vagues et la Cloche; Massenet, Les Extases; Dvorak, Biblische Lieder; Goring-Thomas, Time's Garden; Villiers-Stanford, Prospice; Elgar, Pleading; Coleridge-Taylor, Life and Death. Coenraad V. Bos was the accompanist.

Mr. Graveure's singing has distinction, and a certain finesse. His voice is not an extraordinary one yet it is manly, sonorous, capable of expressing various sentiments, while he uses it skilfully. Mr. Graveure sings easily with the freedom of the born singer. His mechanism is not labored. His control of breath is generally fine, his attack authoritative, his dismissal of a phrase graceful.

He is interesting as an interpreter, thoughtful, intelligent, polished—yesterday his poise and suavity were conspicuous. The program was varied. The first group of songs was of an amiable, playful and romantic nature. In "Fruelingsnacht" Mr. Graveure was sentimental rather than passionate. The French songs were the most enjoyable and in these Mr Graveure's art as an interpreter was at its best. The subtlety of "De Soir" did not escape him. The picture was imaginatively painted, the contrasts delicately perceived and as gracefully suggested. "Les Cygnes," too, was sung in exquisite taste and with a poetic appreciation of the text.

The songs by Dvorak, no doubt on the program for the sake of contrast, do not command attention, and the singer needed no such formidable test of versatility. It was to be expected that a singer of Mr. Graveure's achievements would not be at a loss to express religious fervor, pious ecstasy.

A large audience was appreciative and the singer added to the program.

TUESDAY—Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Violin recital by Albert Stoessel. Handel, Sonata, D major; Bruch, Concerto in G minor; Stoessel, Humoresque, Lullaby, Minuet Crinoline, Serenade; Goldmark, Air; Sarasate, Gypsy Airs.

THURSDAY—Tremont Temple, 8 P. M. Open night in the Tremont Temple series. Miss Lillia Snelling of the Metropolitan Opera House will sing an air from "La Gioconda," Bizet's "Agnus Dei" and these songs: Homer, Sing to Me, Sing; Ross, Dawn on the Desert; Carpenter, Don't Care; Hahn, Back to Ireland. Attilio di Crescenzo, operatic tenor's, selections will be these: Airs from "Werther," "Tosca," "Boheme," "Rigoletto"; the songs, Paloma and Funiculi Funicula. Nicholas Oulukanoff, bass, of the late Boston Opera Company, will sing an air from "Prince Igor" and a group of Russian songs. A chorus of 150 voices, conducted by John A. O'Shea, will sing the Pilgrim's Chorus from "Tannhaeuser," the March Scene from "Aida" and the Soldiers' Chorus from "Faust."

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M., 13th concert (A) of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M., 13th concert (B) of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.

Contributors are still sliding down hill. St. Jack of Dorchester drops at once into poetry:

'Down, down the hill I go
Over the ice and over the snow;
A horse or cart I do not fear
For past them both my sled I steer.

"Thus ran the opening stanza of an ode in praise of the greatest winter sport of childhood, that was contained in the First Reader of my first school. As I recall it, the poem was illustrated by a spirited wood cut picture of a boy steering his trusty sled down the hill and triumphantly waving his hands as he sped 'sidesaddle' past the horse and cart." In his "provincial home town" the modes of sliding were "in order of skill and manly achievement, 'standers,' 'sidesaddle,' 'sitters' and 'bellygutter.'" The sleds were "framers" with runners rounded up in a circular front; "pigstickers" with long, sharp-pointed runners and spring irons. There were other varieties. "They were, of course, appropriately painted and named in the beginning, but the old, well worn sled that showed signs of many hard seasons' use and gave evidence of being a fast one was the one to command respect in the boyish mind."

On the Drumlins.

As the World Wags:

May I add my childish treble to the rumbling reminiscences of the greybeards? Fifteen years ago—yes, only yesterday, I know—I used to go "gutsies" down the slopes of the drumlin hills of Revere. The term, although coarse-fibred, lasted us the year round; taking a gutsie in the summer meant to insert oneself in a messy fashion in the waters of the Lynn marsh, while in the winter the term was transferred to coasting.

Our warning cry, as it floats back to me across this immense stretch of years, consisted of "Rud! Rud!" Possibly a corruption of "road."

Perhaps W. E. K.'s "glorified form of leap-frog" has some connection with what was known to us as "foot 'nd a half," a game in which the leader granted a certain number of steps, standing jumps and knee-steps," ending in a leap over the back of the poor devil who happened to be "down."

Holliston. E. H. C

"Butcher."

As the World Wags:

"Brookline" asks, why "butcher"?

When I was a lad in the West end the butcher boys in winter frequently delivered provisions in the neighborhood on sleds. On returning to the store from the top of Beacon Hill they would coast down to Charles street in the position described so ably by many of your correspondents, with the empty market basket in front of them on the sled. As their position was made necessary by the market basket perhaps this is the origin of the term, dating back of course to the first butcher boy.

"Belly bumps" and "clear the lullah" were familiar terms. CONCORD.

Boston, Jan. 28.

This is ingenious, but the term "butcher" was used far from the West end, far from Boston.—Ed.

"Traverses."

"Monadnock" writing from East Jaffrey, N. H., knew "belly bunt," never "belly bump." The boys in his neighborhoor "went out sliding and never heard of 'coasting' until they read of it in the Youth's Companion." "The real sporting element in those days used the long narrow sled with round steel shoes. These were aptly called pickerel sleds. President Grant, Meteor and Dexter were famous sleds on the Squantum Hill. The racing position was 'side saddle,' with the body as low as possible, to avoid 'catching the wind.' * * * The sport of racing down hill seems to have culminated in the seventies, and I can affirm after 40 years of interested observation on the hill where I used to slide that the modern flexible flyers and double-runners fall far short of the record for speed and distance established by the racing sleds of long ago.

"The first double runner was called a traverse, a name that was also applied to horse-drawn sleighs and sleds of the same type and is still occasionally heard. My father owned, within my memory,

[illegible] was one of the first two double-runner horse sleds ever built. Old Rufe Sawyer had another of the same pattern, and when the hind sled with old Rufe attached slewed around on a steep and icy hill and got ahead of the oxen, old Rufe pronounced anathema on this new-fangled contraption, with the words "Dama a tryfus." Nevertheless the invention of the double-runner marked an epoch in winter transportation, and the inventor is entitled to honorable mention. Can any of your correspondents place him?"

Author! Author!

As the World Wags:

Can you tell me the name of the author of the following old songs:

For the women are won by a dollar or two,
The women are won by a dollar or two,
A watch and a chain, a cigar and a cane,
And perhaps can sport a dollar or two.

And this one

For the days when I was hard up,
For want of food and fire,
I used to tie my old shoes up
With little bits of wire.
Relations, friends acquaintances,
All turned up their nose,
And gazed at me, a vagabond,
For want of better clothes.
Hard up, hard up, I never can forget,
For the days when I was hard up—
I may be well off yet.
Brook me OLD SONG.

Poor Old Robinson.

As the World Wags.

Discussion about "Robinson Crusoe" still continues at the Lambs Too Club. One of the members wrote an editorial for a Boston paper in which he called attention to the fact that Robinson was of German descent. On Sunday I looked up my German-English dictionary, brushed the dust from the time-worn and tattered "Robinson Crusoe" that had been the delight of my childhood, and with that as a "pony" sat down to read the best edition of Defoe's work in German that I have ever seen. Perhaps this German book may be described later. Meanwhile, your readers may like to see an extract from the editorial that was written by one of the most erudite members of the club. After noting the fact that the story was as vigorous and as fresh as ever, he wrote:

We wonder, while speaking of "Robinson Crusoe," how many readers remember that its hero was of German descent. He was. "My father was a foreigner from Bremen," he says on the very first page of the story, after relating that he was born in York, and he further says that the family name was Kreutznaer. This became "Crusoe" in due time, through the inability of the English to master its German sounds, and by the time young Robinson was born "Crusoe" had become the family name. * * * Crusoe's island is somewhere off the northeast coast of South America, as anybody who takes the trouble to read that part of the story relating to his interrupted journey from Brazil to Africa will easily discover.

Boston. ERNEST SEEKER.

FRITZ KREISLER GIVES THIRD VIOLIN RECITAL

Symphony Hall Crowded—Audience Enthusiastic.

Fritz Kreisler gave his third violin recital of this season at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. His program was: Sonata, E Major, Bach; Grave, Friedemann Bach; Prelude and Allegro, Gaetano Pugnani; Concerto No. 2, Wieniawski; Romance, E-flat major, Kreisler; Valse, E major, Chabrier-Loeffler; Rondino (on a theme by Beethoven), Kreisler; Three Caprices, Paganini.

The hall was crowded as it rarely has been before at any musical affair. Every foot of available space on the stage was used for chairs and every inch of standing room along the walls was occupied. Although he departed not a whit from his customary attitude of modest reserve and quiet dignity, Mr. Kreisler never played with more eager spirit or more emotional intensity, and, as his program with the many pieces he added appealed to all shades of musical taste, he wrought his hearers to a remarkable pitch of exaltation.

The enthusiasm began after the very first number, for it is one of Mr. Kreisler's rare abilities to make Bach a joy to the most rudimentary musical intelligence, and it grew apace with each new selection. Mr. Kreisler began yielding to the increasing demand for "more" after his second selection. He repeated his Rondino on a Beethoven theme, which roused the greatest storm of applause of all his pieces, and after the final regular number the people surged forward to the stage and would not go away till he had played practically a second recital, winding up with the ever-popular "Humoreske."

Feb 1 1916

BALLET RUSSE

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—First appearance in Boston of Serge de Diaghileff's Ballet Russe, Ernest Ansermet, music conductor. Ballets per-

Lubov Tchernichowa.

formed: "L'Oiseau de Feu," music by Stravinsky; "La Princesse Enchantee," music by Tschaikowsky; "Soleil de Nuit," music from Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Snegourotchka"; Scheherazade," music by Rimsky-Korsakoff. There was a very large and enthusiastic audience.

The feature of the evening was the first production in Boston of "L'Oiseau de Feu," in which the chief dancers were Miss Xenia Maclezova, the Fire Bird; Mme. Lebow Tchernichewa, La Belle Tsarevna; Mr. Massine, Ivan, and Mr. Cecchetti, the ogre Kostchei. When this ballet was performed at the Paris Opera in June, 1910, the chief dancers were Mmes. Tamar and Karsavina and Messrs. Fokine and Boulgakoff. Kostchei is the sorcerer, the "man skeleton" in "Mlada," also the hero of one of Rimsky-Korsakoff's operas. In Russian folk lore he is one of the many incarnations of the Dark Spirit. Sometimes he has the shape of a serpent; sometimes he is half human and half ophidian; but in other tales he is framed after the fashion of a man. He is called immortal because he is superior to the ordinary laws of existence. His "death"—the object with which his life is connected—does not exist within his body.

The scenario as arranged by Fokine tells how Ivan captures a gorgeous bird. He lets her escape and she in gratitude gives him one of her magical feathers. He is then warned by a group of maidens that the forest is enchanted; that Kotschei will turn him to stone if he remains. But he is in love with one of them, and will not run away. The ogre comes in pompously with his strange attendants. The feather saves Ivan, who calls the bird to his aid. She forces his retinue to dance wildly, until exhausted they all fall asleep. Ivan slays the ogre and the lovers live happily until they meet the sunderer of lovers and the filler of graves.

It is a fantastic subject, admirably suited to the Russian scene painters, costumers, and the composer, Stravinsky. His music is remarkably effective in its following the action, emphasizing situations, explaining the miming. It abounds in exotic melody, significant melodic phrases and fragments. It is constantly varied in rhythm and is orchestrated with a cunning and unerring sense of dramatic contrasts and significant expression. It is music that is imaginative throughout. The composer shuns the obvious, but does this without affectation. A thoroughly musico-dramatic score, from the mysterious introduction to the final burst of triumph when the prince dons the robe and sceptre.

This Russian Ballet is conspicuous for ensemble, gorgeous coloring and expressive music rather than for individual solo dancers of extraordinary merit. The chief solo dancing in "L'Oiseau de Feu" falls to Miss Maclezova, who has a beautiful face, mimetic ability, and sensuous abandon, although she is heavily built. Mme. Tchernichewa was fair to look upon. Mr. Cecchetti was an amusing Kostchei. But the charm of the ballet was in the perfection of the ensemble, the grace of the maidens, the splendor of costumes and the extraordinary music of Stravinsky.

After this music that of Tschaikowsky for "La Princesse Enchantee" seemed ordinary. There was a scene set by Bakst. The dancing of Miss Maclezova and Mr. Bolm, described as "pas de deux classique," was agreeable but conventional, orthodox. That of Miss Maclezova was chiefly distinguished by its agility, toe drill and revolving on one leg. Mr. Bolm has a lithe figure. He dances gracefully and with agility.

The orchestra gave a vigorous and perfunctory performance of the third movement of Rimsky-Korsakoff's. "Antar" symphony. "Soleil de Nuit," followed, a scene of Russian games and dances arranged by Mr. Messine, the leading dancer, with music by Rimsky-Korsakoff. It was an entertaining, charming and exciting spectacle.

A version of "Scheherazade" was given here by Miss Gertrude Hoffmann at the Shubert Theatre four years ago. Then as now the music was by Rimsky-Korsakoff. Miss Hoffmann's production was of an exciting nature, ferocious in spirit, sensual, and at times vulgar instead of artistic. It had great vitality.

In the performance last night the chief dancers were Mme. Revalles, Zobeide; Miss Wasilewska, the odalisque; Mr. Bocm, the Negro favorite; Mr. Cecchetti, the Chief Eunuch, and Messrs. Grigorieff and Jazwinski, the brothers unfortunate in their marital relations. The setting, costumes, lighting and ensemble were superb. But the spirit of the performance was necessarily tame. There was little or no splendid savagery. The frolics of the harem might have taken place in a vestry. There was no oriental brutality in the summary punishment of the offenders. There was only a magnificent spectacle with delightful dancing. As an old politician returning from a convention in Vermont to his native village remarked of the platform finally adopted: "The platform, sir, was pruned of its most inherent qualities."

It is said that the production at Covent Garden was tamer than the one in Paris. We have all read of the objection raised in New York to the sight of Negro slaves embracing white beauties of the harem. And as a matter of fact in the "Thousand Nights and a Night" only the wife of King Shahryar is enamored of a blockmoor; the other ladies of the harem have white lovers.

Naturally the effect of costuming was injured somewhat by the substitution of tanned skins for jet black. No one need expect, going to see "Scheherazdi" as it is now produced, that he will see the Sir Richard F. Burton edition with the anthropological notes. The production is now one for a young lady's genteel seminary.

No one who has an eye for color, a love of the beautiful in many forms, should miss the opportunity of seeing the Russian Ballet. The orchestra is large and composed of capable players. Mr. Ansermot conducted "Le Oiseau de Feu" and "Scheherazade" with authority, intelligence and in a poetic and musical spirit. The performance of the symphonic movement of Rimsky-Korsakoff was only vigorous.

The final curtain fell at a reasonable hour.

The ballets tonight will be "L'Apres-midi d'un faune," "Prince Igor," "Scheherazade" and "L'oiseau de feu."

Letters about sliding down hill from "H. C. T." of West Somerville, describing scenes in Montville, Me., and from "Whistling Wind" of Boston were published in the first edition of The Herald last Saturday morning. "H. C. T." gave a delightful description of scenes in Waldo county of the early Sixties. The boys, nearly all, wore tippets, but they generally called them scarfs or comforters, sometimes mufflers. "Some of the girls wore copper-toed, legged boots. On their heads, some wore clouds, and some wore 'punkin hoods.' One of the latter, who had a sled of her own, shod with steel (her father was a blacksmith), has been my life partner for many years."

Other letters necessarily omitted in later editions were written by "H. H. S." and "Al. Iquis." "H. H. S." asked for information about a group of singers, "The Continentals," led by William (?) Franklin, who gave concerts in New England just before the civil war. "They had some midgets with them—Charles and Eliza Nestelle, called Commodore [illegible] (or Foote) and [illegible] Nestelle.' 'Al. Iquis' returning from St. John, where he met with mishaps and adventures because the rule of the road there is "keep to the left," spoke of the rule in New England and asked what it is in other countries. "About 40 years ago the Old Colony railroad temporarily adopted not only the rule of the road, but the style of coach, of the English. These adaptations, however, did not prove popular."

In another paragraph appearing only in the first edition it was suggested that the word "Blighty" applied by British troops in the trenches to England, might be a corruption of the Hindu word "Belaite," meaning Europe, taken to France by Anglo-Indian soldiers.

Elegant Extracts.

"Three Westerners" write from Wellesley: "May the West speak? It was 'belly buster' out in Iowa fifty years ago. And it was 'sliding down hill.' Coasting was only in books, just 'sliding' was with one's feet on icy places."

"Nova Scotian" of Roslindale writes: "We little Bluenoses called it 'belly butt.'"

Mr. E. J. Bucklin of Warren, Knox county, Me., informs us that sixty or sixty-five years ago boys used the terms "belly bunt" and "knee bunt." The boys slid this way thirty years ago and boys are doing it now. Sixty years ago they sometimes took a sitting position and steered with a pole eight feet long trailing out behind.

"It don't seem to me that they put the dash and enthusiasm in the sport now that they did in the old days." Mr. Bucklin writes that if this letter is printed he will tell how "The idle forced miners of Idaho territory killed time by sliding down hill in the middle sixties."

Ralph Blanchard of Windsor, Vt., says that in his state the term for sliding down hill is "belly bunt." "All boys who are not sissies slide this way, and a few girls. We also use the term 'traverse' instead of double-runner. I have never heard of the manner of sliding sideways with one leg steering."

Big Sam Folsom.

"H. H. S.," now of Providence, R. I., in an interesting letter says that on the Penobscot in the late sixties, when she (now a woman of 60) was one of the village tomboys, the word was "belly bunt."

"We went 'sliding,' not coasting, in Maine." Her sled "Snowbird" was painted canary yellow with scrolls and arabesques of brown around the name.

"I recall one of the big boys named Sam Folsom. Big, burly, with curly hair and freckled face, and a sled big enough to carry several of us girls. After we had piled on and started and as we came near the big jounce or 'thanky-marm,' he would yell: 'Hang! hang! hang like hell!' and hang we did. Wonder what has become of jolly big Sam!"

Coasting and Sausage.

As the World Wags:

Relative to the sausage question. The pronunciation of many words and terms is peculiar to the locality. "Belly bunt" and "knee bunt" will go, I think; but I would really like to know the origin of "coasting," and why "coasting." Sliding seems a more natural term.

When a boy "sausage" was the correct term. We would as soon say "snows" as "sausages." Should any of your readers desire to pass for the real refined article they may call the sausage "tokens." * * * In a small town in the far-away country there was being constructed a branch railroad that employed many men. A native of the town, a man of the narrow gauge style, opened a boarding-house. He had many tricks for saving the dollar. One was to salt heavily the butter. His patrons soon countered by cutting under the slab. The old gentleman could not stand for that and used to say: "Cut the butter straight, boys." For breakfast the staple article was sausage. The old gentleman being strongly religious always insisted upon saying a blessing, once a day, and he selected the morning meal for the service, as he had more time then. His beginning was invariably "O Lord, for these tokens," etc. Soon the boys were helping themselves to "tokens." And that became the accepted name for what the World Wags writers are calling "sausages" or "sassingers."

Why is it that traveling people, especially females, say Boston is the worst city in the country?

DR. W. E. CROCKETT.

"Coast," a snow or ice covered slope down which one slides on a sled, is known only in the United States and Canada. It was originally a local term. In a letter dated 1775 we read: "Some of our school lads improved the coast from Sherburn's Hill down to School street. Their fathers before 'em had improved it as a coast from time immemorial." It is said that the word represents the French "cote," meaning hillside or slope. It it probable that the verb "coast" and the verbal substantive "coasting" came to Boston from Canada?

We regret to say there is no authority for "Sausage" used for the plural. There is provincial authority for "Sassingers" and these lines from Hen-

...ley's "...Life in the Slums" are dear to us:

"O' erikey, Bill," she ses to me, she ses.
"Look sharp," ses she, "with them there sossigs.
Yea! sharp with them there bags of mysteries!
For lo!" she ses, "for lo! old pal," ses she,
"I'm blooming peckish, neither more nor less."

To think that this rondeau is not printed in the "complete" edition of **Henley's writings!—Ed.**

SHUBERT THEATRE—E. H. Sothern presents for the first time in Boston "The Two Virtues," a comedy in four acts by Alfred Sutro. Cast:

K.P.

Jeffery Panton.......................Mr. Sothern
Claude Jervoise.......................Orlando Daly
Mrs. Guildford.......................Miss Alexandra Carlisle
Lady Milligan.......................Miss Haidee Wright
Mrs. Jervoise.......................Miss Pauline Whitson
Alice Exerq.......................Miss Blanche Yurka
Baylis.......................Arthur W. Ash
Mary.......................Miss Frances Sommers

"And the greatest of these is Charity." The immortal list of the three highest virtues does not even mention the one Chastity, that, with the "greatest," forms the basis for Mr. Sutro's title. Jeffery Panton, bookman, recluse, writer of a history of historians, unconsciously displays a particularly fine brand of Charity. His sister, Lady Milligan, a delightful quintessence of snobbery, is wholly innocent of it, but she is aggressively insistent on Chastity—in other women. When her brother at the climax of their clashings reminds her that there is another virtue besides the one she has so slanderously denied to Mrs. Guildford and that it is Charity, she drawls:

"Oh yes, I suppose so, but it is sometimes a weakness."

Panton had loved—once—a girl of 20, when he was 40. Just before their wedding, she met a poet and married him instead of Panton. Now she is Mrs. Jervoise and her husband reads his poems to Mrs. Guildford. Panton, among his books, has been loyal to his lost love, or rather to the image that he thought was his fair one. When she comes in the flesh as one of the silliest creatures ever seen on the stage, to ask him to go to her husband and tell him to quit Mrs. Guildford, his disillusionment, as Mr. Sothern artfully portrays it, is delightful to behold.

He won't go to Jervoise, but will go to Mrs. Guildford, of whom it is mysteriously alleged by other women: "There is no Mr. Guildford." He goes and after an enlivening scene, in which Jervoise joins and during which Mrs. Guildford tells the poet he need not read to her any more, Panton discovers Mrs. Guildford is a student of history and engages her to help him on his colossal work.

After two weeks of their collaboration his sister and Mrs. Jervoise come upon the workers in Panton's library. Lady Milligan, who wants Panton to marry Lady Somebody, accuses Mrs. Guildford of a long list of offences against the unmentioned virtue. Mrs. Jervoise chimes in. Panton hotly defends Mrs. Guildford, who tells him to keep quiet and then exchanges entertaining verbal fireworks with the two women. The audience knows Mrs. Guildford is innocent and she has all their sympathy. She throws up her job with Panton and goes home.

The sister and brother have it out with a charming rehearsal of family history and when he says that Mrs. Guildford is infinitely the superior of Lady Milligan the sister sneers.

"Then why don't you marry her?"

"By Jove" he cries. "I will. She shall be your sister-in-law and — (as Lady Milligan goes out in a state of collapse) we will come to every one of your Tuesday afternoons."

He gets a marriage license from the Archbishop of Canterbury the next day and, though Mrs. Guildford appreciates it as a peace offering, she won't go to the registry office—at first. But she consents after some of the extremely refreshing fencing with which the piece is filled.

Mr. Sothern's portrayal of the whimsical, ironical, sterling-hearted recluse, who is immensely rich, but neither knows nor cares about money or titles or society, but who amid all his oddities is always true as steel to the finer ideals and sentiments of life, is one of the best things he has ever done. His picturing of the recurring shocks that Panton, the loyal lover, gets as he realizes how different the reality of Mrs. Jervoise is from the dream he had been cherishing is brilliant in its delicate suggestion. His repression, his comical sarcasms and his outbursts when he can no longer contain himself are superb.

Miss Carlisle gives him splendid support as the misjudged, half-pathetic altogether lovable Mrs. Guildford.

Miss Wright is remarkably clever as the keen-witted, sarcastic, nagging, newly aristocratic, snobbish and cattish Lady Milligan.

Miss Whitson is just silly enough as the entertainingly empty-headed Mrs Jervoise, and the other players, while having less to do with the telling of the story, most acceptably do their part.

EMMA CARUS HEADS GOOD BILL AT B. F. KEITH'S

Several Clever and Amusing Acts Make up Program.

Emma Carus is the headliner at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. She brings a lot of new material and sings several songs of widely different character. The possessor of a musical voice—musical in speech as well as in song—she uses it with facility, but her notes in the upper register are thin. Her best number was the "Rocky Road to Dublin." Miss Carus dresses extravagantly, but never unbecomingly. She was assisted in her dancing number by Noel Stuart.

Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Barry have an amusing sketch, "The Rube." To hear Mr. Barry sing "If There's Anything I Hate It's a Wishbone" is one of the treats of the bill.

Charles and Fanny Van are as funny as ever in their short sketch, "In Case of Emergency."

One of the best dancing acts ever seen at this theatre was that of Moon and Morris. The unity of their movements is perfect. The dance of the shabby genteels and the newspaper dance are striking novelties.

Charles Olcott was very funny in his sketch, "A Comic Opera in Ten Minutes." The act is a burlesque, not without its keen satire on comic opera.

Others on the bill were Julia Blanc and company in the melodramatic sketch, "Mammy Lou"; Six American Dancers in a colorful dancing act; The Gladiators in feats of strength and Capt. Max Gruber and Mlle. Adelina in an elephant, horse, pony and dog entertainment.

COLONIAL THEATRE—First metropolitan performance of "Pom-Pom," a comic opera in two acts; score by Hugo Felix, book and lyrics by Anne Caldwell; production made by Henry W. Savage. The cast:

G

Paulette (First appearance as Pom-Pom, the pickpocket).......................Mizzi Hajos
Policeman No. 13.......................Tom McNaughton
Bertrand.......................Carl Gantvort
Grolmus.......................Thomas Walsh
Macache.......................William Eville
Therese.......................Christie Dane
Elize.......................Edith Hay
Jean.......................Thomas Wood
Manager of the Olympia.......................Eric Campbell
The Author.......................Charles Angelo

It was a near-premier performance. Hartford, Mr. Savage and George Marion passed on two or three performances last week, and found the entertainment good. A representative Boston audience was present last evening and also found flavor and substance in it. "Pom-Pom" should live for its music alone, it has also the merit of humor, somewhat unevenly distributed, but never quite in distress. It has a cast of Savage standards, which slights no minor part nor handicaps a principal role; and it has the Urban scenery, which now seems quite the vogue, though in places it is platted on too massive a scale to fit even a commodious stage.

It is said of Mr. Savage that 13 years ago, when "The Prince of Pilsen" was produced, he sat on the State House steps until 2:30 in the morning, trying to convince himself that that perennially profitable venture was a failure. Since then he has given us "The Merry Widow" and "Sari" as the most striking examples of his success in productions of operetta, and doubtless he was able to retire in decent season last evening with the conviction that "Pom-Pom" is at least a worthy successor to the latter.

Story of the Operetta.

The story is briefly told; in fact, after the first act, as frequently happens, it disappears until the finale curtain. Paulette, a popular prima donna, is about to appear in the premier of an operetta. She is dressed as a youthful pickpocket of male gender, and when a trio of burglars is caught looting her dressing room, the very active police, returning for more prisoners, mistake her for one of the gang and carry her out of the theatre. Later she escapes from the prison yard and, with some real jail birds, resorts to the Black Elephant, a notorious hiding place for the choicest and most amorous and most humorous of the denizens of the under-world. She maintains the role of Pom-Pom, the pickpocket, for her own safety, and in the end is rescued by the police, headed by Bertrand, chief of detectives, and chief of her admirers.

The score is a thing of constant beauty. Mr. Felix has written several fascinating waltz themes and Mr. Savage has given his score full play, even to the harp and divers wind and reed instruments which very seldom are heard in the theatre. There are several duets, trios, soli with choruses and one comic solo for Mr. McNaughton. Like its title, it is unlucky in that it is nearly pointless. It is the one number which might well be spared, not because the comedian fails in it, but because it fails him.

A Delightful Pom-Pom.

Miss Hajos was a delightful Pom-Pom. She seems a composite of several of the older favorites of the musical comedy stage. She has the profile of Adele Ritchie, the mischievousness of Lulu Glaser, modified 75 per cent., the diminutiveness of Toby Claude, plus one or two inches upward and across; and in boy's clothes she stirs recollections of Della Fox in her happier days. Withal she has a trilling, birdlike voice, neither thin nor yet overvibrant, a voice which commands respectful silence and sincere admiration, in turn.

Mr. McNaughton, as policeman 13, had his best opportunities in the first act, although, with Miss Hajos, he forced a certain amount of humor into a scene suggestive of various circus feats. In the latter part of the second act, Mr. Walsh's Grolmus, a burglar of refining experience, was amusing in person if not always in lines; and Mr. Angelo as the author and Mr. Kraus as the old count, a mild replica of the Baron Chevrial, were capital in their limited horizons.

Vocal honors, following those scored by Miss Hajos, fell to Miss Dane, an imported contralto of apparent youth, superb full tones and a certain degree of dramatic effectiveness which will grow with further familiarity with the exactions of the American stage; and to Mr. Gantvort, whose sturdy voice, made for grand opera, was good to hear in "Only One Hour" and "Ships in the Night."

Mr. Urban's scenery was characteristic. The green room of the Olympia Theatre, in green and white, the dull gray of the prison yard and the rather oriental tones of the interior of the Black Elephant were distinctive and novel. "Pom-Pom" should please Boston theatregoers. Whether it is too melodious, clean and sane for New Yorkers remains to be seen.

MME. KOUSNEZOFF MAKES FIRST APPEARANCE HERE

Shows Voice of Varied Qualities at Morning Recital.

K.W.

The eighth morning musicale under the direction of S. Kronberg took place yesterday at the Copley-Plaza. Mme. Maria Kousnezoff, soprano, of the Petrograd, Paris and Chicago Grand Opera houses sang Juliet's waltz song from Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet," and these songs: Rachmaninoff, "J'ai Aime"; Gretchaninoff, "Chanson Orientale"; Grieg, "Le Cigne"; Tschaikowsky, "Il Ma Tant Aime"; Padella, "Lerele"; Alvarez, "Chanson du Prisonnier." Marcel Journet, for many years bass of the Paris and Metropolitan Opera houses sang airs from Mozart's "Don Giovanni"; Paladilhe's "Patrie"; Massenet's "Jongleur de Notre Dame," and Flegier's song "Le Cor." Miss Ethel Leginska, pianist, played these pieces: Chopin, Scherzo in B minor; Liszt, Rhapsodie VIII, "Rigoletto," paraphrase; Leschetizky, Etude Heroique. Elmer Wilson was the accompanist.

Many were interested to hear Mme. Kousnezoff, who made her first appearance in Boston. Born at Odessa, she was not immediately trained for a musical career. Later her musical and dramatic ability attracted attention at amateur performances and induced her to study for the stage. She also studied dancing at the Imperial School of Dancing with Folkine. She made her debut in opera in 1906 as Marguerite in "Faust," and her success led to her engagement at the Imperial Opera House. Mme. Kousnezoff's repertoire includes 56 operas. She is a clever linguist, speaking French, German, Spanish, Italian and Russian.

The singer's voice is not remarkable, nor her art above reproach. The voice itself has a certain brilliance, a brilliance that is often metallic, especially when the singer forces tone. The voice is uneven in quality. Occasionally the extreme upper notes have color and fulness. At other times they have an acid quality. In her opening song she displayed a certain ease in bravura, her trill was bravely attacked. The songs in Russian and Spanish were sung with a fair amount of intelligence and animation. With Mr. Journet, Mme. Kousnezoff sang a duet from Massenet's "Thais."

The depth, volume and fine quality of Mr. Journet's voice gave much pleasure. Miss Leginska's virtuosity of mechanism and as a colorist was brilliantly revealed. A large audience was appreciative.

The next concert will be on Monday, Feb. 14. Mme. Matzenauer, Mr. Ferrari-Fontana and Mr. Arkady Bourstin, violinist, will be the artists.

Feb 2 1916

BALLET RUSSE

By PHILIP HALE.

Boston Opera House: Diaghileff's Ballet Russe performed these ballets: "L'oiseau de feu," "Sheherazade," "L'Apres-midi d'un Faune" (first time here), and "Prince Igor" (first time here). Mr. Ansermet conducted. There was an audience of good size that applauded especially "L'oiseau de feu" and "L'Apres-midi d'un Faune." The censors sat in state and remained through the performance, faithful to their solemn duty.

"L'Apres-Midi d'un Faune," a scene devised by Nijinsky; music, the well-known prelude of Debussy, was produced at the Chatelet, Paris, on May 29, 1912.

It has been said that Debussy's music is not a translation into tones of Mallarme's cryptic poem; it is a prelude; music to put the hearer into the mood for appreciating the poem, or the certain dispositions of speech and language. Be this as it may, the ballet scene shows the faun and nymphs in action, not, however, in action as when Nijinsky first mimed in Paris to the amazement even of Figaro and Le Gaulois. The scene itself is then a prelude to the poem, and is thus in close connection with Debussy's music.

For the poem itself, according to the explanation of Mr. Edmund Gosse, which was accepted by the poet, may thus be put into prose. A faun, simple and sensuous, wakes at daybreak and tries to recall his experience of the previous afternoon. Had he received a visit from tender and indulgent nymphs, or was the memory only the shadow of a vision? He cannot tell. "Yet surely there was, surely there is, an animal whiteness among the brown reeds of the lake that shines out yonder? Were they, are they, swans? No! But Naiades plunging? Perhaps!

"Vaguer and vaguer grows the impression of this delicious experience. He would resign his woodland godship to retain it. * * * Perhaps if he selects one lily from the garth of lilies, one benign and beneficent yielder of her cup to thirsty lips, the memory, the ever-receding memory, may be forced back. So when he has glutted upon a bunch of grapes, he is wont to toss the empty skins into the air and blow them out in a visionary greediness. But no, the delicious hour grows vaguer; experience or dream, he will never know which it was. The sun is warm the grasses yielding; and he curls himself up again, after worshipping the efficacious star of wine, that he may pursue the dubious ecstasy into the more hopeful boskages of sleep."

Debussy's music is better adapted to this idyl of a Grecian vase than the music of "Sheherazade" is to the ballet of the same name. That is to say, it is less incongruous, for the first movement of Rimsky-Korsakoff's suite play, as a prelude to the ballet is concerned with Sinbad's ship and its adventures. No wonder that the widow of the composer protested vigorously against the misuse of the charmingly fantastical score. But Debussy's music is idyllic in itself. Mr. Massini took the part of the wondering and at last illuminated Faun, naive in gesture if not in imagination. The nymphs were beautiful of face, figure and costume. It was as if, suddenly called to life, they had left for a moment their home, the frieze. Whether the charming effect answered Debussy's idea is of little moment. Debussy, no doubt, when composing his prelude, was thinking chiefly of making music. The program quoted a saying of Stephane Mallarme that his poem should be danced in the midst of a landscape with trees of zinc. The idea was not original, for Baudelaire long before him had pictured in poetry a landscape of sheet iron as beautiful beyond comparison.

Borodin's ballet is in the second act of his opera, "Prince Igor," which was completed after his death by Rimsky-Korsakoff and Glazounoff. The opera was produced at Petrograd in 1890, three years after the death of the composer. It was brought out at the Metropolitan Opera House this season. The march and the dances from the opera were played at the Boston Opera House in 1912.

In the opera the Russian Prince Igor is captured by the Khan Kontschak of the nomadic Polovtski, who invaded the Russian empire in the twelfth century. Kontschak wishing to show friendship for the prisoner invites him to a festival of oriental dancing and choral singing.

The music of these dances is remarkable for its gorgeous coloring, for the mixture of barbaric sonorities, voluptuous melodies of the East and exultant songs of triumph. There is a superb wildness, a barbaric splendor.

The dances themselves, with Mr. Bolm as chief warrior, were chiefly acrobatic and, as far as the men were concerned, somewhat disappointing.

"L'Oiseau de Feu" and "Sheherazade" were performed with the dancers of Monday night.

The ballets tonight will be "L'Oiseau de Feu," "Carnaval" (Schumann's music), "La Princesse Enchantee" and "Soleil de Nuit."

STOESSEL RECITAL

Albert Stoessel, violinist, gave a recital last night in Steinert Hall. He was assisted by his sister, Miss Edna Stoessel. The program was as follows: Handel, Sonata, D major; Bruch, Concerto in G minor; Stoessel, Humoresque, Lullaby, Minuet Crinoline, Serenade; Goldmark, Air; Sarasate, Gypsy Airs.

It will be remembered that not long ago Mr. Stoessel gave a recital in Steinert Hall and was not able on account of illness to go through the program. Last night he was in the vein. His performance was interesting technically and aesthetically. His own compositions also gave pleasure to a large audience.

If Candlemas-day be fair and bright,
Winter will have another flight;
But if Candlemas-day be clouds and rain,
Winter is gone, and will not come again.

Or to use the language of the ancient Romans:

Si Sol splendescat Maria purificante,
Major erit glacies post festum quam fuit ante.

It was said years ago by Sir Thomas Browne, "there is a general tradition in most parts of Europe, that inferreth the coldness of succeeding winter from the shining of the sun on Candlemas Day." But where and when did the groundhog first come into the tradition?

Horrors of War.

We heard a New Yorker complaining bitterly that the war prevented him from obtaining his caviare at a certain retaurant. "I don't mean your caviare from Maine, but the real thing that costs a dollar a teaspoonful." Unhappy man! What is there in life for him? Will the war never cease? We advise him to consider a saying about caviare written by Dr. Ramsey, physician to Charles II. and author of an invaluable treatise on the worms of the human body: "A fond dish of the Italians, made of the roes of sturgion, and altogether as unwholesome, if not much worse; invented by the brains, and fansied by none but such as are ignorant what it is: wherefore I would have them consider the Italian proverb, which may be Englished thus.

He that eats Caviales
Eats salt, dung, and flies.

"For it is only (as was said) the roes of sturgion powdred, pickled, and finely denominated Caviale, to be a bait for such woodcocks and dotrils that account every exotick fansie a real good."

The Wiener Tageblatt announces the opening in the Rotherturm strasse, Vienna, of the first butcher's shop for the sale of dogs' flesh.

The briar pipe is threatened. Before the war these pipes were exported in great quantities from France, but the French government has appropriated 8,000,000 of them for the troops, and the expert workmen are serving their country. The few pipes left cannot supply the home demand. As a result briar pipes are going up in price. In London the best show an increase of 25 per cent.

A young English officer, praised for his originality, has fashioned a cocktail shaker out of a shell case, highly polished and lined with glass. The Express (London) finds that there is "a good deal of humor in the idea of drinking such a toast as 'To hell with the Huns' in a Martini or Bronx which has been mixed in a shaker made from one of Germany's own death-dealing shells." This reminds us that after the first battle of Bull Run northerners were led to believe that gentlemen of the Confederate army took the skulls of dead Union soldiers and drank from them with horrid oaths and blasphemies. Young as we were, we remember reading these stories in the newspapers. Are not some of these legends preserved in the early volumes of the "Rebellion Record"?

Not Knowing.

As the World Wags:

In a Washington dispatch in this morning's Herald "from a staff correspondent of the Herald," it is stated that "Presidents do not name men for the supreme court until they are sure" that they will accept. That statement, however, is incorrect; in other words, Presidents sometimes appoint (or nominate) men as justices of the supreme court without knowing that they will accept. As two examples of that kind, President Madison, in 1811, successively appointed two Massachusetts men as justices of that court without knowing that they would accept, for they both declined to accept. Those two Massachusetts men were Levi Lincoln of Worcester and John Quincy Adams of Quincy. Lincoln was first appointed, and, after his declination, Adams was appointed, but the latter also declined to accept. In the case of the appointment of Adams, who was in Russia at the time, the appointment was, I think, sent to the Senate and, by that body, confirmed several months before he received the news of his appointment.

SEAWELL.

Brookline, Jan. 29.

Literary Gents.

Mr. H. Thurston Hopkins has written a book, "Rudyard Kipling: A Literary Appreciation." Here is a quotation: "We have all felt the charm of Walter Pater and Wilde, and we have all recognized the masterful touch of Beardsley, but when Rudyard Kipling replaced their pallid world of garish limelight with the good honest sunlight it was quite a welcome change." Observe the subtlety of Mr. Hopkins's analysis: "All his ideas are clothed in gorgeous language." "Most people will be ready to admit that Rudyard Kipling can write poetry when he likes." "In 'Stalky & Co.' and 'Kim' we find the texture of the author's mind and the labyrinth of his heart manifested with the exactness of an analyist." "The richness of his general information about Tommy and his ways is constantly astonishing people." Mr. Hopkins, as a biographer, has been indefatigable in research: "According to the testimony of Mr. Holker, a Lancashire cotton weaver, who had mills at Dharmal, near Lahore, Kipling's father was a very great oriental scholar."

Mr. David Williamson is the author of a thrilling biography of the Prince of Wales. One of the many "interesting" stories contained therein is that the prince once declared: "When I am King I shall make three laws. No one shall cut the tails of little dogs; there shall be no more fishing with hooks; no one shall use bearing reins to hurt the horses." Bless his little heart!

PLYMOUTH THEATRE: Miss Julia Arthur in "The Eternal Magdalene," a play in three acts by Robert McLaughlin. First performance in Boston.

Paul Bradshaw	Robert Hudson
Arnold Macy	William David
John Bellamy	Francis Byrne
Elizabeth Bradshaw	Claire Burke
Martha Bradshaw	Ina Brooks
Elijah Bradshaw	Dodson Mitchell
Rev. Birmingham Smollet	Arnold Lucy
Rev. James Gleason	Robert M. Middlemass
Otto	Manuel Alexander
The Woman	Julia Arthur
Judge Bascomb	Harry Harwood
Blanche Dumond	Louise Randolph
Dan Burke	E. M. Dresser

Miss Julia Arthur made her reappearance in Boston last evening at the Plymouth Theatre. The occasion was one of special interest to Boston. Not only is the actress well remembered here in the roles which won her distinction, but the period of her retirement from public life was spent here while her marriage to Benjamin P. Cheney made Boston her home by adoption.

It is said that Mr. McLaughlin's play was inspired by a civic attack on the segregated district in Cleveland, O. Elijah Bradshaw, a self-made and self-righteous citizen, has enlisted the services of the Rev. James Gleason, an evangelist after the fashion of Mr. Billy Sunday, to conduct meetings in an effort to abolish the segregated district of a certain western town. Incidentally, Mr. Bradshaw has secured a considerable amount of publicity for himself. A shopman, he has an eye to business and hopes to attract increased patronage. Even at home he pursues his moral campaign. His son nas designs on a neighboring leg-show and his daughter would prefer to go to a play with an admirer, Arnold Macy. Instead, the young people are ordered to attend the final meeting for the cause, conducted by the Rev. Gleason, while Bradshaw, left alone in his library, sits down to prepare his statement for the morning papers.

Letters from inmates of the district, threatening him and his family with misfortune, prey upon his mind. He falls asleep at his desk and dreams a strange dream.

A woman from the district comes to him. His vice crusade has driven her from employment. Homeless, she demands work. Bradshaw offers her money and a place at his shop. She will have none of the money. In the shop she would at once be recognized. She wishes to be a maid in Bradshaw's house. To him she seems the daughter of a woman he had deserted years ago. Stricken with remorse, he accepts her terms.

In act II. Bradshaw learns that his son has stolen for a Magdalene of his own. A thorough cad, he readily abandons her at his father's promise of reinstatement, but suggests to the attractive new maid that she share the little vacation tactfully arranged for him. Bradshaw finds him in the act of embracing the woman and orders him from the house forever. Elizabeth Bradshaw runs away with her admiring bond-salesman. The shock kills Mrs. Bradshaw.

In act III., Bradshaw, broken and deserted by all save the woman, is admonished by his former associates in the cause to turn the Magdalene he is sheltering out of his home. He refuses. His daughter returns alone. She is welcomed and comforted by the woman. Gleason and his supporters come with mob and band to drive the woman into the streets. They stone the house, but Bradshaw stands his ground and quotes Scripture. He forgives his daughter. The woman, her mission accomplished, passes out into the darkness. Bradshaw awakes to greet his family, gives his daughter to the honest but impecunious reporter, who really loves her and refuses to let his indictment of the inmates of the segregated district be published in the morning paper.

The piece is a dream play, a modern morality, not unlike "The Servant in the House" and "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." The author has chosen a theme which would appeal to modern audiences. It is by no means a defence of prostitution but rather a plea for compassion and justice, and an arraignment against hypocrisy. There is variety and contrast in the drawing of characters. The familiar types speak naturally. In fact, Mr. McLaughlin has been more successful in his portraiture of character and in his dialogue than in his management of the plot.

A young man, he shows crudity in construction. The piece suffers through repetition. The woman not only reminds Bradshaw of an escapade but awakens similar memories in his son and the bond salesman. The episode of the mob and band is frankly melodramatic. The comic judge, the Rev. Smollet, though amusing and capitally acted by Mr. Harwood, and Mr. Lucy remembered for his admirable work in "Fanny's First Play" are on the whole superfluous characters; nor is Miss Dumond, with her catalogue, though she represents prostitution in a refined and cultured state, wholly essential to the development of the play.

The Magdalene, of course, dominates the scenes and Miss Arthur makes much of the part. The actress has but resumed her place upon the stage with talents undimmed. Her voice, of unusual depth and richness, her admirable diction, her eloquent facial play, her repose, her personal charm, remain the same. A striking apparition in the first act, she plays with unflagging resourcefulness and vitality. In the Magdalene's robes her nobility of pose and gesture are impressive. In the third act she soars to heights of religious exaltation.

A large and enthusiastic audience welcomed Miss Arthur, who spoke her thanks after the second act.

5 2 3 1 4 16

FOUR BALLETS

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: These ballets were performed by the Serge de Diaghileff Ballet Russe: "L'oiseau de Feu," "Soleil de Nuit," "Carnaval" (first time here), "Prince Igor." Mr. Ansermet conducted.

Some have protested against the "violence" done to Schumann's piano music by orchestrating it and then dancing to it. This reverence seems to us excessive. Schumann himself wrote to Moscheles that he was sending to him his "Maskentanz," for so he then entitled the suite of pieces known to us as "Carnaval," and he added: "The arrangement of the whole and the inscriptions over the separate pieces were added after the music was written." The music certainly suggests a ball. Why should not the characters fancied by Schumann appear at it in flesh and blood, not forgetting the dreamy Eusebius? Why should they not dance and woo? The orchestration was the work of Rimsky-Korsakoff, Liadoff, Tcherepnine and Glazounoff. Some of it was done with a heavy hand. Other numbers were daintily scored. Probably if Schumann had written his music for orchestra, he would have been less successful as a colorist than the Russians.

In this pantomime-ballet the cast was as follows:

Colombine	Miss Lopokova
Chiarina	Mme. Tchernicheva
Estrella	Mme. Wasilewska
Papillon	Mme. Hilda Bewicke
Arlequin	Mr. Idzikowski
Pierrot	Mr. Bolm
Eusebius	Mr. Massine
Pantalon	Mr. Cecchetti
Florestan	Mr. Pianowski

The setting has a strange simplicity; the costumes were delightfully old-fashioned and becoming. The audience had immediate pleasure and was in constant expectation. The dancers appeared, now one, now two, then in groups; a lover pursuing a coquette; protestations and rejections; reconciliations and speedy partings; our old friends Colombine and Harlequin, the one fairer, the other more agile than ever; poor Pierrot could not catch his Papillon; no woman favored him; he sprawled disconsolate across the footlights, plucked up heart and sought new amorous adventures, unhappy to the end.

It is not easy to describe the beauty, the charm of this ballet scene. Infinite grace! Infinite variety! And to some the familiar music was if it had been written for the scene, so expressive were the dancers in action and repose, in mimicry and in dancing. It was a picture not easily forgotten. And chief among these characters of Schumann was Colombine with her fascinating smile, her bewitching freshness, not unconscious of adorers around her, but faithful to her little Harlequin. She might have smiled once on Pierrot. It would have cheered him till the ball was over.

The other ballets were as before except that in "L'oiseau de Feu" Miss Lopokova replaced Miss Mactezowa as the Bird.

The ballets tonight will be "Scheherazade," "Les Sylphides" (first time), "L'Apres-midi d'un Faune," "Prince Igor."

The life of Delane, the famous editor of the London Times, by Sir Edward Cook, has been published in London as a volume of the "Makers of the Nineteenth Century" series. The biographer, extolling Delane's news sense, tells how he once met his physician, Sir Richard Quain, at the Athenaeum Club. They talked about the weather, then about different climates and their effects on different constitutions. The physician happened to say that he had been telling Lord Northbrook in answer to a question that a hot climate might suit a delicate girl very well. The next morning the Times made the announcement that Lord Northbrook had been appointed to succeed Lord Mayo as Viceroy of India.

In other words, Delane took a great risk. As the appointment had really been made or was to be made, the guess turned out to the editor's glory. But what if Sir Richard had been asking about a hot climate for the delicate daughter of a relative or friend, and the Ollendorfian sentence had been without

Thought of him as Viceroy. Would not the Times have been called sensational, untrustworthy, mendacious?

Giles Corey.

As the World Wags:

I gladly acknowledge that Suburbanite is technically correct in saying that Giles Corey was "never convicted of witchcraft, and, of course, never pressed to death or in any other way punished for witchcraft." But, while technically correct, this statement strikes me as very misleading, since it distinctly gives the impression that witchcraft had nothing to do with Corey's death. It had nothing to do with the particular way in which he was put to death, but it had very much indeed to do with the fact that he was executed. He was indicted for witchcraft, and had there been no belief in witchcraft there would have been no indictment; and he was as much a victim of the witchcraft delusion as were the other persons (about 33 in number) who were hanged in New England for that crime. Most, if not all, of those who lost their lives on the Titanic were drowned; but surely an account of that tragedy which did not mention an iceberg would be lacking in verity.

If in saying that "witchcraft was rampant all over New England," Mrs. Mixter meant that the belief in witchcraft prevailed throughout New England, the statement is correct. If she meant that, apart from the Salem episode, executions or even trials for witchcraft were numerous in New England, the statement is singularly incorrect. Previous to 1693, which saw the last witch trial in New England, Vermont did not exist, while Maine was part of Massachusetts. Neither in New Hampshire nor in Rhode Island were there any trials; in Plymouth Colony there were two trials, but no executions; in Connecticut there were six executions; and in Massachusetts there were about 61 trials (of which 49 were in 1692 and 1693), and about 26 executions (of which 20 were in 1692 and 1693). See "The Witchcraft Episode in Massachusetts," by the late John Noble (Publications Col. Soc. Mass., x. 12-26), and—what is by far the best article that has ever been written on the subject—Prof. George L. Kittredge's "Notes on Witchcraft" (Proceedings American Antiquarian Society, 1907, xviii.). A. M.

Boston, Feb. 1.

"Belly Flounders."

As the World Wags:

I think that 60 years ago my brothers used to coast "belly flounders" on Boston Common. "Butchers" and "sitters" seem to me familiar terms, and the daring spirits went down "standing," or perhaps it was "standee." Girls never coasted in those days unless in the back yard, or perhaps on friends' lawns out of town. I have been watching for the word "flounders." OLD LADY.

Boston, Jan. 31.

Rule of the Road.

As the World Wags:

So "Al. Iquis" doesn't know why we turn to the right on the highway. When he was in St. John he should have had one of those sagacious Calais horses, which are so well trained that they turn to the right in Calais and to the left in St. Stephens of their own volition, then he would have had no trouble. (Will some Calais man please verify?)

In the presumed illness of Mr. Herkimer Johnson it devolves on some other man to attempt to fill his place ad interim.

We turn to the right because in early days oxen ruled the road. They could not easily be "called to," but they could be jammed into the ditch or into the snow by the driver, who walked at the left of his team, so that he could use the goad or whip with his right hand and keep an eye back on his load to see that everything cleared.

Oxen could work on hay and grass and get their living along the road. Horses required a grain ration three times a day, and the country did not produce the grain. It was not until the railroads brought cheap grain from the West that horses began to replace oxen on the road.

Anchors were hauled by oxen from Tamworth Iron Works (now Chocorua) to Portsmouth or Kittery. Keels and masts were drawn from Albany Intraval over the old mast road between Paugas and Passaconaway to Tamworth hewn square and "Eight square" respectively, and continued on to the seaboard, these latter until the Fifties.

Very few have any idea of the enormous number of working oxen in New England up to the close of the war. I have in mind a single highway district in Sandwich, N. H., only two miles long, which turned out 27 pairs of oxen and steers to break snow in 1856. In Amherst, Mass., at the Cattle Show of 1851, there were exhibited 390 working oxen. Two hundred and two came from Belchertown, drawing a car containing 181 persons, including the Belchertown brass band. The writer saw the huge bowlder in front of the Lawrence observatory at Amherst College drawn into place on an improvised sledge by 13 yoke of oxen. Every one weighed upwards of 2000 pounds.

Oxen ruled the road 200 years. They turned to the right because they could not easily be turned to the left. The horse has ruled for about 60 years, and now the day of the gas wagon has come.

Tamworth, N. H., Jan. 30. J. D. B.

'LES SYLPHIDES'

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: Serge de Diaghileff's Ballet Russe performed these ballets: "Sheherazade," "Les Sylphides," "L'Apres midi d'un Faune" and "Prince Igor." Mr. Ansermet conducted.

"Les Sylphides," danced to music by Chopin, was performed here for the first time by this company. It will be remembered that Mme. Pavlowa brought out a ballet with Chopin's music at the Boston Theatre. The stage setting and the lighting were then more effective than they were last night.

The dances last evening were a Nocturne, with Mmes. Lopokova, Tchernichewa, Wasilewska and Mr. Gavriloff as the leading dancers; waltz, Miss Wasilewska; mazurka, Miss Lopokova; mazurka, Mr. Gavriloff; prelude, Mme. Tchernichewa; waltz, Miss Lopokova and Mr. Gavriloff; waltz, Mmes. Lopokova, Tchernichewa, Wasilewska, Pffanz, Mr. Gavriloff and the ballet.

While Miss Maciezowa's absence from the company is a decided loss and there were no women dancers of the very first rank in "Les Sylphides," the groupings, postures, evolutions, were pleasing to the eye, and the solo dancers were graceful. This ballet is rightly called a romantic revery. The music and the character of the dancing were in each instance in full sympathy. Will any one object to this use of Chopin's piano pieces as some protested in New York against the "desecration" of Schumann's "Carnaval"? Is Chopin less "sacred" than Schumann? One might rightly cry out against the misuse of Rimsky-Korsakoff's suite as the wife of the composer protested, for this music is wholly out of keeping with the scenario of the ballet and violence has been done to its integrity. But the music of Schumann and the "Carnaval" ballet are singularly in harmony and the romanticism of Chopin is, if anything, enhanced by the sentimental groupings and the nature of the dancing.

In "Les Sylphides" the dancing is frankly academic. No doubt this was more pleasing to many in the audience than the charming and fantastic dancing and more modern dancing in "Sheherazade." And to them the gorgeous spectacle of "L'Oiseau de Feu" with the fascinating music of Stravinsky would have been a stumbling block. So the last evening counted the time lost while the orchestra played the first movement of Rimsky-Korsakoff's Suite before the curtain rose.

'OPERA NIGHT' AT TREMONT TEMPLE SCORES SUCCESS

Large Audience Delighted by Accomplished Artists.

"Opera Night" the fourth in the series of popular concerts in Tremont Temple, was given last evening with remarkable success. Practically every seat in the house was taken. The artists included Miss Lilla Snelling, soprano, of the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York; Attilio di Crescenzo, tenor, of the Royal Roman, San Carlo, and Montreal Operas, and Nicholas Onikanoff, basso, of the Boston, St. Petersburg and Moscow operas. The program also included the festival chorus of 150 voices, conducted by John A. O'Shea, with Miss Ida McCarthy at the piano and Reginald Williamson at the organ. The program included many of the more popular operatic selections.

A publisher, sending to us a singularly sophomoric criticism of a familiar work, writes: "Why do we not start a department called the Nut Basket? I can supply such fruits in daily quantity enough to send out a Ford peace expedition at least once a year."

There may be a nut or two among our correspondents, but they are meaty and sound. What they write is entertaining, also making for social and civic righteousness. Meanwhile let us publish letters from deep thinkers on vital subjects.

"Sassingers"

As the World Wags:

I remember of reading when a boy (some 60 odd years ago) a collection of epitaphs from gravestones in old New England graveyards, among them the following, which impressed itself on my memory:

Weep father, for a stranger spilled
From a stage coach, and thereby killed.
His name was John Sykes, a maker of sassingers,
Killed with four other outside passengers.

These old lines would seem to indicate the early provincial use of the word "sassingers."

Roxbury, Feb. 1. C. F. A.

Parental Cruelty

As the World Wags:

Speaking of the togs of the boys of the good old times, I believe (and hope) that I was the last unhappy wretch in this country to wear fustian breeches. My father, when a boy in the pioneer society of the Western Reserve, wore fustian, and 40 years later, viewing with dismay the short work his son made of store "pants" of the conventional fabrics worn by all the boys in and around New York, he hunted until he found an ancient tailor who could lay his hands upon some fustian and forthwith ordered a pair of breeches for me. Now, fustian breeches have the merit of practical indestructibility, but like many things of permanence they lack charm. The stuff is of a mean mouse color, somewhat like corduroy, but not ribbed. My new breeches were so different in texture and color from anything that the other boys wore that the minute I appeared on the street in them I was followed by a curious crowd, who, if possible, would surround me and pluck at the detested garment with finger and thumb, comment upon them in jeering tones, and ask me impudent questions as to their origin and cost. Is there any mental torture like that of a boy who must wear something that nobody else in the gang wears? The distress of a woman who cannot be in the fashion is nothing to it. With her it becomes sometimes a thing apart; it is the boy's whole existence while the ordeal lasts.

Boston. W. E. K.

Mr. Herkimer Johnson once told us that he suffered tortures when a small boy because his fond and proud mother made him wear a broad turn-over collar with a scalloped edge and dangling tassels to Sunday school. The other boys, rude fellows, forgot the sanctity of the day, called him "Sissy" and in winter pursued him on his way home with snow balls that had been soaked in slush until they were balls of ice. Their aim would have won the admiration of the most efficient German officer.—Ed.

"Hard up! Hard up!"

As the World Wags:

I noticed the appeal of "Old Song" in yesterday's Herald, and while I cannot give the name of the author I can indulge in a few reminiscences. The "Hard Up" song I heard sung at the Howard Athenaeum about 1870, when the Howard was under the management (I am pretty sure) of Rich, Hart and Trowbridge. It used to be sung by an actor of the regular stock company—for though it was then reorganized as one of the leading Variety theatres of the country, they had a stock company. His name was Malden Wright, and I never can forget him, if sentimental reiteration makes an impression on one's memory. About that time I used to attend the Howard every week, and Malden Wright sang that song for the Lord only knows how many weeks. I enclose the music and one stanza that I remember. Of course you can't print the music in your column, but the tune is an adaptation of an old Scotch air that I can't recall the name of just now. This is the stanza:

In the days when I was hard up,
In want of food and fire,
I used to tie my shoes up
With little bits of wire.
Hungry, cold, cast on a rock,
And left without a meal,
I often beat the Devil down
For tempting me to steal.
Hard up! hard up!
I never can forget
Those days when I was hard up,
I may be well off yet

Although I have been a "constant reader" of The Herald's editorial page since I was old enough to read a newspaper and have wanted to "butt in" many hundreds of times, this is my first offence. * * * W. J. W.

South Boston, Feb. 1.

The Schoolboy's Friend

As the World Wags:

What Tom Brown called a "crib" and young Arthur a "trans-lation" and your correspondent, Ernest Seeker, a "pony" is now referred to at the Boston Latin school as a "trot"—I suppose derived from "pony" by a schoolboy metonymy. Youth strains to avoid the obvious.

Ask a high school boy if he uses a "pony" and he would not understand. Ask him if he uses a "trot" and he would reply—if a Boston high school attendant: "Oh, sir, never! But O'Connell does, and Marlo, and I think Kosciusko does and Hirsch and Ah Sing."

F. EDWARDS.

The ingenious Mr. Hall, in his book "College Words" (1856), says that a "pony" is so-called, "it may be, from the fleetness and ease with which a skilful rider is enabled to pass over places which to a common plodder may present obstacles." At Exeter, N. H., and at Yale in the Seventies there were godless youths who knew the use of "Bohn," the Harper reprints and the interlinears. Dr. Anthon's notes were looked on by some instructors as nothing but "ponies." We never used the word "trot," which is in "Slang and Its Analogues" (vol. VII.) as an American school word.—Ed.

MISS EDITH W. MATTHISON READS FOR WORTHY CAUSE

Miss Edith Wynne Matthison (Mrs. Charles Rann Kennedy) read Tagore's "The Postoffice" and the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet" at Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon for the benefit of the Little House of South Boston. She was assisted by Miss Mary Fay, soprano, who sang songs by Pareili, Lenormand, Massenet, Horsman, Scott, Bleichmann and Coleridge-Taylor. Mrs. Dudley T. Fitts was the accompanist.

The Little House is entirely supported by private subscriptions. It is a small house where children of the neighborhood are instructed out of school hours and on Saturday mornings in cooking, cane seating, cobbling, carpentry, knitting, little housekeeping, kindergarten, drawing and music.

An audience of good size responded to the worthy cause.

Feb 5 1916

IN 'PETROUCHKA'

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—The Serge de Diaghileff Ballet Russe performed these ballets last evening: "Les Sylphides," "Petrouchka," "Carnaval." Mr. Ansermet conducted.

"Petrouchka: Scenes Burlesques in four tableaux," scenario by Alexandre Benois, music by Igor Stravinsky, scenes and dances by Michel Fokine, was performed here for the first time. La Ballerine, Miss Lopokova; Petrouchka, Mr. Massine; Le Maure, Mr. Bohm; Le vieux Charlatan, Mr. Cecchetti; La premiere Nourrice, Mme. Tchernicheva.

This ballet was completed at Rome in May, 1911. It was produced at the Chatelet, Paris, June 13, 1911, when the chief dancers were Mme. Karsavina and Messrs. Nijinski, Orloff, Cecchetti. Some find it symbolical. To them Petrouchka is a sort of Polichinello, a poor devil, always a sufferer from persecution and the cruelty of the police. He is supposed by these seekers after symbolism to represent the tragedy of the Russian people.

The scene is in the time of the Russian carnival. On the public square are booths. In one of them is a puppet play, but the three puppets, a dancing girl, Petrouchka and a Moor are of life size. The proprietor is a strange being, perhaps a sorcerer. Petrouchka thinks himself ill-favored; he knows he is unhappy, for the girl prefers the Moor. In a jealous fit the Moor runs out from the booth and slays Petrouchka. The crowd gathers around his body. The necromancer laughs and tosses the corpse about. It is not of flesh and blood; there is no body; there is only a suit of clothes stuffed to give the idea of human being. Laughing at his cleverness, the Sorcerer is about to depart when he sees the ghost of Petrouchka on the top of the booth gesticulating with gestures of horrid angularity.

These few words give only a faint idea of this extraordinary ballet, for which Stravinsky has composed still more extraordinary music. The mimed play and the music are extremely realistic. The crowd in the square, the hustle, the rude humor, the street musicians, the coachmen, the nurses, with their picturesque costumes and beautiful head-dresses; the two gypsy dancers (Mmes. Chabelskaja and Degalanda), the street dancers (Mmes. Wasilewska and Zalewska)—these give variety to the reckless scene.

Then there is the superbly grotesque miming of Messrs. Massine and Bohm, pantomime such as we have not seen here since "L'Enfant Prodigue" was performed at the Boston Museum and, later, Severin visited this city with his company. The miming of the Russians was more fantastical. There was constantly the idea of puppets endowed with life. The Moor, in his lovemaking; Petrouchka, bewailing his fate, buzzing along the wall like a June-bug endeavoring to find an outlet from the chamber, dying angularly—they were puppets, yet they had life, perhaps souls.

The music of Stravinsky shows the wide range of his imagination. In "L'Oiseau de feu" he is in Fairyland. For the lovers and the Firebird he finds ravishing strains; for Kotschei and his retinue unearthly music; for the dances intoxicating measures. Here beauty is in the foreground, yet the music is always illustrative of the situation. In "Petrouchka" it is consistently realistic. It is music of street people; music for eccentric puppets; and at the end the music is sinister, music that before this was never heard by mortals except in nightmare. Transported to the concert stage it would be meaningless, so closely wedded is it to the stage and the business thereof. All in all "Petrouchka" is the most remarkable, the most singular work for the stage that we have yet seen.

Again the charmingly academic "Sylphides" and the entrancing "Carnaval" gave delight.

The ballets this afternoon will be "Sheherazade," "Les Sylphides," "L'Apres-midi d'un Faune," "Prince Igor."

The ballets this evening will be "L'Oiseau de feu," "La Princesse Enchantee," "Carnaval" and "Soleil de Nuit."

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA GIVES 13TH CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE.

The 13th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The orchestral pieces were these: Beethoven Symphony No. 2; Carpenter, Suite, "Adventures in a Perambulator (by request); Wagner, overture to "The Flying Dutchman." Miss Geraldine Farrar sang Elsa's Dream from "Lohengrin" and Marguerite's air, "D'amour l'ardente flamme" from "La Damnation de Faust."

The symphony and overture are familiar. Mr. Carpenter's Suite was played at these concerts late in December and by the New York Symphony Orchestra in the preceding month. There need, then, be no extended comment on these compositions. The performance of the symphony was conspicuous by the manner in which the Larghetto was sung—with admirable suavity and euphony; by the elasticity, capriciousness and delicacy with which the Scherzo was interpreted, and by the playfulness of the Finale. Whether it is necessary for the musical salvation of the town that a certain number of Beethoven's symphonies should be heard every year with the three overtures of Weber, and other "standbys" is a question that need not now be discussed.

Mr. Carpenter's Suite again gave pleasure. Again the "Hurdy Gurdy," "The Lake" and "Dreams" seemed the most important of the movements. "The Policeman" is not without humor. It has been suggested that the Policeman here pictured in tones is not distinctively American; least of all a Chicagoan guardian of the peace;; tht h is French. How the policemen of different nations are to be distinguished musically is a question that should exercise the ingenuity of our young lions of musical periodicals. Would the objectors to Mr. Carpenter's policeman as "un-American" have him whistle "Dixie" or "Yankee Doodle" in the course of his amorous conversation with the nurse?

This Suite is not only an ingenious work; it has true fancy, true humor, pages of truly poetic feeling. Mr. Carpenter displays imagination; witness his glorification of the lake that supplies Chicago with water. But even his imagination was dormant at the thought of the Chicago river. An unflinching realist would have introduced the child's visit to the stockyards and slaughter houses. The composer yesterday was one of the audience.

Miss Farrar sang Elsa's Dream as though she were still under the spell of the vision. Not too ecstatically, not too enthusiastically, nor did she at the end explode in passion, as many of her German colleagues on the operatic stage have felt it their duty to do in the effort to be emotional. The singer's conception was romantic, and the interpretation was artistic. Unfortunately the music is too often above the natural voice of this singer.

The pathetic air of Marguerite was more favorable to her. Here the fulness and beauty of her lower and middle tones were revealed. The interpretation, however, was too virginal. Marguerite in this scene is no longer the maiden returning from church. She is in her chamber, remembering the lover and his embraces; longing for his return. The text and the music demand a more passionate expression than Miss Farrar saw fit to give.

Mr. Harold Begbie's poem in imitation of William Blake's "The Tiger" was recently published in the Daily Chronicle of London:

THE SLAYER.

Kaiser, Kaiser, burning red
In the cypress of the dead,
What immortal hand or eye
Can shape thy fearful destiny?

In what future deeps of woe
Will thine eyes of fury glow?
On what vengeance wilt thou brood
In black, soundless solitude?

And what cunning and what lie
Will serve thee when the dead go by?
And when they pass, the sacrificed,
And thou art face to face with Christ?

What the harvest, what the guilt,
Of the blood that thou hast spilt?
And when God asks man, Shall he live?
What the answer they will give?

When the seed of Life was cast
To the waters and the blast,
Did He know that thou shouldst be?
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

Kaiser, Kaiser, burning red
In the cypress of the dead,
What immortal hand or eye
Can shape thy fearful destiny?

Sir Clements.

Sir Clements Markham will best be remembered by some on account of Sir Richard F. Burton's biting remarks about his prudery in translating and editing a certain book concerning a South American country for the Hakluyt Society.

Sleds and Sleighs.

As the World Wags:

We boys of the Forties and Fifties knew little and cared less about dictionaries. The word "butt" meant only the big end of a log, or where mother's slipper hurt most. A head-on collision was a bunt. The old ram always bunted, never was known to butt. The boys would make a big pile of soft snow at the foot of the steepest hill, cut down the uphill side as square as possible; then the boldest boy would go to the

[illegible] and with a mighty run [illegible] his sled belly bunt and come [illegible] that hill like a young thunder [illegible] straight for that pile of snow, and try to bunt a hole through. He would probably get stuck somewhere in the pile, the first time trying, but quick work and hard pulling would save him from smothering to death. Another bold lad would try it until they had bunted a hole through. Then fill the hole and any one could try the bunt. To-day, 60 or 65 years after, the word "bunt" comes handier than "butt."

We always went sliding on our hansleds (hand sleds), never went coasting. We know only four kinds of sleds: the boy's han' sled, father's bob sled, wood sled and double sleds. The bob sled was for hauling big trees and logs from the woods or to the sawmill, one end of the log dragging in the snow. The wood sled, to get firewood from the woods to the door yard; the double sleds, to take wood, hay or sawed lumber to market. These sleds had a detachable body, a framework called a "sloven" body—or for short "sluven." Whence comes the name, and do other sections use the word?

As for sleighs, only one was known to us then, the old yellow sleigh, with runners about a foot high, box body, low sides, high back and fender, always painted a bright yellow. A few of them had pictures painted on the outer side of the back and inner side of the fender, the full size of the back or fender, and they were real works of art. Poorer pictures are hanging today in some wealthy men's houses. These sleigh pictures were spirited battle scenes or landscapes. Later came the cutter, patterned after the graceful form of the swan.

Going to market was always spoken of "going to the shore," which meant either Belfast, Camden, Rockport, Rockland or Thomaston. If to Thomaston, it was always expressed as "going to the Gig." Ask Dr. Crockett about that.

These conditions obtained in our section when I was a boy, 72 years ago. I am a civil war veteran.

F. S. PHILBRICK.

West Rockport, Me.

Rule of the Road.

As the World Wags:

Your correspondent J. D. B. thinks that "we turn to the right because in early days oxen ruled the road." I think he will find that everywhere in Europe, except Great Britain, traffic takes the right hand side. I know that it does so in France and Germany. The oxen argument, therefore, won't hold water. As I recall the English custom, foot passengers on the sidewalk keep to the right, as we do. It is only vehicles that keep to the left, and a very sensible custom it is.

W. E. K.

Boston.

"Foot passengers on the sidewalk keep to the right as we do." Unfortunately, not in Boston. You undoubtedly do; possibly Brown, Jones and Robinson do; we try to; but the great herd rambles on the sidewalk at will, and looks surprised, often irritated, if you endeavor to pass on the right.—Ed.

Julien's.

As the World Wags:

I remember that a correspondent stated that Julien's restorator was in Milk street, while you queried whether it was not in Congress street. Both were correct, as it was on the corner of those two streets, though it faced Milk street. The Boston Directory of 1796 has: "Jullen —— restorator, Milk street." Your statement that "restorator" never meant (in English) a restaurateur was no doubt based on the fact that that sense is not recognized in the Oxford Dictionary, but it will be found in the Imperial Dict., where "Ford" is named as authority. Who this Ford was I don't know, but my guess is that he was Richard Ford.

A. M.

Boston.

BALLET RUSSE GIVES TWO PERFORMANCES

Productions That Have Pleased Large Audiences Repeated.

There were two performances yesterday at the Boston Opera House by Serge de Diaghileff's Ballet Russe. In the afternoon there were repetitions of "Sheherazade," "Les Sylphides," "L'Apres-Midi d'un Faune" and "Prince Igor." A very large audience was enthusiastic.

In the evening the audience was delighted by "L'oiseau de Feu," "La Princesse Enchantee," "Carnaval" and "Soleil de Nuit," which have also been reviewed at length in The Herald.

The program of the remaining performances Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday afternoon of next week and an interesting interview with Mr. Ansermet, the musical conductor, will be found in another section of this issue.

MR. SOTHERN'S FAREWELL.

Mr. Sothern purposes to withdraw from the stage at the end of this season. His chivalric reason for so doing, is known to all. As an actor he will farewell this city next Saturday night.

This farewell should have peculiar significance to himself and the public. New to the stage, having made his first appearance in New York before he was twenty, he came to Boston and was for a short time a member of the Museum company. Modest then as now, he played humble parts under an assumed name. His father was loved here as an actor and a man. Some of his warmest friends dwelt here. Dying, he bequeathed them to his son. They, faithful, quickly grew in number. Interested at first in the son of a father, they soon admired him for his own ability and cherished him for his fine character, his capacity for friendship.

And it was in Boston that Mr. Sothern's wife, Miss Marlowe, young, beautiful, inexperienced, triumphing at the time by her natural gifts and her dramatic instinct rather than by laborious training, received her first encouragement, her heartiest recognition, and substantial aid.

The artistic growth of Mr. Sothern was slow. Beginning as the cabman in "Brother Sam" nearly forty years ago he played in stock and touring companies; in farce, comedy, melodrama, tragedy. When he became the dominating figure in a company, his own or another's, it was not easy to foretell whether he would be known to posterity as a well graced comedian or as a stirring actor in romantic melodrama. Later with his wife he brought out tragedies and comedies of Shakespeare, besides playing in dramas, realistic and symbolical, of the modern school. Then there was the recent and successful revival of comedies that his father had made famous.

But it is not now, fortunately, the time to trace minutely Mr. Sothern's career or to analyze his art. It may be said, however, and without exaggeration, that the actor's skill, conscientiousness, sincerity; his zeal for the proper mounting and equipment of plays; the modesty and the dignity of his bearing before the public; these have given him a most honorable position in the history of the stage and endeared him to thousands. That he will at no distant time return to the theatre is their hope. Nor will they be content with reading his reminiscences which he is now relating in an unaffected and delightful manner, for they know that he is not yet an actor of the past.

By PHILIP HALE.

The London Times of Jan. 18 discussed the play that appeals to the moment. Observing that in war-time holidays young officers are filling the theatres of London with audiences anxious to forget dismal thoughts—"those idees noires that might easily beset meditative stay-at-homes just now"—the writer points to "the historical certainty that men and women in big cities have never made merrier than at times of crisis and excitement. Wars and revolutions fill theatres; and if only historians were not such grave and superior persons and would consent to give more attention to the humble records of average life than they give to exceptional politics, we might recall the tradition more readily, and see the past in its minor detail, its rustle, and glow, incarnate, with all its flesh about it, and not dried into bones and mummified in important pages."

There is a marked difference, however between the entertainments of this crisis in London and Paris and those that packed theatres in the wars of a century past or during the preliminary revolution. In Paris the "piece of circumstance" was then the rage, the dramatic "fait historique et patriotique." "The age of liberty" and 1789 were reflected on the stage of the Francais with "Charles IX," "La Mort de Brutus," "La Mort de Caesar." There were hurriedly composed dramas "in the high booted, plumed, and false Roman style, a fulminating Talma conquering Liberty in the Alexandrines." When 1793 came Brutus and Caesar were discarded in favor of the pike and red cap; "La Mort de Marat," "Allons, c'a va," "La Prise de Toulon," etc.

"Today Paris revives its oldest pieces, faded programs from the past, the only spectacle with a [illegible] chance being that [illegible] L'Aiglon. Very old is Cyrano now, being played at the Porte St. Martin, old and innocent 'Mademoiselle Josette,' at the Varietes, and 'Le Secret de Polichinelle' at the Odeon. Older yet is 'Madame Sans-Gene' at Rejane's; not new the light improprieties of 'Vous n'avez Rien a Declarer?' at the Gaite Lyrique. Our young British officer, on leave for a few days in the once supposed 'gay' city now, would gain his experience of the French theatre from a choice of the plays played there 10 or 15 years ago. He would see nothing new. How should he? Many of the 'new' authors are dead and nearly all are at the front. M. Bernstein's almost symbolical rush thither was, you remember, the final 'curtain' of the drama of Caillaux. Less dramatically his colleague followed. Cyrano and Sans-Gene took their places. That charming play, 'La Belle Aventure,' relatively youthful, is being done with a changed cast. The originals are gone."

The writer asks why Londoners in 1916 now go to "Watch Your Step" or "A Little Bit of Fluff" and not to "The Death of Brutus."

"We go to our revues to 'get away from the war,' to amuse Reggie, our subaltern, and (let us add) because we live on an island and have a powerful fleet. The second part of the question—why it is that plays of this crisis have not succeeded—except in the case of Mme. Bernhardt's 'Cathedrales'—in living up to the moment, is that the war, being like no other war in the steeliness of its destructive mechanism, does not lend itself to any amiable or amusing adaptation. It will have to sink first into the conscience of humanity; perhaps thence to emerge at another century's distance, in some imaginative re-creation, as Hardy's 'Dynasts' came a hundred years later than those former wars we spoke of. As yet we do not desire to meet this war on the stage. The stern, steel visage would shock us across colored lights—the face of one suddenly ill at a ball. Even the declamation of Caesar and Brutus would not idealize it sufficiently. Let the cinemas preserve war facts. Elsewhere our young men, who are now mainly our world, demand the eternal frivolities, the saving simplicities, the happy mask. The fact proves, further, that the subaltern of today is less disposed here, or even in France, to any external paraphernalia or pose of valor than his forerunner of old. On the surface he is unconcerned. His nonchalance commends him. His comment on Brutus and Caesar would be: 'Oh, I say! what rot!' Whereas if the 'play' he visits bear that facetious title—and really it would be a capital name for a revue—he calls it 'rather ripping' and goes at least a dozen times. All is permitted to him. He is absolved 'till the war ends' from any of the former parental reproaches as to his frequentations. He takes with him the beautiful, the unwarlike, the well-dressed, and—may we add—the brainless. Thus he forgets the steel face waiting outside in the darkness."

A concert was given on a Sunday late in December at Dumfries, Scot., for a charitable purpose. The program consisted of extracts from "The Messiah," the "Hymn of Praise" and a cantata by Bach. A protest meeting was organized and held half an hour before the concert. While a certain person was speaking, music was heard in the distance. "The speaker thereupon, imagining that this was a wile of the devil, exhorted his hearers, at the pitch of his voice, 'to shut their ears against this devil's band.' Hardly were the words out of his mouth than a Salvation Army band put in its appearance!" Another speaker talked of Sabbath desecration. "After all," says Mr. Legge of the Daily Telegraph, "we do not seem to have advanced far in the centuries that have passed since the act made brawlers and vagabonds of all who took part in the performance of music on Sunday. That act still makes them even worse if they try to make profit for themselves out of their performances. But that is another story. A brother critic once described in his paper a new work as his dullest experience in life, save only a wet Sunday in Glasgow. I can quite understand it!"

This reminds us of a curious incident in a New Hampshire town last month. A correspondent who acquaints us with it, writes: "Observe the far reaching influence of the well advertised purity of the Great Moral Twins Fitzgerald and Curley. Their echo sounds as herewith from far Contoocook, but unluckily their disciple has selected to play windmill to his Don Quixote, a well and widely approved play that has been applauded by 'our best people.'"

No one has hitherto made exception to "The Private Secretary." The play was performed by the New Church Society Jan. 20, 21 in Columbia Hall, Contoocook, for the benefit of the organ fund of the society. The local newspaper said that it was "one of the best plays of its kind seen on this stage for many seasons. It was a rarely amusing, well-written and well acted play." It was indeed a joyous occasion. After the performances there was dancing. There was music by the Kearsarge Novelty Orchestra. "Many from out of town attended."

But the Rev. Edward T. Gough took this harmless comedy very seriously and felt it his duty to write to the newspaper the following letter:

"In my judgment the play entitled 'The Private Secretary' * * * deserves kind, but plain, criticism. The play is designated as a comedy. Hence, it would not be expected to present a moral or to be of weighty character. But even as a comedy it is to be criticized on the following grounds:

"First, it is characterized by a crude and vulgar type of comedy. One of the leading characters, namely, Mr. Cattermole, was a type that might be picked up in a bar-room, or a place of organized vice. He not only lacked virtue, but discredited it in others. He represented the type of character which ministers to its appetites, and may be classed as ignoble and unlovely, the only discernible purpose being to produce laughter. Furthermore, witty turns which bordered on the vulgar were used for the same funny purpose.

"Second, there was not a single virtue exhibited. The one character from whom virtue might be expected, the Rev. Robert Spalding, was a characture. That is, he was weak, inferior, and ridiculous. And the leading character, Mr. Cattermole, already described, triumphed over him.

"Third, the effect of such a play is injurious to the community. It cultivates a crude and bad taste on the part of the people, and is discouraging to high ideals either in thought or in morals. If we are not discriminating as a community, our young people will go from us to the school and to the city without any basis for distinguishing between the vicious moving picture show and theatre, and what may be considered wholesome.

"Fourth, the psychological effect upon the players is degrading. To go through the practice in word and gesture which is required for mastering a part tends to adjust the mental and nervous system of the player to the character which he represents. When the character is ignoble, and is so represented for the sake of comedy, the result must be harmful.

"It may be incidentally mentioned that cussing and cigarette smoking are always out of place.

"I think that great care and discrimination ought to be used in the selection of a play, whether it be a comedy or a play with a moral. There are plenty of clean plays on the market. The responsibility rests on the community. The matter should be given serious thought from every aspect. Undoubtedly the play was staged without due thought and consideration of its tendencies. I am sure that they need only be pointed out to be disavowed."

"The Natural Method of Voice Production in Speech and Song," by Floyd S. Muckey, M. D. C. M., 149 pp. with illustrations, is published by Charles Scribner's Sons. The greater part of this book is of a technical nature of greater interest to the singing teacher and the pupil than to the general reader. He discusses the organs of speech, volume, quality, resonance and interference with the action of the mechanism. From his investigations he comes to the conclusion that resonance, due to the sympathetic vibration of the air in the resonance cavities, is more important than breath pressure in relation to volume of tone. "In the natural method of voice production breathing becomes a secondary consideration. * * * The author believes that the importance of deep breathing has been greatly overrated in certain quarters." Correct voice production consists in the vibration of the vocal cords, the free motion of the cartilages and muscles of the larynx, and full use of the resonance space. The principal business of the voice teacher is to develop the voice, and voice development consists in the development of the vocal muscles. The laws which regulate voice production are precisely the same in every singer and speaker. The art of voice production may be standardized, as the same set of facts may be used to measure the product of every mechanism. It also follows that the art of interpretation cannot be standardized, as each singer's interpretation is based upon a different set of facts.

"There is nothing mysterious or secret about the teaching of voice production. There is no reason why any one teacher of voice production should possess knowledge which cannot be acquired by every other. Many teachers claim that the successful voice teacher is 'born and not made,' and that only the select few belong to this class. There are many such specious claims paraded before the prospective student to catch the unwary. * * * There are no special dispensations in the art of voice production."

According to Dr. Muckey, there are terms in common use that fall outside of any rational discussion of the voice; "head voice," "middle voice," "chest voice," "diaphragmatic voice," "voice focus," "pure and neutralized vowels," "register." Figurative terms confuse the mind of the student and public, therefore we should never describe a voice as warm, cold, dry, sour, white, golden, brilliant, wooden, thin, throaty, loose, spiritual, etherial, liquid and so on.

"The critic should not only be able to point out a singer's faults to the public and performer, but he should indicate the manner in which this fault could be removed. * * * Voice criticism today is not real criticism, but merely praise or censure. * * * The

[illegible] does [illegible] * * * [illegible] the newspaper [illegible] are idiots, [illegible] he knows them to be [illegible] gen[illegible]. He does, however, contend [illegible] their voice criticisms are for the [illegible] part idiotic. One of the leading [illegible]wspaper critics has begun a campaign against the voice production heard at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York city. He has termed it 'bawling and screaming.' He is perfectly correct in these statements, as most of the voice production heard there is atrocious. It is not just, however, to condemn a performance without suggesting how it can be improved."

But how many readers of newspapers, Dr. Muckey, would read a physiological discussion of Mr. Caruso's vocal organs and his use or abuse of them, or insist that the critic, mentioning the "roughness" or "harshness" of a voice should proceed to speak learnedly about "false and interference." If the reader is told that a singer's voice is sour or thin, does he yearn to know why it is not rich and honors?

The book contains some curious photographs and analyses of famous voices, those of the De Reszke's, Scalchi's, Nordica's, Calve's, Arimondi's, Ancona's. "Jean and Edouard de Reszke were perhaps the greatest artists who ever sang before the public," but, after this sweeping statement—for there have been many illustrious singers in opera during the last 200 years—Dr. Mockey finds that they did not have the correct use of voice mechanism. Jean suffered sadly from "soft palate interference with slight false-cord interference." And the critics of New York did not tell him this, so that he could have [illegible] his vocal ways!

Mr. Ansermet and the Russian Ballet Music

Miss Katharine Wright of The Herald's staff talked last week with Mr. Ernest Ansermet, the conductor of the Ballet Russe, now giving performances at the Boston Opera House.

Born in Vevey, Switzerland, Mr. Ansermet made a special study of mathematics. He showed signs of musical ability at an early age, but his taste expressed itself in the direction of composition rather than that of virtuosity on any chosen instrument. He went to Paris to pursue his mathematical studies at the Sorbonne. While there he also studied composition with Gedalge and conducting with Franciscode Lacerda, a Portuguese. Then came a year in Germany, where Mr. Ansermet followed rehearsals of Dr. Muck and Mr. Nikisch and took a few lessons with Felix Weingartner.

Returning to Switzerland Mr. Ansermet was for some time music critic of the Gazette de Lausanne. He directed concerts at Montreux and succeeded Bernard Stavenhagen as conductor of the Geneva symphony concerts. While in Geneva he met Stravinsky and was introduced by him to Diaghileff. The meeting resulted in his present engagement.

Mr. Ansermet's musical sympathies are primarily with French and Russian composers. The pieces by Stravinsky played here by the Flonzaley Quartet were dedicated to him by the composer.

Speaking of Stravinsky's one and only symphony, lately given for the first time in America by the Russian Symphony Society of New York, and which Mr. Ansermet directed at its first performance outside of Russia, he said:

"The work was written at the close of Stravinsky's students days. It is the custom in foreign conservatories of music to exact at least one specimen composition of exceptionally gifted and honored pupils at the conclusion of their course. Thus Rimsky-Korsakoff kept at Stravinsky and told him he would not let him alone until he had written one good symphony. Accordingly, Stravinsky set to work to please his master, and the result was naturally a perfunctory composition. The first movement is after the manner of Glazounoff; the andante was undoubtedly composed with the thought of Tschaikowsky, famous for his andantes, in the composer's mind. The scherzo is the only part of the work through which Stravinsky's musical personality may be dimly perceived, and this scherzo is not wholly unlike that in 'L'Oiseau de Feu.'

"'L'Oiseau de Feu' was written about 10 years ago. Here Stravinsky is wholly an impressionist. To me the feature of the work is its wealth of melody. I care less about the grotesque descriptive music symbolic of Kostchei and his train, which is already out of date. This ballet was the precursor of 'Petrouchka' and that in turn of 'Le Coq d'Or.' The music of 'Petrouchka' is conspicuous for the extraordinary variety and sharpness of its rhythms. The timbre, too, is a bit acid. The piano plays an important part. Occasionally there is the quality of the hurdy-gurdy.

"Stravinsky has lately completed 'Les Noces Villageoises,' which contains still more advanced ideas than 'Petrouchka.' To begin with, the orchestra is reduced in order to emphasize the personality of each instrument. Instead of 16 first violins there is one. There is one second violin and another for pizzicato passages which would interpret the regular work assigned to the second violin. In fact every instrument of the orchestra is represented, but as a soloist. Then, too, as in 'Coq d'Or,' the work is to be presented by a double cast, one to mime and dance, the other to sing the story and express the emotions of the characters. The singers are to be in the orchestra. The settings and costumes are to be designed by Mme. Gontscherova, and the work will probably be given during the next season of the Ballet Russe.

"The controversy over 'L'Apres-midi d'un Faune' was begun in Paris on the very day of the performance. That morning two articles appeared in two papers, one by Gaston Calmette denouncing the ballet as indecent, the other by Auguste Rodin proclaiming it the greatest achievement in modern art. This fanned the flame. People at once took sides. Personally I can see nothing shocking in the episode, but it is a matter of taste.

"The bad impression created in New York by the work is due, in my opinion, to the fact that Americans are apt to take matters of art too literally. Association of ideas is not a habit with them. They see in the nymphs and fauns, not figures loosed from a Greek frieze, but men and women in extraordinary attitudes. Furthermore, in New York this ballet was the comic feature of the repertoire. The audiences laughed out loud, whereas there was only astonishment at 'Soleil de Nuit.'

"Debussy, himself, has been very much affected by the war. Musically he feels that it will serve to strengthen the racial elements. Formerly it was thought that only Germans could compose, then it was admitted that a few French composers could be admired a la rigueur for what was known as little pieces, 'das Kleine Franzoesiche Musik.' Still later a few Russians were acknowledged as being clever in matters of color and rhythm. Then there was a grand mixture of styles, methods, nationalities. All this Debussy thinks will be clarified by the war. He, himself, has reverted to a simpler style in composition, a form associated with his earlier works but, of course, a richer simplicity. He has lately given his attention largely to piano pieces."

Mr. Ansermet has been throughout his career befriended and encouraged by Templeton Strong, now a man of 60, whose compositions he admires. Strong's Symphony, "Sintram," conducted in America by Anton Seidl, has been given by Mr. Ansermet with success in Switzerland.

Notes About Plays and Stage People

"The Parish Pump," by Frank G. Layton, was produced by Miss Horniman at the Duke of York's Theatre, London, Jan. 10. The Daily Telegraph began its review: "It is an axiom of the stage that mayors are ludicrous. Here you have one who is human, too. He belongs to farce. Mr. Layton, as Scott said, has 'sprinkled too much parsley over his chicken'—there is too much garnish for the sound stuff on the dish." The Pall Mall Gazette describes this "light hearted little skit on mayors and corporations" as a kind of mild form of "the Enemy of the People" without bitterness. This mayor, Jeremiah Chebs, is proud of the fact that Lord Silverditch, who owns most of the town, is coming to the mayoral reception. The mayor's daughter is ultra modern. Her father made his money out of women's cheap labor, and has strongly objected to building public baths. "Why use a bath when the washtub in front of the fire on Saturday night satisfies all the desires of reasonable man?" The daughter loves a curate, but the father is obdurate until Lord Silverditch recognizes the curate as the son of a local brewer with wealth and a knighthood. The dialogue is described as witty and pungent. There are amusing characters, as the Labor member, "a wonderful young gentleman who wrote musical comedies—the whole thing, lyrics, book, music, from his unique pen." As a provincial type, says the Pall Mall Gazette, the play is "notably in contrast to the bluff and pompous style of 50 years ago. There are no mutton-chop whiskers nor heavy watch-chain." The Telegraph liked Mr. Layton's councillors. "It is plain that he knows the creatures and can paint them with no more prejudice than is invigorating. The stage had a secular feud with aldermen and town councillors and neither party gained much honor by the war. In our own time, of course, the hatchet has been buried with all appropriate ceremony, and the stage, under the auspices of realism, has dealt with municipal government as solemnly as a blue book. Of this modern temper Mr. Layton shows traces. He gives us a real municipal project, and lets us hear something about labor questions. But he always preserves his happy flippancy. He is out for fun, not to disturb your satisfaction."

"Driftwood," a play in one act by Seumas O'Kelly, produced with "The Parish Pump," began with a high-flown dialogue which turned out to be a rehearsal of a psychological play by its author and his wife. "This idea is, of course, not by any means new. We had it in a Grand Guignol play only a month or two ago. Afterwards it gives place to quite a neat little notion by which a dramatic critic and his wife, who are just being judicially separated, arrive in turn and give their somewhat conflicting accounts of the horrible life each leads the other."

Adeline Genee has been dancing in "Norris the Time" at the Alhambra, London. Her little ballet is called "Spring." She dances to music taken by Coven from his "Language of Flowers" and "In Fairyland."

Again the Londoners are discussing Portia, excited to it by Miss Lilian Braithwaite, playing with Matheson Lang. The Daily Chronicle thinks that the essence of Portia of Belmont is her gracious savoir-faire. "She is a great lady, not merely by birth, but by nature. When she masquerades in hose, that, too, must be done in the humor of a grande dame permitting herself to carnival for sweet charity's sake. Most of our recent Portias have failed to suggest anything but a masquerade. One wondered whether the real lady of Belmont had left the stage with Miss Terry and Miss Wynne-Mathison. Although better than some of the others, even Miss Gertrude Elliot and Miss Alexandra Carlisle were less than satisfactory because they were both modernists, unlettered in the arts of blank verse." The Pall Mall Gazette is equally enthusiastic. "There has really been nothing to compare with it since the old Lyceum days. * * * It is the Portia of ideal romance, a fairy-queen deigned to be a woman, but with such grace and happy zest that one is never made to feel the condescension. She is never pompous, or 'on her dignity.' There is tenderness, too, and gaiety, and in the final scene especially, a quiet but refreshing sense of humor, so delicately revealed that only the audience would suspect anything from the way she watches Bassanio, and the momentary touches of intentional self-consciousness. In looks she is, of course, beyond all comparison the most beautiful Lady of Belmont we have had within memory. And for Portia to be just inexpressibly beautiful and gracious, with the art to make herself seem even 'little' if need be—how absolutely essential it is!"

The program for the theatrical week in Berlin ending Jan. 17 presents some interesting features, and offers a striking contrast to the theatrical program for London in the same period. To begin with, there are two large houses in which first-class opera is performed every night, and two others in which music of a lighter character may be heard. Among the operas are "Tannhaeuser," "The Flying Dutchman," "Siegfried," "Lohengrin," "Hoffmann's Tales," "Rigoletto," "The Marriage of Figaro," Weber's "Frieschuetz," "La Traviata." In three theatres we have plays by Shakespeare: "Hamlet" (in two houses), "Twelfth Night," "Julius Caesar," "The Comedy of Errors," and "Midsummer Night's Dream." Schiller's plays, with their historical and patriotic teaching, are greatly in evidence; "Die Jungfrau von Orleans," "Marie Stuart," "Wallenstein's Tod." Goethe's "Faust" (first and second parts), and "Goetz von Berlichingen" are being performed in two houses. Ibsen seems in great demand, especially his "Rosmersholm," and well-known and popular dramatists like Gustav Freitag, Hauptmann, and Sudermann figure largely on the list. Looking at the programs of the 10 best theatres in Berlin for the seven days, between Jan. 9 and Jan. 17, we have 45 different plays and operas, not one of which that is not a great dramatic or musical possession, not only of Germany but of the world.—Daily Chronicle.

"The Bath-room Door" by Gertrude Jennings was produced at the Victoria Palace, London, Jan. 10. The subject is the morning rush to the bath-room at a hotel inadequately supplied in this respect. "The leading characters are a popular prima donna and a young man who, at first glance, falls head over ears in love with her. To the exasperation of both the bath-room door refuses to yield to their attacks, nor does the supposed occupant show any disposition to answer their appeals. Gradually the conviction gains upon the prima donna that the unknown is her husband, who, as the result of a quarrel, had threatened to take his life. Despair on her part, disillusion on that of her newly declared lover. And, of course, when the boots of the hotel does make his appearance it is the simplest thing in the world for him to turn the apparently recalcitrant handle and reveal to the visitors an empty bath-room!" Miss Margaret Halstan took the part of the prima donna. "The joke probably would not suffer were it brought within narrower limits, its effect being distinctly lessened by constant repetition."

The London Times (Jan. 18) has this to say about Mme. Bernhardt's latest play at the Coliseum. "Instead of 'Les Cathedrales,' Mme. Sarah Bernhardt is playing this week 'Du Theatre au Champ d'Honneur,' a romantic episode founded on real life by a French officer. Mme. Bernhardt plays a young French actor, who is lying alone and badly wounded in a wood, after preserving in a sharp engagement with the enemy the flag which his father died in defending. What did he do with the flag? He cannot remember; and the doubt causes him more pain than his wounds. He is succored by a wounded English officer—a milord; and Red Cross nurses, guided by a Red Cross dog, would also aid him; but he is past help. He remembers where he hid the flag, holds it high above his head, and dies with Deroulede's poem, 'Au Porte Drapeau,' on his lips. But Deroolede's poem is n[illegible] kernel of the piece. That comes e[illegible] the scene and proves to be a poem with which the young actor is supposed to have thrilled his comrades in the trenches. It is called "The Prayer for Our Enemies," and the purport of it can easily be guessed from the refrain:

Vous qui voyez, Seigneur, leur ame jusqua'au fond,
Ne les pardonnez pas: Ils savant ce qu'ils font.

"It is needless to say that Mms. Bernhardt, stretched under a flowering tree that has been smashed by a shell, makes a picturesque and appealing figure, and that she recites this poem with tremendous intensity. M. Normand acts well as the English lieutenant, and the reception of the piece was as enthusiastic as could be imagined.

"The program also includes 'A Pair of Knickerbockers,' 'a problem farce,' by Eden Phillpotts, in which Mr. Arthur Bourchier, as a young husband, gambols about in petticoats in order to cure Miss Kyrle Bellew, as his young wife, of a 'feminist' desire to wear male attire. Mr. Albert Chevalier is here, too, with a new coster love-song in his repertory, and proud, being himself half-French, to sing the 'Marseillaise' in the uniform of a French soldier. Add Miss Vesta Tilley and a number of other good turns."

The success of "Romance" at the Lyric offers a very remarkable example of the truth of the axiom "It's dogged as does it." It is an open secret that on its production at the Duke of York's the piece showed but few traces of vitality, and in the ordinary course of events its prompt withdrawal would probably have been determined on. But Miss Doris Keane's faith in it was not to be shaken. Nor is this very surprising, considering that it was backed up by the remembrance of a prosperous run in New York extending over two years. Little by little, "Romance" gained ground; it was not, however, until well after its removal to the Lyric that the playing point was reached. And now at last the piece—and Miss Keane's performance in it—take rank among the biggest successes of the season. In the circumstances it will astonish no one that Miss Keane has taken steps to cancel her American engagements with the view of remaining in this country for some time. A new play of a serious character is now being written for her by a popular English dramatist, who has also made a high reputation for himself as a writer of novels. She also has in her possession a bright and breezy comedy. It is with the latter she proposes to follow up "Romance" when—a very remote eventuality, by the way—the moment comes for withdrawing that piece.—Daily Telegraph.

Members of the Comedie Francaise will make a series of tours to various parts of the front for the pleasure of the soldiers. The bills will include short and amusing plays that can be acted by four or five persons. There will be no scenery, no stage; only a few benches and chairs in some sheltered spot close behind the trenches. Actors and actresses from other Paris theatres will co-operate. It is anticipated that very soon a whole series of performances may be given simultaneously every day in various sectors of the front.

Charles Hawtrey's liabilities in bankruptcy proceedings are estimated at £20,000, and he is unable to submit to his creditors an offer of a composition.

"Chamber comedy" was performed Jan. 19 in London, the first entertainment of a new series. One of the little dramas was a dream play. "The Doctor's Dream" by Frederic de Lara. It shows how a doctor, his mind obsessed by an opperation he had witnessed, falls asleep and dreams that his wife dies under the surgeon's knife.

New English Operas and Other Music

The Herald has already spoken of Sir Charles Stanford's opera "The Critic," founded on Sheridan's play, its structure and character. The opera was produced at the Shaftesbury Theatre, London, Jan. 14. The Daily Telegraph says: "It looks really as if a native opera had 'arrived' at last." It also says that in attending a performance, "the point must never be lost sight of that we are here obtaining a glimpse of that popular underworld, the stage at rehearsal. Let us accept the opera as a work destined for our entertainment and for once permit ourselves the freedom of enjoying a perfectly natural British piece of real fun and laughter, and be grateful for it. We can do this without bothering our heads about a plot, for there is none (or two) to speak of. * * * It may be that the play did not actually cry aloud for a musical setting, but a better setting could not well be made."

Will Stanford's opera have long life? The Daily Chronicle says that perhaps a full appreciation of the music will be possible only to the educated musician but the general public can undoubtedly get a lot of enjoyment from it. Will the general public enjoy the burlesque, the satire, the quotations from Stanford's own works and those of other composers? This is by no means his first opera. "Shamus O'Brien" was successful in England, but it failed in this

country, although the critics praised the music. The other operas, "Savonarola," "The Canterbury Pilgrims" and "Much Ado About Nothing" quickly disappeared.

Dr. Ethel Smyth's operatic version of "The Boatswain's Mate" by W. W. Jacobs was announced for production on Jan 2[illegible]. If there had been no war, the production would have occurred in Germany last March. It is rumored that Mr Jacobs has helped in the dramatization. As much as possible of the original dialogue has been preserved. The story of the boatswain who sought to win a widow by protecting her from the attentions of an obliging amateur burglar is known to many. Miss Smyth, too, makes her quotations. Thus the opening phrase of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony is heard when the policeman knocks at the door of Mrs. Water's from folk-songs, "Villagerslift up their inn, The Beehive. There are quotations voices In beery strains to the accompaniment of fiddles, banjos and concertinos." This looks as if Dr. Smyth had come under the influence of Mr. Percy Granger.

On Jan. 7, at Middlesbrough, England, an opera by J. E. Barkworth, "Romeo and Juliet," set to the Shakespearian text, was produced. The Daily Telegraph (Mr. Legge) says: "This in itself is, I think, a good deal of a novelty, in that most Shakespearian operas have little more than the idea for which to thank Shakespeare. The composer, who at present is employed as an officer in the volunteer motor transport service, was at one time organist of the English church at Berlin, the only English church in Germany which has been permitted by the Kaiser to remain open for divine service, on the ground that it was his mother's church. While living in Berlin, Mr. Barkworth, a Yorkshireman, studied music under Humperdinck. Later he studied for a time in Paris. The protagonists of his opera were Miss Myfanwy Newell and Mr. William Boland and Mr. Harrison Frewin, whose company produced the opera, himself conducted."

Mr. A. J. Waterfield wrote this letter to the Pall Mall Gazette (Jan. 14): "Following in the wake of Austria and Hungary, it is now stated that the church bells of the Grand Duchy of Baden, or, at least, a portion of them, are to be laid under contribution for the purpose of providing material for the making of guns and munitions. Many thousands of bells in these several countries are involved in this manner. Was it not the late Dr. Alexander, primate of all Ireland, who wrote, 'God grant that the guns of battle may be melted into bells of worship'? We are, unhappily, far removed in these fateful days from such a golden dream as that of the poet primate. It is interesting, however, to bring to mind that such a conversation took place at the time of the Franco-German war of 1870. The Kaiser William I. had presented Moltke with several guns that had been captured in the campaign. One of these the field-marshal had melted down and made into a bell, which was hung in the church at the village of Kreisau, near his Silesian residence. It is recorded of Moltke that he once told a friend that the sound of this bell was the sweetest music he had ever heard."

Mr. Legge of the Daily Telegraph, using the word "pianistic," adds "horrid but expressive word." He is right, but what word is there to take its place?

Mr Evans in the Pall Mall Gazette of Jan. 14 gives this account of an unusual concert in London Jan. 13: "Encouraged by her success in November Mme. Ratan Devi gave another recital of Indian songs at the Aeolian Hall last night. As before, there were two groups representing the Indian equivalent of what we should call 'classical music,' and between these a group of Kashmiri folk-songs. A new feature was the striking contrast furnished by the dancing of Michio Itow. As Dr. Coomaraswamy pointed out in his introductory remarks, the two performances have this in common: that both are rigorously conventionalized. Otherwise they would fit badly into one program. But tho Japanese dances from the 'No' dramas are almost like messages written in a cipher of which we lack the key, whilst Indian song expresses itself freely to any ear whose owner is able to give his preconceived notions about music a holiday. The Kashmiri folk-songs are almost European in their straightforwardness. It is more than probable that the ethnographic belt of patchwork that extends from the Gulf of Finland to the Black Sea would furnish many not essentially dissimilar — or, rather, many that would sound very similar—if given with the same intonation. The art songs are more subtle, but they are not elusive if they are approached in the right way—that is to say, not as exotic curiosities, but as music expressive of universal emotions. That approach is, strange to say, greatly facilitated by the circumstance that Ratan Devi herself is not Oriental. Just as a foreigner who has carefully learned our language is apt to speak it with a precision and an accuracy that would be unnatural to an Englishman, this singer renders Indian music with a greater precision than most native performers. They tend to glide over groups of notes, not circle it but fan fairly, [illegible] we glide over the minor parts of [illegible]. But Ratan Devi for the most part gives us the melodic pattern clearly and completely. It would not be surprising if she ended by exerting considerable influence on our musicians, who can readily assimilate from her what would evade them altogether if performed by a native virtuoso. The time is propitious for such an influence. Ever since various kinds of exotic music were heard at the first Paris exhibition there has been a growing interest among Continental musicians, stimulated to some extent by the Russian vogue, which owed much to its oriental colouring. On the eve of war there was a movement in London to start a choir, which was to have been trained to sing those intervals characteristic of Indian music, which cannot be reproduced on a keyboard instrument. Had the experiment succeeded it would not have been long before some enterprising musician had ventured further in the direction of blending Eastern and Western music. That some such fusion will ultimately occur can be safely predicted, for we have undeniably much to learn from the music of the East, and it is inconceivable that we shall permanently deny ourselves the advantages of it. But it will be a very long time coming."

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Violin recital by Mischa Elman. See special notice.

MONDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Piano recital by Harold Bauer. Greig, Suite "Aus Holberg's Zeit"; Brahms, sonata in F minor, Op. 5; Schumann, "Scenes from Childhood"; Chopin, ballade in A flat; Debussy, Pagodes, La Soiree dans Grenade, Jardins sous la pluie.

The Tuileries, 270 Commonwealth avenue. Third and last of Miss Terry's concerts. Miss Gertrude Marshall, violinist, will play Wieniawski's Airs Russes and pieces by Wieniawski, Debussy, Chaminade-Kreisler, Zarzycki. Francis Rogers, baritone, will sing these songs: Handel, Sorge infausto from "Orlando"; Bononcini, Per la gloria, Deh! piu a me; Lulli, Bois epais; old French, Pastorale; Bononcini, L'esperto nocchiero; old English, So Swwet Is She; Purcell, Nymphs and Shepherds; Carpenter, The Day Is No More; Brewer, The Fairy Pipers; Parker, The Lark Now Leaves.

WEDNESDAY—Hotel Somerset, 2:30 P. M. Benefit concert for the Student Aid Fund of the Misses Gilman School Association. Miss Marie Sundelius, soprano; Nikola Oulukanoff, baritone; Mr. and Mrs. Emanuel Ondricek, violinists. Mrs. Sundelius will sing songs by Brahms, Sinding, Cyril Scott, Horsman; Mr. Oulukanoff, songs by Scontrino, Koeneman, Siccard. There will be violin pieces by Juon, Hubay, Rachmaninoff.

Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Fourth piano recital of Leo Ornstein, Ornstein, Sonatina; Debussy, Pagodes, Ce qu'a vu le vent d'Ouest, Minstrels; Bach-Busoni, Two Chorals; Schumann, Arabesque, Novellette; Liszt, Hungarian Rhapsody No. 13; Ravel, Ondine; Albeniz, Fete Dieu a Seville; Ornstein, Three Burlesques, Two Preludes, the Masqueraders; Chopin, Nocturne B major; Valse C sharp minor, etude E minor, etude op. 10 No 5, etude (Butterfly); Rubenstein, Waltz Caprice, E flat.

THURSDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Piano recital by Charles Cooper. Bach, Fantasie, C minor; Beethoven, Three Bagatelles, op. 33; Brahms, Sonata F minor op. 5; Schoenberg, six small piano pieces op. 19; Schumann, three Fantasias op. 111; Chopin, Nocturne C minor op. 48 No. 1, Eight Preludes.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. 14th concert (A) of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Dr. Muck conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Piano recital by Mme. Germaine Schnitzer. Pieces by Schubert, Mendelssohn and Schumann.

Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Song recital by Miss Emma Roberts of New York, contralto. Songs by Secchi, Durante, Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, Wolf, La Forge, Foote, Henschel, Rachmaninoff, and a group of Russian folk songs.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M., 14th concert (B) of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.

Feb 7 1916

We wish to thank Mr. George L. Burdett of Cambridge, who remembers that on Skinner hill, Holyoke, former State Treasurer Arthur Chapin was an accomplished belly gutter: Dr. Edward E. Briry of Bath, Me. who recalls the terms "Straddle bug" and "belly bump" and the sleds five to eight feet long called "Sharpshooters," whose iron runners were made and bent by the shop blacksmiths of the town of whom Samuel S. Jordan and William E. Corliss were the most famous—one of the sleds was called "The Forty Pots"; "Tom Boy" of Roslindale; "A Pilgrim" of Eastham; Rupert Ludwig, who wrote of coasting in three New England states; "State of Maine," of Bangor, describing "frame sleds" and "picked" (peaked) pointer; Mrs. Anna B. Russell of Solon, Me. "D. S. W." of Cambridge, as a boy on Manhattan Island, was a "belly gutter." His sled was the "Monterey." "Over the name was a thrilling picture of the battle showing the American troops led by Gen. Scott charging up the heights . . . the date I speak of was about 1848-9, and I recall standing with my father at the corner of Broadway and Chambers street with the hosts to welcome home the Mexican volunteers. I remember it was an inspiring spectacle, but what I most marvelled at was how so many had outlived the fearful carnage portrayed on my sleigh. How little I dreamed then that 15 years later I should be a humble unit in a Massachusetts regiment (my people moved to this city in 1860) returning from three years' service in a war which made [illegible] my youthful memory but a mere skirmish."

Other letters by "Alice Bailey" and "E. H. D." and Capt. Francis M. Howes are of a somewhat different nature and may receive attention later..

Let us now consider a more weighty matter, one that concerns our very heartstones.

DOWN WITH RUM

As the World Wags:

As a constant reader of The Herald I have noted with great regret that many of the contributors to your department are drunkards or men of loose and immoral lives, and I have wondered if you would permit a sober, God-fearing man—one who has voted three times for William Jennings Bryan—to voice a complaint.

Some time ago someone in the community, with a mistaken sense of humor, sent in my name to a mail order house in Boston which deals in liquor, and since that time I have received circulars at frequent intervals calling my attention to bargains in the Accursed Stuff. These circulars generally put in an appearance two or three weeks ahead of some holiday. To show you their nature I enclose two for reproduction in your columns.

TAKE NOTICE

The Best Combination in Boston

1 full qt. Old Medford Tavern Punch	.80	Four full Qts. for $1.50
1 full qt. Poplar Point Whiskey	.70	
1 full qt. Bonita Sherry Wine	.35	
1 full qt. Herera Port Wine	.35	
	$2.20	

You Pay Your Own Express

COMBINATION NO. 1

1 full qt. Woodland Whiskey	$1.00	6 Bottles for $3.00
1 full qt. Old Medford Type Rum	.75	
1 full qt. V S O Sherry	.50	
1 full qt. V S O Port	.50	
1 full qt. High Grade Bay Rum	.65	
1 full qt. Witch Hazel, full strength	.25	
	$3.65	

You Pay Express

Just before Christmas I received an envelope full of little circulars calling attention to special bargains in liquid damnation. I teach a large class of young ladies in Sunday school. My little boy found the envelope, and, in the innocence of his heart, tucked it within the pages of my lesson quarterly. What was my consternation, when I opened the pamphlet in the class, to see these circulars flutter out in all directions. The young ladies looked at the circulars, then at one another, then at me, and began to giggle. Fortunately, I have great presence of mind, and I turned the circumstance to good account. "My dear young ladies," I said, "you see how the tempter sends his shafts into our quiet community. No one is safe from his attacks." And then I went on and gave an effective temperance discourse, advocating national prohibition. But I shudder to think what would have happened had I been less intellectually agile and resourceful. Can nothing be done to protect me and others from Demon Rum?

TIMOTHY SALTMARSH.

Hampton, N. H.

Heed Him Not.

As the World Wags:

I had an excellent lunch today at the Porphyry—the first time I have had that pleasure. I was invited by an old friend of long standing. This friendship was renewed about a year ago. At the time I was quite chagrinned at my poor memory, for the first recognition was his. Certain reminders, however, carried me back to one Commencement day at Cambridge. I had an inward flush, accompanied by the thought, "My! I must have been pretty bad, that time!" but I said nothing.

These reminiscences are not to the point. The real business of which I write now follows. In the middle of a half-chewed mouthful of the entree, my friend suddenly spoke: "Will you do me a favor? Write a communication to Philip Hale's column and tell him to cut out that belly bump stuff he's been running for the past two months."

I naturally blushed and stammered because being discovered is always a shock. I had the same sensation once or twice years ago, when mother had a tub of mince meat in the cellar closet before baking a batch of pies. I modestly explained in the present instance that I feared my influence would be of no avail. I even went so far as to confess that the last time I thought I was big with information I did rather worse than the complaining mountain, and was promptly so informed after having my exhibit exposed in the show.

My friend was still insistent, so I promised to do the best I could. Please, therefore, will you try to find some other cabbages and kings?

I know it is hard, especially in view of this new weather; and also because some of your contributors have so ingeniously pushed the bellygut subject along to overlap the swimming season. In fact, it is so hard to give it up, I myself cannot resist the temptation of stating that my boyhood companions "coasted belly bump" in winter, and if not exactly a [illegible] gutter's in summer. I hope my friend will not regard this continuation of his despised subject as a betrayal of trust on my part.

Referring to the letter from Mr. F. Edwards, published this morning, the words "trot" and "pony" were both in good use in Cambridge in 1880; and were, according to my recollection, equally popular, and both as popular as the commodity they represented. "Trot," I think, had a shade the best of it. "Crib" was oftener used as a verb than as a noun.

H. J. L.

Medford, Feb. 6.

MISCHA ELMAN GIVES HIS SECOND CONCERT

Violinist Stirs Enthusiasm of Symphony Hall Audience.

Mischa Elman, violinist, gave his second concert of the season at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. His program was: Concerto in E minor, Nardini; Concerto in D major, Paganini; Theme and Variations, Joachim; Etude Melodique, Rode; piano accompaniment by Elman; "Vogel als Prophet," Schumann-Auer; "Liebeslied," Sammartini-Elman; Hungarian Dance, B minor, Brahms-Joachim; Melodie, Gluck; Polonaise in A major, Wieniawski. Walter H. Golde was accompanist.

The hall was well filled, the artist was in a mood for his highest and most spirited efforts and the audience responded with vigorous evidences of pleasure. Mr. Elman played the two concertos with his usual skill and brilliance, but was at his best and won a more tumultuous response from his hearers in the lighter, more simply melodious and more emotional selections like the "Vogel als Prophet," "Liebeslied" and the many extra numbers that he generously added, particularly Schubert'a "Ave Maria," and the last of all, whose first strains brought shouts of delight, "Humoresque."

Feb 8 1916

HAROLD BAUER

By PHILIP HALE.

Harold Bauer gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. His program was as follows: Grieg, Suite "Aus Halberg's Zeit"; Brahms, Sonata in F minor, op. 5; Schumann, "Scenes from Childhood"; Chopin, Ballade in A flat; Debussy, Pagodes, La Soiree dans Grenade, Jardins sous la pluie.

Mr. Bauer is always a welcome visitor. His programs are almost always well arranged and interesting. We find him peculiarly fortunae in his interpretation of music by Bach, Schumann and Cesar Franck.

Grieg of late years has been neglected by pianists. Many of them play his concerto and assist in the violin sonatas, but they ignore smaller pieces that are more engrossing than the Ballade which occasionally is seen on a program. It was a happy thought for Mr. Bauer to revive the "Holberg Suite," written for the celebration of the 200th birthday of Ludwig Holberg. Whether the suite is heard in its original form for the piano or for an orchestra of strings, it is delightful in its suggestion of old days as fancied by a dreaming modern. The touches of melancholy give agreeable relief. There is the gayety that is unforced.

Schumann was irritated by Rellstab's criticism of his "Scenes from Childhood"; "He seems to think I call up in my imagination a screaming child, and fit the notes to it. It is just the other way about, but I will not deny that a vision of children's heads haunted me as I wrote. The inscriptions arose, of course, afterwards, and are really nothing more than tiny fingerposts to the interpretation and conception." Later Schumann wrote to his Clara that her once likening him to a child inspired him to work out 30 "droll little pieces," 12 of which he selected and called "Kinderszenen." "They are descriptive enough and as easy as winking." That he was fond of this music is shown by other allusions as when he wrote to Stamaty that these pieces showed a gayer, gentler, more melodious character in his work.

Piano pieces like books have their fate. This sonata or that Nocturne, Prelude, Fantasie will lie undisturbed for several years and then it will be played ad nauseam in a season by pianists, visiting and local. This season it is the turn of Brahms' sonata in F minor. Mr. Bauer made it more endurable than others that have preceded him. His performance of the Andante was remarkable for its beauty.

There is little that is new to be said about Mr. Bauer as a pianist. He is always sane, but his cool head and marked intelligence do not forbid emotional expression. He has the gift of interpreting the spirit as well as proclaiming the letter. If he, for instance, plays a piece that Handel marked "pomposo," the music is pompous, and we see Handel with his majestic wig seated, proud of his own invention, "the most superb personage" in the history of music. We know of no pianist who has so caught the secret of Schumann as Mr. Bauer; of no one that is so rapt

interpreter of César Fr... can be brilliant as any empty-headed virtuoso, playful and whimsical as Puck.

An audience of good size was greatly pleased, nor was the pleasure derived merely from a tickling of the ear or from wonder at agility.

A contemporary remarked last Saturday night "Lopokova was an important member of this (the Russian) ballet several years ago in Russia. It was she who created the part of the Fire Bird."

Miss Lopokova is a pretty dancer, a delightful apparition in "Carnaval," but "Oiseau de Feu" was produced in Paris, not in a Russian city, and Miss Lopokova did not create the part of the Fire Bird. The two women dancers in the first performance of this ballet were Mmes. Tamar and Karsavina.

Boston was also informed yesterday that Miss Geraldine Farrar had returned to New York from a "concert recital" in this city.

Dr. Conrad drew a fearful picture of the "highball, cocktail drinking crowd," young men of wealth and fashion in Boston seen staggering out of a certain hotel, held up by "foolish, shallow minded" companions and then hoisted or thrown into taxicabs. All this would be different, the scene would be light and blithesome instead of dark and horrid, if these young men of wealth and fashion confined themselves to malt liquors, or, suffering from a severe cold, hot buttered rum, the medicinal drink of our sturdy, God-fearing ancestors.

Copper Toes.

As the World Wags:

• • • I was born and raised in Chatham on Cape Cod. We never coasted in Chatham, we "slid down hill." And we slid "belly bump" and "hippity hip" (sideways or sidewise), steering in both positions with the toe of our boot. And I am quite sure this was the reason of the invention of the metal or copper-toed boot for the boys who slid down hill in those positions, for it was hard on the toe of the boot or shoe, and they soon wore through. I think a shoemaker named Abijah Crosby of North Chatham, a fine old patriarch, was the first to put a metal toe on a boy's boot, about 1850. He used a piece of stovepipe to start with. I do not know if he used copper later, for I was away at sea after I was 15, winter and summer. Mr. Crosby had three boys, pretty lively ones at that, but I shall claim for him the credit of making the first metal toed boot, necessity being the mother of invention. Don't you think the boys furnished the necessity? CAPT. FRANCIS M. HOWES.

Dennis, Mass., Feb. 3.

Warning Cries.

As the World Wags:

Have you conducted any researches into the important question of the cries used by coasters to warn teams, pedestrians and other interlopers from the track? The most breathless moments of coasting were (and I suppose are) when wood sledges, ox teams, hysterical driving horses, old women and other moving obstructions loomed ahead at critical points in the descent. If the oxen were wahished to one side (by the way, why wahish?) in timo for the flying sled to miss the last hind corner of the heavy team, tho horses climbed trees well to the side of the track, or the old women fainted in the snow drift, and not on the coast, you breathed again.

But if not—even one experience of having to seize tho old woman by the ankles, receive her descending impact on the small of the back and hear her as a superannuated Sabine, or white man's burden to the bottom of the coast—even once of that was enough for the most daring and least impressible. Hence the demand for a distinctive and ear-piercing signal.

With our crowd it was "Clear the lulla." What was it with your other associates in your great research?

BROOKLINE.

The Poland Sled.

As the World Wags:

It is strange that no one of your correspondents about the all-absorbing subject of sliding down hill has mentioned the Poland sled.

Mr. Datus E. Poland was a carpenter of high renown, whose shop was in Province court of this city. He was the builder prior to 1865, perhaps also later, of the sled that bore his name, a sled for only the boys of wealthy parents. These sleds were built of the finest black walnut. They were high, narrow and rakish, capable of great speed. The name of the sled was painted in gold, and the lettering was old English. Favorite names were "Peerless," "Fleetwing" and "Atalanta." Each sled cost from $10 to $12.

It should not be inferred by youthful readers that these Poland sleds were in Horatio's mind when he spouted the line, "He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice." JABEZ ENRIGHT.

Boston, Feb. 6.

Crusoe on the Stage.

As the World Wags:

Being interested in Mr. Earnest Seeker's verses upon the dramatization of "Robinson Crusoe," I should like to inquire of him whether there exists any standard play from the novel, and if he can tell me anything of past or present day presentations of "Robinson Crusoe" on the stage. I am myself an enthusiastic admirer of "Robinson Crusoe." I wonder if Mr. Earnest Seeker is aware of the recent agitation in the New York Sun in regard to the immoral influence of the book? I should be glad to hear from him on this subject. May I also inquire of him what is the relation between the Lambs and the Lambs Too clubs? AFFABLE INQUIRER.

Boston, Feb. 4.

While we aro waiting to hear from Mr. Seeker, let us note a few dramatic entertainments entitled "Robinson Crusoe." A pantomime was played in the John Street Theatre, New York, on Jan. 13, 1787. A play "Robinson Crusoe" was performed in New York early in 1859. The Evangeline company was playing a "Robinson Crusoe" in New York at Niblo's Garden in 1892. Before that, in 1861, at Laura Keene's Varieties, a "Robinson Crusoe" was acted. Mrs. Chanfrau, Milnes Levick, J. H. Stoddart, Owen Marlowe were then in Miss Keene's company. An opera bouffe "Robinson Crusoe" was played at the Lyceum, New York, in 1875. Farnie's burlesque was performed at the Tammany, or Cafe Amusant, New York, in 1870. And it was in 1877 that Lydia Thompson, as Crusoe, made a sensation by her charming costume. In her company at that time were Lena Merville, Marion Elmore, Alice Atherton, Marie Williams, Ella Chapman, Willie Edouin, Fred Marshall. The opera bouffe mentioned was perhaps the opera comique by Cremieux and Offenbach produced in Paris in 1867, when the excellent Montaubry took the part of Crusoe and the leading woman was Galli-Marie, afterward the creator of Carmen. There are other French comic operas thus entitled, and at least one Italian one. The subject has been a favorite one for pantomimes.—Ed.

'ROLLING STONES'

By PHILI PHALE.

PARK SQUARE THEATRE—"Rolling Stones," a comedy of adventure by Edgar Selwyn. First performance in Boston. Produced by Selwyn & Co.

Jericho W. Braden (known as Jap Walter)	Arthur Aylesworth
Buck Ryder	Harrison Ford
Charles Brannigan	Harry Bradley
Mrs. Brannigan	Beatrice Ingram
Anna Anderson	Margaret Brainerd
Fulsom Rice	Frank Kingdon
Norma Noggs	Marie Carroll
Dave Fulton	Charles Ruggles
Emma Braden	Sarah Whiteford
Jennison	James Kearney
Strawbridge	Daniel Jarrett
Burglar	George F. Smithfield

This play was produced at Wilkesbarre, Nov 30, 1914, when Messrs. Ruggles and Ford were the leading actors. The story was then described as showing "the redemption through love and work of two down-and-out youths."

We do not know what then happened to the play, but on Aug. 9, 1915, it was performed at Long Branch, N. J., preparatory to its appearance at the Harris Theatre on Aug. 17 of that year.

"Rolling Stones" is described as a comedy. It is a mixture of farce and melodrama. After the first act is over, it is a joyous performance. This first act in a Chicago boarding house, one apparently of a "genteel" nature, serves to introduce the real Mr. Braden, who is there under another name, because as heir he must marry Norma, when he is already married; also Buck Ryder, who has no money, but loves Miss Anderson. She encourages him to go out for work, but first attempts to pay his board bill. He noble youth, will not accept aid from the woman he loves, but he tells her what she has been, is, and always will be to him. This scene drags. Buck leaves the house with a revolver.

Presto, the scene changes. On a Chicago bridge Buck meets Dave Fulton, also out of a job, also with a "gun." One has the thought of suicide. They shake hands, agree to be pals, and Buck takes Dave to the boarding house. It is understood that Braden on his way to Chicago has been killed in a railway accident. Buck, eating with his pal a midnight supper, is surprised. He introduces Dave as Braden.

In the remaining acts the conspirators run Hewitt's candy store which belongs by rights to Braden, known as Walter. He works for them and allows them to go on, hoping that the girl Norma will marry Dave, and thus his violation of the will by reason of his own marriage, will not be to his injury. The couple do a roaring bus'ness. But they are suspected. A detective is on their track. The two think of running away to Canada with their salaries taken from the safe at night. A professional burglar enters and blows open the safe. Attacked by them he makes his escape. The real Braden is arrested, because having come in to catch the conspirators, he snatches the payroll, and the police find it in his pocket. Buck and Dave are accused by the wise sleuth of murder, the murder of Braden. All are happy at the end, except the detective, for Braden discloses his identity and takes the two amusing rascals into the business. Norma has her little Jerry, and the good gospel-eyed Anna has her Buck.

There is a wealth of amusing ideas in this play, although the general scheme is more to be praised than the execution. There are many surprises. As in excellent farce, reasonableness is thrown to the winds. As a study of life the play is preposterous. As an extravagant portrayal of what unlimited nerve can accomplish, the play is for the most part entertaining. Dave forges Braden's name; Buck, as well as Dave has the wish to murder for the sake of money, but not the courage; the two are accomplished liars. The audience, however, knows that at bottom they are fine fellows and does not take their misdeeds seriously.

The farce is acted in a spirited manner. It is not pleasant to think of it performed by a less efficient company. Mr. Ruggles is a droll person, original in his methods, with a sense of true comedy and a singularly pleasing manner. He is not too conscious of his ability as a comedian; he is not noisy, and in farcical situations he is not ridiculous. Wholly unmoral, he is delightful. His simplicity is more refreshing than any exhibition of sophisticated art. Mr. Ford was an attractive and competent pal, ready witted, plausible, ingratiating. Messrs. Aylesworth, Kingdon and Kearney were efficient. In fact all the men were capable. Mr. Jarrett gave marked character to Strawbridge and the audience admired the neatness of Mr. Smithfield's work as the burglar.

Miss Carroll was vivacious in soubrette fashion; Miss Ingram was the typical boarding house keeper, smiling on the promptly paying and sour towards the dilatory. Miss Brainerd, pleasing and comely, played the good, faithful, and for a time deeply wounded Miss Anderson in a simple and natural manner.

A large audience was much amused.

BOSTON STILL HUMAN

Among many readers of The Herald in Chicago, Denver, and other big cities that like to picture Boston on hearsay, some must have been lately wondering whether Bostonians are so intellectual as they are said to be. Week after week one of the departments on this compacted page has been leading a debate without a bearing on any known problem. Is a familiar posture taken by boys and girls in coasting, "belly bump" or rather "belly bunt"? In grave adjudication, "As the World Wags," has been printing letter after letter from uncounted correspondents, young and old, that have sprung to this discussion with either reminiscences or reasons. Is this the Boston that built theologies like snowsheds and issued new ideas as congressmen frank out seeds?

Diderot once praised a critic for saying that a certain poet would not go far because he had not learned the secret of taking as his objects fathers and mothers, husbands, wives and children. Diderot knew that the difference between tweedledum and tweedledee is small only in matters abstract; when it touches the chords of memory and stirs again some joy of life, the variation of two letters may look larger to a man than the figures on a lifted check. Every morning "As the World Wags" renews a needed lesson to poets, editors and preachers: No worded message wings the gulf between soul and soul like that with a "human interest."

CRESSY AND DAYNE RETURN TO B. F. KEITH'S

Sam and Kitty Morton Also Seen in Funny Sketch.

Will M. Cressy and Blanche Dayne in another new and original Cressy sketch, "One Night Only," head one of the best bills presented at B. F. Keith's Theatre during the present season. Cressy in his role of the New Hampshire farmer, dry, witty and with a dialect that only Will Cressy can imitate, kept his audience in a continual laugh. Miss Dayne as the owner and star of the Elite Rep. Co., a barnstorming troupe, was a good fence for all his jokes.

Sam and Kitty Morton returned yesterday in a funny sketch, "Back Where They Started." Another of the famous four Mortons was Clara Morton, who appears with Frank Sheen in a musical diversion by Junie McCree.

Tho Scotch lads and lassies in their kilts and tartans with bagpipes, drums and Highland songs and dances, all under the directorship of Jack Wyatt, presented one of the best Scotch acts ever seen in Boston.

Others on the bill this week are the McIntires, sharpshooters; Maurice Burkhardt in "The Thief"; Harry Tighe and Sylvia Jason, the big college boy and the littlest girl, in a funny skit; Clarence Oliver and George Olp in a sermonized dramatic sketch, "Discontent," and Mortimer, Tyrell and Holt in an exciting game of basket ball on bicycles.

Next week Ruth St. Denis, assisted by Ted Shawn and company of dancers, will head the bill.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE: "Between the Lines," the 1916 Harvard-Radcliffe prize play, in a prologue, an epilogue and three episodes, by Charlotte Chorpenning. First performance on any stage. K. W.

Characters in Prologue and Epilogue

David Allen	Al Roberts
Mrs. Allen	Vida Croly Sidney
Postman	Frederick Cairns

First Episode—"Bob."

Robert Allen	Donald Meek
Willard Blake	William P. Carleton
Dorothy Sherman	Rose Lee
Alma Richards	Dorothy Dickinson

Second Episode—"Rachel."

Ward Florian	Theodore Friebus
Doctor Bruce	George Ernst
Knowles	Robert Capron
Mrs. Ward Florian	Betty Barnicoat
Claudia Torrence	Justine Adams
Rachel Allen	Mary Young

Third Episode—"Tom."

Thomas Allen	John Craig
Franklin Ames	William P. Carleton
Philip Seward	Theodore Friebus
Peppe Rojas	Donald Meek
Josiah Van Horn	George Ernst
Letch Cooper	J. Monte Crane
Mrs. Letch Cooper	Kate Ryan
Miss Flindy Elizabeth Rhodes	Betty Barnicoat

The new Harvard-Radcliffe prize play was performed for the first time on any stage yesterday afternoon at the Castle Square Theatre. There was a large and interested audience.

In the prologue Mr. and Mrs. Allen, celebrating the 35th anniversary of their wedding, discuss their children, Bob, Rachel, Tom, now living in California, New York and Mexico. The postman brings letters and gifts from all three. The acts that follow are concerned with what is "between the lines" of these letters, events in the lives of the absent ones, which have taken place a few days before the letters are written.

Episode one shows Bob Allen, a studious youth, philosophically inclined, restraining his chum, William Blake, from giving way to the demon rum at the very moment when he is about to marry the maiden of his choice as a reward for his two years' proof of abstinence.

Episode two concerns the escapade of Rachel Allen with a matinee idol, who is unfortunately married.

Episode three shows Tom Allen nobly refusing to take part in a shady business deal which would make him sole manager of a thriving plantation in Mexico.

In the prologue Mr. and Mrs. Allen read their letters and enjoy their presents.

There should be curiosity to see this play. Though it lacks the vitality of some of its predecessors, the construction is logical, excellent. The three episodes present marked contrast.

In the prologue and in the first episode Miss Chorpenning has something to say about heredity. She is evidently of the opinion that heredity is not all powerful. "A man's life is not the product of his heredity acted upon by his environment but of the things in his heredity and environment to which he chooses to attend. If a man is a man he is his own environment." Thus reasons Bob Allen with his friend Blake, discouraged and tried beyond endurance. The reasoning is effective and Blake's misunderstanding with his fiancee is happily cleared up.

The second episode is treated in a conventional manner. There is the country-bred girl, longing for romance, the fatuous actor pleased at the prospect of a refreshing amorous adventure, the long-suffering and humiliated wife, indelibly associated with the salad days and early struggles of her husband, and therefore entitled to an honorable and eternal share of his success. Miss Allen, of course, does the right thing. Her renunciation is quickened by the sight of daffodils, her favorite flowers, pregnant with memories of home.

The third episode is chiefly amusing with the introduction of three comic rural characters and an ardent Mexican.

The piece is somewhat sentimental. It was excellently acted by the Craig Players. The parts are almost equal in importance and the performance by the entire company was spirited and commendable.

Mr. Meek as Bob and Peppe, Miss Young as Rachel, Mr. Craig as Tom, Mr. Carleton as Blake, were conspicuous. Miss Kate Ryan was warmly welcomed. The settings were effective from the New England parlor to the Mexican plantation.

"DADDY LONG LEGS" OPENS AT HOLLIS STREET THEATRE

Performances Interrupted by Fire at Tremont Resumed.

"Daddy Long Legs" resumed its interrupted Boston engagement yesterday afternoon with a benefit performance. The regular performance was given last evening. There was a crowded house, much enthusiasm and many curtain calls. The resumption of Jean Webster's delightful comedy was an instance of the resourcefulness of the Klaw & Erlanger organization. Losing the entire equipment of scenery and costumes at the recent fire at the Tremont Theatre, the producers have restored everything in two weeks.

It is a long time since Boston has been given such a treat as this comedy with its blending of pathos and humor.

Last night Mr. Miller again lived and watched with jealous eye the development of his ward, Miss Chatterton as

... the ... the was ... for nothing ... to speak her grati- ... And we were ... n she found out he was ... ton. T... others in the ... their former successes.

BALLETS REPEATED AT BOSTON OPERA HOUSE

"Sheherazade," "Petrouchka" and "Les Sylphides" Given.

The ballets performed last night by ... Russe at the Boston Opera House were "Sheherazade," "Petrouchka" and "Les Sylphides." They were again ... enjoyed by a large audience. The bill was skilfully varied. After the gorgeous spectacle of the harem scene with the tragic ending came the astonishingly realistic "Petrouchka," in which music and action are inseparably connected, displaying to fullest advantage the mimetic ability of the performers and the rigid training which ... such admirable results. And at the end was the charming "Sylphides," graceful and academic.

Tonight "Thamar" will be performed for the first time in America. As has been stated, the music is Balakiroff's symphonic poem which was performed some seasons ago at the Boston Opera House at a Sunday concert. This music was inspired by a short poem of Lermontoff. The heroine of the ballet is ... like Marguerite of Burgundy. Tired of each lover of an hour, she has him thrown into the stream that flows by her castle. The other ballets will be "L'Oisean de Fev," "L'Apres-Midi d'un Faune" and "Prince Igor."

The last performance before the departure for the West will be tomorrow afternoon: "Les Sylphides," "Petrouchka," "Sheherazade."

MAJESTIC THEATRE — Stella Mayhew in "A Mix-up," a comedy by Parker A. Herd. The cast:

Gladys Lorraine	Miss Stella Mayhew
Tillie Schwartz	Miss Elizabeth Crelly
Robert Hickman	Billie Taylor
Angelica Hickman	Marise Naughton
Nora Maguire	Miss Selma Hall
Hiram Hickman	Albert Reed
Mrs. Hiram Hickman	Sarah McVicker
Eugene Ramsay	Martin Brown
Sam Landman	John P. Dougherty

When a chap's wife goes away, and a strange woman, an actress to boot, strolls into his apartment and his puritanical aunt comes to visit him with an uncle who is not so puritanical, and another chap, who is far from puritanical, and when in an evil moment he passes the actress off on the unsuspecting aunt as his wife, and when in the morning his wife returns, there is certain to be action.

That, somewhat condensed, is the plot of a "Mix-up" in which Stella Mayhew made her appearance at the Majestic last night, accompanied by Billie Taylor. The piece might be described as a monologue in three acts, were it not for the fact that Sarah McVicker, as the puritanical aunt is funny, and Albert Reed as her husband, contributes largely to the fun.

But, of course, the audience wanted to hear Stella talk and the audience did. One can imagine without any great strain upon his mental resources a better vehicle for the versatile star, but still she had a great many witty lines, and she reads them with such skill that hardly a one was wasted.

It was disappointing not to hear her sing more, the musical part of the performance being restricted to a few minutes in the second act. She offered numbers, of which the most appreciated was: "He Tried to Shoot the Shooter But the Shooter Wouldn't Shoot." Another number, "He's Lost His Gal," sung by Miss Mayhew and Billie Taylor, seemed to strike a responsive chord somewhere in the audience.

"A Mix-Up" is not "High Jinks." It is not "The Girl in the Taxi," although it reminds one of the latter show. Indeed it is hard to clasify this new venture of the merry trouper. According to advice printed on the program it is "constructed for laughing purposes only" and as it seems to answer that purpose, perhaps it would be rather unfair to ascribe any other motive to it.

The audience might have been larger, but it was far from antagonistic and was generous with laughs and applause. The wife, by the way, the wife who goes away and finds her husband, as she says, with a "harem" when she returns, was portrayed acceptably by Marise Naughton.

William Hodge's new play, which comes to the Majestic Theatre next Monday night, is entitled "Fixing Sister." John Otis, played by Mr. Hodge, hails from Kansas City, and has to be "shown." This saves his fashionable sister from the consequences of her folly.

'THAMAR' MAKES AMERICAN DEBUT

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Serge de Diaghileff's Ballet Russe in "L'Oiseau de feu," "Thamar," "L'Apres Midi d'un Faune," "Prince Igor." Mr. Ansermet conducted.

"Thamar," a choregraphic drama by Bakst, music by Balakireff, was produced last evening for the first time in this country. The Georgian Queen was mimed by Miss Flore Ravelles, the Prince by Adolf Bohm.

Lermontoff wrote his poem "Tamara" in 1841, the year he was killed in a duel. It is a poem of only a dozen verses, but each line tells. The legend which he followed is an old one. It is the story of Margaret of Burgundy and the Tower of Nesle, on which the elder Dumas founded his once famous melodrama. Tamara, like Margaret, lured a lover to her tower, a lover of a night, for the next morning his body was floating on the Seine, as that of Tamara's guest on the Terek of Caucasus. There are some who say that Margaret was a greatly vilified woman. Perhaps Tamara has her defenders in Russia; perhaps, like Lucrezia Borgia, Catherine de Medici and other noble dames, along with the Emperor Tiberius, she has been whitewashed in recent years. The women of the legends are far more interesting. It does not delight us to learn that Lucrezia was always amiable and knitted for the poor. We prefer the handsome monster of Hugo's drama and Donizetti's opera, just as Tiberius is a more superb figure in Suetonius and Tacitus than in the Englishman's rehabilitation. At least this can be said of Tamara: she welcomed the coming and sped the parting guest.

"It's a fine night for the Tower!" "They must be grand dames." These lines from the old melodrama came into the mind as we saw the magnificent spectacle last evening.

Balakireff began his symphonic poem "Thamar" in 1867; laid it aside; completed it in 1882. He wrote part of it, he said, as he danced along the street. The poem was played at the Boston Opera House at a concert of Russian music Dec. 1, 1912, and repeated that season. It then seemed a composition of uneven merit, with pages of admirable descriptive, pictorial music suggesting the flowing Terek, with an Oriental flavor, with a few dramatic touches, but on the whole diffuse, and with little that characterized the voluptuous queen, a Georgian Marquise de Sade. Last night it was for the most part necessarily secondary in interest to the spectacle with action.

The stage setting and costumes by Bakst were wildly gorgeous. Those of "Sheherazade" seemed drab in comparison. Tamara undoubtedly never had such a castle, surely never such a reception room. She should have had, for it would have suited her. One likes to think of Tamara as resembling Miss Ravelles in her lithe form, her alluring face, a woman suffering from the tedium of the east, finding relief only in the passion of the moment, the putting away of the lover, with the compliment of a passing regret, and then looking through the window for the next desirable wanderer.

In Lermontoff's poem a pale face calls from the tower "Farewell" to the corpse hurried along by the river, a tender, longing farewell, as though she cried in the depths of her love "May we meet again."

There was wild dancing in her tower last night. There was throwing of knives to the floor; there was whirling of swords; there was the inflaming evolutions of the women in her retinue; but for Tamara there was no grand 'pas de seduction." Tamara did not dance the pilgrim Prince to his death. There were steps, now langourous, now rapid; there was graceful, voluptuous posturing; and then the fatal thrust of a dagger; the eyes following the servants as they threw the body to the roaring stream below. Was there a moment of remorse? Again the world had nothing for her. Lo, a handmaiden pointed to the open window. A pilgrim was approaching. Tamara roused herself from her couch and waved the inviting scarf.

RUSSIAN BALLET TO GIVE LAST PERFORMANCE TODAY

The last opportunity to see the extraordinary troup of mimes and dancers that Serge de Diaghileff has gathered together will be this afternoon at 2 o'clock. Three of the most popular ballets appear on the bill, "Les Sylphides," with its charming music by Chopin, the quaint and musically tragic "Petrouchka," and the picturesquely oriental "Sheherazade."

The company leaves Boston at 6:30 this evening for Albany, where it will give a performance tomorrow evening. From there it goes west and returns to New York, opening at the Metropolitan Opera House Monday evening, April 3, the same night that the Metropolitan Company begins its engagement at the Boston Opera House.

The discussion about "belly gut," "helly bump," 'belly bunt" is now closed. There are other subjects connected with sliding down hill that call for attention. No one has given the origin of the warring cry: "Clear the lulla." Why "lulla"?

No one has spoken of upholstered sleds. We remember some sumptuously upholstered with dazling brass nailheads. Others had merely a shabby strip of carpet carelessly tacked to the top of the sled. What profited splurge? Some battered old sled, with no cushion, nameless, would shoot quickly by those gorgeous in paint and trappings.

Here is another explanation of "butcher." Again we remark that the term was known outside Greater Boston, outside the commonwealth.

Butcher Style.

As the World Wags:

I think your correspondent "Brookline" of Jan. 26 rightly concludes the one leg under or "sidesaddle" style of coasting was named "butcher" style. This style was adopted from the prevalent custom of the butcher boys of Brighton and elsewhere who were obliged to ride sideways upon their meat pungs on the end of a broad seat placed across the front end of the pung close to the head board with their legs hanging outside as there never was any floor or dasher beyond the head board. These pungs were made box style with sides about two feet high just about right to spring on and off sideways, it not being possible to ride any other way. During the Forties butcher boys were very numerous in Brighton as butchering was the chief business carried on there and was the whole thing and dominated the town, so much so that the town named its first fire engine "Butcher Boy, No. 1."

About that time, my uncle had the largest butchering business in Brighton, and the Jackson boys were the apprentices and did most of his killing. The cattle to be killed were each morning driven into a detaining room, which was just off the killing floor. Many a time did I see Nat Jackson loop a stout rope over the horns of an ox and pass it through an iron ring in the floor of the killing room, then to a windlass, and wind the ox in against his greatest resistance until his head was down tight against the floor; then he would take a long handled heavy broadback hatchet style of axe and swing one powerful blow striking the ox just over the eyes (which were looking right at him) in the centre of the forehead, then down the ox flopped in a heap. He always remained on his feet until the blow was struck. Then with a long knife, Nat would cut his throat, ripping him down pretty well, and leave him to "bleed off" previous to the splitting and dressing, etc. When he went on to the hooks, it looked to me as though the man was fairly inside the critter. The killing floor was very clean and smooth with channels cut so that rivers of blood ran toward a row of drip traps, which opened out to a huge platform 20 by 15, built slanting in the pig pen for the blood to spread over. . . .

There was little demand for liver and it was largely "thrown in" to the buyers of meat. Now I have told you something of the way the butchering business was conducted 70 years ago and although the town smelled of animals and blood, yet it was very healthy, as our professors had not then discovered germs or microbes. The Jackson boys mentioned were the late Nathaniel and Samuel Jackson, who later on went into the business for themselves and became wealthy and much honored townsmen.

Watertown, Feb. 5. JAY BURNS.

The Household Barber.

As the World Wags:

W. E. K. asks: "Is there any mental torture like that of a boy who must wear something that nobody else in the gang wears?"

Yes. How about the boy who was forced to face the gang with mother's haircut fresh upon him? You have seen him back in the Sixties.

I can still hear the stock expression:
"Who cut your hair?"
"Marm! with the snuffers."

EMERY STREET.

Portland, Me., Feb. 4.

Sleds and Girls.

As the World Wags:

Forty years ago in Addison county, Vermont, . . . we had the "high," or "girl's" sled, the "pung," or "bob sled," a big, wide-frame sled, which I have since heard called a "hand sled," and the long, low, rakish affair, with solid runners and spring steel shoes, called the "pointer." Two pointers and a board made "a pair of bobbics," or a "pair of traverses."

Never heard of double-runners until the time of the winter carnivals at Burlington, when the term was applied to a gigantic engine of destruction with a steering gear like that now used in motor cars and a seating capacity of 20 to 30, sitting back to back, with their feet on running boards along the sides, and which required a pair of horses to haul it back up the hill. They speedily fell into disrepute because an accident on the icy hills always was serious, sometimes fatal.

Very young children used the high sled, older girls generally sat on the front of a "pung" or "pointer" with a boy "hipping" behind to steer, or on the traverser. They were never troubled with snow sifting into their pantalettes, as one writer complained of, for the proper "lingerie" for sliding was the same as used in plowing through the snow to school—home made and well made of good substantial red flannel, and extending well down into warm woolen stockings. A most commendable style it was too, for it not only protected the wearer, but added a gay touch of color to the glistening snow-clad landscape and was of material assistance in locating the personnel of a traverse party after an accident in a deep drift.

Lowell. VERD MONT.

LEO ORNSTEIN

By PHILIP HALE.

Leo Ornstein gave a piano recital in Steinert Hall last evening. His program was as follows: Ornstein, Sonatina; Debussy, Pagodes, Ce qu'a vu le Vent d'Ouest, Minstrels; Bach - Busoni, Chorales (Awake, the Voice Commands, Rejoice Beloved Christmas); Schumann, Arabesque, Novelette; Liszt, Rhapsodie No. 13; Ravel, Ondine; Albeniz, Fete Dieu a Seville; Ornstein, Prelude, Three Burlesques; Chopin, Nocturne in B major, Valse in C sharp minor, Etude op. 10 No. 5, Etude (Butterfly); Rubinstein, Waltz Caprice in E flat.

The program gave the information that Mr. Ornstein's Sonatina was composed in 1909. Perhaps Mr. Ornstein purposes to have his three periods, for some so divide the creative work of Beethoven. The Sonatina then would fall in the first, for it is comparatively childlike and bland, although there are traces of the later Ornstein. The Prelude and Burlesques are in the second. Who shall say what enormities will be perpetrated in the third to come, for the composer is yet young in years.

There are some charming ideas in this Sonatina, lawless as it is, a suite of rambling improvisations. The beginning of the finale is decidedly in the vein of the Cesar Franck of the prelude, choral and fugue. In fact, it sounded as if Mr. Ornstein had quoted a few measures. These passed, and the music was certainly his own. There was a pretty effect at the end with a tinkling figuro maintained as an ostinato.

Mr. Ornstein's Prelude and three Burlesques are not to be taken seriously. With these compositions we have no patience, not even if the composer attempted to burlesque his own later style. These pieces are not impressionistic, symbolical, illustrative or any other adjective in the cant of the studio. They are without meaning, deliberately ugly in a coarse, unimaginative way; what is even worse, they are boresome. If Mr. Ornstein really believes in them his bumps should at once be examined. If he only wishes to tax the credulity of an audience his joke is a poor one, accusing him of gross insincerity. Does the laughter of an audience convince him that he is a sadly misunderstood genius and thus tickle his pride?

This was his fourth recital. Again his merits and faults as a pianist were clearly shown. He has it in him to be a pianist of high rank, if he will pay more respect to the composer's evident intentions. It is high time for him to decide whether he will be a serious artist or known for a season or two as an eccentric virtuoso. He has a brilliant mechanism, an agreeable singing touch; at times his taste is pure, too often it is perverted. Wishing to put his own personality between the composer and the hearer, he takes injurious liberties with rhythm and the phrase.

BENEFIT CONCERT FOR STUDENT AID FUND GIVEN

Performance Takes Place at the Hotel Somerset.

Mme. Marie Sundelius and Mr. Oulukanoff sang and Mr. and Mrs. Ondricek played yesterday afternoon at the Hotel Somerset at a benefit concert for the student aid fund of the Misses Gilman School Association. There was a large and interested audience. Mr. Oulukanoff sang Koeneman's "When the King Went in the War" and a Russian folk song. Mr. and Mrs. Ondricek played pieces by Goon, Hubay, Rachmaninoff and Siccard. Mrs. Sundelius sang songs by Brahms, Sinding, Scott and Horrsman. Mrs. T. Dudley Fitts and Miss Corinne Harmon were the accompanists.

Thus did I hear the converse of the son of Vasudeva and the mighty-souled son of Pritha, marvelous, causing the hair to stand erect with wonder.

A Crying Need

At the Tailors' Convention in St. Louis "a novelty was an overcoat weighing one pound said to be both rain and cold proof."

What Boston really needs is a thermometrical suit of underclothes,

[illegible] with the rising and the falling of the mercury.

New England Moderation

Mr. J. H. Stone of North Andover joins in the discussion between "A. M." and "Suburbanite" concerning witchcraft. Mr. Stone quotes freely from John A. Goodwin's "Pilgrim Republic." "In our colonial era, some of the German states were burning 600 witches a year." "In Italy, Switzerland and Sweden, the slaughter was also terrible." "In the 16th century, as is estimated, Continental Europe sacrificed 100,000 lives on this ground." "The Pope stimulated the Roman Catholic nations to activity as Luther and Calvin did the Continental Protestants, and the churches of Scotland and England were both zealous in destroying witches." "Under the Long Parliament were 3000 of these victims and in 10 years of its session there were 4000 in Scotland." "Most of these suffered the horrible death of burning alive, though many were murdered by ordeals." "In 1793, 101 years after the last execution in New England, a witch was executed in Germany." Mr. Stone makes other quotations. He might have levied also on Lecky's "History of Rationalism" and Michelet's "La Sorciere," and cited the behavior of Sir Thomas Browne and Sir Matthew Hale in court. Mr Stone concludes: "When one considers that the New England excitement regarding witchcraft was but a feeble echo of what was occurring in most every other part of the civilized world, and that the whole affair was practically only of about two years' duration, also that the total executions were but, say 33 in number, the Massachusetts history of witchcraft persecutions, bad as it is, when considered by itself, appears in quite a favorable aspect when compared with what happened in other parts of the world. It is a singular fact that berating our Pilgrim Fathers is always popular, whether administered by one of their own descendants or by foreigners escaping from other parts of the world to find, here, an asylum from intolerable conditions in their own home lands. All this, in the light of facts, seems altogether unfilial, ungrateful, unappreciative and unjustifiable."

Sound Advice

As the World Wags:

The sympathy of the community should go out to Mr. Timothy Saltmarsh in his affliction, and thanks are due him for his gentle but firm rebuke of the drunkards and men of loose or immoral lives who have surreptitiously crept in and tried to corrupt this uplifting and improving column.

Sympathy goes out to him, also, for his shuddering fear of God which must be a blood-curdling nightmare if it has driven him to vote for William Jennings Bryan.

Perhaps his young ladies at the Sunday school deserve some sympathy, too, although as yet, anyway—they have not voted for Mr. Bryan.

Sad indeed is the depravity of the worldly merchants of whom he complains. But should he not consider changing his name? Nothing is cowardly which helps avoid temptation. Something about the name "Saltmarsh" is so suggestive of thirst that these wicked dealers might hope to dispose of even the bay rum and witch hazel as beverages. Considering the depravity of those who sell the commodities advertised, it is hard to expect them to refrain from approaching Mr. Saltmarsh in the hope that all the articles in both lists might be compounded in one punch for an evening's revel.

Change your name, Mr. Saltmarsh—change it to Pond or Rivers—something that sounds wet. Even Fogg might do. No one ever thinks of pouring rum in a pond or river; and it is not likely to be spilled when there is a fog.

Medford, Feb. 7. H. J. L.

"Hard Up!"

As the World Wags:

I was glad to meet an old acquaintance in the Hard-Up stanza printed in your column this morning. I have often quoted the refrain for my own comfort, but I remember it in a form slightly different from the one you reproduce. I venture to suggest that in place of hard in the next to the last line we should put harder. The refrain will then be

Hard up! Hard up!
I never can forget
Those days when I was harder up
I may be well-off yet.

Cambridge. H. E. H.

"Sassingers"

As the World Wags:

I quote from an old song:

That poor old horse, he carried many passengers,
And now he is made into Bologna cum sassingers.

Why "cum" I don't know, except to give the required number of feet to the verse. T. B. D.

Pine Orchard, Ct.

Poets extolling sassingers should say "links" instead of "feet."—Ed.

COOPER GIVES

By PHILIP HALE.

Charles Cooper, pianist, played for the first time in Boston yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. His program was as follows:

Bach, Fantasie, C minor; Beethoven, Three Bagatelles, op. 33; Brahms, Sonata in F minor, op. 5; Schoenberg, six small piano pieces, op. 19; Schumann, Three Fantasies, op. 111; Chopin, Nocturne, C minor, op. 48, No. 1, Preludes in C major, E minor, G major, B minor, G sharp minor, C sharp minor, D flat major, D minor.

Mr. Cooper, we are informed, is a young Californian who studied several years in Paris. Possibly for this reason there was no French music on the program, which was the same as that of his recital in New York early in December.

He seems to be well-disposed, courteous, affable, yet as a program-maker he robbed the cradle and the grave; for the Bagatelles were composed in 1782, when Beethoven was 12 years old, and the Fantasias were composed in 1851, three years before Schumann went crazy and in the period of his failing powers.

Then there was the sonata by Brahms. It had already been played here this season by Messrs. Shattuck, Powell and Bauer. There is an old saying, "Three times and out!" but this saw is ignored by the disciples of Johannes. Mr. Cooper put the sonata on his program without apology or trepidation. Mme. Legenski announces its terrible approach. No doubt others will have no mercy before the season is over. Yet the years are passing quickly; we are all nearing the grave, and there is much beautiful music that could be played.

There is a Brahms street in West Roxbury, running from 4589 Washington street about 160 feet southwest of Haydn street, northwest to about 107 feet beyond Nikisch avenue. Why do not the pianists play the sonata out there?

Mr. Cooper is a pianist of considerable parts, who has not yet freed himself from the influence of his teacher. In the Fantasie of Bach, and in the prattling Bagatelles, he played too precisely, at times too rigidly, with understanding of the structure, with musical phrasing, but, as we have said, in a too straightforward manner. He showed greater elasticity and more independence of thought in the first movement of Brahms's sonata, which suited his style of playing, at present inclined to be granitic. In the second movement, which, with the third, is the redeeming feature of the sonata, we missed the poetic, mildly sensuous character of the music.

The pianist's playing of chords is rather stiff; in piano passages the chords are fuzzy; in forte passages they are brittle, rather than sonorous. Mr. Cooper should strive to sing melodic passages with more grace and feeling; without undue emphasis on the first note and on unimportant notes that follow.

We have taken the trouble to speak thus at length, because his mechanism in certain respects is sound and fluent, and because he is evidently serious in his undertaking.

A small audience gave the customary applause.

Mrs. Alexander Preston of Baltimore, "a society leader noted for her beauty and free thought," said in a clear, bell-like voice to a palpitating reporter: "Shorter skirts are better unless a woman is bow-legged. It's only the people who are extremely conservative who argue in favor of conservative clothes." Does this mean that conservative persons are all bow-legged? Artists, physicians, and surgeons have assured us that the majority of women are knock-kneed. Are the latter, therefore, radical, extravagant, ready to leap excitedly in the air on any occasion? The choir will now sing the first verse of Thomas Hood's "Sailor's Apology":

There's some is born with their straight legs by nature—
And some is born with bow-legs from the first—
And some that should have growed a good deal straighter,
But they were badly nursed,
And set you see, like Bacchus, with their pegs
Astride of casks and kegs,
I've got myself a sort of bow to larboard,
And starboard,
And this is what it was that warped my legs.

Then follows the pathetic story.

Fletcherism.

As the World Wags:

Speaking of appropriate names—our town paper publishes this:

"Supper was served at 6:30 by a committee under the able chairmanship of Mrs. H. W. Munch." S. E.

The Ledges, Feb. 9.

Local Option.

As the World Wags:

The experience of Mr. Timothy Saltmarsh, your New Hampshire correspondent, with the mail order house, touches a sympathetic chord in those who live within the zone of local option. Many of us who work in Boston carry a bag that will hold six bottles of ale, or, in the event of an anniversary, a varied assortment of strong waters. The bag is above suspicion. It is your lunch bag on the inward trip. And yet one will sigh for the days when the corner grocery could quench one's thirst from the wood. Thus did Ned Harrington sing in the Sixties:

Each day in the week and week in the year
With a heart and a conscience that's clear,
I've a friend and a glass to let the toast pass,
As we drink from our pitcher of beer.

Feb. 9. J. D. K.

The Old Howard.

As the World Wags:

If memory serves me rightly, Malden Wright, who sang the song "Hard Up," at the "Old Historic Howard" in the Seventies, also had a lugubrious ballad entitled "Broken Down," of which I recall:

Too proud to put the curb on, I thought myself high bred,
And now for want of food at times I have to fast instead.

Chorus.

I wander through the world
And meet with many a frown,
No one seems to know me,
I'm completely broken down.

By the way, can any of the readers of this column recall the circumstances under which the Howard Athenaeum was transformed from a church into a theatre and given its name?

E. P. HOWARD

Brockton, Feb. 4.

Where the Howard Athenaeum stands was built in 1843-44 a wooden building called the "Tabernacle" or "Miller's Tabernacle." The disciples of Miller awaited there the day of resurrection. On the inside walls were pictures of monsters described in the Apocalypse. Some of these disciples sold all that they had; some went mad. The appointed day arrived. There was no perturbation of Nature. Gabriel's trumpet blew no fanfare in Boston or elsewhere on this whizzing ball. The congregation dispersed. The Tabernacle was then leased for theatrical performances. Alterations were made. A new front, painted in imitation of freestone, was put on, and the house was called the Howard Athenaeum. (Howard street was so named in 1821, after John Howard, whose house stood at the corner of Bulfinch street and Bulfinch place.) The theatre was opened on Oct. 13, 1845. The bill included "The School for Scandal" and "The Day After the Wedding." On Feb. 25, 1846, the theatre was destroyed by fire. The present theatre was built in 1846, and opened under the management of James H. Hackett & Co. The plays on the opening night, Oct. 25, were "The Rivals" and "A Chaste Salute." William Warren, as Bob Acres, then made his first appearance in Boston.

The architect of the present theatre was Isaiah Rogers.—Ed.

Miss Farrar's Husband.

Some in Boston, admirers of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, have asked: "Tellegen? Lou-Tellegen? Who's he, pray?" Are we so soon forgotten?

Mr. Lou-Tellegen was in Mme. Bernhardt's company at the Boston Theatre, in January, 1911. He was then seen as Gen. Hartmann in "L'Aiglon," Gustave in "La Dame aux Camelias," Angelotti in "La Tosca," Calabacas in "La Sorciere," a shadow in "La Samaritaine," but he then also played the leading part, Jean Gaussin in "Sapho." In June, 1911, at the same theatre he was seen as Prince Bellidor in "Soeur Beatrice," Jean Marie in Theuriet's little play of the same name, and Raymond in "La Femme." As an actor in French and English, he has attracted considerable attention since then in New York.

Next Sunday The Herald will publish an interesting letter by "Balzac" (Mr. John W. Ryan) on old actors and old days in Boston.

Down in Buxton.

"C." of Augusta, Me., remembers the sliding down hill years ago in Buxton, York county, Maine, when boys wore copper-toed cowhide boots made in Capt. Davis's shop. "Hon. Cyrus W. Davis, collector of the port of Portland, is of that Davis family. Capt. Howes tells how Cape boys slid. Well, Buxton was Narragansett No. 1 granted by Massachusetts as a bounty to soldiers, and settled by people from down Cape Cod way. So customs were naturally similar. It is at Buxton that Kate Douglas Wiggin finds her characters, and they resemble Cape Cod folks enough to prove them to be of the same breed."

During the Waits

As the World Wags:

A very pretty pastime to while away the tedium of the entr'actes for theatre parties who may attend the performances of "A Mix-Up," now playing at the Majestic Theatre, is to guess competitively at the sources of the author's wit, the one whose guesses are the most numerous and correct receiving some trifling prize. The game is by no means difficult. For instance, one has little trouble in referring the speech, "There is nothing in the world like the devotion of a married woman. It's a thing no married man knows anything about," to its birthplace in the third act of "Lady Windermere's Fan," nor "I can resist anything except temptation" to its literary starting point in act first of the same work by the late Oscar Wilde.

Boston, Feb. 7. GAYLORD QUEX.

P. S.—By the way, ownership in the Ford car, which is becoming all but universal, might be described as "flivver complaint," not dangerous, but incurable. G. Q.

War Note.

The German censor objects to the publication of certain views of Goethe. Why wonder? Goethe said to Eckermann: "How could I write songs of hate? I did not hate the French, although I thanked God we were free from them. How could I—to whom culture and barbarism are alone important—hate a nation which is among the most cultivated of the earth, and to which I owe so great a part of my own cultivation?" Was it not Goethe who said: "You will always find national hatred strongest and most violent where there is the lowest degree of culture"?

A German was heard to say in Boston the other day: "We are all so sorry for the poor French." Thus, patronizing this great and heroic nation, he shed crocodile tears over Rheims and other ruined glories of art, held sacred in '70-'71 by the invaders.

Take Your Choice.

The English Board of Agriculture is still asking "What is a new-laid egg?" A London poultry expert says, "There is a desire to make the period as long as possible, about seven days for 'new-laid' and 14 for 'fresh.'" This list was given in Canada not long ago: "New-laid eggs, specials, strictly fresh, guaranteed fresh, fancy eggs, good boilers, good cookers, guaranteed local fresh, good fryers, ranch eggs, Easter eggs, good eggs, eggs, tested eggs, cold storage eggs, held eggs, imported eggs." We fail to see eggs for the theatre in this list. The only way for a nervous and particular man to insure freshness is for him to spend his days and nights in close company with a hen.

14TH SYMPHONY

By PHILIP HALE.

The 14th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Beethoven, overture to "Leonore," No. 1, op. 138; Joachim, Concerto in the Hungarian manner for violin; Strauss, "Don Quixote." Mr. Witek was the solo violinist. The solo 'cello and violin parts in Strauss's tone poem were played by Mr. Warnke and Mr. Ferir respectively.

Although the "Leonore" overture played yesterday is numbered the first, it was the third in order of composition. Perhaps it is well that it should be heard occasionally, for it not only is interesting as showing how the composer could vary his subject, but it contains a few engrossing passages. As an overture to the opera it has the advantage over the other two of not anticipating the one great dramatic moment in the opera—the trumpet call that announces the governor. Some have said, and justly, that the overture No. 3 is the whole opera in a condensed form, more dramatic, more emotional than the opera itself; for this reason it should never be played in the theatre as a prelude. Viewed merely as a concert overture, No. 1 falls far below the other two. And what possessed Beethoven to write his "Fidelio" overture to the same opera, an overture that is not dramatic and is wholly unconnected with the text?

At long intervals some violinist, greatly daring, plays Joachim's Hungarian concerto. A less audacious person contents himself with the first movement, which is long enough; but by so doing he does not give a sop to the audience by playing the Romanze, with its obvious melody, its obvious embroidery, its obvious sentiment. Mr. Listemann played the whole of the concerto at a Symphony concert in 1881. Mr. Kneisel played the first movement in 1886; Mr. Winternitz did likewise in 1902. The indefatigable Willy Hess, not having the slightest consideration for a well disposed audience, played the whole concerto twice, in 1904 and in 1909.

Joachim was a celebrated violinist and quartet player. He was an impotent conductor, nor do we speak from hearsay. As a composer he had little talent. Nothing can be more laboriously contrived than his overtures, except this Hungarian concerto. It is so singularly ungrateful to the violinist that the question comes up: Why does any one take the trouble to play it? Perhaps the inherent difficulty of the task is tempting. A violinist may wish to have the concerto in his repertory to show his technical ability.

With the exception of the Romanze, music of amiable sentiment, the concerto is not one to enlist the sympathy of an audience. To quote the saying of Mozart: "Music should sound." That is, it should be euphonious. This concerto does not sound. It is painfully put

together, [illegible]. The solo instrument is not favored. If the composer by accident hits upon an agreeable phrase, he at once kills the effect by putting in oboe, or a horn, against it, without rhyme or reason. Mr. Weingartner's abilities are well known. It was not necessary for him to utter this challenge. He played the concerto yesterday as though he really liked it. The hearers, recognizing his proficiency, paid him the customary tribute.

There are beautiful and stately things in Strauss's "Don Quixote." The introduction, with its romantic, chivalric scent with the whirring thoughts that finally turn the Knight's brain; the matter of fact comments of Sancho Pansa as the two are in quest of adventures; the noble measures in which the Knight discourses on honor, glory and the ideal; the music that portrays the death scene—all these pages are of a supreme talent, if they are not the work of a genius. It is to be feared, however, that many hearers are more interested in the eccentricities of the tone-poem, in the sensationalism, as the variations that picture the sheep and the ride through the air. These variations are amusing; they are clever; but they are not the pages that make the composition remarkable. A less gifted composer, with the trick of clever instrumentation, can do surprising things; but his imagination would fail him if he should attempt to carry the hearer with Don Quixote high in the realm of the ideal. The performance was vivid and eloquent. Messrs. Warne and Ferir played with the finest understanding of the music allotted to Knight and follower. The concert will be repeated tonight.

There will be no concerts next week. The program of the concerts Feb. 25, 26 will be as follows: Goldmark, Overture "Sappho"; Brahms, Concerto in B flat major No. 2 for piano (Mr. Bauer, pianist); MacDowell, Suite op. 42.

To such mutton, add potatoes, dry even in such a season. Ay, dry and mouldering, at a touch, into the aforesaid gravy, till the potato was lost to the eye in a heap of sanguine hue, but felt on the palate, amalgamated with the mountain mutton into a glorious mixture of animal and vegetable matter; each descending mouthful of which kept regenerating the whole man, and giving assurance of a good old age.

Some Words.

The January section of the Oxford English Dictionary—"Subterrancously—Sullen"—has been slow in coming. It is fascinating reading. We put aside "The Pirates Own Book" to cut the pages, and forgot for an hour the swarthy heroes cursing under the streaming Jolly Roger.

The first word that fixed our attention, "Suburban," had a peculiar attraction. Here is the earliest quotation. It is from a play of Fletcher's (1625): "To yield at first encounter may befit the state of some suburban strumpet, but not her." We blushed and hurried on. "Subway" made its first appearance in English literature in 1828. It then referred to an underground passage for conveying water and gas. "Subway" for underground railway is no older in England than 1904.

Succotash: "A dish of North American Indian origin, usually consisting of green maize and beans boiled together." "Maize." How delightfully English! Commend us, rather, to Jonathan Carver, the traveler (1778): "This (dish) is composed of their unripe corn and beans in the same state, boiled together with bear's flesh. * * * They call this dish succotosh." Other spellings are suckatash, sagatash, succatras, suckertash, succatash, suc-ca-tush. Let us go back to the Cooper of our boyhood: "The wise Huron is welcome; he is come to eat his 'suc-ca-tush' with his brothers of the lakes."

Do not be afraid to use the word "suchness." It goes back to the tenth century.

"Sucker: A greenhorn, simpleton. U. S. "Yes, yes; but we miss the old saw, "A sucker is born every second." "Sudsy", full of soapsuds is another Americanism.

"Suffragette" is admitted. It came into English newspapers in 1906. "A female supporter of the cause of women's political enfranchisement, esp. one of a violent or 'militant' type."

"Suffraginous", however, now obsolete or rare, refers to "of, belonging to, or affecting the hocks of animals." "Suffragist" was first applied to women about 1885.

In the 17th century a canary was also known as a sugar bird.

The verb "suicide" intransitive and reflective is admitted, yet to us "he suicided" or "he suicided himself" is a barbarous expression. Edward Phillips says "suicide" "may as well seem to participate of 'sus'—a sow, as of the pronoun 'sui.'"

"Sulky: A light two-wheeled carriage or chaise (sometimes without a body) seated for one person; now used principally in America for trials of speed between trotting-horses. So called because it admits only one person." That is, it comes from the adjective "sulky," silently and obstinately ill-humored; showing a tendency to keep aloof from others, etc. The "disobligeant" is the same thing. Laurence Sterne got into one at Calais as he started on his sentimental journey. John Adams in 1770 noted in his diary that he went home in one. "Sulky" takes us back to the last day of Cattle Show in Hampshire County of the Sixties. The sulky was then regarded by many of the townsfolk as an immoral vehicle.

From Bath, Me.

Dr. Edward E. Briry of Bath, Me., writes: "I feel sure those long worsted mufflers with bright blue or red hands across the ends, and those long-legged kip or grained leather boots, often with copper toes and red leather pieces set in at top of bootleg—all this made a winter picture with higher color effect and more action than can be seen and painted from a modern coasting scene."

He writes that "ponies" and "cribs" were known at Bowdoin in the Seventies. "Trots" were not known. "A rain storm or snow storm necessitating the wearing of rubber boots was always a blessing in disguise to many students. The more ambitious student strived for a 'ten strike' at recitation; while the easy going student took after a 'plead.'

"We often sang:

It was a summer Sunday way down in Tennessee,,
I asked my lovely Lucy to take a walk with me,
She had on her best gown, and together we sat down,
Chorus,
How happy were we under the shade of a Juniper tree.

And I may add how happy were we under the shade of "Whispering Pines."

The Student's Stable.

As the World Wags:

"Pony"—was in good and frequent usage in college vernacular in 1885. "Horse" was also frequent. Anthon's notes were on the "Index Librorum Prohibitorum."

The dean unconsciously contributed to the joy of existence by giving out in chapel one morning just as term examinations were to begin the psalm containing the declaration: "A horse is a vain thing for safety; neither shall he deliver any by his great strength." Although the truth of his announcement was always manifest there were times when the fervent offer of Richard III. at Bosworth Field was given vain repetition.

Cum fracta virtus et minaces
Turpe solum tetigere mento.

Feb. 7. SHAWSHIN.

A Few Hills.

"Northville" attended school at Kents Hill, Readfield, Me., from 1860 to 1865. When the roads were in good condition the boys could start in front of the school and slide down hill a mile toward Fayette, or crossing the road, run across fields, over walls and fences, on the crust a mile toward Mt. Vernon. "Going East, a run of over half a mile to the old red mill and stopping on the way back at Mr. Scofield's where apples and cider were always free. * * * I have often seen 10 to 15 yoke of oxen and steers hitched to a sled with a log under it breaking out the roads. I remember Russell of Portland, whose father was a carriage builder, had a long frame sled that would carry six and cost over fifty dollars—the best one I ever saw. I like to read the different articles sent in, and may write again some time.

STON, FEBRUARY 13, 1

MME. SCHNITZER

By PHILIP HALE.

Mme. Germaine Schnitzer, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. The program for this "piano recital of the romanticists" was as follows: Mendelssohn, Praeludium, op. 104 No. 1; Schubert, "Wanderer" Fantaisie; Impromptu, B flat major, op 142; Schubert-Lizst, Auf dem Wasser zu Singen; Mendelssohn, Song Without Words, op. 102 No. 5, Serious Variations, op. 54; Schumann, Laendler, Symphonic Studies, op. 13.

"Romanticists." This word might well provoke a long disquisition. Were not Bach and Couperin romanticists? Was not Beethoven of the later period a romanticist? How about Chopin? And how is romanticism in music to be defined? What is the distinction between classical and romantic in any art? Many have offered definitions from Stendhal to Pater. The former declared that the romantic pleased those living; the classical was what had pleased our fathers and grandfathers. This is a loose definition; for in music at least the romanticist does not always please his contemporaries, and the succeeding generation wonders at their dull ears.

The program was unconventional, although it included some familiar pieces. The Mendelssohn of the "Hebrides" overture and a few other works was certainly a romanticist. He is today as unjustly neglected as he was once absurdly over-praised. It is strange that pianists ignore his Scherzo in F sharp minor, a favorite with Buelow, music that has more of the demoniacal spirit than we are accustomed to associate with the genteel composer. Many put the Serious Variations at the head of his piano pieces, but there are others in which there is more of the divine fire.

Mme. Schnitzer has long been known here as a pianist. She played in a charming and brilliant manner when she first visited us. When she appeared at a Symphony concert a few seasons ago her performance was characterized chiefly by reckless speed. Yesterday she was more discreet and displayed the qualities that gave her reputation when she was unknown. She played florid passages with a peculiar crispness and elegance; she sang her melodic phrases with unaffected expression and with tonal beauty; when the music called for a still deeper feeling, she was unobstrusively emotional. There were many fine moments in the concert. No one will soon forget her performance of Schubert's Fantaisie—especially that of the Adagio—or her exquisite playing of his familiar Impromptu, with the simple but wonderfully effective interpretation of the ending.

There was an appreciative audience of good size.

MISS EMMA ROBERTS HEARD AT RECITAL

Contralto Presents Pleasantly Diversified Program.

Miss Emma Roberts, contralto, gave a recital at Steinert Hall yesterday afternoon. Her program was as follows: Secchi, "Lungi dal caro bene"; Durante, "Danza, Danza"; Schubert, "Am Grabes Anselmos"; Schumann, "Soldatenlied"; Brahms, "Zigeunerlieder, "Am Sonntag Morgen," "Mein Maedel Hat Einen Rosen Mund"; Wolf, "Elfenlied", La Forge, "Retreat," "To a Messenger"; Foote, "I'm Wearin' Awa'"; Heuschel, "Morning Hymn"; Rachmaninoff, "Kakmne Bolno"; folk songs of little Russia; "Don't Scold Me, Mother," "The Peasant Girl," "Mother Warned Me," "Buckwheat Cakes." Frank La Forge was the accompanist.

Miss Roberts made her first appearance in Boston last year at a Sunday afternoon concert at Symphony Hall, when she was associated with Miss Frieda Hempel. She has a fine voice of generous compass, brilliant rather than sensuous in timbre. Despite the volume and sonority of her voice, the singer abuses neither. There is always the sense of reserve. Few of the younger visiting singers display more intelligence in the revelation of excellent training. Miss Roberts's control of breath is generally excellent.

Admirably suited to songs of a dramatic nature, songs that make an immediate and frank appeal to the emotions, still Miss Roberts is not deficient in sense of humor or limited in the art of coloring tone effectively.

The program presented opportunities for contrast and the singer showed appreciation of the differing styles. Secchi's famous song was sung with requisite breadth and observance of the melodic line. The songs by Brahms and Schumann had distinctive character. Then there was the English group which included two of Mr. La Forge's most effective compositions "Retreat" and "To a Messenger." Rachmaninoff's "Keen the Pain" and the four folk songs of Little Russia, among the most interesting numbers on the program, were sung in Russian.

An audience of good size was warm in its approval of Miss Roberts and in appreciation of Mr. La Forge's customarily delightful accompaniments.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Concert by Mme. Julia Culp, mezzo-soprano, and John Powell, pianist. See special notice.

MONDAY—Copley-Plaza, 11 A. M. Ninth morning musicale of S. Kronberg's series. Mme. Matzenauer, dramatic soprano of the Metropolitan Opera House; Paul Dufault, tenor; Arkady Bourstin, violinist. Mme. Matzenauer will sing these songs: Debussy, Romance; Fondrain, Il neige des fleurs; Saint-Saens, Aria from "Samson and Delilah"; Burleigh, Just You; Liddle, In My Garden; Colbourn, The Elf and the Dormouse; Ponchielli, Aria from "La Gioconda." Mr. Dufault's selections: Tipton, A Spirit Flower; Sinding, Sylvelin; Speaks, Morning; Barbirolli, Si je pouvais Mourir; Pessard, Bluets d'amouh; Pfeiffer, Malgre moi, Mr. Boursin's: Saint-Saens, Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso; Wagner-Wilhelmj, Walther's Prize Song; Popora-Kreisler, Menuett; Dvorak, Mazurek.

WEDNESDAY—Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Pianola concert. Miss Helen Strauss, soprano.

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert of the Cecilia Society, assisted by Mme. Povla Frisch. See special notice.

Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Havrah Hubbard's lecture on "Parsifal."

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Piano recital by Josef Hofmann. Beethoven. Sonata Appassionata, op. 57; Gluck-Sgambati, Melodie; Beethoven-Rubinstein, March, from "The Ruins of Athens"; Stojowsky, Vers l'Azur; Sternberg, etude de Concert in C minor; Hofmann, an arrangement of four Old Dutch Songs; J. Strauss-Godowsky, waltz from "Fledermaus"; Chopin, Impromptu in A flat major, valse in C sharp minor, Sonata in B flat minor.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Piano recital by Raymond Havens. Bach, prelude in B flat minor, prelude and Fugue, D major; Chopin, Sonata in B minor, Nocturne in F sharp major, Ballade in G minor; Alkan, Le Vent; Ravel, Ondine; Brockway, Ballade op. 10; Liszt, Gondoliers, Tarantella.

The Russian Ballet, which ended its season here last Wednesday afternoon, suffered from the absence of many dancers of the first rank.

Miss Xenia Maclezova, the leading dancer, was seen no more after Tuesday night, and Miss Lopokova, charming as Colombine in "Carnaval," could not replace her in "L'Oiseau de feu." It is not our business to inquire into the reason for Miss Maclezova's disappearance, or to say whether she or Mr. de Diaghileff had the greater cause to complain. In heavenly minds can such resentment dwell? Nor do claims, counter-claims, actions in law or rumors of actions in law concern us. The fact remains that the public was deprived of seeing the leading dancer of the company.

Instead of exquisite dancing as provided by the incomparable Mme. Pavlowa and her company—so strangely neglected by the public earlier in the season—there were extraordinary effects of color in scenery and costumes, remarkable miming, a well drilled ensemble, unusually interesting music by Stravinsky and others, and a large and capable orchestra led by an enthusiastic musician.

It is not necessary to dilate again on ballets performed here for the first time. Let us only name a few features of the season. "L'Oiseau de feu," "Carnaval," the nymphs in "L'Apres-midi d'un Faune," "Thamar" and "Petrouchka" made the deepest impression. "L'Oiseau de feu," by the singular beauty of the music and the performance, by the entrancing revelation of fairyland; "Carnaval," by the rare imagination displayed in calling Schumann's dream-characters into life; the Nymphs by their classic gracefulness; "Thamar" by oriental gorgeousness; "Petrouchka" by its realism and the wonderful pantomimic skill displayed by the comedians in suiting every gesture to the music.

After seeing "L'Oiseau de feu," "Carnaval" and "Petrouchka," opera seems commonplace, when not absurd. There are exceptions: "Don Giovanni," "The Marriage of Figaro," "The Barber of Seville," "Peleas and Melisande," the second act of "Tristan"; but how much more effective is mute action with expressive orchestral music than the singing of Signor X, Mme. Y or Frau Z? The better performances of the Russian Ballet recall a remark of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, that she looked forward to the ideal play as pantomime, with music by composers of genius and stage directors of imagination.

"Sheherazade" was tamely performed. The fear of the censor dampened the joyous spirit of the revellers and softened the tragic ending. "Soleil de Nuit" was conspicuous only for a daring setting. The dancing was academic and mediocre. The dances in "Prince Igor" were not sufficiently barbaric. "Les Sylphides" was far inferior in every way to Mme. Pavlowa's treatment of the same subject in "Une Soiree de Chopin," performed at the Boston Opera House in October, 1913, and as "Chopiniana" at the Boston Theatre a year ago next month.

To the Editor of The Herald:

As a little lad I remember "Jake" Thoman as a small man not much taller than myself at the age of 10. He then lived on Jackson place, that little cul de sac leading from Winter street, a minute's walk from Washington street. There were a few dwelling houses there then. Now it is given over entirely to business. In fact I know the boy who carried Mr. and Mrs. Thoman's wardrobes to and from the Boston Museum in a champagne basket. Jobs like this were highly prized by my juvenile circle, for they secured free admission to the plays. To be sure the remunerations were not great for these services, but they stretched out the pocket money that was spent for big stone bottles of root beer and the like. I recall that Mr. Thoman on the occasion of one of his benefits produced "The Vampire," a gruesome Scottish drama, in which he performed the title part, and I was surprised many years after to renew its acquaintance at the Boston Theatre with Dion Boucicault in the leading character. The facile Irish dramatist and actor had adapted this old play for his own purposes and called it "The Phantom." Like Shakespeare and Moliere, he took his own where he found it. By the way, Thoman's second wife was Julia Pelby, a daughter of the Pelbys of the old National Theatre in Boston.

But to come back to the basket. I know another chap who carried a similar receptacle through a stage door. This was at the old Federal Street Theatre. He had a sister who held a minor place in the company then supporting Charlotte Cushman during her first engagement in her native city, after her return from her triumphs in England. He used to smuggle me in behind the scenes, and from the flies I saw the great American actress in many of her leading characters, including among others, Lady Macbeth, Beatrice in "Much Ada About Nothing," and the surprising old gypsy hag in "Guy Mannering," who did not recall Walter Scott, but was, nevertheless, a thrilling creation. All this was not so enchanting as witnessing a play from the front, but to be in a theatre on any coign of vantage was a living joy to me in those days, when there seemed to be something godlike

the players. [illegible] I discovered that they were on [illegible] on clay like the rest of humanity [illegible] Cushman passed near me, dressed [illegible] the part of the tattered Queen Meg [illegible] was going to make her first en[illegible] upon the scene, and one of the [illegible] girls uttered a scream of fright. "Don't be afraid, my dear," said Miss [illegible]hmsn good naturedly, evidently [illegible]tered by the apparently involuntary [illegible]te to the realism of her make-up. [illegible]ave since thought that the young [illegible]le was trying a little bit of acting [illegible] the side. Shortly after Sherritt [illegible]sed, singing for personal diversion, [illegible], Give Me Back My Arab Steed." It had nothing to do with the play. He [illegible]s the Dandy Dinmont of the night. [illegible] was new to our stage then, but his [illegible]mily were well known in after years [illegible] Boston, both in theatrical and pri[illegible]te life. Couldock was the leading [illegible]n of the company, famous later on from his impersonations of old men and a peculiar voice.

I am not old enough to remember the Federal Street Theatre in the days of the Powells and others identified with the theatre in its early days, but one of my juvenile comrades was a grandson of a member of the family and it was his father, Oliver C. Wyman, who reopened the house as a theatre after it had been used for some time as a lecture hall called the Odeon. It was so designated in my oldest childhood memory. The Lowell Institute lectures were delivered there before they were transferred to the Marlboro chapel in the rear of the Marlboro Hotel on Washington street, nearly opposite Franklin street.

Theatre Alley at the back of the playhouse I remember well and Mrs. Dunlap's tobacco shop with the cosy parlor behind it where one could get a little of the "ardent," if one were quietly inclined. There was no bar, but a closet that contained spirits of the best quality in a liquid form. I was too young to partake of the smoking and joys the placid matron furnished. In fact, I was not even up to snuff, and she kept the finest quality of the "pungent grains of titillating dust, which even clergymen patronized as they flourished their big bandanna handkerchiefs. Where be those snuffers now? They have disappeared as completely as poor Yorick and have left few successors.

Charles B. Fairbanks, who died in Paris about five decades and a half ago, wrote the essay, 'Sacred to the Memory of Theatre Alley," over the signature of "Aguecheek," for the Saturday Evening Gazette when William W. Clapp, the younger, was its editor and Benjamin P. Shillaber (Mrs. Partington) and A. Wallace Thaxter were his assistants. I wrote some memorial verses for the genial Fairbanks which were published in the same paper when its office was at the corner of Franklin and Hawley streets. Backward, turn backward, O Time in your flight, make me a poet again just for tonight' The shade of Florence Percy must pardon this digression, for we would all like to be young again, when the bloom was on the rye and Thackeray and Dickens were names in fiction to conjure with, and Tennyson's "Will Waterproof" was our poetical cocktail.

I have other memories connected with Theatre Alley. For a brief period I lived there. Gerrish, a builder of note in his day, built for my father a hotel there. Alas! he went into it on the first of January with a grand flourish of journalistic and other trumpets, and he died on the 16th of the same month. His dreams that the byeway would be widened on the side opposite his hostelry made themselves air into which they vanished like the witches of "Macbeth." I remember that the parents of Bishop John Bernard Fitzpatrick lived in this alley just above Mrs. Dunlay's and nearer Milk street. Below her shop, as one went toward Franklin street, were the Dearborn Scale Factory and the Howard Watch Factory, opening into what was called Dearborn avenue, looking toward Federal street. After the removal of these industries to more spacious quarters the building became for a time a public house. I ventured in there one night when a "Free and Easy" was going on, after the fashion of Thackeray's "Back Kitchen," and the first thing I heard was a toast to this effect: "As we go up the hill of prosperity, may we never meet a friend going down." The guests, as I surveyed them with my youthful eyes, did not look as if they were doing a great deal in the ascension line. This was a kind of convivial entertainment that did not become popular in Boston. I think it was tried once on Portland street, but I have no recollection of its advent elsewhere in this city.

An uncle of mine, visiting Boston some time before the civil war, inquired of me as to the whereabouts of Mrs. Dunlap, whose wares he used to purchase, and so one Sunday afternoon we searched and found her living on Province street, in one of the small wooden dwelling houses that there still lingered. She received us hospitably and there was a pleasant talk about old times when my avuncular relative was young. She said then that she came to Boston from St. John, New Brunswick, and she spoke entertainingly of the high tides in the bay of Fundy. Mrs. Dunlap had a daughter named Grace, who was quite a belle in my mother's day. She married Benjamin F. Thayer, who was so long identified with Orlando Tompkins in the direction of the Boston Theatre. Mrs. Dunlap was quite well-to-do, for she was a thrifty and respectable dame of the old school, deservedly liked by all her numerous patrons.

There were two tall posts at the end of Theatre alley, near Franklin street, over which it was my boyish ambition to vault. After many tumbles through two or three years of discouraging bruises, I accomplished my desire. I have never had such a swelled head since.

With the Federal Street Theatre, or more properly the Boston Theatre after its restoration by Mr. Wyman, I was familiar as long as it lasted. John Brougham, who was a member of its early stock company, was a daily visitor at my father's house and John Gilbert, who was also among its players, was a familiar figure there, and some years after when he was at Wallack's Theatre in New York, he told me that he was married to his first wife from the Stackpole House, opposite Theatre alley, on Milk street, in the days before its decadence. Mr. Wyman lost money in his venture. The theatre passed into other hands and thereafter he had little love for the stage or its surroundings, although his younger son became an actor. An older son, Colonel Powell T. Wyman, a graduate of West Point, was killed in the civil war while commanding a Massachusetts regiment.

Well, farewell Theatre alley. Aristocratic Devonshire street would turn up its nose at you, if it had one, forgetting tall oaks and so forth.

JOHN W. RYAN.

Dorchester.

To the Editor of The Herald:

Mr. Gillette, in "The Illusion of the First Time in Acting," says that "the unending torrent of variegated criticism, condemnation, advice, contempt; the floods of space-writing, prophesying, high-brow and low-brow, dinner and midnight-supper anathematizing that has cascaded down upon the drama for centuries, has never failed to roll lightly off like water from the celebrated back of a duck—not even moistening a feather." I was thinking of this the other afternoon while watching a performance of "David Garrick" by Mr. Sothern and his company at the Shubert Theatre. Here is a play with which you can, if you choose, find all manner of fault, and yet it holds the attention of the audience from first to last, much as "The Lady of Lyons" used to do. One moment you may say to yourself: "How absurd! How ridiculous!" and in the next breath say: "How true to life!" An old friend of mine who was with me insisted upon it that Simon Ingot and his daughter Ada were the only characters of real flesh and blood in the play, and that all the others were simply lay figures. Well, of course he has a right to his opinion, however crude it may be; but I found it hard to forgive him later on when he had me seated in a corner of a smoking-room between acts, because, knowing my fondness for Shaw, he was guilty of contrasting the conduct of the runaway girl in "Fanny's First Play" with that of the heroine in "David Garrick," much to the credit of the latter, although he candidly admitted that both might be naturally classed among "The Emancipated." He even went so far as to call one a hoodlum and the other a lady.

After he had cooled down a bit, we talked over what Mr. Gillette says about those who labor in the "shops" dividing stage performances, in which people endeavor to represent others than themselves for the edification of spectators, into two sections.

1. Drama.
2. Other things.

Drama being that form of play which expresses what it has to express in terms of life; other things, those which do not. According to this definition a great deal of what we see upon the stage falls into the category of "other things"; and this seems to fit in very well with what pessimists say about the theatre at the present time. And yet I am never weary of telling my friend that I have seen better acting on the whole during the past 20 years than in the preceding 20. Actors and actresses are far less mannered and artificial than they used to be. They have gained in naturalness, and this means an advance in art, for to appear natural is the most difficult of all things to master. This must have been what made Simon Ingot and his daughter Ada so engage my friend's attention. They created what Gillette calls "The Illusion of the First Time," which sprang partly from the author having made the characters human, and partly because they were enacted by skilled performers. Goldsmith said of Garrick:

> On the stage he was simple, natural, affecting;
> 'Twas only that when he was off he was acting.

Perhaps the second act of Robertson's play was written to prove the truth of this couplet. After all is said and done, "you have to have a part to make a hit," as the soubrette says in that unusually interesting musical comedy, "The Only Girl." Playwrights, some of them, have "the germ of a great idea," and it remains a germ; but once in a blue moon or so one of the craft succeeds in coaxing a germ to grow and develop into something worth while.

In exchanging notes after the performance of "David Garrick," my friend and I recalled that we had seen the elder Sothern during his last appearances in Boston, and now we had seen the son, under similar circumstances, a whole generation later. "Here's a health to the living, and here's a health to the dead," was the toast we drank that evening in memory of the many happy hours we have spent in watching their impersonations.

J. W.

West Roxbury.

Yvette Guilbert's Visions of the War

Over in the old quarter of Paris, near the Bastile and concealed by the ancient palace of the Princes de Conde, transformed a century ago into a national library, a supplementary hospital for the wounded in the war was established. A young and charming woman, Madame Barbaud, undertook the management. It was here that I passed the first Christmas day after the declaration of war. * * * The four stories of the little house, which in peace serves as an art school for children, are filled with rows of beds in which lie mutilated men. It is Christmas, and something must be done to lighten the hearts of all the brave fellows whose thoughts are with their homes, in the French provinces, and with their little children, and with their wives who never know whether they are dead or living. * * * I arrive at my friend's, Madame Barbaud. The hospital wears a gala air; the rows of beds are gay with flowers; there are great tables covered with cakes and cigarettes! All the patients are freshly shaved, with a smart haircomb, their faces shine with cleanliness, their hands are manicured! Never did our humble peasants see themselves so. Their faces are bright with smiles, they forget their wounds, some of them hop gaily about like birds, on their only remaining leg * * * and they place the chairs in order for the concert * * * they expect Dame Yvette Guilbert, of whom all the French newspapers have spoken for the last 20 years, but whom they have never seen in their little villages. * * * they have been told that she is impressionable and that they must not pain her by too many harrowing tales, for that would prevent her being able to sing. * * * And they want me to sing!

I go to the bedside of each brave man, shake his hand and offer my sympathy. To the one who has no legs, I say: "But you have still your arms!" And the poor fellow laughs aloud, so happy is he to have "still his arms." * * *

To the one who has lost his arms, I exclaim: "But you have still your legs! You are free to move, you can go from place to place, in short, live!" * * * He listens. His anxious gaze is fixed on mine, and he says: "And what about earning my bread once the war is over?" "Bah," I answer, "you will be an official in some museum, or school or factory; there will be a thousand ways of employing you." And his face beams with joy. "Madame, put your hand on my mouth, so that I may kiss it." I am near crying. Madame Barbaud, perceiving it, exclaims in the tones of a mother, chiding her child. "Now for the concert! Now for the concert!" * * * and I mount on a table.

The men fix their eyes on me. At this moment they are "at the play," the hospital has vanished. . . . For 20 minutes they will forget. I sing them nothing exciting or patriotic; I seek to lay the balm of tenderness on their souls; I sing them peacegiving and hallowed old Noels. . . . and as I intone the words, "He is born, the Divine Infant, Noel! Noel!" these men, some of them, gnaw their mustaches, wet with tears. My throat is constricted with emotion, but I force myself to laugh as their bravos echo. And then I continue with the dear old roundelays of France that they all know and I make them join in the chorus. How they laugh and shout and enjoy themselves! The actual tragedy is forgotten. . . . Just as I have ended, a soldier rises from a couch where he is resting, 100 small pieces of grapeshot having been removed from his brain—and with the rustic accent of the fields he says: "Ah, madame, it is as if I had been to mass. . . . I feel made over again! Do you sing in church?" I laugh at his question and he insists and repeats: "What a pity! What a pity you do not sing in church. . . . For they would listen to the mass then with more attention. You are a true servant of the good God, madame." I look at the man; he is so earnest, so deeply moved that I kiss him as if I were his sister! He cries, and I have to run away, for I am unnerved. . . . And I must remain gay and cheerful in face of all these bruised and mutilated creatures. . . . I have come to amuse them.

As I am about to leave the hospital a pretty girl of 22 is presented to me. She is a nurse in one of the wards and I am told: "This is Mlle. X. . . . She has a large fortune and she intends marrying the soldier who has no more arms." . . . This time I can no longer restrain myself; the tears fall fast and thick! Oh, women of France, how beautiful are the inspirations of your hearts!

(Signed) YVETTE GUILBERT.

Some Tributes to Miss Julia Arthur

Miss Julia Arthur, who is now playing at the Plymouth Theatre in "The Eternal Magdalene," has received many letters congratulating her on her return to the stage.

Writers have something to say about the play and its message. Edward Freiburger, a prominent Christian Scientist, wrote: "I have seen many players in my day, but I cannot recall a single performance in any branch of the drama that was nearer to absolute perfection, studying it from its initial purpose to its final, ideal demonstration. Never have I seen an interpretation more chastely flawless. Considered from its purely material aspect, its social, artistic, dramatic or religious point of view, from the highest possible plane of spiritual uplift and Christly victory of truth over error, your endeavor was simplicity itself, blended with the very poesy of dramatic eloquence and sensitive persuasion. Aside from your own brilliant portrayal of the role, I was deeply impressed by the fact that your Woman never preaches, but practises, and when her work is done she goes out silently, as it were, into the night, without waiting for personal approbation, praise or gratitude, to fulfil her mission on earth."

Mrs. Mary Goode of New York, formerly a proprietor of an establishment in the Tenderloin, and who since her reformation has been trying to better conditions for women, thinks the play a great human document, a strong power for good. "The necessity for a segregated district is well brought out in this play. A district with a bureau of street reclamation in the hands of women like Martha Bradshaw of the play would do much towards the elimination of commercialized vice. There are many beautiful young girls who would be so happy to get out of the life if they could be taken out without notoriety. To think in these enlightened days that men and women are allowed to send a Magdalen to jail; starve her, chain her hands behind her to the wall; send her out on cold winter days to cut ice with water up to her ankles and no rubbers; make her lift bags of potatoes and barrels of flour. After a period of 12 or 14 months these representatives of authority send her out a virtual slave to work for $10 a month, the reformatory taking $8 of that. At the end of her three-year sentence she is back in society labeled 'respectable,' with the added recommendation, 'graduated from the best reformatory known.' I challenge any reformatory in the world to show one girl a month they reform. Reformatories don't reform. It is the heart of the people that must be reformed."

Notes on Operatic and Other Music

Mr. de Pachmann seldom plays with orchestra, but on Jan. 31 he played Chopin's concerto in E minor at a concert of the Royal Philharmonic Society, London. We well remember his first appearance with orchestra in Boston. It was at a Symphony concert in the old Music Hall, Feb. 21, 1891. Mr. Nikisch was the conductor. Mr. de Pachmann played Chopin's concerto in F minor. The great audience was wildly enthusiastic. The rule was broken by the pianist, but in breaking it he only obeyed the imperious command of the hearers. He played Liszt's "Rigoletto" Fantasie, as only he can play it. Tumult was at its height. A waltz by Chopin was no more effectual in appeasing the clamor than the empty tub that seamen fling out to the pursuing whale. It was only after a remarkable performance of an Etude by Moscheles that he was allowed to depart in peace.

At the concert on Jan. 31 Mr. de Pachmann received the Beethoven gold medal of the society.

A new symphony, "The Hebrides," by Granville Bantock was produced by the Scottish orchestra led by Emil Mlynarski at Glasgow, Jan. 17. Hamilton Harty's new Irish symphony was performed for the first time at Leeds, Eng., Jan. 22. Mr. Robin H. Legge says of this: "Somehow we provincial Londoners know little if anything about the new symphonies, and heaven alone knows how many years are likely to elapse before they find their way to, say, Queen's Hall. For unless Sir Thomas Beecham interests himself in the matter, the more important native music is largely at a discount in our concert rooms, while every effort is being made to show its possibilities in the operatic field. This is a very curious phenomenon, since of all forms of music the operatic, and especially native operatic, is that which has always been most under a cloud in England. The ultimate end of the present activity no man, not even the youngest music critic, can prognosticate. But that does not seem to me to matter much. For the moment it is sufficient to note that the activity is far above the average of any given year in the past quarter of a century, though the fact must not be lost sight of that in times not very remotely past, the Moody-Manners, the Royal Carl Rosa, and recently the Frewin companies have occasionally brought out a new opera by a native composer, none of which, I think, however, has been imbued unfortunately with the breath of a long life."

The Herald spoke last Sunday of Miss Ethel Smythe's opera, "The Boatswain's

[illegible] recently wrote an [illegible] Daily Telegraph, [illegible] W. W. Jacobs had any [illegible] with the dramatization of [illegible] had not even seen the [illegible]. Miss Smythe also said that [illegible] was accepted instantly at the [illegible] I took it to, the Frankfort [illegible] contract was signed and [illegible] the first date I could man-[illegible] 1915, for at that moment [illegible] overture, orchestration, nor [illegible] into German had been begun. The Wreckers,' I may add, was billed in Munich for Feb. 22, 1915." Miss Smythe has introduced folk tunes into the score. "In using a few English [illegible] I have no theory to advance and may possibly never use any again; but on this particular occasion, W. W. Jacobs's humor being so close to nature and so utterly English, these melodies came in of themselves." These folk-tunes are "The Cruel Mother," "Lord Rendal," "A Rickety Stair," "Oh, Dear, What Can the Matter Be?" "Briars and Rushes." Mr. Legge says: "In a word Miss Smythe has utilized folk tunes, etc., not to point a moral, not to emphasize or illustrate the use that some think should be made of our 'national melodies,' but merely because it suited her purpose in the abstract to do so. And that, I take leave to say, is 'precisely what should be done with such melodies. We do not want at this time of day another modern 'Beggar's Opera,' at least to represent contemporary operatic art." There is a good deal of purely instrumental music in "The Boatswain's Mate." The overture has already been played in several concerts in England. There is an intermezzo to serve as a prelude to Part II.

Some of us remember Miss Smythe's visit to Boston, how she played to a few in Mr. B. J. Lang's studio her opera, "The Forest," with explanatory remarks, how she attempted to have a petition signed for the performance at the Boston Theatre of her opera by Mr. Conried's Metropolitan company. Mr. Conried was obdurate. She was an extraordinary apparition. Tschaikowsky met her once in Leipsic and found her an unsympathetic person. He gave an amusing description of her and of her frenetic admiration of Brahms.

The "Old Vic" has responsibilities which Covent Garden and even the Shaftesbury do not share. Its audience does not come in an operatic frame of mind. It comes for a play, and knows that on Thursdays and Saturdays its play will have the added attraction of music. That is very healthy. We all realize now that the failure of opera in this country has been due to the fashion of treating it as a separate cult, something removed from ordinary stage conditions, and the treatment has made it almost as much a "profanation of the cheerful playhouse" as its kindred form, oratorio, for which Charles Lamb first coined the phrase. No doubt one reason for the joyful reception which the Critic has had at the Shaftesbury this week is the fact that it brings the opera back into the more normal atmosphere of the theatre, in which a larger public breathes freely.—London Times, Jan. 22.

Mr. Ernest Newman has been pointing out in the columns of the Birmingham Daily Post certain anomalies and inconsistencies in the attitude of English music lovers and those who cater for them toward German music. "In some towns," he observed, "we can get Wagner in the concert room but not in the opera house. In other places 'Tannhauser' is given in operatic form, and no one turns a hair; yet no doubt a proposal to stage 'Tristan' or 'The Meistersingers' would call forth protests. We can have a Brahms quartet, but not a Brahms song; we can have Wolf's 'Italian Serenade' but not a Wolf lyric. We are at war with Hungary just as much as with Germany; yet the works of living Hungarians slip into our concert programs and are still issued by our music publishers (which ones, we take leave to ask?). Thus, as Mr. Mossel's concert (in Birmingham), we had a piano piece by Nandor Zsolt. At a later concert some one played a violin piece of Hubay's, and Miss Ccharrer gave us a few evenings afterward a piece by the Germanized Eugen d'Albert. Altogether it is a delightful muddle, and we deserve all the good-homored sarcasm our American friends love to pour on us." No doubt, as Mr. Newman was at pains to point out, a want of consistency has shown itself in this matter. But how avoid it, seeing that—as is only too clearly the case—concert-goers and others are not of one mind as to what is, or is not, right and proper in the admission of Teutonic and kindred music into programs? A hard-and-fast rule, drawing the line at the performance of works by contemporary alien enemies, would best, perhaps, solve the problem, and, so far as London is concerned, this plan has been generally, and wisely, adopted. If, in other towns, as would seem to be the case, there has been greater laxness in this matter, we can only say that we are very sorry for it. It seems monstrous that any British audience should now tolerate the performance of music composed by any living German or one of his allies, and we hope it will not occur again.—Daily Telegram, London.

How Mme. Bernhardt Impressed Mr. Chisholm

Mr. Fred Chisholm meeting Mme. Bernhardt in London wrote about her for the Daily Chronicle: "To Sarah Bernhardt the war is the one reality. She makes no artist's claim to shirk the ugliness of it all. For her art is linked with life. Indeed, the thoughts of war can be seldom absent from her mind. What else should have brought such extraordinary new energy into her playing in these recent performances at the Coliseum? . . .

"And now a miracle has happened. What art and science failed to do for the Divine Sarah, the clamor of war has achieved. It has revived her fine but flagging creative energies. Arthur Symons was only just when he said a few years ago that, although she still lent the old roles all the glamor of youth, she had lost the gift of creating new ones. Her Phedre remained a scarifying perfection; but her Francesca was a pale if faultless shadow.

"Yet at the Coliseum this month the Divine Sarah has stamped two new roles with the impress of her genius. Her soldier in 'Du Theatre au Champ d'Honneur' is vital to the very finger-tips. The soldier-boy becomes an instrument through which the actress can voice a stupendous, almost superhuman hatred of 'les Boches.' Hate has lent new fires to that furnace of an imagination. Yet it is not all hectic rage. For never was death more tenderly transfigured than in the boy's last moments.

"Even the most uncritical must have felt that something had happened to Bernhardt. The applause one heard was no formal homage to fame, no mechanical tribute to a tradition. It had been awakened in those who, often ignorant of the precise meaning of her words, had yet felt the fury of that terrific invocation, 'Father, forgive them not; they know well what they do.' Once again Sarah has triumphed by the sheer conviction of her art.

"Need one ask whether so fine a patriot is a pessimist? I did—as one might present a tiger with an acidulated drop. 'Er . . . you think all is going quite, ahem, well with us . . .?'

"'Quoi! Think? I know. C'est certain, ca!' With staccato emphasis.

"'Yes, but—Russia?'

"'Eh, bien. 'Russia, she too moves along now.' (With a sage smile.) 'Never shall we sheathe the sword until Alsace and Lorraine are of France again. Forty years they have suffered——. How they have suffered! Patience—victory is sure.'

"Like the true Frenchwoman she is, Bernhardt has never forgotten . . . 'although that was a little, gentle war, compared to this.' It is her greatest joy that England, her admirer for 40 years, stands by the side of the republic 'pour la liberte et l'humanite.'

"Once more the indomitable spirit, though wounded, has routed the forces of disease and age. If only for this sudden afterglow of glory it was well that Bernhardt should go on playing tragedy as a great-grandmother. In her the spirit of freedom has found a noble voice and a just cause its incomparable advocate. She is by far the most eloquent apostle of the allies. Let us hope that Germanophile threats may not prevent her giving to America these two memorable glimpses of the invincible spirit of her people. Bernhardt's golden voice would plead the great cause better than a battalion of Press Bureaux."

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Because the daughters of Zion are haughty and walk with stretched forth necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet * * * In that day the Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet, and their cauls, and their round tires like the moon, the chains, and the bracelets, and the mufflers, the bonnets, and the ornaments of the legs, and the head bands, and the tablets, and the errings, the rings and nose jewels, the changeable suits of apparel, and the mantles, and the wimples, and the crisping pins, the glasses, and the fine linen, and the hoods, and the veils.

Look Up—Not Down.

As the World Wags:

Some people haven't sense enough to let sleeping dogs lie, or snoozing liars sleep. Here's one of the latter. * * * Listen to him rail about women's clothes.

"I think these short skirts are perfectly scandalous," he said. "'Tisn't that I object to seeing legs, but I like to see 'em whole on the beach or in a show, or else a little glimpse of them by accident, or even designedly by accident, the way they showed when split skirts were worn. There was nothing objectionable about those, in fact, they were attractive. Furthermore, it wouldn't make any difference how short the skirts were if the girls would only wear low shows. But it's these gaudy gaiters or painted high shoes with the skirts not reaching far enough to cover the tops of them that get a consistent dresser's goat. They look like a rube in high [illegible] want [illegible] ers), or a gink with a vest on and no coat, or suspenders and no vest, or a dinner coat and a high hat. Those who have a real sense of propriety are more shocked at any of these costumes than they would be on seeing a man coming out of a bathroom in his bathrobe, even if the man had absent-mindedly forgotten the bathrobe. You fellows can say what you please. It's not right."

Medford, Feb. 10. H. J. L.

Why "Cum."

As the World Wags:

Luke Schoolcraft was familiar with sassingers in the early Seventies. He sang of the two old crows:

Said one old crow unto his mate
"What shall we do for grub to ate?"

The crows saw the old dead horse and lit upon his bare back bone. The crows were driven off and Luke thus disposed of the horse:

Old Horse, Old Horse you've carried many passengers
But now you'll be cut up into bologna cum sassingers.

Perhaps this is the song referred to by your correspondent, "T. B. D."

Feb. 11. J. D. K.

Ring Out, Wild Bell.

As the World Wags:

* * * King's Chapel bell, after a silence of 10 years, is to be rung for a noon service on Lincoln's birthday. This date is just 100 years after the bell was recast and hung in the chapel tower by Paul Revere. The bell had been cracked in 1814, and after some delay Revere made a mould as nearly like the old one as possible, and cast a new bell of the same metal. Its first ringing after this event in 1816 inspired the following verses, which may be interesting to the many amateur poets among your readers:

The Chapel Church,
Left in the lurch
Must surely fall;
For Church and people
And bell and steeple
Are crazy all.

The Church still lives
The priest survives
With mind the same;
Revere refounds
The bell resounds
And all is well again.

J. K. FREEMAN.

Feb. 11.

Upholstered.

As the World Wags:

The subject of upholstered sleds suggested by you is one which opens out a vast and important field of research. Those that I knew had sometimes leather, sometimes carpet, and in the latter case they were sometimes stuffed and sometimes not. The leather was put on, I think, by the makers of the sleds. The carpet was put on by boys to make standing up more possible—a varnished sled, especially when you had balls of ice on your heels, presenting considerable difficulties in the execution of that manoeuvre.

Have you studied the effect of historic events on the naming of sleds? Three that I knew were named Prince of Wales—going back to the visit of Edward VII. while he bore that title—Gen. Grant and Monitor, the last two, of course, being war babies. Other names of famous fliers that I have known were North Wind, West Wind, Surprise, Victory, Arrow, Ida—the last named a very small but speedy yellow sled. BROOKLINE.

Feb. 10.

And Why "Lulla"?

As the World Wags:

The cry of "Clear the lulla" was unknown to my early boyhood in the Seventies in West Roxbury. It was always "Clear the coast" then. Some time in the later Seventies arose the call of "La la-a-aa-," or "Lulla-a-a," the last syllable prolonged. This easily uttered and far-carrying cry of warning quickly supplanted the old one, in spite of the fact that to some of us boys it always sounded a little silly. Not long after "Lulla-a-a" came into use there appeared a combination of the old cry and the new one in the form of "Clear the la-la," or "Clear the lulla," with the accent sometimes on the first and sometimes on the last syllable. This, I think, is the true history of this cry, at least as far as my own locality of West Roxbury is concerned. * * * F. H. A.

West Roxbury, Feb. 9.

MME. CULP AND JOHN POWELL

Mme. Julia Culp, mezzo-soprano, and John Powell, pianist, gave a concert yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall.

THE PROGRAM.

Mme. Culp sang these songs: Purcell, "When I Am Laid in Earth," "Passing By;" Rowland, Come Again, Sweet Love; Horn, "I've Been Roaming"; Brahms, "Immer Leiser wird mein Schlummer", "Von Ewiger Liebe," Sandmaennchen, Fisher "I Know Not Why," "I Heard a Cry"; Loewe, "Der Asra," "Maedchen sind wie der Wind"; Rennes, "Song to the Sun," "Cradle Song"; Wolf, "In dem Schatten Meiner Locken," "Er Ist's." Mr. Powell played these pieces: Beethoven, Sonata, C sharp minor, op. 27; Chopin, Nocturne in D flat, Impromptu in F sharp, Scherzo in B minor; Tschaikowsky, Nocturne, F major; Olsen, "Butterflies"; Schubert-Tausig, "Marche Militaire."

Mme. Culp, in excellent voice, sang with surpassing art. The now well known qualities of her singing, the beauty of her voice, her skill in its employment, her infinite imagination and emotional eloquence as an interpreter, delighted an enthusiastic audience of good size.

Many of the songs were familiar but the singer's interpretations are peculiarly her own. Her performance of Brahms's "Von Ewiger Liebe" will not easily be forgotten. In this the voice of the narrator was admirably contrasted with that of the reproachful youth and the replying maiden. They, too, were given marked character. Masculine impetuosity and feminine ardor were subtly differentiated. Throughout the whole song there was a glowing intensity. The same might be said of Mme. Culp's singing of the songs by Fisher.

Lighter Songs Sung with Grace.

Other numbers of a lighter nature, Loewe's "Maedchen sind wie der Wind" and two Dutch songs by Rennes, for example, were given with flawless grace, lightness, spontaneity.

Mr. Powell's playing also gave much pleasure. As a pianist he has many fine points. His touch is agreeable, often caressing, his technic is well developed, his interpretations are thoughtful, interesting, at times romantic.

Both artists were repeatedly recalled and both lengthened the program.

Next Sunday afternoon the concert will be by John McCormack.

Feb 15 1916

'PASSING SHOW'

By PHILIP HALE.

SHUBERT THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Passing Show of 1915," dialogue and lyrics by Harold Atteridge, music by Leo Edwards, W. F. Peters and J. Leubrichell. Samuel Lehman was the musical conductor.

When this "Passing Show" was produced at the Winter Garden, New York, May 29, 1915, the chief comedians were Miss Marylinn Miller, Miss Daphne Pollard, Messrs. John T. Murray, Willie Howard, George Monroe, Harry Fisher, John Charles Thomas, Miss Frances Pritchard danced. Miss Miller, Miss Pollard, Miss Eley, Miss Girard were in the company last night; Miss Flora Lea and Miss Miller danced, as did Alexis Kosloff, and the chief comedians were Messrs. Goulding, Murray, Eugene and Willie Howard, George Monroe. Messrs. Miller and Mack danced, and Arthur Hill played the lion to Willie Howard's Androcles.

The entertainment is first of all a spectacle, or rather a series of spectacles, with a great variety of sumptuous stage settings and a still greater variety of costumes, now handsome, now audacious, and at times both handsome and audacious. A large company of chorus girls was almost always in evidence, in high spirits whether their skirts were transparent or missing, smiling undauntedly even when their bodices were of the variety known as "pneumonic."

The burlesques of various plays, new or old, were not highly amusing. The least successful were the "Trilby" scene and the Mormon version of "Twin Beds." Yet the latter incited an audience that crowded the theatre to uproarious laughter. The three wives of Calkins, Miss Flood, Miss Water, Miss Boyd in becoming pajamas got modestly, each one into her bed. With their arms behind their heads, as they lie with heads and shoulders exposed they were a pretty sight. Mr. Monroe entered as Lily, who having been in search of the Song of Songs, was Daniel Calkin's fourth wife. Mr. Monroe undressed, had much trouble in taking off his corset, and exposed a huge bustle. He at last hung a placard on the foot of his-her bed that Mr. Calkins might make no mistake when he came in. This delicate humor appealed mightily to the spectators.

The part of Svengali was played by Eugene Howard; that of Trilby by Willie Howard. The former sang in his own peculiar fashion, gave imitations, and was generally indefatigable. Mr. Monroe brought his familiar laugh with him, his familiar wheezes, his familiar fan that persists in striking his forehead. He had some lines that were really funny. The dancing of Messrs. Miller and Mack was now neat, now acrobatic.

Miss Marilynn Miller had much to do. Her constant vivacity, her unflagging amiability, her apparent enjoyment of her own dancing and pranks, her youth and freshness gave genuine pleasure. Without her the show would be spiritless as a whole in spite of scenery, comedians and chorus girls. Miss Pollard was amusing with her assumed air

of his [illegible] importance. Mr. Murray's songs about the movies and the Spanish girl that taught him the fandango were delivered with spirit and in the comic vein. He quickly made his points with lines that had significance and were occasionally witty. Mr. Willie Howard has yet to learn that coarseness is not necessarily humor.

There is enough, however, in "The Passing Show" to please the great public. Last night old burlesque jokes and jests that were new all met with favor. There was applause for every one. Boston enjoys this species of entertainment. No doubt "The Passing Show of 1915" will have a prosperous engagement.

"Furthermore the ascendant of this our day is, according to the exactest science of computation, the planet Mars; and it so happeneth that Mercury is in conjunction with him decreeing an auspicious moment for hair cutting" * * * "O thou," cried I, "by Allah, thou weariest me and scatterest my wits and thy forecast is other than good; I sent for thee to polish my head and naught else; so up and shave me and prolong not thy speech."

German Efficiency.

As the World Wags:

The thoroughness of the German organization in this country is pretty well appreciated, as are its various ingenuities both in propaganda and in practical reprisal; but one more illustration of the minute and far-reaching detail of their system in the matter of punishment may not be amiss.

A British subject living in Brookline, but with his patriotism unchilled by that environment, went the other day into a hair-cutting establishment near Coolidge Corner upon an appropriate and self-evident errand. Seated in the hair-cutter's chair at ease, his mind relaxed and his talk very naturally drifted to the subject of the war, upon which he discoursed with fervid and wholly unneutral eloquence, not very warmly echoed by the barber, who, after an interval of silence, angrily thrust before him his card, bearing an unmistakably German name. The Briton, being at heart a kindly and courteous man, was at once made aware that he was hurting the feelings of a fellow-man, and politely mitigated his patriotic oratory, but this was not enough. The hair-cutter, having discovered through his indiscretion that he had in his hands an enemy of his native land, proceeded to give him the very worst hair cut of his life's experience. GAYLORD QUEX

Feb. 12.

Paternal Interest.

As the World Wags:

I have seen no account in your coasting reminiscences of the coasting days on Boston Common about 1875-6, when the city fathers put a bridge over the path that pedestrians might not interfere with the boys, and where the clerks of Jordan, Marsh & Co. came out with a wonderful upholstered double-runner that was said by The Herald at that time to have cost $250! Alas, it would not go so far as some of the cheaper ones. H. B. HASTINGS.

Feb. 10.

The coast was from the corner of Beacon and Park streets to West street, then along Tremont.

Surnames.

As the World Wags:

You've had no talk of surnames, a subject that is dear to me, as, doubtless to many of your readers. Under the full socialistic regime of the future, when the whole nation is to be card-catalogued, we shall, of course, have no surnames, but shall be known as books in a library, not by title merely, but by a system of letters and numerals. Meanwhile, surnames are significant and interesting.

I once knew slightly a man named Marlborough Churchill. Think of that historic combination! The local seller of strong drink in my native village is named Claringbold, which sounds like a trumpet call to knightly deeds. I once knew a Reginald Constable, who fully looked his name. I had as a connection by marriage Augustus Egbert, who looked as Saxon as his surname. He confessed that his middle name of Riley so offended him in youth that he sometimes wrote it Roscoe. The name Albert Osborne, once worn by a man of singular charm, has always appeared to me remarkably distinguished. Capt. William Parham, a confederate companion in arms of my elder brother, was another man of felicitous name. Two Gordons, whom I have met—Basil of Virginia, and Hugh of Georgia—were also admirably named. What a delightful name is Wilton Randolph, worn also by a Virginian!

It is an error of taste to couple a distinguished surname with a commonplace Christian name. The effect is often flat, sometimes ridiculous. I suppose my own surname, being of unusual length, led my ancestors to use rather commonplace Christian names, though along with a host of Johns, Georges and James there occurs a few Michels, Clements and Irvings. I should like much to have had as Christian name my grandmother's surname, Baird, instead of the everyday cognomen to which I respond, "Adam," at call. It must be a bitter thing for parents who baptize a son Roy or Victor to see him turn out a purblind, stoop-shouldered, knock kneed invalid, whose Christian name suggests a bit of parental irony.

Feb. [illegible] TAT NOMINIS UMBRA.

Polands at St. Paul's.

As the World Wags:

I have followed with interest the symposium on the nomenclature of abdominal coasting and the incidental reference to various types of sleds, but it was with pure joy that I read the mention of the Poland sled in today's issue.

I recall them at St. Paul's school in the early '70s, long, dark and narrow, with name in gilt letters on their sides and round polished runners, fastened at bow and stern, free in the middle in order to give a spring. And how they would go!

I wonder how many St. Paul's boys of that period, now alas! boys no longer, remember the "Jerry," with her 7-inch beam, champion of the school.

One incident in which she figured is still fresh in my memory. Four of us, tiring of the tameness of the school hill, went to "Tibbett's." After several trips down the road we decided on a race across the pasture, where the crust stretched fair and tempting before us, to the woods, half a mile away. No sooner said than done; we were over the wall, and with a fair start, were off. Each picked his own course, but the "Jerry" soon pulled to the front. Suddenly there was a wild yell and the "Jerry" and her rider disappeared from our startled gaze, and almost immediately the "Jerry" reappeared running wild without her rider! To stop was impossible, and the next moment I felt myself shoot into space, landing with a tremendous jar, 20 feet out and four or five feet below the take-off I was "unsledded" by the jar of landing and, sliding along on my back, saw the other boys come hurtling through the air to a similar fate. The explanation was simple; a cart track had been cut in the side of the hill, invisible from above, and we had jumped it. We decided that in the future we would look before we coasted. XENES.

Chestnut Hill, Feb. 8.

JORDAN HALL—Maximilian Elser, Jr., and Russell Janney present Stuart Walker's Portmanteau Theatre ("The Theatre that Comes to You"), in the following plays: "Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil," "The Moon Lady," and "Gammer Gurton's Needle." Produced under the personal direction of Mr. Walker. First performances in Boston. The casts:

"SIX WHO PASS WHILE THE LENTILS BOIL."

Memory.....Florence Wolfersen
The Prologue.....Lew Medbury
The Device-Bearer.....Edmond Grenshaw
Someone in the Audience.....Wilmot Heitland
Someone Else in the Audience...Harrie Fumade
The Boy.....Gregory Kelly
The Queen.....Annie Lowry
The Mime.....Wilmot Heitland
The Milkmaid.....Nancy Winston
The Blindman.....Edgar Stehli
The Ballad Singer.....Stuart Walker
The Headsman.....McKay Morris

"THE MOON LADY."

Pierrot.....Gregory Kelly
The Moon Lady.....Nancy Winston

"GAMMER GURTON'S NEEDLE."

Diccon.....Edgar Stehli
Hodge.....McKay Morris
Tyb.....Nancy Winston
Gammer Gurton.....Annie Lowry
Cocke.....Wilmot Heitland
Dame Chat.....Florence Wolfersen
Doctor Rat.....Gregory Kelly
Master Bayle.....Lew Medbury
Doll.....Harrie Fumade
Scapethrift.....John Hancock

Naturally there was much curiosity over Mr. Walker's portable theatre. We are told that he has been associated with Mr. David Belasco for several years. Last evening there was a good sized audience that not only applauded Mr. Walker's innovation, but were enthusiastic and deeply interested. This might be said to be the last word in the intimate style of theatre—intimate of course as far as the stage itself is concerned, though it is obviously apparent that it could fit most any public hall hereabouts. The screens that take the place of the proscenium arch are severe in their color scheme — black, ethereal blue and gold. Here and there there is a well worn lino that speaks of its adaptability to being easily folded. In place of the "apron" of the regular theatre there is a two-step platform, which is used as an approach for those who speak the various prologues.

But the novelty of the stage architecture and construction was not altogether the feature of the evening, for the various comedies were all acted with exquisite taste, understandingly and with a freedom from hitchiness of any kind. Miss Winston, who had the misfortune to sprain her ankle in the first comedy courageously went ahead with her part in the subsequent plays.

"Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil" is a delightful comedy. Simple in its style, it was played with direct simplicity. While the actors did not disregard the audience, they seemed unaware of its presence. Prologue, as played by Lew Medbury, told us that the article that the device bearer put on the stage was a pot, that underneath was a fire, that the lentils had now commenced to cook. Enter the boy who was to sacredly watch the kettle. The Queen had fallen into disfavor, for she had stepped on the royal toe. She was sentenced to be beheaded. Fleeing from the axe of the headsman, she was befriended by the boy, a youth of impossible dreams. While being shielded the boy tends the cooking of the lentils, and successively encounters the mime, the milkmaid, the blindman, the ballad singer and the headsman. He succeeds in hiding the Queen till the hour of 12, when she is free from the royal wrath. Thus he is not only free, but exercises her queenly authority to reward the boy in the accomplishment of all his dreams, and the two depart majestically, to the chagrin of the headsman.

"The Moon Lady" is a pantomime in black and white and enacts the disillusionment of Pierrot over the Moon Lady. The piece is odd in setting and lighting effects.

"Gammer Gurton's Needle" supplied the action of the evening. The piece is a riotous farce. Read in blank verse, it is none the less interesting. The author has treated his subject ingeniously, frankly, and there is wonder at the far-reaching consequences of the loss of Gammer Gurton's needle, which is, after all, not lost, but found in the breeches of Hodge, the manservant, who, oddly enough, creates more than his share of the commotion.

Seldom is it given one to witness such an excellent ensemble. All the company—and the parts were very evenly distributed in importance—were eloquent in diction and interpretation. The stage lighting effects, the quaint picturesquenesses of this or that scene are pleasurable recollections and should receive extended attention were it not for the lateness of the hour when the final curtain fell.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—First production in Boston of "Fixing Sister," a comedy-drama of New York life, by Lawrence Whitman. Chief characters:

John Otis.....William Hodge
Lord Haggett.....Hamilton Deane
Judge Willard.....Charles Canfield
Abbey Sexton.....Miriam Collins
Mrs. Marion Ellsworth..Teresa Maxwell Conover
Lady Wafton.....Ida Vernon

It has been said of this play that after it was put together there was much discussion over its title and that it existed under another name for some time before it was rechristened "Fixing Sister." Still another designation would really be more accurate —"Fixed Up for William Hodge."

Now, this is not meant for wholesale denunciation, for anything that is fixed up for Mr Hodge, that gives him a chance to display his well-known and characteristic abilities as a delineator of a certain type of American has thereby much to commend in it. Mr. Hodge is a joy and an entertainment in himself. But when it comes to considering a play that he offers, it all depends on how the "fixing" is done.

This new vehicle for the actor is palpable, open, even raw in the frankness with which it is all arranged to let Mr. Hodge be the whole show. It is just knocked together and one can see the seams and the tacks and the raw edges sticking out all through it. None of the other actors has anything particular to do, but talk to let the audience know what the affair is all about, and none of them has any bright, snappy, clever, serious, epigrammatic or any other kind of lines except Mr. Hodge. He has them all in plenty and while he is talking the audience is kept on the alert constantly for the next bit of incisive humor or telling sarcasm. It seems a pity that the author used up nearly all of his stock of witticisms and brightness on Mr. Hodge.

Plot Is Simple.

The plot is simplicity itself and one wonders as act after act unfolds why there should be so much conversation in order to make it clear. For the conversation—except Mr. Hodge's—delineates no character and gives no zest, intellectual or other, to the situation.

John Otis of Kansas City has a widowed sister, Mrs. Ellsworth, whose husband left her a "fortune" and a position in New York society, which the play does not make clear. You are led to believe that she is "cutting a dash" in high life in New York and then learn that her income is $90,000 a year! Otis is trustee of her estate. A supposed English lord is after her money. Otis comes East to rescue her. He has her bridge whist party raided by fake policemen—the only lively scene in the play, but wholly unrelated to the plot—exposes the bogus lord and wins his sweetheart, whom the lord was also after, because she had more money than Mrs. Ellsworth had.

It is hard to tell what Mr. Deane might do if he had a human part, but the Lord Haggett of this play is one of those things "never seen on land or sea."

Mr. Canfield works manfully to make Judge Willard plausible, but he cannot accomplish the impossible.

Miss Conover as the widow and Miss Collins as the younger heiress are charming to behold, and wear lovely gowns, but their characters are so incongruous and hazy that nothing need be said of their acting.

Ida Vernon as Lady Wafton, Lord Haggett's accomplice, has things to do and say that are so ridiculous that the temptation to laugh at her in her most serious moments is ever present.

The large audience last night was enthusiastic over Mr. Hodge, but solemnly silent, when he was not in sight or sound. He was so much in evidence, however, that laughter and applause were plentiful. In answer to plaudits after the third act he made a neat speech.

RUTH ST. DENIS HEADS THE BILL AT B. F. KEITH'S

Three New Dances Produce Great Impression—Other Good Items.

The incomparable Miss Ruth St. Denis appeared at B. F. Keith's Theatre yesterday as the leading feature of the new bill. The dancer has not been seen here for several seasons. Her present repertoire consists of three new dances, "The Spirit of the Sea," "The Peacock Dance," and "Ancient Egypt, a ballet of the Tamboura."

In the first dance Miss St. Denis, in a striking costume of trailing blue and green, with flowing hair, mimed the ebb and flow of surging waters against a realistic background of rippling waves.

"The Peacock dance," based on a legend of India, was inspired by Lawrence Hope's poems. Nur John, in a former incarnation a princess of the house of Abbar, was condemned to the life of a peacock through her excessive vanity and love of luxury. Though her body lies in the tomb, her spirit inhabits the form of a solitary peacock, who forever haunts the court yard of her burial place. K. W.

The dancer's rich costume was gorgeous in coloring. The long shimmering train gave the illusion of the bird's wondrous tail. Her head was crested. With a remarkable display of imagination in mimicry, she counterfeited the bird's strut, its rapid movements, its pride. Members of the dancer's company lent variety to the scene, which was staged with oriental vividness.

In the Egyptian ballet Miss St. Denis and Mr. Shawn were admirable in gestures and quaint posturings. Miss Forman in a Javanese dance and Miss Dorello in a Danse Tragique were also greatly to be admired.

The surrounding bill was varied. Miss Mabel Berra pleased in songs, both popular and operatic. Felix Adler was droll and entertaining with his monologue and songs. Howard's trained dogs and ponies displayed extraordinary intelligence. The Chung Wha Quartet, Fritz and Luey Bruch, 'cellist and violinist; Will H. Armstrong and company in a sketch and "The Passion Play of Washington Square," in which a mother is tricked by a clever ruse into giving her consent to her stage-struck daughter's marriage, completed the bill.

MME. MATZENAUER SINGS AT MORNING MUSICALE

Paul Dufault and Arkady Boustin Also on Copley-Plaza Program.

Mme. Margarete Matzenauer, dramatic soprano; Paul Dufault, tenor, and Arkady Boustin, violinist, were the artists at the Copley-Plaza Morning Musicale yesterday.

Mme. Matzenauer delighted by her vocal opulence. She sang arias from Saint-Saens's "Samson et Dalila" and Ponchielli's "La Gioconda," and songs by Debussy, Fourdrain, Burleigh, Liddle and Colburn. Mr. Dufault, a singer of experience and certain finesse, sang songs by Tipton, Sinding, Speaks, Barbirolli, Pesard and Pfeiffer.

Mr. Boustin, who has a commendable technic, but has little to say as an interpreter, played pieces by Saint-Saens, Wagner-Wilhelmj, Popora-Kreisler and Dvorak. Mr. Colburn's accompaniments for Mme. Matzenauer were pleasing and sympathetic. An audience of good size was appreciative.

78-17.1915

Mr. Tickler, M. P., put an old question to the president of the board of trade in the House of Commons by stating that a tomato is a vegetable in London and a fruit at Harwich. He asked Mr. Runciman if he was aware that London shipowners are refusing to carry tomatoes to neutral countries adjacent to Germany because all fresh vegetables have been declared contraband, but that quantities of tomatoes consigned as fruit are being shipped to these countries from Harwich. Would he prohibit their export as fruit?

What comfort can Mr. Tickler or Mr Runciman derive from the definition in the Oxford English Dictionary: "The glossy, fleshy fruit of a solanaceous plant * * * now cultivated as a garden vegetable in temperate as well as tropical lands." Grimstone, about 1601, described the tomato as a "great, sappy and savourie graine." Chambers Cyclopaedia (1753), Foster (1777), Miller in his dictionary for gardeners (1759) speak of the tomato as a fruit.

In no one of the illustrative quotations is there any reference to the old belief that the eating of tomatoes brings on cancer. The old name "love apple" shows that the fruit was supposed to have aphrodisiac qualities.

As a student in Dresden in the early Eighties, we remember the horror on the face of Kneist, a restaurant keeper, who looked like the Chandos portrait of Shakespeare, when the American consul, Joseph Mason, from Petersburg, Va., now dead, asked him if he could furnish him some tomatoes. Kneist's was famous

for its mutton chops. It was the only eating house at that time in Germany where chops were broiled on a gridiron and not fried in a pan. Knelst was at last persuaded. The consul and his friends, among them a red-haired Spaniard, Kirkpatrick, who was a connection by marriage of the Empress Eugenie, also Shell, an Irish member of Parliament, dressed the raw fruit and ate heartily, while the Germans in the room stood up agape expecting to see the "crazy Americans" and the others at table drop dead in fearful agony.

An "Official Number"

As the World Wags:

The extensive philological discussions that have filled your columns of late give me a ray of hope that some of your correspondents can explain the following cryptic statement that appears on the cover of the telephone directory:

No number is necessary to call the General Offices, or any department of the metropolitan division of the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company. Simply ask for:

OFFICIAL

50

The broad question of "When is a number not a number" is involved as well as a discussion of how the "50" is changed by the word "official" preceding it from the common or garden variety of "50." If the meaning of the statement is that no number of figures will appear on the month's bill for making the call, it is sufficiently clear.

Boston. FRANK ADMIRER.

The Leg as Oar

As the World Wags:

In the interest of fair play, we were pleased to have you inform readers that the term "Butcher style" was known outside Greater Boston, outside the commonwealth itself, and that Watertown and Brighton had no copyright on this style of sliding. When the discussion is announced closed and communications sorted and counted, we feel sure it will be found that the style of sliding with one leg bent up under body, and out of the way, and other leg extending out behind was the "oar," or "rudder," style of coasting. Such a style came first into custom at Long Reach, the historical name of the present Bath, Me.

Here some 150 years ago, the writer's ancestor, Joena Philbrook, built the first boat and steered the little vessel by a long oar over the stern. Job Philbrook, a brother, was later taken a captive by the Sagadahoc Indians and taken to Canada. Roaming bands of Indians kept well in touch with this little settlement in those days.

Imitating this oar or rudder style of steering a boat came the extended leg or oar style of best navigating a sled down a hubbly hill of snow. And we feel sure the word "coasting" for "sliding" was a salt water phrase and never had any fresh water in it.

DR. EDWARD E. BRIRY.

Bath, Me., Feb. 10.

The Herald has already discussed the question whether "coast," a place for sliding, came from the French "cote." —Ed.

Utility Toboggans

As the World Wags:

I was to write of how the miners of Idaho slid down hill in the middle Sixties. Quite a number have written very interestingly on that subject already. But what of the toboggan, the utility toboggan I mean, which the trappers employed by the American Fur Company used to haul their pelts and belongings from one camp to another in our own snow-covered Northwest nearly a century ago? The Hudson Bay Company had been using them a hundred years before that.

These toboggans were built like a stone drag, turned up more in front. Their advantage over a sled was that they would not cut into soft snow, and they would not tip over easily on a side hill.

Pard and I were developing a quartz lode about 30 miles from Idaho City. Our toboggan was hauled by a tongue. The country was rolling. I started one March morning after sun-up for Forest Hill three hours away with six picks lashed to the toboggan, going over there to have them sharpened. On the return trip I had, in addition to the picks, a side of bacon and about 25 pounds of other stores. In places where the sun had softened the snow a sled would have cut down, and stalled me, or, perhaps, gone down on one side and tipped over. If there are any readers who had experience in Idaho in the early or middle Sixties, I should like to know them.

E. S. BUCKLIN.

Warren, Me., Feb. 10.

The Herald has received no letters on sliding down hill in Idaho. Toboggan as a light sledge used by Canadian Indians for transport first appeared in English literature, as far as can be ascertained, in 1829, when the word was [illegible] Le Jeune in 1691, gives the French spelling "tabaganne." Ed.

BOOTH'S HAMLET

Mr. Edward Vroom and a company of amateurs performed the Edwin Booth version of "Hamlet" yesterday afternoon at the Copley Theatre. Mr. Vroom took the part of Hamlet. The other chief parts were thus distributed: Claudius, Mr. Doermann; Polonias, Mr. Kellogg; Horatio, Mr. Burnham; Laertes, Mr. Putnam; Marcillus, Mr. Leonard; Osric, Mr. Bullock; Ghost, Mr. Watson; First Player, Mr. Leonard; First Grave Digger, Mr. Clark; Ophelia, Mrs. Thorndike Dudley Howe; Gertrude, Miss Elle R. Skull; Player Queen, Miss Mildred Southwick.

It has been said that no actor ever wholly failed as Hamlet except the late E. S. Willard. However this may be, it is undeniably true that nearly every actor looks forward to playing Hamlet before he dies. The low comedian is especially anxious to show what he can do. It has also been said that there is no man who does not fondly believe that he can play Hamlet and run a newspaper.

Some may say that it is a daring adventure for a company of amateurs, even when trained by so experienced an actor as Mr. Vroom, to appear in Shakespeare's tragedy. The answer is that the play itself is so engrossing that the scenes, the situations, and the dialogue carry the actors along with them. It is with "Hamlet" as with certain operas—as "The Barber of Seville" and "Il Trovatore."

Mr. Vroom is well known as a painstaking, capable actor with high ideals, a man that has always respected his art. He lately showed his skill in "Cyrano de Bergerac," delivering his lines, romantic or comic, with a fine appreciation of their significance,—acting with humor, and when the occasion demanded, with eloquent feeling. Having played in "Hamlet" with Edwin Booth, he naturally is versed in the sound traditions. Yesterday he acquainted us with a human being, not merely a morbid prince with a taste for philosophy. The lines were read with the appropriate variety of expression,—action and speech were wedded. P. H.

Amateurs are exempt from criticism. Yet it may be said that Mr. Kellogg is to be praised for not turning Polonius into a garrulous Pantaloon; Mr. Doermann was a dignified King. Mrs. Howe, who took the part of Ophelia, is remembered as having given a remarkably effective performance of "Medea" in the tragedy of Euripides some years ago.

There was an interested, appreciative audience.

Feb. 18. 1916

A man was summoned at Kingston, England, for cruelty to a goat, and a witness testified that the man never gave the animal any water.

Defendant — Goats never drink any water, for as soon as a goat's nose touches water the animal starts sneezing.

A magistrate said he had kept goats, and he knew that they drank water.

Defendant—Well, I have never known them to drink any water and I have not given mine any.

How is this? We have never kept a goat; we have never ridden one.

We have consulted Mr. Edward Topsel's "History of Four-Footed Beasts and Serpents" (London, 1658). There are 24 folio pages about the goat. On page 153 we are told that by drinking salt water this interesting animal is made amorous. On the same page is the statement that goats in Egypt drink of the river Nile.

Page 159: "Also it is delivered by good observation that if they eat or drink out of vessels of tamarisk they shall never have any spleen."

Aristotle and others say that the goat should be watered twice a day in summer, and at other times only once in the afternoon; but the goats of Cephalemia drank only once or twice in six months; "and therefore they turn themselves to the wind or cold air of the sea, and by yawning suck into their mouths or bellies that which serveth them instead of water." Virgil speaks of goats drinking:

Jube frondentia Capris
Arbuta suffiocre, et fluvios praebere recentes.

We are inclined to think that the goat drinks, "but not to hurt."

It is not generally known that some goats take breath through their ears. Phyles agreed with the statement of Archelaus and others, "because he had seen an experiment of a goat, that his mouth and nostrils being stopped fast, nevertheless he seemed not to be troubled for want of breath; and for this also is alleged the authority of Oppianus, who writeth of certain goats (called Aegari) that they have a certain hole or passage in the middle of their head, betwixt the horns, which goeth directly unto the liver, and the same stopped with liquid wax, suffocated or stifleth the beast." "If this be true," says Mr. Topsel, "(as I would not anyway extenuate the authority of the writer) then it is very likely that some have (without difference) attributed to all kinds of goats that which was proper to this kind alone, for the former opinion is not reasonable; nevertheless I leave every man to his own liberty of believing or refusing." We are afraid that Mr. Topsel was of a rather sceptical nature.

War Note.

An officer of the Royal Flying Corps, while at home on leave from the front, says the Liverpool Post, was invited to join a party for a couple of days' shooting in the country. "Oh, no, no, thanks," he replied with emphasis, "I've not the heart for it. I've been the blooming bird myself."

"As She Is Spoke."

As the World Wags:

The oft-mentioned subject of calling a thing by a name and meaning another recalls to me an incident of recent occurrence. At luncheon in a downtown club a talkative individual remarked in a rather loud voice: "Say, boys, that was some fight at Eepray (Ypres) the other day, eh?" At this Prof. Le B. replied sarcastically: "Oh, you mean Apres!" W. A. F.

Boston.

German Efficiency.

As the World Wags:

America has been entertained with such an abundance of detail as to German efficiency, German system, etc., that perhaps an account of how one small cog in the great machine slipped will not be without interest.

It was in the early days of the war, in the small university town of Goettingen that the following incident occurred.

The writer's room-mate, a Canadian, was not arrested after Britain's declaration of war. This was slip number one, for all British subjects, even South Africans and Indians, were immediately taken into custody. All went well until we discovered that the war was not going to end in six weeks, as had been predicted. My Canadian friend then began to think of ways and means of leaving the country. The chief obstacle was the necessity of having a pass from the local police before leaving Goettingen. I, being an American, had no difficulty whatever in obtaining this pass, but my room-mate possessed only a large British passport with, as I remember, the words "Sir Edward Grey" in large letters at the very top. Now Grey's name was on everybody's tongue at that time in Germany, and it looked like a long chance to risk the police captain's knowledge of the English language. However, we took the chance. The following dialogue took place between him and my chum:

"Have you a passport?"

"Yes, sir," handing "Sir Edward Grey" to the captain.

Captain reading (?) same. "Very good, very good. Where do you live?"

"T——d, Canada." Pronounced in the English, not the German, manner.

"That is in America?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

Captain hands over the precious police pass, and the next day we say good-by to Germany. W. A. PATRICK.

Brookline.

Our correspondent might have quoted from Heine's description of Goettingen, beginning: "The inhabitants of Goettingen are generally and socially divided into students, professors, philistines and cattle, the points of difference between these castes being by no means strictly defined. The cattle class is the most important."—Ed.

In Hawaii.

Alice Bailey of Winchester writes of sliding in Hawaii in December:

"A blue sky overhead, purple, green and brown mountains on three sides, and the glorious, shimmering ocean stretched out along the fourth. Not a sign of snow anywhere, for you are in the land of eternal summer, but up there, in those mountains, the children, and some of the 'grown-ups,' too, are shouting with glee as they race down the mountain sides on their sleds—great bundles of ti-leaves." She describes the ti-leaf as about 18 inches long and six inches wide. "Underneath it is as if you had rubbed it with candle grease. Gather a handful of leaves from the bushes that grow all about you; tie the stems together with a stout piece of grass, and you are ready. If you want a very thrilling coast, don your bathing suit first, for at the end of 'Old Faithful' there is a pool of water into which you just naturally plunge. Sit down on your leaves and hold the stems in both hands. Welakahao! You are off, and remember, to steer, just sway your body in the direction you wish to go."

YVETTE GUILBERT APPEARS AT SHUBERT

Gives Program of Remarkable Range and Variety.

Mme. Yvette Guilbert, the incomparable French diseuse, assisted by Emily Gresser, violinist, and Ward Stephens, pianist, appeared at the Shubert Theatre yesterday afternoon. There was an appreciative audience of fair size, but the theatre should have been filled. Mme. Guilbert's personality is fascinating. She is superlatively clever in providing varied entertainment, in holding the unswerving attention of her hearers. Dressed in picturesque costumes, gorgeous in color, sumptuous in texture, her chansons ranged from the Golden Legends to songs of the 18th century. With extraordinary dignity and imagination she presented two old carols, "The Journey of Joseph and Mary to Bethlehem" and "The Passion." In the poses of the second there was the suggestion of an old and sacred painting.

Other numbers gave opportunity for archness, subtlety, vivacity. There were songs of Marie Antoinette's day. Two English folk songs lent contrast. Mme. Guilbert's exquisite diction was a constant delight.

Miss Gresser played pieces by Bach, Mozart, Monsigny, Vivaldi, Sarasate and Sade.

Next Monday afternoon at 3 o'clock Mme. Guilbert will make her second appearance. She will present "Ten Types of Women in Ten Songs."

CECILIA SOCIETY GIVES SEASON'S SECOND CONCERT

Mme. Frisch, Who Assists, Sings with Finesse and Imagination.

The Cecilia Society, Chalmers Clifton, conductor, gave its second concert of the season last evening at Jordan Hall. These works were sung: A Capella, Palestrina, "When Flow'ry Meadows Deck the Year"; Carton, "J'Espere et Je Crains"; Morley, "My Lovely Wanton Jewel"; Williams, "Mannin Seen"; Grainger, Irish tune from County Derry, "I'm 17 Come Sunday"; Rachmaninoff, cherubim song.

The society was assisted by Mme. Povla Frisch, who sang these songs: Mozart, "Dans un bois solitair et sombre"; Schubert, "Tod und das Maedchen," "Das Lied in Gruenen"; Schumann, "Der Arme Peter," "Fruvhlingsnacht"; Dupare, "Phydile"; Chabrier, "Les Cigales"; Faure, "Clair de Lune"; Debussy, "Chevaux de Bois"; Fevrier, "L'Intruse"; Chausson, "Les Papillons." Jean Verd was the accompanist.

The program was attractive and there was curiosity to hear Mme. Frisch, who made her first appearance here a short time ago.

The works performed by the society were tuneful, varied, well-chosen. Pierre Carton, whose "J'Espere et Je Crains" is from "Les Amours de P. Ronsard," died in Paris in 1572. A pupil of Josquin des Pres, he was celebrated for a capella part songs. Rabelais spoke of him as a famous composer.

Morley is a much more familiar name. Vaughan Williams, born in 1872, is a graduate of Trinity College, Cambridge. His masters were Parry, Stanford, Wood, Bruch, Ravel. Devoted to folk song, his works show modern tendencies. His compositions include choral works with orchestra, chamber music, part songs, and "A Sea Symphony" for orchestra inspired by Walt Whitman's verses. Mr. Grainger's beautiful Irish tune from County Derry has been played here by the composer and others. The arrangement made by him and sung last evening was effective, charming. Equally pleasing was the folk song, arranged by him, "I'm 17 Come Sunday."

Mme. Frisch's songs were engrossing, alluring. Mozart's 'Dans un bois" was composed with another French song of 1778, at Mannheim, for Miss Gusti Wendling, who gave him the verses. The poets are unknown. Miss Wendling, an accomplished young woman, played the piano well, sang, and was for a time the mistress of the elector. When Mozart played at the Wendlings the ladies were so transported with delight that he was obliged to kiss them. "This," he wrote, "was not hard to do with the daughter, for she is no ugly thing."

The greatest credit is due to the young conductor, Mr. Clifton, for the performance of the society last evening. Some weeks ago he was praised for his directing of Cesar Franck's "Beatitudes." This task, not an easy one for even a seasoned conductor, he accomplished admirably and with marked authority. At the second concert of the season it remained for the excellent results of his training to be more fully revealed. There was, for instance, marked improvement in the quality and volume of tone, in unity, in precision of attack. The varying moods of the songs were caught and reflected. Mr. Grainger's songs were repeated.

Mme. Frisch repeated the pleasing impression she made at her first appearance here. She sang with much finesse and imagination.

The third concert will be given at Symphony Hall on Thursday evening, May 4. D'Indy's "Chant de la Cloche" will be sung for the first time in America. There will be an orchestra and assisting artists.

Feb 10 1916

HOFMANN GIVES

Josef Hofmann gave his only piano recital in Boston this season yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Sonata Appassionata, Op. 57; Gluck-

[illegible] Melodie; Beethoven-Rubinstein, March (from "Ruins of Athens"); Stojowsky, Vers L'Azur; Sternberg, Etude de Concert, C-Minor; Josef Hofmann, four old Dutch songs; Strauss-Godowsky, Fledermaus Waltz; Chopin, Impromptu, A-Flat Major; Valse, C-Sharp Minor; Sonata, B-Flat Minor.

Mr. Hofmann accomplished the feat of playing two sonatas and a dozen pieces in one hour and three-quarters without once leaving the platform or permitting his hearers to catch their breath. Nor was this the only evidence of the pianist's Spartan endurance.

Mr. Hofmann was in Ercles vein. Was he displeased at the sight of empty seats? Has he been diligent in attempting to broaden his style? Whatever the cause, he smote the piano with iron fingers and grim determination during the first part of the program. In Beethoven's sonata he was as a skilled mechanician displaying to their fullest extent and with extravagant assurance the capabilities of his instrument. There was reckless speed. There was noise, not true strength. There was pounding, crashing, slapping of keys, explosiveness, not romantic fervor.

There is no excuse for Mr. Hofmann's brutal attack on the sonata. He has not the divine fire of Mr. Paderewski in similar mood, he does not pretend to be a futurist. At his best he is a highly gifted pianist with a mechanism highly developed, fluent, polished, with an agreeable, often caressing, touch.

By the time the pianist had reached Sternberg's Etude de Concert his fury had somewhat abated. There was again a display of much needed lightness and brilliant virtuosity. This was also true of his playing of the Fledermaus waltz. The four old Dutch songs arranged by him for the piano are pretty, pleasingly contrasted, and the pianist presented them effectively.

In the Impromptu and waltz by Chopin, Mr. Hofmann, in chastened mood, was wholly delightful. His playing of the first pieces was the more incongruous, the more surprising, when compared with his admirable performance of Chopin's Sonata. In this the pianist had breadth and dignity. He did not abuse his strength and velocity, the melodies were poetically sung, there was nobility of thought and expression.

An audience of fair size marvelled at the pianist's endurance, at his strength, and showered applause alike on his moments of madness and those of aesthetic achievement.

RAYMOND HAVENS

By PHILIP HALE.

Raymond Havens gave a piano recital in Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon. There was a large audience. The program was as follows: Bach, Prelude in B flat minor; Scarlatti, Sonata in D major; Chopin, Sonata in B minor; Nocturne in F sharp major; Ballade in G minor; Alkan, Le Vent; Ravel, Ondine; Brockway, Ballade op. 10; Liszt, Gondoliera, Tarantelle.

Mr. Havens has won an honorable place in the local group of the younger pianists. He is evidently musical by nature; his mechanism is polished; his taste is refined; he is modest, not self-assertive, perhaps not sufficiently confident of his own ability. His playing yesterday permitted one to form this opinion.

For he was successful in the performance of music that requires delicacy, elegance, tonal beauty and pleasing fleetness rather than breadth of comprehension and emotional depth.

We should have preferred a more consistently evenness of expression in the performance of Bach's little Prelude. The charm of this music lies in its subdued plaintiveness, its tender melancholy. The Prelude is not long enough to admit a wide range of dynamic gradations, a series of crescendos and diminuendos. Last of all should this music be feverish. The Prelude is a twilight piece.

On the other hand Mr. Havens caught the spirit of Scarlatti's sonata, the scherzo in Chopin's sonata and Alkan's "Le Vent." This last piece, by the way, is not among the most characteristic compositions of a musician too little appreciated by the majority of pianists. It is a glorified finger exercise, whereas other pieces to which Alkan gave strange titles show a romantic imagination.

The other movements of the sonata were carefully, punctilliously played. The pianist, to use a common phrase, did not let himself go. There was an absence of breadth, fire, passion in the stormier pages; there was not sufficient contrast or variety in the expression of sentiment and emotion. The Largo of the sonata has been abused by many. We know lovers of Chopin who cannot sit patiently while it is played even by de Pachmann. The music does not deserve this reproach; but it does deserve a more poetic treatment than it received yesterday. The same may be said of the Nocturne; for the melody did not float; it was played rather as a song, and with a precision that is fatal in the interpretation of Chopin's music. There was also a lack of continuity in the musical thought. The Ballade is a more passionate outburst than it seemed yesterday. It is something more than an agreeable composition for the drawing room.

In a word, Mr. Havens' performance of the more emotional pieces lacked individuality.

We have received a circular of Mr. Robin Ernest Dunbar of South Bend, Ind., with the announcement in bold type: "A Good Way to Uplift the Stage Is to Buy a Free Play Now and Then."

The circular contains a biographical sketch of Mr. Dunbar with his portrait. It appears that at an early age he became an advocate of the single tax. When he was 18 he read Spencer's "First Principles." This led him to join the agnostics. "College softened the asperities of my revolutionary beliefs, but did not remove them." In 1906 he joined the Socialist party and attended state and national conventions. He was nominated for Congress. "I became a state, if not a national figure." While he was a practising lawyer, he did not "turn to literary expression," although he had edited a college paper.

At the age of 40 he began to write for the stage. In the course of six years he turned out a dozen plays. In May, 1914, "On the Wabash" was successfully produced at Turner Hall; in November of that year the Garrick Theatre Company produced "My Bonny Kate" at Manito, Ill. "And I became a recognized playwright." He sent out "Arthur Sonten" and "On the Wabash" for review. The latter play got little criticism either favorable or unfavorable; the former met with a rough reception. Two well known critics fell afoul of it in the Green Book Magazine with bitter fury, but I squelched them effectually by my reply in a later number of the same magazine. Joshua Wanhope gave 'Arthur Sonten' a very prominent review in the New York Call and cut it to pieces. Yet in the spite of that, I believe the play is one of the most successful attempts at problem since 'Man or Superman,' or 'Before Sunrise,' and am anxious to see it tried on the stage to learn how my belief works out. I have a revised prompt copy ready for any emergency, and if no one else will produce it, I shall do so myself shortly."

Now let Mr. Dunbar speak for himself. This paragraph is headed "Dunbar vs. Shaw."

"One writing problem plays immediately courts comparison with Ibsen and with Shaw. The former we need not consider, for he passed away before the rise of monism, the doctrine that unravels the riddle of the universe; but Shaw is still here and writing and it behooves us to deal with him a bit. After Marx I considered Shaw the cleverest man defending the Socialist position and naturally read him with a great deal of comfort and reviewed his plays in the Socialist press and did what I could to spread his fame. I might as well have saved my breath, he barely acknowledged my efforts in a curt note that was meant to be witty but was only stupid, and I began to open my eyes. I found that Shaw denied the doctrine of natural selection accepted by all the intellectual world today, and I dropped another notch in my admiration for him. Finally I decided he was only another Oscar Wilde where asceticism replaces estheticism, and I left him as my master."

The following paragraph is headed "Better Than Shaw's?"

"The early plays of the Fabian are admitted failures, the late ones are pot boilers, so we are confined in our research to his middle period; with 'Candida,' 'Man and Superman' and 'Mrs. Warren's Profession.' But these comedies are already aged; they are older than 'The Doll's House' and 'Ghosts,' much older than 'An Enemy of Society,' which will one day be played in English in this country, it is to be hoped; so that comparing one's work with them is like Shaw's comparing his plays with Shakespeare's. The stage coach was good in its day, but now we take the jitney bus. Age withers and stales the acting drama, which must be put on with the latest of modern inventions or the audience grows restless. Shakespeare, Wilde and Shaw are good for the library, they are passee on the stage. I speak of Shaw's middle period work. 'Major Barbara' has just been discovered by New York, but it died a natural death in London 10 years ago. One day New York will catch up with London, but we shall have to bear ourselves in patience in the meanwhile."

Inasmuch as the plays of Shakespeare, Wilde and Shaw are dead, as far as performance on the stage is concerned, we hasten to give a list of Mr. Dunbar's works. The list is no doubt incomplete.

We have his word for it that the popular plays are the two produced ones already named; "Happy Jack Stuffins," a farce comedy; "Mrs. Merrivale's Finesse," a classical comedy; "Tried by Fire," a melodrama. "These I would respectfully recommend to the commercial managers as being suited to the common, ordinary public which frequents the few popular houses that remain open to the spoken drama. They are not intended for the library or for the free stage."

"The problem plays begin with 'Arthur Sonten,' go on to 'Thirteenth at Table,' a further reply to the critics of that revolutionary play; 'The Confidence Man,' a study of modern justice; 'Vina Gaiterp,' a problem play of the slums; 'The General Strike,' which the title pretty well describes; 'Prince Lorenzo,' a study of high finance, and a one-act play, 'A Woman's Home,' a study of Socialism and free love. These are all ready for release to any stage society that wants to experiment with problem plays and of course there is no royalty attached to their use. I invite correspondence about them as well as about the popular plays and books."

The Drama League of Boston should bestir itself. Cannot Mr. Dunbar be persuaded to visit this city, to deliver addresses on the present condition of the stage and the future of the theatre with readings from his dramas?

The Herald has already spoken of Miss Ethel Smyth's new opera of a country inn, "The Boatswain's Mate," founded on the story by W. W. Jacobs. The opera was produced at the Shaftesbury Theatre, Jan. 28. The libretto is by Miss Smyth.

The Times, speaking of the libretto, says. "We see and hear other things as well which Mr. Jacobs does not give us: Mrs. Waters in a mood of tender tender reflection, a mood which gives Miss Smyth a chance for some of her best music, including a lovely folk song melody ('Lord Rendal'); a capital scene of villagers who have had as much as is good for them and make sunset hideous but entertaining with a fiddle, a banjo and a concertina, and a truly terrible servant girl whom we never wish to see again but have to endure at the end of the opera. There is a good deal of spoken dialogue in the first part; the second, in which the great plan is carried out, is played to continuous music. The opera carries out the plan rather differently from the story. . . . But this little hitch in the story is slight in comparison with the curious hitch in the musical style which takes place between the two acts. The first is full of tunes and happy gulps of orchestration. One scarcely knows whether the composer is quoting folk songs or making up her own tunes. The second part, however, is opened with an orchestral intermezzo in which 'Bushes and Briars' is strangly coupled with sombre Wagnerian coloring. Except for little patches of the light-hearted folk-tune manner, such as the amusing play made with 'O dear, what can the matter be?' when the soldier is let out of the cupboard, the music becomes more strepitous, more grand operatic as time passes. Benn, who tripped so gally to the tune of 'The Keeper' in Act I, declaims in tragic accents in Act II. The buxom Mrs. Waters has to shriek like Electra. Why so much fuss and heaviness? Is it because 'The Boatswain's Mate' nearly got produced in another country where such things are expected?"

The Daily Telegraph is more enthusiastic. "The play is highly diverting, all the more because it is so admirably done by all concerned, and in these days it is an added pleasure to listen to an opera with ears bent on pleasurable relief, with no arriere pensee as to symbolism, or metaphysics, or other abtruse phenomena! How it would go in Germany passes comprehension. If you like you may regard Travers as the symbolic embodiment of many of the Christian virtues, Benn as a characteristically shrewd business man not averse from stooping to somewhat dubious means to attain his end, and the Policeman as the crystallization of Justice, Law and Order. But on the other hand, you may also regard them as merely but decidedly human and amusing beings, and if you make up your minds that way you will derive the more enjoyment. That seems to be the way of Miss Smyth, who yet personally conducted the affair with so enormous a vigor and earnestness that for the moment one is a little undecided as to whether or not there may lurk in the background a subtle 'hidden meaning.' If there be, then we can but cry Mea culpa, for it missed our notice. It is all jolly good fun from beginning to end, and it seems therefore unnecessary to ask if at times Miss Smyth's musical means are not a little too serious, a little too fidgetty and spasmodic, so that one wonders why certain definite parts of the text are spoken while other parts are sung, though the sentiment expressed is in both cases similar." The critic thinks that Benn's solemn soliloquy, and Mrs. Walter's Isold-esque song, both by Miss Smyth, fit into her own scheme better than most of the adopted folk tunes. "Miss Smyth's musical idiom is peculiar to herself in spite of gentle suggestions which occur here and there that she knows the modern operatic repertoire well, and though she uses the folk tunes in her own way, that way is not after the manner of the folk tune, and most of these tunes become, therefore, somewhat sophisticated. We have purposely used the word fidgetty and a very good example of the meaning may be found in several of the 'accompaniments of the songs. . . . Moreover in the orchestral score so much use is made of the individual instruments in, as it were, point-making (of a perfectly justifiable kind), decoration and embellishment, that only a first-rate orchestra could possibly do it justice.

"It was a good thing extremely well done, reflecting the greatest credit upon the very clever composer, the management, and the producers, and is a most encouraging example of well-directed enterprise, and, let up hope, a further sign of a growing taste for native opera. Enthusiasm abounded, everyone concerned was called whenever opportunity served, and the greatest good humor abounded."

Oliver Ditson Company has published a song cycle, "The City of Joy," lyrics by Charles Hanson Towne, music by Deems Taylor (op. 9) with decoration by the composer. There are five songs: Spring in Town, Poor, But Happy, The Roof Garden, Home. Mr. Towne's poems of New York life are known to many. Of those chosen for this attractive little volume, "But Happy," perhaps, shows the spirit of the verses as well as any other.

We never take a taxicab
That dream is not for us!
But on a summer evening
We take an omnibus,
And through the town, and by the River
We ride—Ah! would it were forever!
We can't afford a hansom, dear—
What wild extravagance!
But on a 'bus-top we can smile
At Wealth's intolerance,
And through the town and by the River
We ride—Ah, would it were forever!

Mr. Taylor, born in New York, Dec. 22, 1885, was educated there, receiving a degree from New York University in 1906. He wrote music for college shows. The last one of them "The Echo" was introduced by Mr. Dillingham in 1910-11 with Miss Bessie McCoy in the leading part. Mr. Taylor studied harmony and counterpoint with Oscar Coon of New York. His chief compositions are "The Siren's Song," a symphonic poem, which won the orchestral prize offered by the National Federation of Musical Clubs in 1912; "The Witch Woman," a song; "The Chambered Nautilus" (O. W. Holmes), a cantata for mixed chorus, performed by the University Heights Choral Society, New York, in May, 1914; "The Highwayman" (Alfred Noyes), cantata for baritone solo, chorus and orchestra, written for the festival of the Edward Macdowell Memorial Association and performed at Peterboro, N. H., Aug. 19, 1914, with Reinald Werrenrath, baritone.

The songs in "The City of Joy," dedicated to Mr. Werrenrath, are expressive of the text, fanciful, and singable, though those with a poor sense of rhythm may find a little difficulty. The accompaniments are free. Occasionally there is a straining after an unusual harmonic effect not in keeping with the simplicity of the general idea of the song, as at the end of "The Roof Garden." The little "decorations," vignettes of New York life, add to the value of the volume.

The Herald recently published an extraordinary letter written by a clergyman in Contoocook, N. H., to the local newspaper, objecting to the low and obnoxious character of "The Private Secretary" performed there by the New Church Society for the benefit of its organ fund.

His foolish letter was answered by Samuel French of New York, W. H. Baker & Co. of Boston, and by Mr. Charles C. Kennedy of New York, whose letter is worth reprinting.

"Dear Mr. Editor:

"A playmate and a peer of Dr. Johnson, Edmund Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds and Oliver Goldsmith, once said 'Give me tragedy every time—this comedy is serious business'! His name was David Garrick, and apparently he uttered a prophecy.

"Occasionally the human race wearies of such vexing problems as commerce, warfare and psychology and turns to one of its oldest and most cherished institutions for relief. I mean the theatre. That institution has commanded the efforts of some of the mightiest intellects the world has ever known.

"Now the theatre must be essentially broad in its scope; in fact it must be as broad as human nature itself. It must have its tragedy, its opera, its comedy, its problem play.

"Aristophanes and Seneca wrote farces for the Greeks; Shakespeare and Bernard Shaw have written them for the English-speaking world; Moliere wrote them for the French. All, intelligent readers know what. These men of genius knew that the human mind becomes satiated with deep thought and that an overdose of such thought results in an intense and permanent gloom. Therefore, they gave to the world that most effective of remedies, the farce-comedy.

"With these great examples before him it would seem that the author of 'The Private Secretary' was justified in giving to the world a play which has kept people laughing for the last 30 years. It has been played all over the world by professionals and amateurs. The hallowed Boston Museum thought it worthy of its best efforts. The present writer saw it played under the auspices of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

"As to the secret life of Mr. Cattermole, I cannot speak. I am not a frequenter of places of organized vice. I only know that the old gentleman is very enjoyable, if somewhat irascible, while he is on the stage. He has his bad points—he speaks his mind. So, per-

[illegible] will not be [illegible]

[illegible] gentle timid Mr. Spalding! [illegible] come to life from the [illegible] to find yourself an engine [illegible] Your sad soul would die [illegible] that you should be so misunder- [illegible] You dear, delightful character: [illegible] not bad; you are only ridiculous [illegible] don't know it. How like so many [illegible] fellow beings.

As for cigarette smoking: I hold no [illegible] for the baneful practice. I can [illegible] think of the sad old song:

[illegible] the damper up,
[illegible] the damper down,
But the smoke goes up the chimney just the same.

As I think of these dire words tears well up in my eyes and I grieve to think any one should smoke cigarettes. They even tell me that the boys in the trenches smoke them and have received crosses both Iron and Victorian in spite of the fact.

I will give the matter of plays serious consideration in future and I will apply psychology to them. When I see a farce I will reason it into a tragedy; and when I see a tragedy I will give vent to unbridled mirth. In this way I will be able to impress upon my fellows the fact that I possess an unlimited, if somewhat undigested, education.'

To the Editor of The Herald:

May I ask for a brief space in your columns in which to register a protest against a common custom with many of our places of amusement—the use of "trained animals" on the theatrical stage"

The fact has been long and absolutely established that in practically every instance these creatures are taught and forced to perform their "tricks" by the use of the most inhuman cruelty. Such unnatural performances as these helpless dumb slaves exhibit for the amusement of the unthinking are never done willingly or without brutal coercion in the preparation. I have heard it declared by those personally connected with the subject that if the average audience could see what goes on behind the scenes day by day during rehearsals of these exhibitions, there is not an "animal trainer" before the public that would not be mobbed upon his appearance on the stage.

Surely there are plenty of means for amusing the public through the skill and talent of human beings without forcing these unhappy creatures to pose in their abnormal and unnatural "stunts." If one theatre should set an example on the side of humaneness, others would follow; and the result would be an improvement generally—in the humane cause, in the people, and in the theatres themselves; for many now will not attend performances where these exhibitions take place.

In our growing demand for more consideration for the dumb and helpless let us not forget the voiceless slave behind the footlights. J. M. GREENE.

Dorchester.

To the Editor of The Herald:

Mr. Ryan, in his interesting reminiscences published in these columns, refers to the essay entitled: "Sacred to the Memory of Theatre Alley," written over the signature of "Aguecheek," the pen-name of Charles B. Fairbanks, who died in Paris in 1859. In his "Foreword" to the reprint of the "Aguecheek" papers Henry Garrity says that the old book has been to him the best of comrades, "the joy of my youth, the consolation of my riper years." He says that in 34 years he had found but three people who knew the book at all, one of these being Evert Jansen Wendell, who had a copy of it in his library. There seems to be internal evidence that the author of some of the essays was an older man than Fairbanks, but however this may be the papers contain much entertaining matter. There is an account of the impression made upon him by a tour of the stage of Drury Lane Theatre in company with Davenport, and also a description of the stage and greenroom of the Theatre Francais. Here in Boston he compares the excitement occasioned by the Elsler or Jenny Lind to that which attended the advent of the elder Kean. What crowds, he says, used to beset the box office in the 10-footer next to the theatre, from the earliest dawn until the opening: "I often think, when I meet some of our gravest and grayest citizens in their daily walks, what a figure they cut now compared with the days when they were fighting their way into the box office of the old theatre! Talk of enthusiasm! What are all our political campaigns and public commemorations compared with that evening during the last war with Great Britain, when Commodore Bainbridge came into Boston bay after his victory over the Java. That admirable actor, Mr. Cooper, was playing Macbeth, and interrupted his performance to announce the victory." There is something touching about such enthusiasm, especially in these degenerate days, when we cling to the fetich of neutrality as if it were the open sesame to the kingdom of Heaven.

Curiously enough, "Aguecheek" considers the memory of the second visit to the theatre far more precious than the first, for the reason that the first dramatic performance the child witnesses is too astonishing to afford him its full measure of gratification. It is only, he says, after he has told his playmates all about it and imitated the wonderful hero who rescued the beautiful lady in white satin and dreamed of the splendor of the last great scene, when all the persons of the drama stood in a semicircle, and the King, with a crown of solid gold upon his head, addressed to the magnanimous hero the thrilling words:

"It is enough: the princess is thine own!"—

all all the characters struck impressive attitudes, and the curtain descended upon a tableau lighted up by colored fires of ineffable brilliancy—it is only after all these things have sunk deep into the young mind and he has resolved to write a play himself, it is only then that he fully appreciates the entertainment which has been vouchsafed him." This sounds a little like the Corianthian style, but in a matter of this kind one ought not to be too critical. What is the use of living if the appearance of Count Rodolpho on the bridge fails to thrill us? or, if not Rodolpho, some apparition even more romantic to make us remember that "poetry is the reality, philosophy the illusion." I tell my old friend, Mrs. Alonzo V. Price, who reads despondent papers before the Onward and Upward Club, not to worry. The stars in their courses fight against materialism, and the tough old world always keeps one eye on the beatific vision.

West Roxbury. J. W.

Notes About Theatre and Music in London

Oscar Ashe revived "The Taming of the Shrew" at the Apollo Theatre Jan. 29. Miss Lidy Brayton took the part of Katharina. "The storm through it all with infinite energy. Great are the thwackings and whip crackings and bangings, vehement the marching and counter-marching, ferocious the fights of the wooing. There are volleys of platters, oranges, and the like, and once so masterfully did Petruchio upset the table that the orchestra cowered for shelter. And all this is a jolly way to play 'The Taming of the Shrew,' and we all enjoyed it, whether we were still young enough to 'rag' sometimes ourselves, or whether such delights were for us far away on the horizon," Mr. Ashe gave the induction and played Christopher Sly. "It is not very wonderful stuff, and yet perhaps we would rather lose better things than the scrap of quarrel between the Tinker and the Hostess and the odds and ends of his reminiscences, for out of such glimpses you can make something of a background for your imaginary portrait of Shakespeare himself."

A quartet in A minor by Tcherepnin was played in London, Jan. 28, for the first time. Written in the traditional four movement form of the sonata type, it strikes one as a student work with no very strong character of its own; but it has graceful and shapely melody.

John Collier's portrait of Lewis Waller as Monsieur Beaucaire brought 70 guineas at auction in London. Its size—about 8 feet in height and 5 feet in width, discouraged many bidders.

The London Times said of Dvorak's "From the New World" Symphony, played Jan. 29: "Dvorak is a mass of impulses, and in this particular work, with his quickly caught hints from the style of Negro songs sung to him in America (it was no more, for he protested that he did not quote), the impulses seem often contradictory. One may love a man for his contradictions perhaps even more than for his consistency, and the symphony is an intensely lovable work."

"Tiger's Cub," by George Potter, was produced at the Garrick, Jan. 29. The Times said: "Probably there is too much romantic Alaskan lingo in this romance of Alaska. Even in that romantic territory somebody, you conjecture, must occasionally talk common prosaic English; if only by inadvertence. Words like 'stunt' and phrases like 'gum your face up' agreeably pepper ordinary speech, but to make a whole language out of nothing but such words and phrases is surely to miss the distinction between condiments and viands. The sheriff's explanation for it all, 'Now, boys, this is a miner's meeting,' only puzzled you. If he had said, 'This is a philological congress,' or 'This is an organized demonstration of dialect against dictionary,' you might have understood better. Anyhow, you sit up, which is no doubt what you are wanted to do. 'Shacks and Shocks' ought to be the sub-title of the play. Its people live in shacks and on, for, and by shocks. Men are stuck with knives and shot with revolvers and hurried outside to be hanged from the nearest tree; and these are shocks which you can perhaps like. A young girl is knocked down and dog-whipped; and that is a shock which you probably can't. But if there really are playgoers (and it is not impossible) who like to wallow in coarseness, brutality, violence and noise, here is their chance. They will see a forced marriage, which is only prevented by a revolver shot from becoming a rape, they will see hullies in bushes drinking 'cawfy' in shacks and dog-whipping the heroine, they will hear a fight to the death going on in the dark, they will find a young English 'tenderfoot' going delicately in this [illegible] inferno getting tried for [illegible] life by the slaughtiest sheriff on record assisted by myrmidons who have the unanimity without the music of an opera chorus), but ultimately rewarded with the heart and hand of Alaskan beauty."

Sir Edward Elgar's music for Emile Cammaert's poem "Une voix dans le desert" was produced as an entr'acte at the Shaftesbury Theatre Jan. 29. The Daily Telegraph gives this description: "It is in direct contrast with 'Carillon' by the same eminent pair. Here you have a quasi-Greek chorus or narrator telling of the desolation of 'Une chaumine . . . porte fermee et volets clos, un trou d'obus dans le toit,' wrought by German guns. As the narrator proceeds with his description of the abomination of desolution—'Not a cry; not a sound, not a life, not a mouse'—there appears suddenly on the night air the song of a peasant girl who foreshadows the return of Life 'When the saps begin to spring:'

S'ouvriront nos eglises,
Nieuport, Ypres, et Pervyse.
Et tonneront nos cloches
Le dur tocsin des Boches!

"The sound dies away; the narrator resumes: ''Tis but a peasant girl with her father living there. They will not go away. Nothing will make them yield. They will die, they say, sooner than leave their field.' On a thoroughly characteristic phrase of extreme beauty Elgar has built up the music which accompanies the narrator, into which he has breathed a whisper of 'La Brabanconne' most subtly, while at the climax of the girl's song he has introduced with finest effect the beautiful old 16th-century 'Ave Maria,' usually attributed to Jacob Arcadelt. Of extraordinary reticence and sympathy is the music, and it was most delicately played under the composer's direction, while M. Carlo Liten's narration and Miss Olga Lynn's singing were wholly admirable. The scenic set was the very picture of desolation, with its broken cottage, its disrupted trees and plowed-up land."

Verdi's "Requiem" was performed by the Royal Choral Society Feb. 5 "in memory of those who have fallen in the war."

"Please Help Emily," a farce by H. M. Harwood, was produced at the Playhouse Jan. 28. The Times remarked: "You never can tell. In some farces all the fun is in the situations, and it hardly matters a straw whether the situations are filled by actors or marionettes. In other farces the situations may be funny enough, and yet you feel from the start that what really matters in them is the temperamental idiosyncracies of the players. 'Please Help Emily,' is one of the other farces. * * * The author was called, which was only fair, as he had certainly supplied some of the amusement. Even farces, you see, must have authors. But for our own part we should have been even more amused if the author had not made so many and such desperate efforts to be amusing, and had woven less story round the delicious prattle of Miss Cooper and Mr. Hawtrey."

Next we must comment upon the attempt to make the piano into an orchestra. The use of great crashing, banging chords in writing for the piano was the splendid vice of a Brahms, and, therefore, became a British virtue; and we always overdo our virtues. Now that we know something of the loveliness of French ripples for the piano, perhaps we shall strike a just mean.—Music Student (London).

A menuet by L. de Pachmann, dedicated to his father Vladimir and played by him has just been published in London. It will be remembered that the son's mother—who played the piano here when Vladimir made his first visit—has been for some years the wife of Maitre Labori, the famous Parisian lawyer. The two sons by de Pachmann live in Paris. One is in his step-father's office.

The Pall Mall Gazette said of Vladimir de Pachmann's playing of Chopin's Concerto in E minor at a Royal Philharmonic concert Jan. 31, when he received the gold medal of the society, that it lost nothing from the fact that the demands of ensemble curbed his usual exuberance. "The delicacy attained to in the slow movement was beyond description, and the finale, while is so often made to sound vulgar, was ennobled for the occasion."

"The Festival of Youth," an overture by Arthur Shepherd, was performed by the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra, Max Zach conductor, at St. Louis Feb. 13. The overture, then played for the first time, was written last summer at Mr. Shepherd's home in Brookline. It was favorably received and reviewed in St. Louis.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Song recital by John McCormack, tenor. See special notice.

Mechanics Institute, 8 P. M. Twelfth Annual Benefit Concert of the Musicians' Mutual Relief Society of Boston, Inc. Military band of 400 musicians, Gustav Strube, conductor. Mme. Jeska Swartz-Morse, contralto; Fortunato Sordillo, euphonium soloist. Orchestral pieces by Gounod, Wagner, Luders, Mascagni, Ponchielli, Liszt, Offenbach and others. Mme. Swsrtz-Morse will sing the Flower Song from "Faust"; Mr. Sordillo will play an aria by Saint-Saens.

TUESDAY—Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Fifth and last piano recital of Leo Ornstein. Debussy, Danseuses de Delphes, Voiles; Scriabin, Sonata; Schumann, Papillons, op. 2; Grieg, On the Mountains, Bridal Procession, At the Carnival; Ravel, The Gallows; Albeniz, El Albaicin; Ornstein, Impressions of Notre Dame (sounds of bells, The Gargoyles), Wild Men's Dance; Chopin, Nocturne, F-sharp minor, Valse, A-flat major, Etudes, F minor and E [illegible] Mendelssohn [illegible], Wedding March and Dance of the Elves.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Song recital by John McCormack. See special notice.

WEDNESDAY Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Piano recital by Miss Wynne Pyle, an American who has played for some seasons in Berlin and in France. Schubert, Moment Musical, op. 44, No. 2, Beethoven, Sonata op. 81a; Brahms, Variations on a theme by Paganini (books 1 and 2), Schumann, Fantasiestuecke op. 12; Ravel, Vallee des Cloches; de Schloezer, Concert Etude in E flat.

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Mme. Ethel Leginska's piano recital. Bach-Busoni, Organ toccata in D minor; Beethoven, Rondo op. 129 ("Wrath Over a Lost Groschen"); Brahms, Sonata in F minor; Chopin, Nocturne in C minor, Etude in A minor, op. 25; MacDowell, "Keltic" Sonata; Leschetitzky, Etude heroique, Liszt, Hungarian Rhapsody No. 8, "Rigoletto" Fantasie.

Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, Emil Oberhoffer, conductor. See special notice.

Tremont Temple, 8 P. M. Concert by Alice Nielsen of the Metropolitan Opera House, with the assistance of Emanuel Ondricek, violinist. Songs: Branscombe, Happiness; Krejsler, Cradle Song; H. Ware, Morning's Song; I. Hale, Mystery; Woodman, An Open Secret; Rimsky-Korsakoff, Chanson Indoue; Brahms, Vergebliches Staendchen; Duparc, Chanson Triste; Bleichmann, Komm lass Uns spielen; Last Rose of Summer, Killarney, Kathleen Mavoureen; Arensky, But lately in dance; Puccini, Vissi d'arte from "Tosca," and Gounod's "Ave Maria," with violin obbligato. Violin pieces: Hubay, Melodie; Rachmaninoff, Hungarian Dance; Dittersdorf, Old German Dance; Handel, Minuet; Gossec, Gavotte; Cui, Cavatina; Wieniawski, Sielanka.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Fifteenth concert (A) of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Fifth recital of Mr. Gabrilowitsch, pianist. Brahms, Variations and Fugue on a theme by Handel, op. 24; Intermezzo, A major, op. 118; Intermezzo, E minor, op. 119, No. 2; Rhapsodie, E flat major, op. 119, No. 4. Liszt, Sonata, B minor; Dance of the Gnomes, Love-Dream, Etude in F minor from "Etudes d'execution transcendante."

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Fifteenth concert (B) of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.

Bld. Feb 23 Hoffman

Feb 21 1916

It appears that William H. Storey was thought to be of unsound mind because he chewed tobacco on "inappropriate" occasions. (It was not stated whether he chewed plug or fine cut.) What, pray, were the appropriate occasions? We can understand a man chewing during a lecture or the performance of a symphony by Bruckner, if only to keep himself awake. When the class of '76 entered Yale college, one man chewed—he was from Alabama. When the class was graduated, over 70 thus used the weed, having been driven to the practice by President Noah Porter's lecture on the human intellect.

We remember seeing a clergyman in the pulpit of the Old Church in Northampton taking out his cud and putting it by the side of the Bible that he might pray with the greater fervor and without gagging. His habit did not impair his orthodoxy, nor was he less esteemed in the comunity.

"Inappropriate occasions." One, we think, would be at afternoon tea. There are men who can drink malt liquor or strong waters with a cud snugly stowed away; but we have not yet heard of anyone so skilful as to eat hot buttered toast with a quid in his mouth. Nor would it be admissible in polite society to take out furtively the quid and put it on the piano, tea tray, curate's assistant, or even the mantelpiece, for future use after farewelling the ladies.

Organ Grinders

On Jan. 28 Cosino di Gicca died at Newport, Isle of Wight, at the age of 84. He claimed to be the first Italian to come to England with the hand organ; he landed at Bristol in 1854. In the days of Queen Victoria he used to play in the grounds of Osborne House.

This statement was made in the London journals; but Mr. J. S. Dodworth wrote that an Italian organ grinder had played to his family every Friday morning before 1850. As Mr. Dodworth was only three years old in 1850 he may have mistaken the grinder's nationality.

Who was the first Italian organ grinder in Boston? Did he own his instrument of torture, or did he rent it? The Rev. Mr. Morse of Charlestown in his American Geography (1796) spoke of hand organs, and they were known in England before 1800. Who were the grinders then? Was the grinder that drove Dr. Holmes to indignant verse from Italy? C. S. Calverley's friend was an Italian.

Far from England, in the sunny
South, where Anio leaps in foam,
Thou was rear'd, till lack of money
Drew thee from thy vineclad home.

"Lulla"

As the World Wags:

While the discussion of "coasting" and "calls" was at its height, I happened to be reading a book on South Africa, and was interested to come across the expression, "They (Kafirs) lullaloed to their hearts' content." The author was an Englishman, writing about 35 years ago. A. B. SPENCER.

Boston, Feb. 16.

The verb "lulliloo," to utter a cry of delight, as practised by certain African tribes, occurs in books by Livingstone and Stanley. In the tale of Nur al-Din Ali and his Son, as told by Burton in

"The Thousand Nights and a Night." "The singing girls beat their tabrets and lulilioo'd with joy, announcing the appearing of the bride." We doubt if this African verb has anything to do with "Clear the lulla." The only "lulla" we can find in any dictionary is the obsolete abbreviation of "lullaby."—Ed.

"Rats!"

As the World Wags:

When a man's arteries begin to harden he gets reminiscent. I would like to ask, before marble time comes, what the youth of today say wishing to express incredulity. Suburban Boston of 25 years ago was familiar with "Over the left" and "In your eye," and the milder "like fun," used by boys who on Sunday went to Sabbath school, and a stronger figure worthy of Squire Western in vogue with boys who used tobacco, generally in its least accepted form.

Boston, Feb. 17. F. EDWARDS.

We remember "Pig's wrist," also "In a pig's wrist," as an expression of incredulity. Where did the English "Walker" or "Hookey Walker," originate? The term is nearly 100 years old.—Ed.

Ice and Slush.

As the World Wags:

. . . I remember the coasting on Boston Common in 1872, when wooden bridges, temporary structures, were put up over cross paths between the West street gate and the corner at Beacon and Park streets.

In upper Canada then, tobogganning and lacrosse games had not developed as they are known today, but ice-boating and horse racing on Toronto bay were regular winter sports, and I have seen 2000 Toronto youths on skates at once. On this bay, which in summer is a most lovely body of blue water, as Anthony Trollope remarked half a century ago, I have seen boys hold their overcoats open to the wind and glide for miles before favoring breezes. Ice hockey, too, was played in the open by hundreds of people and the graceful skating of the red-cheeked Canadian maidens is well known to all travelers. There, indeed, are to be seen the genuine Junos of the North.

These reflections carry me back to memories of the days (or nights) when young Canadian men wore night caps! This, I suppose, was due in some degree to the fact that they oiled or pomaded their hair. How times have changed!

WILLIAM B. WRIGHT.

Boston, Feb. 16.

The Canadian youth in 1872 were not the only ones that oiled their hair. In the late 60s and in the 70s young and middle-aged New Englanders, brisk youths and fathers of families, slushed their hair, especially for church service. Going up the aisle they shook thick, stifling odors from ambrosial locks.—Ed.

400 MUSICIANS

The twelfth annual concert for the benefit of the Musicians' Relief Society of Boston was given at Mechanics Building last evening. The band, comprising 400 musicians, is spoken of as the largest military band in the world. Gustav Strube conducted. Mme. Jeska Swartz-Morse, formerly contralto of the original Boston Opera Company, assisted, and Sig. Fortunato Sordillo was heard in euphonium solos. Selections were played from these composers: Gounod, Wagner, Luders, Mascagni, Ponchielli, Liszt, Saint Saens, Offenbach, Keyes, Strube, Sousa, Reeves, Jacobs, Crosby, Sargent, Carter, Snyder, Claypoole, Remick and Fiest . . .

It was an inspiring sight to look upon this great musical family, 400 in number, that occupied the entire stage, and feel the motive that prompted them to give generously of their talents that their less fortunate brothers might benefit. Nor was it the less a pleasure to look upon the vast throng of music lovers that filled the great auditorium.

There were operatic selections, martial and patriotic airs, descriptive numbers and popular pieces. Mr. Strube conducted with fine musical intelligence and an unerring hand. It was a source of wonder that this immense musical body in such a short time could be brought to such perfection. Last night there was a remarkable musical cohesiveness, a sonority at once magnificent and inspiring. The whole performance was characterized by a spontaneity, a musical unity that was free from any suggestion of raggedness.

Mme. Jeska Swartz-Morse was heard in three songs of differing character. Her principal number was Siebel's message of love to Marguerite, "In the Language of Love." Her voice lost nothing in power and clearness by the vastness of the auditorium and its poor acoustic properties.

Sig. Sordillo's euphonium solos were an interesting feature. His principal number was Delilah's song, "My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice," from "Samson and Delilah."

McCORMACK DELIGHTS IMMENSE AUDIENCE

John McCormack gave his second concert of the winter in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon, before an audience which taxed the capacity of the auditorium. The gathering was as enthusiastic as it was large, and the noted tenor, ever generous with his encores, was at no time able quite to satisfy his hearers.

Mr. McCormack's program was varied enough to suit the most exacting. It opened with Handel's "O Sleep, Why Dost Thou Leave Me?" and Henry Purcell's "I Attempt from Love's Sickness to Fly." The second group consisted of four songs, "In This Hour of Night," Tschaikowsky; "The Gardener," Wolf; "When Night Descends in Silence," Rachmaninoff; and "Devotion," Straus. The Irish folk songs, always the popular part of a McCormack concert, were in the third group. These, arranged by Hughes, were "In Fanaids Grove," "The Reynardine," "Kathleen O'More" and "The Slaney Side." In the concluding group were "By the Pool of the Third Rosses," Burleigh; "The Bitterness of Love," Dunn; "To Daisies," Quilter; and "Flower Rain," by Edwin Schneider, yesterday's accompanist.

Donald McBeath delighted the audience with his violin solos. His program included selections from Handel, Bach, two Kreisler arrangements of Chopin and Chaminade, and Dvorak's Indian Lament.

Mr. McCormack will sing again in Symphony Hall tomorrow evening at 8:15 o'clock.

Feb 22 1916

They are asking in London, What gives a man the right to be termed "Esquire"? The Daily Chronicle says that, according to one authority, the title is strictly applicable only to the younger sons of the nobility, to officers of the King's household, to counsellors of law, justices of the peace, sheriffs, holders of commissions in navy or army and graduates of the universities, though by courtesy it is given also to solicitors, surgeons, bankers, the landed gentry and gentlemen of independent means. No academic degree entitles the bearer to the strictly legal use of "Esquire," except that of Royal Academician.

How is it in this country? Let us quote from Richard Grant White, though we fear his irony will be lost on anyone that is vexed by being addressed in writing as Mr

"An attempt to deprive any citizen of this democratic republic of his right to be called an esquire by his friends and all his correspondence would be an outrage upon our free institutions, and perhaps treason to the natural rights of man, whatever they may be. Upon this subject I confess myself fit only to be a learner; but I have yet to discover what a man means when he addresses a letter to John Dash, Esq. (who is in no manner distinguished or distinguishable from other Dashes), except that Mr Dash shall think he means to be polite."

Muses in New England.

As the World Wags:

I was glad to see in your conversation on the other day on the subject of American folk songs a statement that the Puritans liked music, and that more of it was published in England during the Commonwealth and the Protectorate than in many another period. This substantiates an opinion I have long held that the Puritans had far more play in them than their opponents. Newell's Games and Songs of American Children states that America has a richer tradition in those matters than any other country, and that this tradition is as strong in New England as anywhere. Certainly the welcome the Muses have been given in America has been not less in New England than elsewhere.

Cecil Sharpe, as a result of his studies in English music and folk songs and dances, states that England was far ahead of Germany in music, up to the time of the Stuarts, and that what drove music and dancing out of England was the introduction of French fashions in these matters by the court. The new fashions first made people ashamed of their old songs and dances, driving these into remote and unfashionable surroundings. Then the exotic music died, having burned over the ground and leaving it sterile. JOSEPH LEE.

Boston, Feb. 17.

Whether the Muses were welcomed in New England as heartily as in the southern and middle states is a question that admits of academic discussion. Mr. Lee might be interested in O. G. Sonneck's "Early Concert Life in America (1731-1800).—Ed.

Sleds in the Forties.

As the World Wags:

If sleds are allowed to recall the past I offer a little more history of the early 40's in Boston. We were then permitted to coast in some of the streets. Kitchen street, now Branch avenue, was a favorite one with us West enders, and Chestnut street on moonlight nights did not bring the constable upon us. But the Common was perhaps the best, from the head of Park street to West street, and as far along Tremont street as our impetus would last. There was much rivalry and racing and the fastest sleds were envied and adored. Nearly all had names painted on their sides, and often two rings on each side which jingled. The origin of these seems to have been for tying on a cushion. Among the many names, now forgotten, I recall the "Nimble Dick," rarely beaten. She was a long, rakish looking craft with "spring irons." Her owner had to cry "Lulla" very often for an overtaken sled to give him room to psss. The group of boys at the head of the coast kept on the lookout for a chance to race some special rival, and when one started his pursuer would pick up his sled run a few steps with it and throw himself upon it—"belly-flummux"—a flying start. "Butcher" and "sitties" were terms of the period, but were considered tame and effeminate.

A good uncle of mine told me that I might have a sled built to suit myself. Conceive of a happier boy. I went to a carpenter and had the lines drawn in his shop and selected the wood—cherry. Then to a blacksmith for the spring steel irons, then to a carriage painter for the name "Gazette," then to the upholsterer for a carpet cushion stuffed with hair and put on with brass-headed nails. She proved to be a good goer, but not in the very front rank for speed.

A pleasant memory after 70 years of the sled, the uncle and the healthy pastime.

Brookline, Feb. 17. C. OCTOGEN.

"Aguecheek."

As the World Wags:

In his foreword to "My Unknown Chum" Mr. Henry Garrity says the volume is a reprint of "Aguecheek," a book long out of print, of which Charles B. Fairbanks was the reputed author. I believe the authorship of "Aguecheek" has been disputed and that the matter is not yet satisfactorily settled. Mr. John W. Ryan, in a letter printed in The Sunday Herald, Feb. 13, speaks of his acquaintance with Fairbanks and refers to him as "Aguecheek." Is there conclusive evidence that Fairbanks wrote "Aguecheek," or was there some other New England writer who used the same pen name? Cannot you, with the help of Mr. Ryan, solve this mystery? R. F. W.

Biddeford, Me.

GUILBERT

Mme. Yvette Guilbert entertained a large and delighted audience in her vivacious and familiar manner yesterday afternoon at the Shubert Theatre. This was the second matinee of the present series. The program was perhaps the most attractive of the three, including, as it did, among "Ten Types of Women in Ten Songs," women of today as well as those of yesterday.

EXQUISITE PICTURES.

Those who associate Mme. Guilbert chiefly with wit of a certain sort, with a consummate skill in skirting the border line of the salacious, should see her exquisite pictures of mediaeval ladies, coy when wooed, or, when married, faithful unto death. Such a one was the wife of Jean Renaud, who, when her husband returned from war mortally wounded, insisted upon sharing his tomb with their new-born child. Then there was the coquettish Parisienne who demanded homage, for her wardrobe included colored wigs and dresses slit at the side.

The hypocrite laughed at her husband's death. The forsaken sought in vain to force her lamented lover from his refuge in the monastery. Margoton, on her way to the mill, met a gallant knight. The cunning shepherdess twitted a nobleman who sought to mock her. As Beranger's Lisette, Mme. Guilbert, charming in crinoline and powdered wig, mourned her lost youth. The story of the "Keys of Heaven" is thrice familiar.

Among the most striking of the modern feminine types was the song of the "femme fatale," "La Glu." Mme. Guilbert graciously added to the program, repeating by request, among other songs, "Le Lien Serre."

As before, Miss Emily Gresser played violin pieces, this time by Pugnani-Kreesler, Gretry, Marcelle, Harse, Vieuxtemps and others, in a robust and uncompromising fashion. Ward Stephens was the accompanist.

The last matinee will be next Thursday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

AT B. F. KEITH'S

The bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week is unique. Seven of the nine acts were seen in Boston for the first time. Last night there was a crowded house and the insistence of a pleased audience for encores lengthened the performance beyond the regular hour.

GIRL SWIMMER.

Miss Deal, a Brookline girl, appears as the headliner under the stage name Ideal. It has been said that she is the only one who has ever swum the Niagara rapids. Her act is supplemented by a motion picture scene from the rapids, with the headliner in a melodramatic thriller rescuing a child who has gone adrift in a boat heading steadily for the falls. An attractive young woman, though perhaps less pleasing to the eye than Miss Kellermann, she has an interesting act. All kinds of fancy diving and swimming strokes were demonstrated in a huge tank with a mirror ingeniously placed so that the swimmer is seen in the water from every seat in the house.

One of the best acts in vaudeville was that of Homer B. Mason and Marguerite Keeler in the one-act play, "Married," by Porter Emerson Browne. The piece treats a delicate subject with skill, the dialogue is uproariously funny, and, best of all, the comedians measure up to the piece. Again, there is plenty of action, and the principals play with the speed so necessary in true farce. Mr. Mason is a comedian of ability; he understands the value of repose without being a poseur. Miss Keeler was a picture in negligé and played the role with a lightness and archness entirely in keeping with the character.

Ruby Norton and Sammy Lee, late with Emma Trentini, made a good impression in a singing and dancing act. Mr. Lee was particularly interesting in his corkscrew dancing and Miss Norton displayed a good voice which she used effectively.

Bessie Wynn was heard in a group of songs of widely different character. Her manner is pleasing and her wardrobe varied and beautiful. Her most interesting numbers were "Molly, Dear," and "May God Let My Dream Come True," the latter an invective against war.

Joe Fields and Will Halliday have the great laughing number on the bill. Joe Fields as the anaemic soldier, with his woebegone look, is something to see rather than described.

One of the daintiest acts was Ralph Dunbar's Maryland Singers in a group of southern songs of the sixties. They sang the old songs as of the soil, and Mr. Frink was enjoyable in his banjo selections.

Others on the bill were Foley and O'Neil, two handsome youths, in a singing and dancing act; M. and Mme. Alf. W. Loyal's Educated Poodles, and Vasco, the mad musician.

Feb 23 1916

LEO ORNSTEIN

By PHILIP HALE.

Leo Ornstein gave his fifth and last piano recital last evening in Steinert Hall. His program was as follows: Debussy, Danseuses de Delphes, Violes; Scriabin, Sonata; Schumann, Papillons; Leschetitzky, Barcarolle; Grieg, On the Mountains; Ravel, The Gallows; Albeniz, El Albaicin; Ornstein, Impressions de Notre Dame (Sounds of Bells floating through the Atmosphere), Wild Men's Dance; Chopin, Nocturne in F sharp major, Valse in A flat minor, Etude in F minor; Mendelssohn-Liszt, Wedding March and Dance of the Elves.

The program contained much that was interesting and beautiful; Debussy's "Danseuses de Delphes," exquisitely poetic; Ravel's remarkable illustration of a prose poem in Bertrand's "Gaspard of the Night." On the other hand there were Leschetitzky's frothy salon piece, and Albeniz's "El Albaicin" in which an insignificant idea is elaborated monotonously and bombastically.

We, too, have seen Notre Dame. The cathedral left a much more favorable impression on us than on Mr. Ornstein. It is a pity that Victor Hugo did not live to hear this musical portrayal of the bells. Perhaps they sounded in this manner to Quasimodo. "The Wild Men's Dance," which the composer played at an earlier recital, shows more imagination, and is more pleasing in a grotesque fashion.

Scriabin wrote a number of sonatas. The program did not state whether the one played last night was an earlier or a later work. There are Russians—among them his brother in the army—who prefer to speak of the composer as a pianist. Mr. Baklanoff, when he was here, said that Scriabin was chiefly esteemed by his countrymen as a virtuoso. Not enough music of Scriabin has been played here by orchestra or pianists for us to form an opinion about the value of his achievement. The sonata heard last night is an interesting work, passionate, fiery, with relieving passages of genuine beauty. The movements are short; the ideas, clearly expressed, are not unduly developed.

Mr. Ornstein's series of recitals came to an end last night, when, as before, he showed indisputable ability as a pianist. He has yet to acquire a mastery of color. At present he gains his

[illegible] in contrast in black and white, he [illegible] to give warmth in the [illegible] of emotion. For a man of [illegible] he has a surprising control of the keyboard. If he should devote [illegible] wholly to the art of interpretation and abstain from composition [illegible] the manner of the "futurist" [illegible] he might soon have few rivals. [illegible] if he must compose, if he hears a [illegible] call, let him ponder the value of beauty, which is not necessarily [illegible] and conventional, which may be [illegible]. It is not synonymous with [illegible]ness, nor does it ever lead the [illegible] to doubt a composer's sincerity. It is a foolish and pitiable waste of [illegible] to write music solely for the purpose of making the bourgeois sit up.

JOHN McCORMACK SINGS 23 NUMBERS IN EVENING

Ten Were In Response to Demand by Great Audience.

John McCormack gave his third song recital of the season and his second within the week at Symphony Hall last evening before an audience which, as usual, taxed the capacity of the auditorium and found outlet on the stage. Mr. McCormack sang 13 songs, a number so unfortunate that he then added 10 in the shape of encores. And when the audience, still demonstrative and unappeased, sat or stood and applauded for 15 minutes, he came forth, prepared for the street, in a fur coat which aroused still further admiration. Repeatedly during the evening he was forced to give extra numbers, and, with fine sense of dramatic values, he kept "Mother Machree," which every man and woman in the hall desired above all things to hear, until the end. Incidentally, Edwin Schneider, his accompanist played one of his own compositions entitled "Thine Eyes," at the gracious behest of Mr. McCormack, who at the time was breathless. Donald McBeath, violinist, contributed several numbers, while the famous tenor was in retirement.

Old saws and gimlets
Its appetite whet's
Like the world famous bark of Peru.

Three weeks ago The Herald noted the death of Sir Clements Markham and paid him editorial tribute. Belated London journals describe the manner of his death. A fire broke out in his house. His butler rescued him, but Sir Clements, in his 86th year, sustained some injury and the shock caused his death. The journals also dwelt on his being instrumental in reducing the price of quinine from something like a guinea an ounce to a shilling or less. When he visited Peru the Indians were in the habit of going into almost impenetrable forests, cutting down a cinchona bush at the roots and then stripping and drying the bark. The plant was in a fair way to be exterminated. Sir Clements went into the wilderness and collected the seeds. Plantations of cinchona were formed on the Neilgherry hills and seedlings were distributed over Burma and Ceylon.

Sir Clements used to tell how quinine might have saved Oliver Cromwell from dying of tertian ague. There was an advertisement of Jesuit's bark for sale in the newspaper that announced Cromwell's death. As the word Jesuit was abhorrent to the Puritans, the physicians attending Cromwell would have nothing to do with the remedy.

But Sir Clements might at the same time have quoted from Burnet's history of his own times:

"The fits did not return after the King (Charles II.) took quinquina, called in England the Jesuits' powder." The name was thus given: Jesuits of the missions in South America sent in 1670 parcels of the powdered bark to Rome; therefore the remedy was called Jesuits' bark, also Cardinal's bark. This remedy is not to be confounded with Jesuits' drops, a name given to a preparation of garlic, Peruvian balsam and sarsaparilla, condemned by the faculty as a quack medicine.

Answers, Please.

An envelope is thus stampel: L. Stanley Kelley, boyologist, Yale School of Religion, New Haven, Ct." What, pray, is a boyologist?

A correspondent in South Bend, Ind., asks: "Is there anything doing in Boston? I suppose they are making money there, the same as we are here in Podunk, but is there one significant man who stands out, like Thoreau or Emerson or Ingersoll, for the real values of life?"

Poor Old Robinson.

As the World Wags:

Topics for discussion at the Lambs Too Club are increasing. * * * I am now looking over copies of "Robinson Crusoe" in various languages, including Latin, German and French, and expect to pass a stormbound Sabbath evening studying these volumes and report on my success in reading them—with the help of a "pony"—at the club in a few days.

As to the name of the club, this was the result of a printer's error. An intruding reporter printed an item about one of our gatherings at which lamb stew was the principal dish, and called it a meeting of the "Lamb Stew Club." The super-intelligent printer changed the "Lamb Stew" to "Lambs Too," and so the members now bask in the reflected light of the famous New York organization.

"Robinson Crusoe on the stage" is a subject on which I have been working for 20 years, hoping some time to produce an article that, while not worthy a place in Mr. Herkimer Johnson's colossal work, will meet the approval of the club members. It was a score of years ago that R. A. Barnet, when writing for the Cadets the burlesque of "The Strange Adventures of Jack and the Bean stalk," asked me for a picture of Lydia Thompson as Robinson Crusoe in her famous white suit. Mr. Barnet's idea was to introduce the character of Crusoe and have one of the cadets dressed after the style of Miss Thompson, but he discarded this and gave Jack a white suit, which later was worn so charmingly by Madge Lessing. After Miss Thompson gave up acting Crusoe, she still retained the suit, and in February, 1891, when she was playing in "The Dazzler" at the old Globe Theatre, she appeared in one scene in the Crusoe costume "for old acquaintance sake."

Columns might be written about the famous clown Grimaldi in the pantomime of "Robinson Crusoe." His first appearance on the stage was in this pantomime at Easter, 1781, in which he was drilled by his father. Thirty-three years later the great Grimaldi coached his son for the part of Friday and the boy made his first appearance on any stage to his father's Robinson Crusoe. The lad's appearance was kept a profound secret until within a week of the night on which he was to perform. The demand for tickets and places was unprecedented, and both press and public hailed the performance as one of the most remarkable ever seen of the pantomime. In Pocock's melodrama of "Robinson Crusoe, or the Bold Buccaneers," Grimaldi acted Friday and the cast contained several well known players. According to Dickens, this was a most successful adaptation of DeFoe's vivid story, and it held the stage for years. ERNEST SEEKER.

Boston.

Feb 24 1916

MISS PYLE GIVES PIANO RECITAL IN

By PHILIP HALE.

Miss Wynne Pyle, pianist, played for the first time in Boston yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. The program was as follows: Schubert, Moment Musical, op. 44, No. 2; Beethoven, Sonata, op. 81 a; **Brahms, Variations on a Theme of Paganini; Schumann, Fantasiestuecke; Ravel, Vallee des Cloches; de Schloezer, Concert Etude in E flat.**

Miss Pyle, we are informed, was born in Texas. She studied music as a child without thought of making it her profession. Living in Europe she took some lessons of Harold Bauer and studied with Alberto Jonas in Berlin, who advised her to play in public. She has played in cities of Germany, with orchestra and in recitals, and also in this country.

Her program yesterday was unusual in its arrangement, and some might have been disturbed by the thought of listening to the "Paganini" variations, but her performance of these variations was effective in every way. She not only displayed a sure and brilliant mechanism; she comprehended the composer's various moods and gave each its appropriate and full expression. Some may have wondered why she chose Schubert's piece for an opening selection. It was an agreeable change from the thunderous music that is chosen by the great majority of pianists with the intention of convincing the audience at once of their overpowering ability. Schubert's music, played perhaps with a little too much sentiment, put the hearers—unfortunately they were few in number—in a receptive state.

Miss Pyle has, as we have said, a brilliant technic. She has great strength, but when she exerts it there is true sonority instead of mere noise. She has a command of tonal gradations, an agreeable touch in melodic phrases and in florid passages. The sonata was played with musical understanding, though the first movement might have been more expressive. Her playing has individual character. In her interpretation in general she might deepen the emotional side of her nature. At present she is a more interesting pianist than many who visit us.

HOFFMANN QUARTET HEARD IN CONCERT

Rhapsodie After Swedish Saga Given First Time Here.

The Hoffmann quartet, assisted by Alfred de Voto, pianist, gave a concert last evening at Jacob Sleeper Hall. The program was as follows: Schubert, quartet, D minor, op. posth.; Juon, Rhapsodie, op. 37, after "Goesta Berling," by Selma Lagerlof, first time; Haydn, quartet, op. 64, No. 5.

Selma Lagerlof, the famous Swedish novelist and woman of letters, was born about 1858 in Vermland, Sweden. As a child she was introspective, sickly. While her brothers and sisters led out-of-door lives she sat in the old rectory listening to stories told by her father, by servants and visiting cronies. She was fascinated by the endless store of legends, especially those concerning the adventurous cavaliers of Ekely. She was educated to be a teacher, at the Royal Women's Superior Training College, Stockholm.

She was awarded a prize by a magazine for some chapters of "Goesta Berling's Saga." Thus encouraged she devoted herself to literature. In 1907 she received a doctor's degree from the Upsala University and two years later gained the Nobel prize.

Her story of "Goesta Berling" caught Juon's fancy. His trio caprice, op. 39, inspired from the same source, was played here several years ago by members of the Hess-Schroeder quartet and Ernest Schelling. The rhapsody heard last evening for the first time in Boston is unconventional music. The piece is crowded with melodies, with varied rhythms, it is not lacking in color, but there is little outline, little definite significance. The composer rambles and fails to reach the striven-for goal.

Schubert's "Death and the Maiden" quartet and Haydn's restful work are familiar. The quartet played with musicianly appreciation and Mr. de Voto was as usual crisp and fluent.

Feb 25 1916

MINNEAPOLIS ORCHESTRA HERE

By PHILIP HALE.

The Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, Emil Oberhoffer conductor, now in its 13th season and in the course of a tour extending from Feb. 12 to March 5, visited Boston for the first time and gave a concert in Symphony Hall last night. The audience heartily welcomed the visitors and applauded loudly the conductor and players after each composition.

The program was as follows: Beethoven, "Leonore" overture, No. 3; Brahms, Symphony No. 1, C minor; Sibelius, "Finlandia"; Delius, A Dance Rhapsody (first time here); Strauss, "Don Juan."

This program was a long one, too long for our audiences. In Minneapolis and Chicago the hearers, a hardy folk, like long concerts. It would have been better if "Finlandia" had been omitted. The tone poem does not show Sibelius at his best, and the orchestra did not soften its aggressive blatancy.

This orchestra of 85 musicians contains many young men; players that still have enthusiasm; hence, no doubt, the exuberance and the vigor of their performance. There are some excellent solo players, as the first oboe, Mr. Labate; the first clarinet, Mr. Perrier. The concert master, Mr. Czerwonky, it will be remembered, was once a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and for a time conspicuous as a soloist and in chamber music. The orchestra has been carefully drilled as far as precision of attack, accuracy and other matters of ensemble are concerned. It would appear from the performance last night that the strings, clarinets, oboes and bassoons are superior in quality to the brass, although the first trumpet did some noteworthy work. There is this to be said, however, that Mr. Oberhoffer is evidently fond of stormy effects, and more than once drove the players of the brass instruments to their utmost.

The interpretation of the various compositions was more conspicuous for enthusiasm and force than for poetic feeling, proportion, a great variety of dynamic gradations, finesse. There is more in the Symphony of Brahms than was revealed last night. More of the mysterious, as in the wonderful preparation of the horn call; more emotional feeling, as in the passionate song for violins that Mr. Nikisch used to bring out in a remarkable manner; nor is the "working out" section in the first movement so prosaic, heavy, monotonous as it appeared.

Mr. Percy Grainger believes that Delius is the greatest living composer, or, at least, one of the greatest, for we do not wish to misquote him. He was not heated by wine when he made this statement, for he is a total abstainer. In Boston we have heard Delius's orchestral pieces, "Brigg Fair", "Paris" and now "A Dance Rhapsody." He is a strange apparition in the musical world, not easily classified. There is no doubt about his individuality. Whether that individuality is agreeable or impressive is another matter. Take this "Rhapsody" for example. The chief theme is of a jig-like nature; this is repeated in one form and another in a scrappy fashion, and then suddenly we are in the East and there is the thought of Russians writing for lauguorous dancing girls. What, pray, has the little introduction to do with what follows; or why the episode for solo violin towards the end, pretty enough, but out of keeping with the general spirit of the work? We have yet to be persuaded that Delius warrants Mr. Grainger's perfervid admiration. Perhaps the former's more important compositions would put him in a brighter light.

It was an interesting concert, if only because it showed the public spirit of Minneapolis in supporting an orchestra that must necessarily give the city a reputation for musical culture throughout the country.

PIANO RECITAL BY K.W. MME. ETHEL LEGINSKA

Talented Artist Plays in Her Best Vein at Jordan Hall.

Mme. Ethel Leginska gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon at Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Bach-Busoni, Organ Toccato, D minor; Beethoven, Rondo, op. 129 ("Wrath Over a Lost Groschen"); Brahms, Sonata, F minor; Chopin, Nocturne, C minor; Etude, A minor, op. 25; MacDowell, "Keltic" Sonata; Leschetizky, Etude Heroique; Liszt, Hungarian Rhapsody No. 8, Rigoletto Fantasie.

Mme. Leginska has been heard here several times this winter. Tributes have been paid to her playing. Her art has been discussed at length. It is now enough to say that yesterday she was in the vein. A fascinating pianist, her tonal variety is unlimited. Her admirable technic is brilliantly used for emotional expression. The first two pieces gave opportunity for a scintillating display of virtuosity. In Busoni's transcription of Bach's Organ Toccata there was cunning in effects contrived to suggest that instrument.

Brahm's Sonata has been on many programs this season. Mme. Leginska played it in romantic spirit, with marked authority. A large audience was deservedly appreciative.

People look out in the newspapers for what they know rather than for what they do not know, and the better they know it the more interested they are to see it in print and, as a general rule, unless they get what they expect—or think they know already—they are angry.

Trebizond.

The word Trebizond brings the Anabasis to the mind of Mr. Heavystone, who said at the Porphyry yesterday that he had read a little Greek before breakfast ever since he left college. Another, not to seem wholly ignorant, spoke of the wealth and splendor of the town when the Goths stormed it and found the garrison "dissolved in riot and luxury." The spoils filled a great fleet of ships found in the port—the artificial port constructed by the Emperor Hadrian—and the robust youth of the sea coast were chained to the oar. Still another mentioned David, who called himself Emperor of Trebizond. He timidly surrendered his city to Mahomet the Second, having humbly entreated the Sultan to have the goodness to wed one of his daughters.

But when we see the word Trebizond in the newspapers we think only of Offenbach's delightful operetta "La Princesse de Trebizonde." We see again the mountebanks, having won a chateau at a lottery, bored with high life and going back to their old profession to the astonishment of their highborn guests. We see the Princess in wax, Zanetta taking her place, and Raphael falling in love with her. We hear his charming romanza. We hear Zanetta singing the rondo of the Princess—how the wife of the great Rhotomago, the Princess of Trebizond, passed for the pearl of spouses and danced the fandango only with her husband, but one fine day at a ball in Kamschatka she danced the polka with a Hungarian officer, and when Rhotomago reproached her for her vertigo she only said: "It's so cold in Kamschatka!" Thereupon Rhotomago, to calm her, turned her into a figure of wax.

Ah! quelle femme c'était la
Que cette Princesse, Oui, da!
On n'en voit plus comme cela!

Alice Oates and her company gave a version of the operetta in English. Who remembers her chorus constantly exclaiming, "Oh Prince, you are so kind!"?

This operetta was first performed in Baden. Offenbach arrived there in July 1869, for rehearsals, and thus was he attired: Yellow trousers and vest, sky blue coat, gray gloves, green hat and a red umbrella. After the performance an admirer telegraphed to Figaro: "Offenbach

stand before the ... en ... at with ... rpleus' in one hand, 'Trebizond' in ... other. He will surely be named ... sical director of the good Lord." An ... t was added to the operetta for the ... oduction of the Bouffes Parisiens Dec. 1869.

Our War Zone.

As the World Wags:

I see that George Sou-wester We-wreck has sent out notice that Americans approaching the Atlantic seaboard will do so at their own peril, as it has now become a Teutonic war zone. The line in Boston runs along Charles street, Columbus avenue to Roxbury crossing and Franklin park, Blue Hill avenue to Matappan. Charlestown, including Bunker Hill, is of course in the danger zone. The latter may very probably be needed by the central powers as a wireless station, for which the monument offers valuable facilities.

It is earnestly hoped that this warning will be heeded. If it is not, those who disregard it will, like the foolhardy passengers on the Lusitania, have only themselves to thank for any disagreeable consequences that may ensue. Germany, through its mouthpiece Mr. We-wreck, has certainly done its part to avert misunderstanding or disaster. ISRAEL PUTNAM SAWIN.

Boston.

In Memoriam.

As the World Wags:

I wish to announce with every appearance of becoming regret the death of a theatrical costumer who had conducted business for many years in a little eddy of the city's traffic known to a few as Hamilton place. I have never seen this worthy gentleman, though I have theoretically been his neighbor for 20 years; he exists to me only in the persistent opinion of a large number of reputable people who have during all that time strenuously insisted that there was such a person, many of them claiming that they had actually done business with him in the past. I know of his lamented death only inferentially through the circumstance that it has now been a year since his existence was last insisted upon. He lived only within my knowledge in the fixed opinion of the public, and in their forgetfulness of him I discern his passing.

I will say by way of obituary that his life always seemed to me a most enviable one. He lived as Hamlet, Pecksniff and Mrs. Harris did, without responsibilities or cares, universally known and apparently approved, diligently sought after and made the subject of the most flattering ascriptions by his friends without being burdened by the necessity of deserving the good opinion that was held of him, or the slightest fear of losing his reputation. He paid no income tax nor rent; he kept no office hours; indignant patrons addressed no complaints to him, and whether business was good or bad he cared little. His livelihood was hardened by none of these usual drawbacks. He was immune from bores. The gentlemen whose office hours were announced as "from two to three every other Wednesday" opposed great difficulties to such detrimentals; our costumer easily defied them. He was independent of medical advice, enjoying always uninterrupted health, nor did changes of fashion or of season disturb him. No single one of the many by whose grace he lived ever criticized, much less slandered him; indeed, of his private and personal traits I never heard anything said; but this great desirability in his purely professional capacity offers some testimony, I am sure, to the high character and great personal charm that must have been manifest to his fortunate intimates.

Association of ideas seems to indicate that he was of Welsh origin, and that his pastime might have been the breeding of his native rabbit; but this is, of course, a mere surmise. I suppose him to have specialized professionally in costumes for the Ghost, in "Hamlet," and in dresses for the companions of "Rip Van Winkle" in his sojourn in the Catskills. It is with regret that I have to conclude that in all likelihood no work of his cunning hand can possibly have survived him. F. E. CHASE.

Boston, Feb. 20.

CONCERT BY ALICE NIELSEN AND EMANUEL ONDRICEK

The fifth concert in the Tremont Temple course took place last evening. The artists were Miss Alice Nielsen, soprano of the Metropolitan opera company and a member of the original Boston opera company, and Emanuel Ondricek, violinist; William Reddick was accompanist. Miss Nielsen sang songs by Branscombe, Kreisler, Harriet Ware, Irene Hale, Woodman, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Brahms, Duparc, Bleichman Moore, Balfe, Foster, Arensky, Crouch Puccini. Mr. Ondricek played pieces by Hubay, Dittersdorf, Handel, Gossec Cui, Wieniawski. Miss Nielsen also sang Gounod's "Ave Maria," with violin obligato by Mr. Ondricek.

There was a crowded house, even the choir loft being used for the overflow The reception to Miss Nielsen was genuine and hearty. Her program was nicely varied and consistent with the thought in mind of a popular concert for there was the sentimental song, the folk song the humorous vein and the florid operatic aria

Notwithstanding the tiresome journey of a week across the continent the singer was in excellent voice. Her peculiarly liquid tones were often enchanting; nor was she less the interpreter than the singer; there was always conveyed the thought behind the music, understandingly, intelligently. The purity of the upper tones did not lose in value with the soaring of the singer. There was color and always vitality without laborious endeavor. It is a pleasure to recall the haunting purity of her "Ave Maria" and the beautiful simplicity of the "Last Rose of Summer."

Mr. Ondricek gave a pleasureful performance. Well known for his technical proficiency, last night his tones were now virile, now sensuous. There was always a deferential, a faithful regard first of all for the composer, and his execution was often flawless.

YVETTE GUILBERT AGAIN CHARMS LARGE AUDIENCE

Third and Last of Recitals Given at the Shubert.

Mme. Yvette Guilbert, assisted by Miss Emily Gresser, violinist, and Mr. Ward-Stephens, pianist, gave her third and last recital in the Shubert Theatre yesterday afternoon. There was a very large audience. P. H.

Mme. Guilbert had a severe cold, for which she apologized in a humorous manner when she was in costume for "The Legend of St. Nicholas," but her affliction did not dampen her spirits or impair her art. Her program consisted of songs of the 16th century—La Samaritaine, La Legende de St. Nicholas, C'est le Mai; songs of the middle ages—Le Roy Loys and La Porcheronne; songs of the gentry in the 18th century—Satires on the Lords, on the little fashionable suppers, and on complaining tradesmen; songs of laborers and two songs of soldiers.

It is not necessary at this late day to speak of Mme. Guilbert's exquisite diction, her rare powers of varied expression, her use of the voice in coloring tones, so that each song is a little drama, gay or grave. She runs the whole gamut of emotion. Then there is her delightfully malicious touch. She draws a picture in a phrase. Each tone has its emphasis when needed, but she knows how to pass over lightly that which is unessential.

Miss Gresser contributed to the pleasure of the afternoon by playing pieces by Bach, Tschaikowsky and Wieniawski and Tartini's Variations on a gavotte of Corelli. Mr. Ward-Stephens was a sympathetic accompanist.

Feb 26. 916

15TH SYMPHONY

By PHILIP HALE.

The 15th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Bauer was the pianist. The program was as follows: Goldmark, overture to "Sappho"; Brahms, Concerto in B flat major, No. 2, for piano and orchestra; MacDowell, Suite in A minor, op. 42.

Goldmark's overture to "Sappho" had not been played here for a dozen years. The neglect is not easily explained. Another overture of Goldmark, "Prometheus," might well have a hearing. The two are perhaps not so characteristic of the composer's peculiar style as the "Sakuntala," but they are better musically and more effective than later overtures made in Germany which we have been obliged to hear.

It would be interesting to know what Goldmark had in mind when he wrote his "Sappho." The opening, with its solemn phrases for harps and then the oboe with its enchanting phrase, may well invoke the appearance of the Tenth Muse; but why the exulting trumpets with the fiery measures following? Is there the thought of Sappho's glory for all time? Or is there a portrayal of raging and despair? Goldmark might have replied: "I was chiefly concerned with writing an overture. Find in it what you please."

There are, indeed, beautiful and noble thoughts artfully and powerfully expressed. The hearer, however, may miss one great theme for Sappho, "a marvel, made of perfect sound and exceeding passion." The sustained measures that may express her love-longing are eloquent, but there is no supreme expression of sensuousness, except possibly in certain explosions in wailing dissonances, that caused Hanslick in 1893 to dub Goldmark "the king of dissonances," sighs and moans that even now seem strangely modern.

Mr. Joseffy after a brilliant performance of Brahms's concerto at a Symphony concert many years ago was enthusiastically applauded, for Mr. Joseffy, a Hungarian, played the last movement in an inimitable and intoxicating manner. Later in the evening, he marvelled at the applause, and kept saying: "And after this concerto of Brahms! After this concerto of Brahms!" Mr. Bauer gave a fine performance yesterday and he, too, was heartily applauded. The hearer might have said: "And after this concerto of Brahms!"

Some day a pianist may have the courage to play only the third and fourth movements of the concerto. The first movement is weary work, as the English malt-worm said after he had drunk twenty or thirty glasses of cider without their producing the expected and desired effect. Mr. Kalbeck, Brahms's adoring biographer, and some other deep-thinking Germans say that this concerto was inspired by Brahms's visits to Italy. But what of Italy is there in this concerto? Is there any blue sky, gorgeous sun, smiling landscape, vineclad hillslope in the first two movements? Is there anything of Italy in the third, charming as it is in its meditative spirit? In the fourth we are surely in Hungary. Even Mr. Bauer could not make the first movement endurable. Here Brahms was not in Venice, Orvieto, Sicily. He was far underground in the bowels of the earth; the only light came through a mine-shaft. The second movement enlarges the first offence, destroys the balance of the concerto, and is altogether superfluous.

It was a pleasure to hear MacDowell's Suite again. Not so important as the "Indian" Suite, it contains delightful and fanciful music. While it shows in the manner of instrumentation the influence of Raff, the poetic contents are wholly MacDowell's, as are the mysterious and capricious moments in the first movement, the tricksy twists in the last. How clearly the thoughts are expressed! How deftly is that which might easily have been conventional glorified by some harmonic change or unexpected turn in the melodic figure! And MacDowell knew here the value of concise expression. He knew when he had said his effective say.

There is a curious instance of similarity of harmonic and melodic thought between a passage, several times repeated, in Goldmark's overture and a section of Santuzza's aria. The resemblance is striking. "Sappho" was produced in 1893; "Cavalleria Rusticana" 1890.

The concert will be repeated this evening. The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Tschaikowsky, Symphony No. 4 in F minor; Volkmann, Serenade for Strings No. 2, F major; Ravel, Spanish Rhapsody.

The great characters of fiction live as truly as the memories of dead men. For the life after death it is not necessary that a man or woman should have lived.

The Real Aguecheek.

As the World Wags:

Without a doubt Charles B. Fairbanks wrote the papers signed "Aguecheek," which were first published in the Boston Saturday Evening Gazette and afterwards collected in a volume. I know of no writer who used the same pen name, which was a playful reflection on Fairbanks's own neuralgic affliction. He wrote some other essays which he signed "Malvolio," thus utilizing another character from Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." In the Gazette office, in the later fifties of the preceding century when Charley Fairbank was a familiar figure there, W. W. Clapp, the younger, afterwards of the Boston Journal, was the editor, B. P. Shillaber (a large man), the Little Junior, as he humorously called himself, and A. Wallace Thaxter, the dramatic critic and the best one of his day in Boston. If they were living they would support me vigorously in my assertion that Charles B. Fairbanks, and he alone, was the author of all that was printed in the Gazette over the signature "Aguecheek."

My acquaintance with him goes back to 1851, when I was graduated from the Adams school on Mason street, in the building now devoted to the uses of the Boston school committee. Exceedingly proud of our Franklin medals, "Dick" Wyman and I met Fairbanks on Washington street. He, then a young man, congratulated us on our success as prize winners and bestowed a generous tip on my companion, with whose family he was on intimate terms. The Wymans, as I said in a previous communication, were connected with the Powells, who were members of the first stock company of the Federal Street Theatre which opened on Feb. 3, 1794. "J. W., who writes so entertainingly of the stage in The Herald, says: "There seems to be some internal evidence that the author of some of these essays was an older man than Fairbanks." Perhaps some of the matter that formed the subject of his papers was the result of his friendship with the Wyman family. Mrs. Wyman herself played as a very young girl at the Federal Street in its early days, and therefore had many memories of the old playhouse. Her husband, Oliver C. Wyman, to whom I referred in my communication in The Sunday Herald of Feb. 13, was a scholarly man and knew a great deal about the stage here in its infancy, alas, in the end, to his own sorrow.

After the meeting referred to above, I was acquainted more or less with the movements of Fairbanks until his final trip abroad. I was with the Gazette for 30 years off and on, beginning in 1865, and had been a contributor to its columns before that. I was there at different times with Col. Clapp, the Rev. Henry Norman Hudson, the Shakespearian editor and writer; Henry G. Parker and Benjamin E. Woolf, and I never heard anyone in the office say that Charles B. Fairbanks was not "Aguecheek."

He became a Catholic some time before he died. He would have been a priest if his health had permitted, and I believe he took minor orders in the church. If there was another "Aguecheek" he never shook in the Gazette office or wrote "Hard up in Paris."

In 1857, or thereabouts, Thomas M. Johnston, the artist, who made the first picture of Abraham Lincoln after his first nomination for the presidency, and who died in Paris, Edwin Brown Houghton, H. W. D. Bryant, myself and others founded a club called the Knights of the Round Table, and at one of its meetings I read the following memorial verses which were afterwards printed in the Gazette.

CHARLES B. FAIRBANKS.

Toll forth ye bells of Notre Dame
Upon the autumn air,
Toll forth ye bells of pleasant France
For he loved your music rare,
And he loved the old cathedrals,
In whose turrets high you chime,
The stranger, he that sleepeth
In your bright and sunny clime.

Toll forth ye bells from the old church
In this his well-loved town,
And let the priest be robed today
In surplice and in gown,
And let the holy incense rise
And let the mass be said
For him, the unassuming one,
Who far away lies dead.

For him who knelt so often there
And marked the cross on high
And learned from that to die;
And learned from that to die,
Oh pray ye youths and maidens
In many a pious home,
For we pray for our loved lost ones,
We of the church of Rome.

And pray ye men and matrons
That his soul in peace may rest
With the Saviour that he held so oft
Within his gentle breast,
And pray that his good mother,
Whom he longed to see once more,
Shall meet him ne'er again to part
On Heaven's eternal shore.

But words are weak, why should I strive
To sing the praise of him
For whom so many hearts are sad,
So many eyes are dim;
I could not name his virtues,
They were an hundred fold,
And I know that it is useless
To gild refin-ed gold.

Then take him for the model,
Thou in life's early day,
If thou, like him, would be beloved,
When thou hast passed away.

I may say in conclusion that James Dickson Wyman, who was always called "Dick" by his chums, went on the stage and became a leading man, but although a correct and earnest actor, he never attained the distinction that we anticipated from his brilliant record in this city as a declaimer at the English high school and at the entertainments at the rooms of the old Mercantile Library Association. JOHN W. RYAN.

Dorchester, Feb. 22.

A Judicial Opinion.

As the World Wags:

The question of whether a tomato is a fruit or a vegetable is not unsettled in the United States of America. The answer is to be found canned in the records of the supreme court of the United States. That august body carefully considered the matter for custom house purposes and spoke through the mouth of a distinguished citizen of New England whose gastronomic and legal attainments fitted him for the important question. He enunciated the great principle that anything which comes along with the meat or salad and is eaten hot or with oil and vinegar is a vegetable, and anything which comes on the epergne, with the dessert, is a fruit. Mr. Tickler, M. P., ought to be tickled with this information. ELAH.

Boston, Feb. 18.

Feb 27, 1916

OSSIP GABRILOWITSCH

Ossip Gabrilowitsch gave the fifth in his series of recitals illustrating the development of piano music yesterday afternoon at Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Brahms, Variations and Fugue on a theme by Haendel, op. 24; Intermezzi, A major, op. 118, E minor, op. 119, No. 2; Rhapsodie, E flat major, op. 119, No. 4; Liszt, Sonata, B minor; Dance of the Gnomes, Love-Dream, Etude, F minor.

The compositions chosen embodied striking and familiar characteristics of their composers. The inventiveness of Brahms is clearly revealed in his variations on the Haendelian theme. The piece has been played here more brilliantly but not with a greater beauty of tone or variety in touch. In Liszt's Sonata Mr. Gabrilowitsch, himself a romanticist, was on congenial ground and in this he shone as an interpreter.

A large audience was appreciative and the pianist was recalled again and again. The last of these recitals by Mr. Gabrilowitsch will be on Friday afternoon, March 17. He will play an attractive program of modern compositions.

A Western dramatist recently wrote to a firm of publishers in this city: "My little circular was a hint to you to buy two of my plays . . . but I see you failed to catch it. It's too bad how men in the business lose all taste for good stuff. They read so much trash that they get to hate the sight of plays of free spirit. The colleges are slave-minded. They don't care to teach natural selection and evolution; an infidel professor is a dodo bird. The college output could increase tenfold and it wouldn't put Gorki, Andreyev, Phillpotts, St. John Irvine, Shaw, out of business. Ibsens are not manufactured by narrow-minded professors. Take the Helen Keller declaration: 'I don't give a damn for half radicals.' Do you suppose any college educated playwright can appreciate the dramatic sentiment contained in that bold declaration?"

As the New York gentleman, seated in a box at a political convention in Buffalo, shouted: "Hot stuff!" But we are pained at the thought of Miss Keller using such language.

The Pall Mall Gazette said apropos of "The Boatswain's Mate": "If the reborn English opera is to thrive it must be characteristically English. It is not natural for us to rave through trilogies whether they concern Nibelung rings or magic cauldrons. In fact, it would be difficult to say what is characteristic about English drama of this generation. But there is no doubt about our humor. That is our very own."

Mr. J. Rankin Towse, in the course of his interesting and valuable reminiscences of the stage for the last 60 years, now publishing in the Saturday issues of the Evening Post, New York, came to the Madison Square company. He had much to say (Feb. 19) about the art of Agnes Booth (Mrs. John B. Schoeffel). Speaking of Gilbert's "Engaged," Mr. Towse remarked: "The outstanding feature was the Belinda Treherne of Agnes Booth, an almost perfect realization of the author's ideal. It was a delicious bit of artistry, as good an example of refined, subtle and spirited burlesque as any one could wish to see. In facial expression, illuminative gesture, mock heroics, alert attention veiled by feigned abstraction, it was infinitely dexterous, neat, imaginative and consistent. The tart scene was inimitable. Success has its penalties. The necessity of eating so many tarts every night finally brought to Mrs. Booth an anticipatory nausea which threatened calamity. Tarts became to her a word of hideous and revolting omen. The problem was solved by the ingenuity of the pastry cook, who evolved a wafer counterfeit, empty and collapsible, which could be disposed of without passing the lips at all, and without the audience being any the wiser. Thus the comedy went on, and the tarts were satisfactorily consumed without being eaten. Soon afterward this accomplished actress was seen to great advantage in 'Old Love Letters,' the miniature comedy into which Bronson Howard put some of his very best work."

"Jim the Penman," Mr. Towse thinks, was the most successful of all the Madison Square productions. "This noted play of Sir Charles Young was only melodrama, of course, but an uncommonly good specimen, ingenious, abounding in suspense and situation, very adroitly built, and vital though conventional in characterization. Of itself it was not of much importance, but good melodrama with the throb of honest emotion in it, and a plausible resemblance to the facts of life, is a form of art and has its legitimate place in the best theatres. It often furnishes opportunities for creative acting far superior to those of the ordinary social play, and is not much more remote from reality. In 'Jim the Penman' the acting was of high quality throughout, and in some respects brilliant. This last epithet may be applied properly to the Mrs. Ralston of Agnes Booth. She had to play the part of a good woman, a devoted wife and mother, suddenly awakened to the fact that her husband, in which she has reposed the most implicit faith and trust, is a great criminal. The knowledge comes to her in the third act, when she discovers a forged signature which she knows he has written.

"A finer example of the eloquence of facial expression than she exhibited in this scene has seldom been shown upon the stage. For several minutes she sat almost motionless, without utterance a word, trusting solely to the play of her features to reveal the course of her thoughts. Any failure of significance would have made the scene tedious, the least exaggeration might have made it ridiculous. She avoided both dangers with the surest instinct, and held the audience in frozen suspense. It was acting of the most subtle, delicate and intellectual kind. Subsequently she reaped a whirlwind of applause by the really magnificent outburst of scornful passion with which she denounced her husband, and she triumphed again in the womanly appeal addressed to his better nature in the last act. Equally fine was the emotional pathos she displayed in the farewell scene with her daughter. Only a most accomplished artist could have wrought such effects with methods of such exquisite simplicity. It was work worthy of a great dramatic masterpiece, and probably was the finest achievement in her career."

In the same article Mr. Towse pays tribute to Alexander Salvini, "son of the unapproachable Tommaso, who, beyond question, inherited some part of his father's genius. He died too soon." There is a fine analysis of his playing in "Partners," adapted by Robert Buchanan from Daudet's "Fromont Jeune et Risler Aine." "As the deceived husband," says Mr. Towse, "he demonstrated his rare powers of versatility, his sense of character and his great range of emotional expression. There was scarcely a trace of his personal individuality—which was of a striking kind—or even of his nationality, in the middle-aged German whom he presented. His jovial, boisterous, awkward, but self-reliant, loyal, tender-hearted man of affairs was as a copy from life. It was in the passionate scenes of the third and fourth acts that he gave evidence of the sacred fire within him and electrified the house. As the ruin of his business and the threatened disgrace to his home gradually came to his perception, the variety and vividness of his pantomime and facial expression were astonishing in one so young. The artistic restraint which he observed in the earlier scenes was in splendid contrast with the paroxysms of fury in which his rising wrath culminated. He gave no cause for the least suspicion of rant. The control he held over the swelling volume of his passion up to the climax was presumptive evidence of genius. There were moments in his denunciation of his foolish wife and his treacherous partner when, in vocal volume, terribleness of aspect and emotional impulse, he recalled memories of his mighty sire. One of them was at that instant when he stripped the jewels from his kneeling wife. By this single performance he won a place in the first rank of emotional actors."

It is to be hoped that Mr. Towse will publish his reminiscences in book form. He has long been known as the most well-informed, experienced, discriminative and unprejudiced of dramatic critics, while his honesty and independence have given his reviews an enviable authority.

To the Editor of The Herald:

In the many communications to your columns relative to the Boston stage, written by those who "come down to us from a former genration," frquent mention has been made of Mrs. Farren, whom I remember as an excellent actress. Some time in the latter sixties she, with Wallace Briton as leading man, opened the season at the Howard Athenaeum in a play the title of which was "The Felon's Wife, or the Logan Stone in the Frozen Pool." It is this title which has impressed itself upon my memory. What an appeal it is to the imagination! What the details of the play were all about I cannot recall, but the "Logan Stone" in the "Frozen Pool," with a woman with hair dishevelled and garments tattered, making desperate efforts to reach it, still looms up vividly in the mind after a lapse of many years. Who was the playwright, and the play dramatized from any known book? What is a Logan stone, and what legend, if any, is connected with it? Mrs. Farren dropped out of sight despite the fact that in her day she was a popular actress.

Melodrama ruled the Howard stage in those days, and such plays as "Waiting for the Verdict," "The Spirit of the Dead," "The Marble Heart," "Nick of the Woods" and the "Wept of Wish-ton-Wish" drew large audiences and were exceedingly popular with a clientele which flattered itself that it knew what was good acting, and in faith, in comparison with the "problem rots" of the present day they were superior and healthier.

A favorite play was "Jack Sheppard," the title part played by Lucille Western, and Blueskin by that all round actor N. D. Jones, who, dressed in a green suit and immense cavalry boots, with a three-cornered hat on his head, under which his round and rubicund face, tinted from excessive consumption of gin, sparkled with humor and fun. It was a sight to see him with blunderbusses in his belt, and a dashing lady on each arm, dressed in black velvet, en train, and saucy hats with waving plumes, with whips in their hands, come down the stage to the footlights, with an abandon all their own, singing

When Claude Duval was in Newgate thrown,
He carved his name on the dungeon stone.

the refrain of which was:

Nix, my dollie, my pals fake away,
Fake away, fake away, away.

It was a dashing spectacle which as acted by Jones and his companions, pleased the auditors, who, though not understanding the lingo of the song, forgot themselves for the moment and were carried away into the realm of reality by the genuineness of the acting.

About this time "El Nino Eddie" a tight rope performer, made his appearance in Boston, a mere child, as the diminutive in his name implies, and he heralded his coming by walking on a wire, which was strung across Washington street from the roof of the Morris Bros. Opera House to that of the building where now is located the Transcript. There was, for those days, a great multitude gathered, who looked upward, awe-stricken, as the boy, dressed in colored tights, and with a balancing-pole, made his dangerous trip across the street. How many are they, who were in that throng and witnessed the perilous feat do now view the glimpses of the moon? J. B.

Dorchester, Feb. 19.

A logan-stone is a rocking, moving stone, which the finger of a child may move. Henry Kingsley in his Geoffrey Hamlyn alludes to it: "Strong as your famous lieutenant who capsized the logan stone." "Logan" is thought to be the same as the participal adjective "logging," that rocks, and these are also called logging rocks or stones. Toward the end of the 18th century fragments of stone "so nicely balanced on a base hardly exceeding a point that rock with every blast," were to be seen in Paris in the quarry which was turned into the Catacombs. We do not know of any legend connected with this sort of stone.

"The Felon's Wife, or the Logan Stone in the Frozen Tarn" was produced at Willard's Howard Athenaeum Aug. 28, 1865. The author's name was not given on the bill. The play is in a prologue and three acts. Mrs. M. A. Farren took the part of Jane, the orange girl in the prologue, and Jane the wife of John Fryer in the following acts. Wallace Britton played Fryer, a poor engraver, afterwards foreman of the dye works. The "logan stone and frozen pool in the Druid valley of Dean Burn" were shown in scene third of act 1. Julie Christine and the corps de ballet were introduced. The play ended with Uriah's revenge, a grand fight in a convict camp; pardon, and "scene of happiness."

"Jack Sheppard," by J. B. Buckstone (from the novel of the same name), was produced at the Adelphi, London, Oct. 28, 1839. According to Col. Brown, "Jack Sheppard" was first played in the United States at the Bowery Theatre, New York, Dec. 30, 1839, when Mrs. Shaw took the part of Jack, Gates that of Blueskin, Joseph Proctor that of Sir Rowland.

There was a curious performance of "Jack Sheppard" at the Boston Theatre in 1875 at a benefit for John M. Ward. Mrs. T. M. Hunter took the part of Jack in the first act. Olivia Rand in the second; Gustavus Levick in the third. At this benefit N. C. Goodwin, Jr., then an amateur, played Jerry Clip in "The Widow's Victim," and introduced imitations of leading actors.

Does "J. B." quote the refrain of Blueskin's song correctly? In Harrison Ainsworth's novel, "Rookwood" (1834), Jerry Juniper sings a long song beginning:

In a box of the stone jug I was born,
Of a hempen widow the kid forlorn,
Fake away!
And my father, as I've heard say,
Fake away!
Was a merchant of capers gay,
Who cut his last fling with great applause.
Nix my doll, pals, fake away!

This being interpreted, means that the father, a dancing master, was hanged. "Nix my doll, pals, fake away" is the same as "Never mind, friends, work away." Some years later, this song, then known as "Nix my dolly, pals—fake away!" with music by George Herbert Bonapart Rodwell, was sung by Paul Bedford and little Mrs. Keeley and became popular in England. Rodwell wrote many operettas, among them "Paul Clifford" (1834) and "Jack Sheppard" (1839), was "Nix, my doll pals—fake away!" introduced in either? John Hollingshead described Bedford as "a licensed droll with a deep voice and a personal popularity that made him acceptable in anything." It was Bedford who made the gag "I believe you, my boy," a street saying for many years. He died in 1871. Mrs. Keeley visited Boston in 1836. She died in 1899 at the age of 93.

"Wept of the Wish-ton-Wish" was produced in Boston on Feb. 2, 1835, with Mme. Celeste. The play drew large audiences. Leo Hudson, once the wife of Charles Backus, took the part of Narramattah in the sixties.

Ah, the old melodramas! George Augustus Sala in 1863 expressed his tenderness, his predilection, his "almost preference" for the Vic in London. "There is a sturdy honesty of purpose, unity of action, sledg-hammer morality about the rubbishing melodramas, which are nightly yelled and ranted through on the Victoria stage, that are productive, I believe, of an intellectual tone, highly healthful and beneficial. Buckins, the garroter, who is now in hold in Pentonville for his sins, and is so promising a pupil of the chaplain (having nearly learnt the Gunpowder Plot service and the prohibitions of consanguinity by heart), has confidentially informed his reverend instructor that to the melodramas at the Victoria (must be ascribed his ruin. It was the 'Lonely Man of the Ocean' that led him to fall on Mr. Jabez Cheddar, cheesemonger, in Westminster Broadway, at 2 o'clock in the morning, split his skull open with a life-preserver, jump upon him, and rob him of eight pounds, twelve, a silver hunting watch, and a brass tobacco-box, at which confession the chaplain orders him more beef and books, and puts him down in the front rank for his next recommendatory report to the visiting magistrates. Partaking in company with some other persons, of the opinion that Burkins adds to the characteristics of a ruffian and a blockhead, those of a hypocrite and a liar, I do not necessarily set much store by the expression of his opinions on the British drama. But when I find schrewd police inspectors and astute stipendiary magistrates moralising over the dreadful effects of cheap theatres, attended as they are by the 'youth of both sexes,' I deem them foemen worthy of my steel." Sala then asked which is best for the poor, that they should gamble in low coffee shops, break heads with pewter pots, fight at street corners, or rob and murder in blind alleys, or pay threepence for admission into the gallery of the Vic, "witness the triumph of a single British sailor over 12 armed ruffians, who are about to carry off the Lady Maud to outrage worse than death; see the discomfiture of the dissolute young nobleman, and the restitution of the family estates (through the timely intervention of a ghost in a tablecloth) to the oppressed orphan?"

"Come with me," said Sala, "and sit on the coarse deal benches in the coarsely and tawdrily-decorated cheap theatre, and listen to the sorrily dressed actors and actresses—perriwigged—pated fellows and slatternly wenches, if you like—tearing their passion to tatters, mouthing and ranting, and splitting the ears of the groundlings. But in what description of pieces? In dramas, I declare and maintain, in which, for all the jargon, silliness, and buffoonery, the immutable principles of right and justice are asserted; in which virtue, in the end, is triumphant, and vice is punished; in which cowardice and falsehood are hissed, and bravery and integrity vehemently applauded; in which were we to sift away the bad grammar, and the extravagant action, we should find the dictates of the purest and highest morality. . . . If we want genteel improprieties, sparkling immoral repartees, decorously scandalous intrigues, and artful cobwebs of double entendre, touching on the seventh commandment, we must cross the bridges and visit the high-priced, fashionably attended theatres of the West End. At a West End theatre was produced the only immoral version of an immoral (and imbecile) 'Jack Sheppard,' which is even now, vauntingly announced as being the 'authorized version'—the only one licensed by the Lord Chamberlain; and in that 'authorized version' occurs the line, 'Jack Sheppard is a thief, but he never told a lie, a declaration than which the worst dictum of howling Tom Pain or rabid Mary Wolstoncraft was not more subversive of the balance of moral ethics."

Miss Guiomar Novaes, pianist, will play here for the first time tomorrow afternoon in Steinert Hall for the Polish Victims' Relief Fund. She first studied with L. Chiafarelli in San Paulo, Brazil. In 1909, when she was 16 years old, she entered the Paris Conservatories. There were 12 vacancies and 387 competitors. The judges, G. Faure, Debussy and Moszkowski, gave her the first place. She entered the class of I. Philipp and in 1911 took one of the six first prizes awarded that year. She has played with unusual success in Paris, London, and tours of Germany, Switzerland and Italy. The war caused the cancellation of later engagements. Playing in New York for the first time on Nov. 11 of last year, she was loudly praised by the general public and the critics.

Notes About Music and the Theatre

The Pall Mall Gazette says of Arthur Rubinstein: "Few pianists are able to approach the newest music with such comprehension. Most are satisfied if they can prove adequate technical skill." And of Joseph Holbrooke's "Slav Dance," it is 'so little Slavonic that one can only surmise Mr. Holbrooke was influenced by his New York impression of the facility with which the Slavonic immigrant is absorbed into the melting pot."

Granville Bantock's new symphony, "The Hebrides," was played for the first time on Feb. 1 in Glasgow by the Scottish orchestra, lead by Emil Mlynarski. The Daily Telegraph said: "Based upon themes taken from Mrs. Kennedy Fraser's collection of Hebridean folk music, the symphony reflects the very spirit of the western Isles—their brooding sense of mystery and their wealth of legend. There is a certain suggestion of a 'program' in the work, but not of a nature to interfere

[illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] rather than a formal symphony. The four movements follow each other without a break, and they possess a certain community of theme. The first suggests the dreamy Celtic atmosphere, in the second there is storm, in the third the clash of battle, and in the fourth a return to the original mood of reverie. Throughout the employment of the orchestra is magnificent. Mr. Bantock has in other works shown himself a musical colorist of high accomplishment, but in his 'Hebrides' Symphony he has surpassed all his previous efforts in this direction. The sombre richness of the opening, the continuous play of subtle tint, and the tremendous climax in the battle music are triumphs of their kind, and there is every reason to anticipate that the symphony will effect a material advance in the reputation and popularity of the composer, for he shows the possession of qualities that appeal to the layman as well as those which carry conviction to the musician. The symphony was accorded an enthusiastic reception."

The Pall Mall Gazette was not greatly impressed by Sir Edward Elgar's latest composition, "Une Voix dans le Desert," music for a poem, by Emil Cammaerts, which The Herald described last Sunday. "He was right in doing little even to underline its salient features. But in the end this reticence results in so little subjective music that one wonders whether, after all, a composer of Sir Edward's calibre might not be better employed than in supplying music for a situation that could almost be met by a little vague improvisation."

According to the Nuova Antologia the Russian academician Pyfrin has just discovered among the Russian state archives a collection of works written by the Empress Catherine II. the existence of which was entirely unsuspected. Three volumes of the manuscripts consist of translations of Shakespeare's plays into Russian, made by the great Empress herself. The discovery is regarded as of great literary and historical interest.

"Mrs. Pretty and the Premier," by Arthur H. Adams, produced at His Majesty's Theatre Jan. 31, is an Australian play. In Australia "premiers and private secretaries are far more brief and brotherly than our species; widows are more alarming than ever Mr. Weller dreamed. Or perhaps all this is only Mr Adams's fun. Perhaps the real Australian Premier and the real Australian widow are not quite so breezy as Bill and his Neb. But the breezes blew pleasantly enough, and we had an entertaining evening." The plot has been heard in the key of melodrama and the key of farce. "But Mr. Adams has put plenty of life into it, and he turns out a merry little play. The worst of it is its tendency to make things quite, quite clear." Breezy Bill was a Labor party premier. The others in the play were nearly all breezy, especially the reporter. But the leader of the Opposition had a manner and an eyeglass and was of kin to our old friend the villain of melodrama. The reporter saw Bill leave his office at 2 A. M. with a veiled lady. This fact should have smashed the Premier. But who was the lady? Bill didn't know. He had found her asleep in his room at 2 A. M., taken her out and put her in a cab. His explanation was thought thin. So he said she was his wife and he promised to produce her in three days. She was Mrs. Pretty, a widow, betrothed to the leader of the opposition. She had wished to see Bill about a bill proposing that the state should take over her land, and she fell asleep while waiting for him. Later she shammed a faint to get into his room again and invited him to her house. He went. She made love to him and the Leader of the Opposition made a fuss because he found them embracing. She at once married Bill. When the government was about to be beaten by a vote of one, she brought out the Leader, stuffed her gloves into the division bell and made sham love to him. Thus the government was saved. The two chief parts were played by Miss Kyrle Bellew and Arthur Bourchier.

Mr. Arbos, once the concert master of the Boston Symphony orchestra, conducted the London Symphony orchestra last month. "It cannot be said that he has much to reveal that is new concerning classics, but on the other hand we are all a little tired of conductors who cannot leave a masterpiece as they find it. Senor Arbos's relatively quiet reading of the 'Eroica' was thus welcomed, because of its unpretentious clarity."

Those who have the opportunity of looking occasionally at the foreign newspapers just now will find them vastly entertaining. From a Vienna paper of recent date I find that Dickens's "Little Dorrit" was produced there the other day in the form of an opera, under the title of "The King's Guest," with music by one Reinhardt. But now the country is transformed, and the scene is laid in Denmark—an idea that suggests all sorts of possibilities. We might, for example, play "The Ring," with Welsh gods and goddesses, after the manner of "Dylan." "The Merchant of Venice" is being played at the Hofburg Theatre in Vienna; and Bernard Shaw's plays at Ruhleben. Also a Vienna paper is running as a serial a tale by Mr Claude Askew, which said paper the other day gave a complete account of the football results of the various leagues in England 'during the present winter.' Thus, I read that the result of Chelsea vs. Croyton (sic) was 2-1, of Millwall vs. Arsenal 3-1, and so on. Recently there has been quite a boom in Russian music in Italy, which is of interest since history seems to be repeating itself there as here a few short years ago. Curiously enough, too, Sir Thomas Beecham, to whom we owe the most beautiful of the Russian performances, was in Rome the other day when "Boris Godounov" was given at the Costanzi Theatre, while L'Oiseau de Feu," "Schehereade" and "Tamar" have been seen at La Scala in Milan. There, again, "Prince Igor" was played for the first time the other day, but the performance, according to a Russian correspondent, left a good deal to be desired, because the ballet, brought up on the strictest classical lines, hardly rose to the greatest heights in a kind of work that was almost entirely new to them.—Daily Telegraph, Jan. 25.

That admirable musician, Mr. Walter Morse Rummel, well known in our concert rooms, writes to me from Paris of the great success of "L'Aide Affectueuse aux Musiciens," in which he takes a prominent part. Some poor fellows are helped, he adds. The society, which is supported by such eminent French musicians as Debussy, Chevillard, D'Indy and Gabriel Faure, gave a concert the other day, and gives another next Saturday, both programs including new compositions by Debussy. Last Saturday Mr. Rummel and his wife, Mme. Chaigneau-Rummel, gave the first performance of Debussy's "En Blanc et Noir," three pieces for two pianofortes, dedicated to Kusevitsky, to the dead Lieut. Jacques Charlot (fallen on the field of honor), and to Igor Stravinsky. Mr. Rummel tells me that the new Debussy pieces are very fine, and are the result of a happy period of composition in the past summer, when Debussy composed not only them, but also a violoncello sonata, a trio, and no less than 12 etudes for pianoforte solo which are not yet printed. This is a pretty good output for a musician whose health has recently been so poor that an operation was deemed necessary.—Daily Telegraph, Jan. 25.

The Pall Mall Gazette had this to say about Sturge Moore's "Judith," produced by the Stage Society, London, Jan. 24: "Apart from the welcome reappearance of Miss Lillah McCarthy in the name-part—charming and beautiful and earnest as ever—Mr. Sturge Moore's one-act 'Judith,' put on as a first piece did not irradiate that familiar romance of the Apocrypha with very much new light. Immortal story as it is, only a dramatic genius could make it into a good play. This dramatic genius has certainly not yet arrived. There is just one thing that happens—the killing of Holophernes—and on the face of it there is nothing to add. The only fresh idea Mr. Sturge Moore seems to have brought to the story is that Judith's husband had been a drunkard, and that she was thankful for this, as being able to use her experience in getting Holophernes mellow for killing purposes. This is needlessly hard on the deceased Manasses—of whom we know nothing worse than that he was a hard-working, thrifty farmer, who died of sunstroke in the barley harvest. It is also quite pointless, Holophernes being already quite sufficiently drunk when he comes on to the stage. Nor can one pretend for a moment that Mr. Moore's very thin and labored and unexalted verse is an improvement upon the Song of Judith. Moreover, there is an obsession of a sort of drawing-room nastiness in certain lines, which is in most unpleasant contrast to the candid but healthy original. There is, it should be said, no 'blug.' The murder happens behind curtains, and the head handed out might have been a clothful of sandwiches. The 'allurements' are a matter more of ritual than of realism. Mr. Lomas's Holophernes suggested bemused kindliness rather than power. Mr. Charles Ricketts's costume designs were memorably decorative."

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 7:30 P. M., Mozart's Requiem and Mendelssohn's "First Walpurgis Night," performed by the Handel and Haydn Society, Emil Mollenhauer, conductor. See special notice.

MONDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M., Miss Guiomar Novaes's piano recital in aid of the Polish victims' relief fund. Her first appearance in Boston. Bach-Busoni, Chaconne; Beethoven, Sonata op. 31 No. 2; Schumann, Carnival; Chopin-Liszt, Chant Polonais; Chopin, Prelude; Philipp, Feux Follets; Oswald, Il neige; Moszkowski, Concert Etude in G flat major.

TUESDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M., Miss Grace Warner's piano recital. Sinding, Suite; Ravel, Sonatine; Beethoven, Sonata op. 2 No. 3; Brahms, Rhapsody b minor; Mendelssohn, Scherzo; Scott, Dawn; Tcherepnine, Humoresque; Rubinstein, Polonaise.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert by Guy Maier and Lee Pattison for two pianos. Mozart, Sonata in D major; Saint-Saens, Variations on a theme by Beethoven; Debussy, From the Epigraphes antiques (To invoke Pan, That the Rain may be propitious, To Thank the rain in the Morning); From the Little Suite (On the Water, Ballet) Ropartz, Piece in B minor; Saint-Saens, Scherzo op. 87.

Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Miss Dai Buell's piano recital. Bach, Prelude and Fugue in B flat major; Mozart, Fantasie, C minor; Schumann, Papillons; Chopin, Ballade in A flat major, Mazurka in C major, Valse in C sharp minor, Etude op. 12 No. 10; Debussy, Danse; Paderewski, Cracovienne Fantastique; Liszt, Hungarian Rhapsody No. 13.

WEDNESDAY—Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M., Hans Ebell's piano recital. Rachmaninoff, Prelude in G sharp minor; Glazounoff, Andante; Coburn, Valse; Helman, The Poison in the Sun; Engel, Le bon vieux temps; Alexander L. Steinert, Prelude; Rachmaninoff, Sonata No. 2, op. 36; Mendelssohn, Song without Words; Rosenthal, Papillons; Schubert-Tausig, Marche Militaire.

THURSDAY—Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Havrah Hubbard's lecture on Verdi's "Falstaff."

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Sixteenth concert (A) of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M., Miss Gladys Lott with a program of "Songs and Sketches from Child Life."

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Sixteenth concert (B) of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor. See special notice.

Feb 28 1916

He told me that he had been induced to visit Piora by a book which had made a great impression upon him. He could not recollect its title, but it had make a great impression upon him; nor yet could he recollect the author's name, but the book had made a great impression upon him; he could not remember even what else there was in the book; the only thing he knew was that it had made a great impression upon him.

The Vossiche Zeitung informs its readers that Salonica is the ancient Thessalonik; that Paul addressed two of his epistles to the early Christians of that city. Reading the epistles, the editor finds much that he thinks should be applied to the present citizens.

"Be not quickly shaken from your mind, nor yet be troubled, either by spirit, or by word, or by epistle. * * * Let no man beguile you in any wise. * * * The man of sin, the son of perdition, he that opposeth and exalteth himself against all * * * for the mystery of lawlessness doth already work. * * * And then shall be revealed the lawless one whom the Lord shall slay with the breath of his mouth, and bring to nought by the manifestation of his coming. * * * And for this cause God sendeth them a working of error, that they should believe a lie."

The editor concludes: "So wrote Paul to the Thessalonians, Asquith, Sarrail and Venezelos, how do you feel?"

They might answer with Antonio: "The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose."

Renegation for Old World.

As the World Wags:

A news item reveals the sad fact that the delightful star of "Pom-Pom" is engaged in changing her name from Mizzi Hajos to plain Mizzi, the reason being that Hajos is impossible to pronounce. I once knew an adorable lady who changed her name from Signora Impellitierri to Mrs. Impell, giving the same excuse as reason. Now a long while ago the Jews of Bohemia adopted en masse names corresponding to our "Smith" and "Jones" in order to escape persecution. But surely no one ever thought of attacking Miss Hajos or Mrs. Impellitierri. And in their wild rush to the "Smith," they have but sold their patrimony for a mess of the commonplace.

Now I have spoken lightly, but I wish to draw attention to these two treacheries as intensely significant of one of the most dangerous tendencies of American life. I allude to the needless renegation of the old world. We have been dependent on it for a great part of our intellectual growth, for our physical existence and consequent progress. We may in time far surpass it, but we will ever be a part of it, a part of one body, an integral part of western civilization. And this frenzied rush to forget it, on the part of those who have recently come to our shores, an attitude of mind intensely lauded by our public men, is infinitely to be regretted. And it is against it that I seriously protest. For now, more than ever before, we have need of all the civilizing influences of experience. It is well to assimilate the strength of adventurous newcomers. And we have done it. But it is also well to assimilate their traditional culture. And we are doing our best to forget it. If we succeed in the attempt, having destroyed the foundations, I cannot see where we will gather the materials for our edifice.

Brookline. C. G. PAULDING.

Strictly Local.

As the World Wags:

Reading the interesting remembrances of the old coasting days brings to one's mind the fact that he is getting older. As The Boston Herald represents Boston, we ought to have more about the old local coasts. What care we boys for what those living in Maine, New Hampshire, western Massachusetts and New York had for terms? * * * What Roxbury boy of the seventies will ever forget the coasts on Circuit street, "Honeysuckle Hill," Bainbridge street with its great curve and every occupant of the double-runners leaning way over to starboard in order to keep in the rut, Marcella street with its five hills and winding curves, and then there was Park street out in Dorchester with its thrilling dash across the steam railroad tracks. What boy will ever forget the steep slopes of Nawn's hill with its deep ruts and tremendous jounces? Here was the place where the crowning achievement was to go down hill standing up!

Do you remember the coasting on Boston Common with its smooth, slippery sides? This was the king of coasts! What a thrill that was to dash down between the two lines of trees, fringed with onlookers, flashing under the bridges and every spectator on the qui vive for the next accident. Woe betide the luckless wight who let his sled slip off the crest of that smooth surface. Nothing but a tree or bridge support for him and then stars and darkness.

Does any Roxbury boy remember Dr. Fowler's Pullman-De-Luxe double-runner, which always sat enthroned in his study when not in use? Those were the days when we used to go to Davenport's mill on Eustis street and have them make the long "clipper" sleds of solid oak or ash. Then the nearby blacksmith would put on the runners, and such runners! If they were not good and thick and "sprung" at least one and a half or two inches they were no good. E. H. D.

Boston.

An Old-Time Cry.

As the World Wags:

Your correspondent F. H. A. should delve a little deeper in ancient history, for "Clear the la-la" was the favorite cry of the boys of the Harvard Grammar school, Cambridge, as early as 1850, and from what date it had been handed down, I am ignorant. A. O. C.

Cambridge, Feb. 18.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY

The Handel and Haydn Society gave a concert last evening at Symphony Hall. The works performed were Mozart's "Requiem" and Mendelssohn's "The First Walpurgis Night." The assisting artists were: Mrs. Grace Bonner Williams, soprano; Miss Christine Miller, contralto; Lambert Murphy, tenor; Bernard Ferguson, baritone, and Wilfred Glenn, bass.

MOZART'S LAST WORK.

Mozart wished to embody in his Requiem a condensation of all his art and science. He hoped that after his death both his friends and enemies might find in it instruction and a model. The story of its composition is well known. When Mozart began the work he was haunted by the fear of his approaching end. He was interrupted in the midst of his labor by an order to write an opera for the great festival at Prague. "La Clemenza di Tito" was written and staged in 18 days. Mozart then returned to his Requiem, but died before its completion.

After his death there was enormous difficulty in determining how much of the work he had himself written. His widow, with incredible greed, fearing the mysterious stranger who had ordered the work would decline it if he knew the circumstances was unscrupulous in obtaining so called authentic copies. Many offered their services. Suess Mayer, Mozart's pupil and friend, claimed certain portions. Gottfried Weber, Abbe Maximilian, Stadler and others joined the controversy.

Mendelssohn's Cantata.

Mendelssohn's cantata is among the composer's finer works. There are many picturesque pages. The idea was probably suggested by Mendelssohn's sister Fanny, who wished more pretentious compositions to be played at the Sunday concerts in Berlin. Mendelssohn was 22 years old and living in Rome when he began to set music to Goethe's poem. The work was first performed by the Handel and Haydn Society in February, 1907.

Last evening the society, with the assistance of the Boston Festival Orchestra and leading oratorio singers, was heard to excellent advantage. The choruses were sung with spirit and true sonority, while the soloists were individually effective. Mr. Mollenhauer conducted with his usual skill.

Easter Sunday, April 23, at 7:30, "Judas Maccabaeus" will be given by the society. Mmes. Kaiser and Woodcock and Messrs. Kingston and Martin will be the soloists.

Opera Repertoire for Three Weeks' Season Here

FIRST WEEK, APRIL 3—8.

Monday evening—"Boris Godunoff."

Tuesday evening—"La Boheme."

Wednesday matinee—"Carmen."

Wednesday evening—"Tristan und Isolde."

Thursday evening—"Lucia di Lammermoor."

Friday evening—"Aida."

Saturday matinee — "Madama Butterfly."

Saturday evening—"Lohengrin."

SECOND WEEK, APRIL 10—15.

Monday evening—"Der Rosenkavalier."

Tuesday evening—"Tosca."

Wednesday matinee—"Rigoletto."

Wednesday evening—"Il Trovatore."

Thursday evening—"The Taming of the Shrew."

Friday evening—"Carmen."

Saturday matinee—"Pagliacci" and "Haensel und Gretel."

Saturday evening—"La Sonnambula" and Ballet Divertissement.

THIRD WEEK, APRIL 17—22.

Monday evening—"Madame Sans-Gene."

Tuesday evening—"The Masked Ball."

Wednesday matinee—"Der Rosenkavalier."

Wednesday evening—"The Barber of Seville" and Ballet Divertissement.

Thursday evening — "Madama Butterfly."

Friday evening—"Martha."

Saturday matinee—"Die Meistersinger."

Saturday evening—"Aida."

Feb 29 1916

There is not an advertisement supplement, nay, hardly a half sheet of newspaper that comes into a house wrapping up this or that, but it gives information which would make a man's fortune, if he could only spot it and detect the one paragraph that would do this among the 99 which would wreck him if he had anything to do with them.

Sliding Girls

As the World Wags:

The "Old Lady" is way off in the statement that 60 years ago girls confined their sliding to back yards and lawns, as I can testify from personal experience. The only difference in the style and place of sliding was in the sleds. The "Sissy sled" was a frame sled. It was great fun of a moonlight night, when the "sliding was good" (we did not call it coasting in those days) for a party of boys and girls to get together and slide down hill. Certain hills were prohibitive, as there was apt to be too much passing at the foot to make it safe for either sliders or foot passengers. It was a daring deed for a boy to defy law and go ticketty-split down the forbidden hills at the risk of having his sled taken away by the constable, and he was hailed as a hero if he did it and made a safe getaway. The girls used to sit straddle on their frame sleds, as many as could be crowded on; then the boys would give them a running push and away they'd go. Sometimes the steerer would run amuck, when off they'd tumble, all in a heap together. If a girl had a sled all to herself and would not let any one slide with her she was dubbed a stingy cat. If a boy had a frame sled he was a sissy, or a baby. Sometimes a "progressive girl," as we should call her now—in those far-away days we dubbed her a tomboy—would defy propriety and go it "belly-bump," but such a spectacle would cause consternation even among the boys. If a boy was "swipsey" on some curly-headed, dimple-chinned, rosy-cheeked little damsel, he'd show his preference by hauling her sled up the hill and by offering her a "hog-bite" of his apple. Of course, this marked proceeding often caused jealousies and heart-aches among the less attractive girls. A girl that held herself aloof from the crowd was "stuck-up," though often her exclusiveness was due to nothing more definable than to the fact that her sled was more showy and expensive than that of her mates. I remember one girl who was considered especially "stuck-up" because she wore a yellow dress and a black silk apron, and ankle-ties. She was to our childish fancies the ne plus ultra of elegance. Her sled was painted bright red with yellow trimmings and was named the None Such. If she be ever so far unbent as to invite a girl to slide with her, the said girl at once shone by reflected glory and was one notch removed from "us girls" who were less favored.

A FORMER PUPIL IN A "DAME SCHOOL."

What, Every Day?

As the World Wags:

On Feb. 22, though a holiday, the Boston Public Library was open from noon till 10 o'clock P. M. That the opening of the library on every holiday would "be a long-felt want" was evidenced by the extent to which the library was patronized on the 22d, it being seldom that more patrons of the library are there than on that day. Why cannot the library be open on every holiday? It seems to me that there is no more sense in keeping a public library closed on holidays than it would be to keep parks closed on such days. SPECTATOR.

Boston.

Steering Gears.

As the World Wags:

It seems to me you have insufficiently considered the matter of steering gears on double-runners. The two great divisions of that subject treat of hand-steering and of foot-steering methods, respectively—the latter by a bar put across the back of the sled, the former by means of ropes or by a wheel, the last named being the most infernal possible device, with its possibilities of disembowelling the steerer when rocks, trees or woodsleds were encountered.

The right steering apparatus—you see, I know, though some of your other correspondents may think they do—is a crossbar on the double-runner board itself, against which the feet are placed, with the steering ropes brought back through notches in the ends of the bar. The great advantage of this system is that the firm bracing of the feet helps to keep the steerer and the double-runner connected, whereas under the other arrangement, when the board was icy, the steerer, though he might be very well adjusted toward the front sled, had mighty little relation to the rest of the outfit and one that was easily and frequently severed at critical moments.

This was the method that we worked out in Brookline, and I was pleased to find the same was used at St. Moritz, where double-runner coasting has been as highly developed as anywhere, I imagine. BROOKLINE.

COLONIAL THEATRE—"Around the Map," musical comedy in three acts and 13 scenes, the first time in Boston. Book and lyrics by C. M. S. McLellan; music by Herman Finck.

Impikoff.....William Norris
Count Georgie de Gai.....Robert Pitkin
Ludovici Sacarappa.....Arthur Klein
Toto de Beers.....P. O'Malley Jennings
Jacqueline Bonheur, "Tootsie"..Else Alder
Lulu Cachou.....Georgia O'Ramey
Mme. Kapinski.....Hazel Cox

These were the principals. There were many others in this, one of the greatest spectacular shows which has ever been brought to Boston. Mr. McLellan, who wrote the book and the libretto, first made his name when he wrote the book of "The Belle of New York" and became so pleased with his product that he removed to England. Later he recovered his wind and wrote "The Pink Lady" and "Oh, Oh, Delphine," following always in the footsteps of the late W. S. Gilbert, with a light, fluent touch. Herman Finck, who wrote the music, barring the five popular numbers which have been interpolated to make it an up-to-date musical show, has written at least once before for the American stage, and by this time should realize what the average patron of light opera wants for his evening's entertainment.

The three acts are characterized as a "globe trot" by the author, Mr. McLellan, and they are well named. Japan, Berlin and the San Francisco exposition are visited in the course of the performance; and when it is known that Joseph Urban painted the various scenes which, in vivid colors of red, yellow, blue and gold, make the series of stage pictures, it is perhaps possible to realize what a splendid pictorial display Klaw and Erlanger have been able to present.

The story of the piece has been told admirably by the agent in advance, and it would be a pity to repeat it. Suffice to say that "Around the Map" is one of those Klaw & Erlanger productions which calls for more eulogy than finicky criticism. It has been built on a most lavish scale as to costumes, scenery and every other detail which enters into the production of a musical comedy. We thought we had witnessed the extreme of reactionary stage portraiture in "Pom-Pom." It is perfectly safe to say that "Around the Map" goes beyond that extreme.

The music, still comparatively speaking, is not as appealing from a musicianly view point; it has been written down instead of up, probably to meet popular demand. There is no one melody which will stand out, as Herbert's haunting waltz song in "The Only Girl," or even the tantalizing "Evelyn" bit in "Pom-Pom." On the other hand, the orchestration is bolder, less careful of the nuances, and on the whole, far less melodic.

Miss Alder distinguished herself in the few self-centred scenes vouchsafed to her. She has a rich mezzo-soprano voice, and a certain dramatic aptitude. Like other foreign stars, she will in time sing in her own way and forego imitations of previous prima-donnas like Fritzi Scheff, Mr. Norris, last seen and heard in this city in a perfectly legitimate comic role in "A Modern Eve," has a part which affords a minimum of opportunity for one of the cleverest and most versatile of the few good comedians on the stage today. Miss O'Ramey, a comedienne of well-tested years, did the best she could with a role which called more for personality than for any chance for characterization, as supplied by the author of the book.

To summarize, "Around the Map" is not a musical comedy to be analyzed by orthodox methods. It has been built on a lavish scale. It has been planned to surprise and yet to amuse the tired theatre-goer. If it lacks in comic element it more than passes all expectations in its ensembles, its striking originality, its glowing color schemes. It is easy to understand why it pleased New York for many months. It is as likely to give delight to Boston for as many weeks.

BRAZILIAN PIANIST PLAYS TO AID POLES

Miss Novaes Interests Good-Sized Audience in Steinert Hall.

Miss Guiomar Novaes, the young Brazilian pianist, gave her first recital in Boston yesterday afternoon at Steinert Hall, in aid of the Polish Victims' Relief Fund. The program was as follows: Bach, Chaconne; Beethoven, Sonata, Opus 31, No. 2; Schumann, Carnaval, Op. 9; Chopin-Liszt, Chant Polonais; Chopin, Prelude; Philipp, Feux Follets; Oswald, Il Neige; Moszkowski, Concert Etude, G flat major.

Miss Novaes is an interesting apparition. Her technic is highly developed, brilliant; her tone is remarkable for its depth, volume and sonority. She is a delightful colorist. She can sing a melody in a caressing manner. Her touch is in turn limpid, robust, scintillating.

Her playing of Busoni's transcription of the chaconne was vigorous, but emphatically musical. In Beethoven's sonata there was further opportunity for the display of polished mechanism. In Schumann's Carnaval there was a keen sense of its variety of rhythms and an imaginative revelation of the personages and episodes.

In the shorter pieces Miss Novaes revealed entrancing tonal color. Oswald's Il Neige was played in an impressionistic manner. Besides uncommon pianistic skill and an inherently musical nature the young woman is not lacking in poise and artistic dignity. An audience of good size was appreciative.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—Joseph Brooks presents George MacFarlane in a Scottish comedy, "Heart o' th' Heather," in two acts, by Glen MacDonough. Incidental and entr'acte music arranged by Raymond Hubbell; produced under the direction of B. Iden Payne. First metropolitan performance. Mr. Hubbell conducted. The cast:

Dick Lockhart.....Walter Connolly
Lindsay.....Henry Travers
Sergeant Deans.....Noel Leslie
Fergus McWheeble.....Colin Campbell
Christie Mucklebacket.....Eleanor Daniels
Geordie.....Barlowe Borland
Tom Stewart.....George MacFarlane
MacKenochie.....A. P. Kaye
Mistress Caroline Musgrave..Viola Gillette
Janet Kirkaldy.....Gilda Leary
Lady Murray.....Madge Corcoran
Sir John Murray.....Jack McGraw
The Sheriff of Dunbar....R. Henry Handon

Mr. MacFarlane was greeted by a crowded house; there were numerous curtain calls and the singer left the picture at the conclusion of the second act to respond to the insistence of the audience with a speech, when he was presented a huge basket of heather and thistles. Incidentally, it must be said that the actor met the occasion gracefully and did not flounder, as is often the case even among actors of distinction. The performance last night brought back memories of Scanlan, for Mr. MacFarlane, too, is a singing comedian of uncommon merit; we were reminded again of the late Daniel Gilfether in the evolution of Geordie as he majestically strode down the grand staircase in the livery of Sir John. Then there was the obtrusive process server that in manner and speech was not unlike the yellow Michael Feeney.

Mr. MacDonough's play is of varying complexion. The first act is rollicking comedy; the second is frankly melodramatic and the third is sweetly sentimental. The piece must not be construed as a musical comedy. As a play and with the cast of last evening it is capable of standing on its own legs. With the incidental songs of Mr. MacFarlane that take their place sanely in the development of the story the piece becomes an evening's delightful entertainment. Nor did the generous use of the Scotch burr marr the understanding of the performance for the enunciation was clean and never muddy. Often uproariously funny in dialogue, there was none the less plenty of action.

Story of the Play.

The story is simple. Tom Stewart has returned to Burley Brig after leading the life of a rover. There is a riotous welcome, for the fellow is one who hugs the earth closely. Dick Lockhart has committed a theft and seeks shelter in the parlor of the Silver Thistle. He fears the effect on his aged mother, now the wife of Sir John Murray and entreats Tom to impersonate him to his mother, who has not seen him in years. Thus Tom becomes a member of the household of Sir John and is incidentally brought closer to Janet Kirkaldy, the gospel-eyed music teacher, whom he saved some days previous in a storm, and who has already succumbed to the manner and song of the rover. Lockhart subsequently escapes the toils and this time seeks shelter from his pursuers in the house of Sir John, suffering from a bullet wound.

Beseeching Tom to again impersonate him, the lad faces a shower of bullets and escapes. Thus a fine melodramatic tableau is provided for the curtain of the second act, and incidentally Tom becomes the factotum of the piece to suit the purposes of the author. Here the character of Mistress Caroline Musgrave is boldly inserted to suit the purposes of a happy conclusion. The latter brazenly shines up to Tom and the latter apparently encourages the attentions to the chagrin of Janet that he might obtain the papers of release for Dick Lockhart. The objective is deftly contrived, and Tom sings a lingering refrain with the pouting Janet at the piano.

Singer and Comedian.

Mr. MacFarlane's performance was interesting from many angles. The possessor of a sonorous, a magnetic baritone voice, he is not merely the singer. There was always the thought, the sentiment conveyed in musical speech. There was a careful regard for nuances, the sentiment of this or that line was eloquently expressed. As a comedian he was none the less at home; gifted with a pleasing personality he assumed the role of Tom with a naturalness that spoke of the soil. Himself of Scottish extraction, it is not to be wondered at that his dialect was so faithful in detail. The comedian sang "No Man's Land," "Heart o' th' Heather," "Lass o' My Dreams," "A Longin' for Mother," and "In Scotland." All of the songs he had to repeat many times.

Miss Gilda Leary was a picture in repose and action as Janet. There was wonder that Tom at any time should consider Mistress Musgrave with Janet in mind. The Geordie of Barlowe Borland was nicely contrived in manner and make-up and he provided many entertaining moments. The remainder of the cast was unusually good, and a special word of praise is due the Christie of Eleanor Daniels in the simplicity conveyed; nor should the apoplectic Sir John of Jock McGraw be passed by unnoticed.

FRENCH COMEDY AT THE COPLEY THEATRE

Theatre Francais d'Amerique Seen to Advantage.

Copley Theatre—The Theatre Francais d'Amerique in "Le Coeur Dispose," a comedy in three acts by Francis de Croisset.

Edgar Becman.....Robert Levelitier
Faloize.....Claude Benedict
Baron Houzier.....Raymond Faure
Paralneaux.....Georges Saulieu
Miran-Charville.....Paul Ceruy
Bourgeot.....Henri Verley
Marquis de Sauveterre.....Georges Renavent
Vicomte de Droissais.....Pierre Mindaist
Prince Hubert d'Aretensteln.....Victor Feld
Helene Miran-Charville.....Yvonne Garrick
Mme. Flory.....Alice Dagairy
Mme. Miran-Charville.....Jenny Diska
Jacqueline d'Aretensteln.....Simone Revyl
Mme. de Valende.....Mado Ditza
Princesse d'Humiege.....Mlle. Travers
Irma.....Mlle. Georgette

This play was first produced in February, 1912. It has been played with success in New York by the present company.

The story is simple. The Miran-Charvilles are anxious to find a husband for their daughter, Helene, who is a clever sculptress and something of a blue stocking. She will have none of the eligible young men looked upon with favor by her parents. She knows that to some among them her wealth is the chief magnet. She, herself, prefers Baron Houzier, a widower, with an attractive little son. Houzier, however, is an adventurer. A crooked business deal in which Helene's father was to be the loser is disclosed by young Robert Levaltier, Miran-Charville's secretary. As a result the engagement is broken and in the end Levaltier replaces the older man in Helene's affections.

The company has been strengthened since its visit to Boston last year. Robert Levaltin, Miss Yvonne Garrick and Miss Lillian Greuze are among the distinguished new members.

Mr. Becman is in every sense a well graced actor. As Becman he acted with unflagging distinction and resourcefulness. He played the opening scenes quietly, without at once dominating the scene. The impersonation was the more effective as it gained in power and reached a brilliant climax in the interview with the two swindlers in the second act.

Miss Garrick was charming as the somewhat haughty daughter of millions. She was exquisitely feminine in her moments of tenderness with Houzier's little son, in her behavior toward her family and in her displeasure at Faloize's frank disapproval of her contemplated marriage with the baron.

Mr. Benedict, pleasantly remembered for his excellent acting last season, gave a human and realistic performance as Faloize, the elderly sculptor. Mme. Diska, Mme. Revyl and Mr. Renavent, who also appeared last season, were seen in congenial roles.

As a whole the performance was excellent. The audience, which should have been larger, was appreciative. The play will be repeated tonight. This afternoon "Le Voyage de M. Perrichon" will be given.

CARRIE DE MAR GETS WELCOME AT B. F. KEITH'S

Favorite Back After Absence of Three Years—Capital Bill.

Following a three years' absence Carrie De Mar returned to B. F. Keith's Theatre yesterday and is the bright and particular star of the week's bill. In a rapid-fire comedy, "Quick Action," from the pen of Irvin Morgenstern, she shows the male element of her audiences just how a million and a half dollars may be quickly made in the munitions factory when the sales manager is a clever and pretty woman, and also shows how she can win the man she loves from a stern and forbidding papa. The act is one of mirth from curtain to curtain. Miss De Mar is at her best in the role of sweetheart-sales-manager and keeps her audiences in continual laughter. At the close of the sketch she returns in a few of her songs, the songs that made her dear to Boston audiences.

Denman Thompson's famous "Old Homestead" double quartet takes a prominent place on this week's bill. They are a tuneful octet and have a repertoire ranging from the classic to the lightest of light opera.

On the laughter side of this week's program are Joseph E. Bernard and company in a farcical skit, "Who Is She?" in which the ravings of a jealous wife and the replies of a none too patient husband make fun for the audience, with the final subjection of the wife. It is one of the funniest skits seen in Boston during the present year.

Frank Orth and William J. Dooley in "The Fool Detective" keep the fun moving at a furious pace. Orth, with his funny falls, is a worthy successor to Charlie Chaplin. Mignon, a dainty little mimic, does several impersonations in a really clever manner; Carmine Fabrizio, violinist, gives a real musical treat; Ethel Kirk and Billy Fogarty in a variety sketch full of fun; Martin's Four Roses in a dancing novelty, and Charles and Henry Riggietto in a little of everything, complete the bill.

WITEK-MALKIN TRIO GIVE CONCERT IN JORDAN HALL

Mr. Malkin Shows Especially Fine Work Throughout Evening.

The Witek-Malkin trio gave a concert last night in Jordan Hall. The program was: Beethoven, trio in E-flat major for piano, violin and cello; Bach, suite in C major for violoncello alone; Novacek, Praeludium; Schubert, Impromptu in B-flat major; Liszt, Etude de Concert, and Alkan, variations on original theme for piano; Strauss; Sonata in E-flat major for piano and violin. R. J. S.

It takes an exceptional pianist to maintain the proper balance in trio music. Mme. Witek is an artist of distinction, but her greatest strength is not in ensemble music. In the first and last movements of the Beethoven trio last night, the piano was frequently too dominant, at times blurring the theme and at times proclaiming it too loudly. Otherwise the performance was creditable, especially in the piquant allegretto.

Mr. Malkin played the exacting Bach suite with pleasing phrasing and charming gradations of tone. His artistry was convincing throughout the evening. Mr. Witek at times seemed indifferent to his effects. He is inclined at times to overdo his pianissimo passages, allowing the meaning of his phrases to slip away in the vague regions of the lower finger-board. And his tone sometimes lacks edge. In the passages where he did take palns last night, his mastery was certain and his interpretations interesting. Mme. Witek's most important contribution to the program was Alkan's variations. In Novacek's Praeludium her tone was too steely, and in the Schubert Impromptu it lacked color. A good-sized audience applauded all the numbers generously.

Mch. 1 1916

MISS WARNER GIVES RECITAL AT STEINERT HALL

Miss Grace Warner gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon at Steinert Hall. The program was as follows: Sinding, Suite; Ravel, Sonatine; Beethoven, Sonata, C major, op. 2, No. 3; Brahms, Rhapsody, B minor; Mendelssohn, Scherzo; Scott, Dawn; Tacherepnin Humoresque, Rubinstein, Polonaise.

Miss Warner is well known as a serious musician and an accomplished pianist. Recently she has appeared as a composer. Her program yesterday was varied and pleasantly unconventional. Her technic rests on firm foundations. She is inherently musical. Yesterday she showed facility and an appreciation of the contrasted composers. An audience of fair size was appreciative.

Herr E. Schuster, the author of a volume entitled "The Mobilisation of Women," discusses the art of welcoming the returning husband warrior. How should he be welcomed? How should he be honored? How should the table be laid for him? According to Herr Schuster the wife should be dressed simply, but there should be flowers in her hair. "The stairs should be carpeted and strewn with flowers. Perhaps a simple method of illumination can be devised with a decorated picture or bust of the Kaiser." As the husband enters the house, some one should offer him a glass of red wine. There might be a "few warm welcoming words; it must not be forgotten that tact should be shown." Possibly a simple "Ah, there!" would suffice. The table should be set; the rolls should be ordered in the shape of crosses of honor; and there should be a cushion embroidered with the like cross on the back of each chair, for the homecoming soldier will prize all the comforts of home.

A German poet named Schiller put all this in a line or two, when describing the warrior's return, he spoke of the open door and fond arms mutely embracing. But Schiller was a lover of liberty, not of oppression.

Par Nobile Fratrum.

As the World Wags:

Kipling and Richard Harding Davis are both watching events in France. I don't know what Rudyard thinks of Richard, but, reading a novel by Davis, I noted this fine appreciation of the author of "Mother O' Mine."

"Kipling tells us how a Greek pirate chained to the oar of a trireme suffers; how a mother rejoices when a baby crawls across her breast. Kipling has never been a mother or a pirate, but he convinces you he knows how each of them feels." J. D. K.

Boston, Feb. 22.

Other Derivations.

As the World Wags:

You are way beside the question. We used to yell: "Clear the hillie" (spelling unknown). This is derived from the old Arab cry of Allah il Allah, known by Crusaders as "the hillies." I can also trace this warning cry to Faugh a Ballaugh, but will not tire you further just now. Yours truly

JOHN JAMES O'SHAUNESSY GORMAN

16 Ballyhoo street, Boston.

P. S. This is not a nom de plume.

Local Coasting.

As the World Wags:

These coasting reminiscences bring back many memories of the winter afternoons when we Boston boys used to coast all over the Common. My first coasting was done on Hull street to the music of the chimes from the belfry of the old North Church. The favorite coast on the Common was from the corner of Park and Beacon down past the West street gate; but when there was ice on the ground we would try the Park street mall for a change. It took skill to turn the corner at Tremont street, and a crowd of onlookers used to gather to laugh when we came to grief. A friend of mine who lived in Chelsea found a discarded wooden sink somewhere and on moonlight nights we would get aboard and come down Powderhorn in it. He used to perch on one edge and steer with his foot. We called it the "Flying Dutchman" and had great fun with it until a rascally junkman lifted it without permission from the back yard where it was kept in cold storage. We once came down Corey hill on a double-runner when the road was glare ice, and in trying to turn the sharp corner into Beacon street the whole outfit went to pieces and was in proper shape to carry home in a bushel basket. We also coasted on the Concord road in Lexington, which Hosea Biglow called "John Bull's Run," and we made even better time than the red coats from the top of the hill to Lexington Common. That and the Hull street coast would be good ones for the "pacifists," if they were not afraid to take a chance. J. W.

What Year?

As the World Wags:

An amusing instance of the narration of trivial details combined with the withholding of details which are material is furnished in the biographic sketch of Jeff McLemore, representative in Congress from the 1st Missouri district, which is given in the Official Congressional Directory, the sketch stating that Mr. McLemore "was born on a farm two miles west of Spring Hill, Maury county, Tenn., on Friday, March 13, in a storm," but does not give the year in which his birth and that coincident storm befel. B. FEETER.

Boston.

Why "Fifth"?

As the World Wags:

Will some reader of the As-the-World-Wags department please explain the genesis of the expression, "Jimmy Critchett's fifth calf," which one occasionally hears used by elderly people? How widely current is the use of that expression?

Brookline. INQUIRER.

War Note.

The de-Germanizing of the English language goes bravely on in London, and not only by the changing of German street names. The "Coburg" loaf is now known as a "farmhouse" or Devonshire loaf. No bootmaker sells "Bluchers," which for many years were worn by the British army. The German sausage is now called the "breakfast sausage." But what is "German silver" now called?

MISS DAI BUELL PLAYS TO ENTHUSIASTIC AUDIENCE

Appears at Steinert Hall—Maier and Pattison Also Give Recital.

There were two piano recitals last evening. At Steinert Hall Miss Dai Buell played the following program: Bach, Prelude and Fugue, B flat major; Mozart, Fantasie C minor; Schumann, Papillons; Chopin, Ballade, A flat, major; Mazurka, C major, Valse, C sharp minor, Etude op. 12, No. 10; Debussy, Danse; Paderewski, Cracoirenne Fantastique; Liszt, Hungarian Rhapsody No. 13.

Miss Buell, from the West, has studied with Carl Baermann and Mme. Antoinette Szumowska. She has a well grounded technic and facile execution. Her touch is generally agreeable but when forced, her tone loses its quality and becomes harsh and brittle. Her staccato playing is excellent, clean cut, incisive. Her runs are smooth. On the other hand, her chords lack depth.

Miss Buell, who is indisputably talented, should strive for added sonority, for a warmer tone. She should also guard against the temptation to indulge in reckless speed and to abuse her strength. As an interpreter she does not exceed the conventional. The chief characteristics of her playing are, at present, youthful vigor and a certain brilliance. A large audience was enthusiastic.

At Jordan Hall Guy Maier and Lee Pattison played this program of music for two pianos: Mozart, Sonata, D major; Saint-Saens, Variations on a theme by Beethoven; Debussy, From the Epigraphes Antiques, On the Water, Ballet; Ropartz, piece in B minor; Saint-Saens, Scherzo op. 87 (by request).

The playing of both these young men is well known in Boston. Their association last evening was fortunate and their individual planistic qualities happily blended. The Epigraphes by Debussy were played here earlier in the season by Mr. Copeland and Miss Gordon. An audience of fair size was appreciative.

Mch 2, 1916

HANS EBELL

By PHILIP HALE.

Hans Ebell gave a piano recital last night in Steinert Hall. His program was as follows: Rachmaninoff, Prelude G sharp minor; Glazounoff, Andante, op. 74; Colburn, Valse; Heilman, The Prism in the Sun; Engel, Le bon vieuux temps; A. L. Steinert, Prelude; Rachmaninoff, sonata No. 2, op. 36. Mendelssohn, Song without Words; Rosenthal, Papillons; Schubert-Tausig, Military March.

Why do so many of the Russians now living write stupid music, without national flavor, without anything that can interest a dweller in the east, north, south, west or southwest? The sonata by Rachmaninoff was played here for the first time, the program informed us. The Rachmaninoff of the earlier pieces showed a certain talent, though he was inclined to be laboriously diffuse, witness his orchestral works "The Island of the Dead" and the Symphony that has been played here by the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Is it possible that he will be finally known as the composer of a Prelude and a few songs? This sonata is a pretentious work, but it is poverty-stricken as far as any ideas are concerned. The themes are without profile; the development is tiresome; fume, raging, bubble and squeak; nothing that appeals to heart, heel or brain; a roar of music without significance. It was not, probably, the fault of Mr. Ebell, although he played in Boanerge's vein, thundering and lightning and beating the big drum, with few dynamic contrasts, with little or no emotional or sensuous appeal.

Is Rachmaninoff going the way of Glazounoff? There was a time when the latter was a man of promise; when it was thought he would be named with Moussorgsky, Borodin and Rimsky-Korsakoff. His "Stenka Rasin" was gloriously Russian and oriental. But the great mass of his later music might have been made in Germany by any Schulz or Mueller. Rachmaninoff chose Germany as a dwelling place, and daily became less Russian, more conventional, a man of accepted formulas and by-one traditions. The pity of it! If Mr. Ebell and others must play Russian piano music, let them choose the genuine article. The piano pieces of Moussorgsky and Borodin are little known here. Then there is Stcherbatcheff. When Mr. Siloti was in Boston he told us that this Russian lived in Nice, where a fond old aunt supplied him with money to gamble at Monte Carlo. An admirable relative, bless her! Lucky or unlucky at cards, this man wrote music that was both oriental and charming.

In the earlier pieces of his program Mr. Ebell showed a more marked individuality in his playing, a greater command of nuances, a more caressing touch than on former occasions. His program included a group of pieces by young composers of Boston and Cambridge. He is to be commended for letting them know how their music sounds in a public hall. Mr. Colburn's waltz is graceful. Mr. Engel's shows the compelling influence of the ultra-radical French school. Mr. Steinert as a little boy showed remarkable musical talent, but his parents wisely refrained from exploiting him as a prodigy. When he heard an operatic performance, he at once played on the piano, not the printed piano version, but he transcribed the orchestral and vocal score as he remembered it. His Prelude shows his unusual talent. The opening section has marked character, genuine individuality. The middle part should be rewritten.

An audience of fair size was friendly disposed towards the pianist and the composers.

Mr. T. O. Edmands of Hingham wrote to Mr. John W. Ryan ("Balze") a few days ago, saying that he, as leader of Edmands's military band and orchestra for many years, was greatly interested in Mr. Ryan's articles about life in Boston when the two were young. Mr. Edmands attended a matinee of the Ravel troupe in the old Federal Street Theatre on July 4, 1850. He asked if there was not then a Catholic church near that theatre. And he spoke of Tom Grew's old English ale house, noted for its 'arf and 'arf. In the winter of '52-'53 Mr. Edmands, doing night work as an engineer for Morse & Fletcher, who furnished power to run the presses of the Atlas and Chronicle, passing through the alley about 1 o'clock in the morning, picked up a pocketbook belonging to a carpenter, a Mr. Lund. He offered him a liberal reward, but Mr. Edmands did not care to take it. "So Lund said, 'Come with me.' He took me into Grew's place and said to the host, 'Tom, you see this man? Anything that he wants at any time you will please charge to me; take no money from him.' As my clay did not require moistening very often, I never put his generosity to a test." Mr. Edmands also asked Mr. Ryan if he remembers the eating houses of Stark, Perkins, and Amory, and the Merchants' Exchange Hotel.

Here is Mr. Ryan's answer:

Happy Days.

As the World Wags:

Of course, I remember Mr. Edmands. In the days when care was only a feather, I often marched behind his band and danced to the melodious strains of his orchestra. His popularity was well deserved, for he always tuned us up to the proper spirit of the time and the place.

Yes, there was a Catholic church nearby. It was opposite the head of Theatre alley, and was called the Cathedral of the Holy Cross. It was the predecessor of the large and handsome edifice of the same name on Washington street, at the corner of Union Park street. It was an attractive-looking place of worship, designed by Bulfinch, although not near as large as its successor.

Mr. Edmands notes that I forgot to mention "Tom" Grew's place. I think I did indicate there was such a public house, but not very definitely. I was too young at the time of its existence to drink British beer, for it was many years before "Billy" Park introduced his musty ale. I did, however, omit to notice Fenno's, near the old theatre, where Mrs. Fenno cooked the most appetizing steaks and chops. The landladies then often did their own cooking. The first Mrs. Paran Stevens did this at the old City Hotel, I am told, before her husband opened the Revere House, which Mayor Jerome V. C. Smith celebrated in verse at a preliminary banquet. He thought he was a witty poet as well as a leading municipal officer. I wonder if Mayor Curley has a poem hidden up his sleeve to pull out on some future occasion. He certainly ought to go one better on the score of originality to Dr. Fitzgerald's pleasant singing of "Sweet Adeline."

I remember well the restaurants of both Stark and Perkins on Congress street. A son of the former was said to look like me. Perhaps he was not pleased with the comparison, if he ever heard it. If my memory serves me correctly, the boys used to go into Perkins's at the lunch hours and help themselves, standing, from a display of cakes and pastry that was spread out on convenient counters and keep their own account of what they ate. I am afraid that sometimes the memories were purposely faulty, for once in a while a gormandizer was brought to the bull ring by a watchful attendant and made to do a new sum in

a!ithmetl. The Merchants Exchange Hotel was in the back part of the Merchants' Exchange building, which extended from State street, opposite Change avenue, to Lindall street, now Exchange place. When I first knew it, as a boy, it was run by Fernando Gorri. I am under the impression that Henry Dooley, who was once in the employ of my father in the Stackpole House, was originally a barkeeper with Gorri, and when that landlord met with misfortune Dooley succeed in the management of the house and made it pay. He left there when changes came about and established Dooley's Hotel on Portland street, a house that was run at popular prices. He made a snug little fortune, for he was a shrewd and thrifty soul, and did not let good-followship run away with his head. He was an intelligent and well read man and liked good literature. Every Sunday morning he used to come to the Saturday Evening Gazette, then on Franklin street, and get a copy of the paper to read its letter from Paris. "I do love that Spiridion"—the nom de plume of the correspondent—he used to say.

I think Spiridion's real name was Osborne. He went abroad, it was said, to study for the medical profession, but did not apparently become a doctor. He began his letter writing for the old daily Atlas, and when that paper was consolidated with The Traveler he went there. Afterward he became the Paris correspondent of the Saturday Evening Gazette and still later of the Boston Sunday Courier. Singularly enough in various capacities I handled his copy on the three last mentioned papers. He was an eccentric man. His home in Paris was carefully concealed. He met a representative of the Gazette elsewhere by appointment. Spiridion's letters were always interesting and often contained many facts covering life in the French capital that could not be found elsewhere.

In the old Merchants' Exchange building there was a spacious, imposing reading room which was finally used by the board of trade. The Federal Post-office was below it with some business offices in front. It was taken away from there while Postmaster Capen was in charge and established on Summer street at the corner of Chauncy street, but this location was then considered too far up town by many business people, and it went back to its old location where it remained until the present Federal building on Milk, Devonshire and Water streets and Congress square was erected.

So much for the good old times when I was young and free.

JOHN W. RYAN.

Dorchester, Feb. 23.

Mch 3 1916

This Jules Bois who, landing in New York a few days ago, talked of the Comedie Francaise in this country for a short season, and, most amiably disposed, breathed out words of general peace and good will, is described as poet, dramatist, etc. He is the author of a hair-raising volume, "Le Satanisme et la Magie," a volume of over 400 large octavo pages with nightmare illustrations by Henry de Malvost. A fourth edition was published in Paris in 1895. The book is about compacts with Satan, the horrid rites of the Black Mass, sorcery, demonology and poisonings. J. K. Huysmans contributed a preface to it in his best "La-Bas" vein. Opposite page 219 is a picture of the Abbe Guibourg cutting a child's neck so that blood will flow into the chalice that stands between the breasts of Mme. de Montespan, who is lying naked stretched at full length as an altar for the blasphemous ceremony.

Mme. Emma Calve, the last time she was here as a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company, was greatly interested in M. Bois. She wrote from Paris to friends in this city, asking who best could manage him as a lecturer on "Satanisme" in the United States. The reply was made that the proposed lecture tour would be pecuniarily a failure. It was said at the time that Mme. Calve gave largely from her purse that M. Bois might pursue his researches. By 1895 he had written at least three volumes of poetry, one of them entitled "Les Noces de Sathan," two novels, a study of the "little religions" of Paris. Among the books announced as in preparation was "Le Commerce Amoureux des Sages avec les Dames et les Demoiselles des Elements."

There may be opportunity for this visitor to study "Satantisme" in America. Giovanni Quaranta was murdered in Providence, R. I., in 1895, because it was believed in the Italian colony that he had sold his soul to the devil and could therefore work great injury. In 1901 Mrs. Catherine Ferry of Dubois county, Indiana, a woman 60 years old, was driven away from her home by neighbors who charged her with slaying their horses and cattle by her evil charms.

Heterophemy.

As the World Wags:

If the printer followed copy—and I presume he did—I spoke of Jeff: McLemore as a representative in Congress from the 1st Missouri district, but it must have been an instance of heterophemism on my part, for I knew and intended to say that he represents the 1st Texas district.

B. FEETER.

Brookline.

"Aguecheek."

As the World Wags:

I was much interested in the account of Mr. John W. Ryan, given in the Sunday Herald, Feb. 13, wherein he speaks of his acquaintance with Charles B. Fairbanks as "Aguecheek." I knew Mr. Fairbanks for many years, both in Boston and Paris, and I saw him often in Paris during his last illness.

Fairbanks's chapter on "Hard Up in Paris" was an exaggerated account that happened both to him and me. In the summer of 1859 I had rooms in the fifth story of a house in the Rue St. Honore. **However, "all's well that ends well,"** and the story is told by "Aguecheek" himself.

SAMUEL A. GREEN.

Boston.

Soft or Hard.

As the World Wags:

Will you kindly tell me whether the "c" in croci is pronounced hard, as in crocus, or soft, as in loci?

Concord, Feb. 28. JOHN WEBB.

The plural is crocuses.—Ed.

A Sad Case.

As the World Wags:

By way of illustrating the lengths to which the victims of Demon Rum will go in the pursuit of their degrading indulgences, I wish to relate the following recent experience. On the train to Ayer, whither I was proceeding the other day to visit our summer place, called by Uncle Eliphalet, from whom we inherited it, "The Castle," though by what possible association of ideas he could have been led to give such a hifaultin name to the property of a simple family such as ours I never could fathom, I sat behind a man who, as I gathered from his conversation, was bent upon an errand similar to my own. He was a man of florid complexion that clearly indicated past indulgence in the pleasures of the table, so I was less surprised than shocked when he confessed that he was forbidden by medical command to partake of the product of the vine. For a moment his sensible obedience to this wholly commendable advice gave me a certain interest in him, which was heightened by his announcement that, though his destination was Pepperell, he had come thus out of his way in order to secure for the benefit of his health a bracing walk of nine miles northward from Ayer to that town. I was just on the point of so far relaxing the maidenly reserve that a trained sense of propriety inculcates in dealing with entire strangers as to express openly my approval, when in a brief sentence to his companion he revealed to me just in time his real character. He said: "You see, Bill, after a walk like that I shall be pretty well fagged, and I don't believe the doctor could say a thing against my hitting a nice, long Scotch and soda—eh, what?"

SARAH HEPATICA.

Boston, March 1.

Classification of Prisoners.

As the World Wags:

The finger-print and Bertillon systems prove that there are no two people alike in outward form or appearance. We fail to find two with the same disposition and habits. This shows the wonderful work of the Creator. Yet notwithstanding this indisputable truth, there are optimistic people in the world who think they can improve upon the work of the Almighty and pick congenial associates. Why not entrust to them the making of marriages—the selection of husbands and wives—if they can demonstrate that they have been wiser or more successful than others in the ordering of their own lives? The vague terms used by sentimental prison reformers, such as "morons," "defective delinquents," "feebleminded," "strong criminalistic tendencies," "borderline cases," are only examples of studied ambiguity which serve to conceal their ignorance of the primary causes of hidden conditions.

JOSEPH MATTHEW SULLIVAN.

Boston.

Mch 4 1916

16TH SYMPHONY

By PHILIP HALE.

The 16th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Tschaikowsky's Symphony, F minor, No. 4; Volkmann's Serenade for strings, F major; Ravel's Spanish Rhapsody.

The fourth symphony of Tschaikowsky was for a long time thought to be wild and barbaric. Even Mr. Nikisch, who was by no means lacking in courage, put only the two middle movements on a program of a concert here, and the whole symphony was played in Boston for the first time by the visiting New York Symphony Orchestra. The fifth was considered a much more "artistic" work. Then came the "Pathetic," which soon became as popular as a Turkish Patrol and thousands rejoiced in the luxury of woe and called on conductors for frequent hearings of the pessimistic document of the self-torturer.

Years go by. Fancies, likes and dislikes pass with them. If a man changes his skin every seven years, why should he not change his taste in art? Many now think that the Fourth Symphony is the one of the six that is most characteristic of the composer; the one that is also the most Russian in spirit. Only in the Trio of the Pathetic's Scherzo do they find a trace of the Slav-Orientalism with which the Fourth is charged. And for the Fourth, Tschaikowsky wrote a definite program that his friend Mme. von Meck might dilate with the proper emotion. This program, with the picture of the man checked in his pursuit of happiness by Fate; growing old and remembering bygone days when youth found pleasure in life; dreaming fantastical dreams in which he hears gutter-songs of drunkards, in which his imagination plays queer pranks; and then the moral, with the injunction to seek happiness among the simple folk—this program is entertaining: it is instructive to those who wish to know Tschaikowsky, the human being, better; but it is not indispensable to one while the music is playing. Tschaikowsky himself ended his letter to Mme. von Meck with these words: "It is the characteristic feature of instrumental music that it does not allow analysis."

There are certain vexing matters of detail peculiar to Tschaikowsky even in this symphony; as the tossing of a comparatively unimportant phrase from one instrument to another without thus avoiding monotony; ginger-bread ornamentation of a phrase that is impressive by its inherent melancholy or pathetic sentiment. There is also at times, as in the Finale, a rudeness of expression that dangerously approaches vulgarity; but here enters the skill of the conductor, who, when there is reason for it, should glorify vulgarity and give it dramatic intensity. By the way, did Leoncavallo ever hear the circus-phrase, the preliminary flourish in this Finale? It is singularly like a musical sentence in the opening scene of "Pagliacci."

This may be said of the symphony: it shows Tschaikowsky at his best, writing with the utmost honesty and frankness, not searching out dramatic effects, but pouring out his own gloomy thoughts, his own emotions. At the same time there his musical speech is in Russian. In this symphony the composer is not cosmopolitan; he is a Russian whose music makes a universal appeal; nor is he a Russian simply because in the Finale he uses a folk-song.

Revel's "Spanish Rhapsody" is delightfully impressionistic; a cunning study in rhythm and in orchestral colors. Is this music more faithful to Spain than Chabrier's Gorgeous "Espana," or Debussy's impression of Grenada? The Spaniards will not have "Carmen." What do they say to Granados or to Laparra with his "Habanera"? Perhaps some day when we visit our castles in Spain we may be able to determine positively this question for ourselves. Until then Ravel's "Rhapsody" is a fascinating work—but yesterday, in spite of the extraordinarily brilliant performance, we were wishing that the music was Chabrier's.

Between the two vivid works Volkmann's Serenade was a mild sedative: old-fashioned music by a composer once thought to be a radical, yet today the Waltz with its folk-spirit has a certain charm.

There were many features in the superb orchestral performance of the two chief compositions. It will be a long time before Mr. Longy's phrasing of the oboe song in Tschaikowsky's Andantino will be forgotten; and this was only one of many memorable moments.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week is as follows: Sibelius, Symphony No. 2; Schumann, piano concerto; Beethoven, Overture to "Coriolanus"; Stojowski, piano concerto, No. 2. Mr. Paderewski will be the pianist.

Here is a prudent hero. In a certain borough of London a man that had been invited to enlist wrote to the local recruiting committee: "I do not feel I ought to leave my wife while there are any single men left at home in this district."

The Cider Barrel.

As the World Wags:

Can Mr. Herkimer Johnson, as one with an academic interest, or can you, as a drinking man with more than an academic interest in drinkables, recommend something to keep a barrel of cider sweet? Not indefinitely, but as long, say, as it takes a God-fearing family of four to drink it all without any embarrassment. In Clymeport, perhaps—vulgarly, "Clamport"—Mr. Johnson may have been unvexed by sordid tradesmen long enough to transcribe his notes on the subject, or fellow-Porphyrians may remember the days when cider drinking wasn't bad form in the city.

Some months ago, let me say, I got a barrel of sweet cider, and a great pleasure it was to wait around in the cellar until the furnace was fixed for the night and the little pot-bellied stove that heats the water was prepared against the breakfast dishes. Soon, however, the cider began to lose its sweetness. A neighbor's boy, to whom I magnanimously gave a glass, said it made his beano feel funny. In what I regarded at the time as an inspiration, but what I know now was a mental flareback, I remembered a Vermont farmer had told me that a quart of mustard seed would keep a barrel of cider sweet for six months. I should have remembered, of course, that Vermont farmers are more interested in stone fences than in sweet cider. However, down through the bunghole went a quart of mustard seed. . . . The furnace is giving a lot of trouble this cold snap, the little pot-bellied stove is as bad as it looks and I've had to hire a man to take care of the furnace regularly. Do you know whether there's any commercial demand for cider-colored mustard water?

P. J. BOULEVARD.

Aberdeen, Feb. 27.

Mr. Boulevard should be thankful for the accident. The cider drunkard is the most pitiable of all tosspots and stiff drinkers. Even the moderate amateur of cider should remember the saying of Robert Burton: "Cider and perry are both cold and windy drinks, and for that cause to be neglected." But why did Mr. Boulevard put in a quart of mustard seed? Would not the biblical grain of mustard seed have worked wonders?—Ed.

"Aguecheek."

As the World Wags:

Referring to the article of R. F. W., in the Boston Herald of Feb. 22, I would say that there is not the slightest doubt that Charles B. Fairbanks was the author of "Aguecheek." His family and mine were life-long friends. Every evening, almost without exception, he spent at our house. In his chapter on "Girlhood and Girls," the Nellie there spoken of is my sister. The venerable friend referred to as Baron Nahem was my father, Oliver C. Wyman, who wrote articles for the Saturday Evening Gazette, a favorite paper at that time, and for other papers over that signature. I have a copy of "Aguecheek," published by Shepard, Clark & Brown in 1859. I have also a long obituary notice which appeared in the Boston Transcript of Sept. 20, 1859, in which it is stated that he had "attained much fame as Aguecheek." As this notice appeared in the very paper for which he wrote and to the editors of which he was well known, it is another proof that Charles Fairbanks and no other was Aguecheek. To quote further from this obituary notice: "His letters signed Aguecheek were written in the character of a venerable gentleman, and the assumption of age was admirably sustained throughout." It is without doubt owing to this very assumption of age that the question arose as to his identity with "Aguecheek." He took the name because of his being a great sufferer from neuralgia. He is buried in the cemetery of Montmartre in France.

M. I. W.

West Gloucester.

The Fifth Calf.

As the World Wags:

I am not familiar with "Jimmy Critchett's fifth calf," but there is an old story that may throw some light on the origin of the phrase.

Jabez Jones had dropped in at a neighbor's house as the family were sitting down to dinner. He had not dined, and as he failed to get the expected invitation to "have a bite with us," he sat waiting for an opening. It soon came.

"What's the news, Jabez?"

"Oh, nothing much except that Smith's cow's had five calves."

"Thunder!" said the astonished inquirer, "what does the fifth calf do when the other four are sucking?"

"Why," said Jabez, "he just looks on like a darned fool, same's I'm doing."

A plate was laid at once for Jabez.

Substitute Jimmy Critchett for Smith in the above story and your correspondent's query may be answered.

Boston, March 1. H. B. H.

FRENCH PLAYERS PRESENT COMEDY "MON AMI TEDDY"

Delightful Performance Worthy of Larger Audience.

COPLEY THEATRE—"Mon Ami Teddy," a comedy in three acts by Andre Rivoire.

Teddy W. Kimberley	Edgar Becman
Didier Morel	Ferdinand Verley
D'Allonne	Georges Renavent
Bertin	Georges Saulieu
Corbett	Emile Detramont
Madeleine	Yvonne Garrick
Mme. Roucher	Jenny Diska
Verdier	Paul Cerny

The French company gave a delightful performance last evening of Andre Rivoire's amusing piece, "Mon Ami Teddy."

Teddy W. Kimberley, from America, is introduced by his friend D'Ollonne to a French household. A young man of keen perceptions he at once realizes that pretty Mme. Didier Morel is the only wife for him. Her husband, a struggling deputy whose political ambitions are boundless, is carrying on an intrigue with the widow of a former President of France. Teddy's bank ac-

...ont facilitates matters. He ... ...illa at Deauville and invites the Didier Morels and Mme. Roucher to visit him. He helps Morel in his flirtation. Mme. Morel, seeing herself made ridiculous and moreover in age, tastes and disposition wholly unsuited to her husband, demands a divorce. It is an easy matter for Teddy to convince her of his love.

The plot itself is slight, but the dialogue is constantly amusing while the main theme is cleverly developed.

The play was excellently acted. Mr. Becman, a well-schooled and polished actor, gave a remarkable performance as Teddy. With an ear evidently acutely sensitive to accents and inflections his caricature of tho American speaking French was presented with the utmost seriousness and with photographic realism. In fact the illusion was complete and for the time Mr. Becman was an American. No more clever impersonation of this kind has been given here. Mr. Becman has, too, marked originality, unusual intelligence and a strong sense of humor.

Miss Garrick as the neglected wife was piquant and seductive. Mr. Verley's make-up was capital and his portrayal of Morel lifelike. Mme. Diska as the middle-aged siren was efficient. The smaller roles were capably played and among these Mr. Renavent's breezy D'Allonne was amusing.

Before the play Mr. Bonheur, manager of the company, announced the forthcoming production of "Son Homme," "Gringoire" and "L'Anglais Tel qu'on le Parle." He expressed satisfaction at his ability to present "Son Homme," which has attracted much attention in Paris and New York, to Boston audiences, since "good things are appreciated in Boston." For this reason he is the more surprised at the small houses which have greeted the company.

Mr. Bonheur is not alone in his astonishment. His company is excellent. It provides a rare opportunity for students as well as for lovers of the theatre to see plays of a varied nature given in French. The theatre should be filled at every performance.

Rivoire's piece will be repeated tonight. This afternoon "L'Ami Fritz" will be performed.

mch 5 '916

"J. B." in the Herald of last Sunday asked about an old melodrama. "The Felon's Wife, or the Logan Stone in the Frozen Pool." It was produced at Willard's Howard Athenaeum, Boston, Aug 28, 1865. We stated that the author's name was not given on the play bill of that date.

We are indebted to Mr. Frank E. Chase for a copy of this play, published by Samuel French (No. 1095 in the "Acting Edition") But this play, produced at the Royal Surrey Theatre, London, on Oct. 21, 1864, was originally known as "The Orange Girl," and is thus published The title was changed for the Howard Athenaeum. The authors of this "entirely original drama" were Henry Leslie and Nicholas Rowe. The chief characters were thus taken: Jane, Miss Georgiana Pauncefort, John Fryer, James Anderson; Uriah Underwood, Shepherd, Sir Peregrine Beamish, W. H. Montgomery.

In the prologue there is the following affecting dialogue:

Jane (taking the candle and looking in the bed)—She's very lovely, isn't she? She was the darling flower of our flock, Sarah. I look at her and feel that I could cry—look at her once more, and a curse, Sarah, rises to my lip—

Sally—A curse, Jane!

Jane—Upon the wretch who betrayed her—the wretch who found the bud just blossoming into graceful beauty, blasted it with his poison breath, then suffered it to fall unheeded on the cruel ground. Take the candle, Sarah, the light disturbs her (Sarah takes the candle as Jane closes the curtain of the bed.)

Ellie (muttering)—Never his name!

Jane—How, at the very gate of death, her soul clings to her destroyer.

Ellie—Jane!

Jane—Darling, the medicine! (To Sally, who pours it out, and gives it to Jane).

Ellie—Too late; let me slumber once more, till slumber subsides unto death.

Jane—For my sake, the sake of the sister who found you so desolate—Ellie! Ellie!

Ellie—For your sake, yes!

(A bare arm is seen between the curtains taking the glass from Jane and returning it empty—as Jane takes the glass she kisses the hand—pause).

Here is another extract::

John—Well, there then, I have thought, and as for memory, what have I got pleasant to remember? My father died wild with his drinking, and what's been my heritage? Want in the squalid court—want in the wide-paved street! Mother, the only soul on earth that ever looked on me with unselfish love, perished for the help of a crust that a rich man might have cast to his dog. The world made me the shoeless vagabond I am; so what do I owe it that I should be so blessed particular, eh? When I think on it, it makes me mad, then I take to the drink, and forgot it.

Jane—Then think of me. I'm only an orange girl. At all hours, in the chill wind, in the pitiless rain, through the busy unheeding town, oh, hard, is the bread that I earn, yet how precious it tastes to my lip, for labor has sweetened the crust John, and honesty blesses the meal

Let us hasten to the great scene!

Scene III.—The Logan Stone and Frozen Tarn. Peal of bells going. The centre of the stage is occupied by a flat piece of practicable ice: this is surrounded by rocks except in front, which is clear; on the eminence at back, r., is an old Druidical rocking stone; the wings are formed by tall pines, one with a practicable branch; in the extreme distance the bells are faintly heard ringing in the New Year. The scene is dark—thick floating clouds obscuring the moon, which, however is shewn at convenient intervals.

Uriah discovered at the top, with a crowbar, and shewing the lantern. He slowly descends from rock to rock, until he reaches the end of the stage.

Uriah—There it sleeps—the water—silent—deep as fate itself (music) nor ebb nor flow beneath its armor of treacherous ice. (Music.) Soon, very soon, shall a fair-haired corpse be tangled in its dark and noisome weeds! (Music and wind.) How the wind howls, like a wild chorus of yelling demons; fit night for such a deed.

Uriah takes up the lantern and holding it before him walks on the Tarn; he puts down the lantern, and with one or two vigorous thrusts attempts to crack the ice round Jenny's trap. (Sir Peregrine's voice is heard at the top of the scene calling "Uriah!"—Uriah starts).

Uriah—Pshaw, nothing! (resumes his work.) Not in the wormy mould, but in the stubborn ice, I dig the victim's grave.

(Music—each blow of the crowbar timed with a slight crash.)

Enter Sir Peregrine, with gun.

Sir P. (repeating)—Dig the victim's grave!

Uriah—Was it some mocking echo, or a human voice?

Sir P.—It is I—Sir Peregrine! (advancing towards the rocking stone).

Jane puts a lever beneath the logan stone, which totters and slides off as Uriah is about to brain her. The ice cracks. Jane leaps in.

Here is what honest John, falsely accused of counterfeiting, says to the villain: "I have come here, Uriah, because here there are people; I would not wait you in the lonely lanes, for, I might kill you, and your life I would preserve, that it may become one useless prayer for death. Here, before all, I shall reveal the base thing you are; then will I haunt you ever, till my vengeful face mingling with your guilty dreams, makes life to you the burden and the curse which you have made it to mine and to me."

But at last Uriah and Sir Peregrine are exposed in the convict settlement at Portland, and the curtain falls on John's speech: "Oh, darling! We shall be so very, very happy! A few idle forms, and I shall be free! Perhaps government will give me back the £000 they took from me when I was felon. Made faithful in each other's faith, content in each other's fervent love, in all the long years to come there shall not be one waking moment that John Fryer will not bless the day that united him to the Orange Girl."

Mr. Quincy Kilby contributes to this issuance of the Herald a poem for the benefit of those who pronounce Mme. Farrar's name with a heavy accent on the last syllable.

TELL AGAIN, THE OLD, OLD STORY.

Lou-Tellegen, Lou-Tellegen,
Most fortunate of living men,
Who captivated music's queen,
Our own, our native Geraldine,
One fact that is within your ken,
Pray tell, that we may tell again.
Your brilliant operatic star,
Say, is she Farrar or Farrar?

We understand her sire Sid
Stuck out for Farrar—always did,
While her enthusiastic ma
Was more than partial to Farrar

Said Tellegen, "Between us two,
It's always Geraldine and Lou.
She dropped her name when we were wed,
And substituted mine instead.
I swear by all the love I bear her,
She could not possibly be fairer.
For, first beholding her afar,
I found her fair, and shouted, "Rah!"

QUINCY KILBY.

To the Editor of the Herald:

I had always supposed "the tired business man" to be the recent invention of the commercial theatrical manager, devised in justification of his customary offering of pornography and piffle; but here comes Leon Beauvallet, a member of the company that supported the great Rachel in her American tour, writing as far back as 1856 in a volume of singular wit, gayety and good humor entitled "Rachel and the New World," saying of the Americans of that day: "All these people, regular business men (and I do not reproach them for being so), all these people, I say, are busy all day with their business, their sales, their purchases, their dollars, their thousand things, in fact—every one more tedious than all the rest; and at night, if they consent to shut themselves up in a theatre, they want gay, pleasant spectacles which divert them a little and make them forget the labors of the day—pantomimes, comic songs, equestrian scenes, feats of strength, pretty dances and pretty danseuses especially; they ask nothing more." Tempora may possibly mutantur, but nos do not change materially in this, after all. M. Beauvallet is the astute critic of our theatre who visited the Boston Museum while "in our midst" and promptly detected the talent of William Warren. Of him he writes: "Mr. W. Warren, who plays in the role of Michonnet, seemed to me exceedingly remarkable. He rendered the part of the old stage manager with veritable talent, and I applauded him with the whole house." M. Beauvallet tactfully speaks of the newspaper critic of that period with great respect, but of the advertising department of the press of 1856 he makes the curious complaint that, with a nicer sense of the proprieties of gender than of the mere facts of the play in which Mr. Warren thus acquitted himself to his satisfaction it was persistently announced as Adrienne Lacouvreur.

F. E. CHASE.

Boston, Feb. 28.

Miss Aurore Leeroix, who will give a piano recital in Jordan Hall tomorrow afternoon, is a native of Southbridge. She studied chiefly in Boston with the late B. J. Lang and Carl Baermann. She was chosen to represent the eastern states at the National Federation of Music Clubs at Los Angeles last June.

The Longy Club will play a textet by Joseph Holbrooke for piano and wind instruments next Thursday evening. The sextet is probably op. 33 No. 3 to which a prize was given. Holbrooke is chiefly known here by his orchestral "Queen Mab," played three years ago at a Symphony concert. He is a composer of decided individuality, also a curious figure in the music world. It may be remembered that he wrote a ballet-opera for the Pavlowa-Rabinoff combination of this season. He had all sorts of misadventures in this country, and his work was not produced.

Second Part of Shakespeare's "Henry IV."

The Herald now publishes the announcement of the Harvard Chapter of Delta Upsilon Fraternity.

The Harvard Chapter of Delta Upsilon Fraternity will perform the "Second Part of King Henry IV.," at the Castle Square Theatre on March 13 and 14.

It is an extraordinary fact that the "Second Part of Henry IV." has been produced, substantially as Shakespeare wrote it, only twice before in this country, in 1804 in Philadelphia, and in 1822 in New York. The play is, in the judgment of those who have been concerned with its production in Europe or seen it there, the masterpiece among Shakespeare's historical plays. For the comedy of the play it is sufficient to say that throughout the plan Falstaff is in his best vein.

For some weeks rehearsals have been in progress under the direction of Richard Ordynski, who was associated for several years with Max Reinhardt in Berlin. He has the assistance of Everett Glass, an Amherst graduate, who for two years has been a member of Prof. Baker's play-writing course and "47 workshop." The settings for the play have been designed in the simple and vivid modern manner by Harold F. Weston '16, and painted by Robert Brunton of the Boston Opera House, who will also assist in the stage management.

For the principal characters in the play Delta Upsilon enlisted the services of experienced graduates. Thus the King will be played by Frederick A. Wilmot '10, once a member of the Century Theatre Company in New York, who played in "Joseph and His Brethren," "The Garden of Heaven" and "The Garden of Allah." He is now a Universalist minister in West Somerville. Falstaff will be played by Carl Wetherell '08. He has already played Sir Toby Belch in "Twelfth Night."

After four performances at the Castle Square Theatre, March 13 and 14, the play will be given in Worcester, Northampton, New York and Providence. The Providence performance will be given under the auspices of Brown University. The drama committee of the Twentieth Century Club of Boston is assisting in the special matinee, March 13, for educational purposes. The New York performances will be given under the auspices of the D. U. Club of New York and the committee in charge of the Shakespeare tercentenary celebration. The official backing of the honorary committee appointed by the mayor of the city of New York has also been obtained.

Curel's New Play at the Theatre Francais

The Theatre Francais gave its second premiere since the war last night, "La Figurante," by Viscount Francois de Curel. It was the same audience of old playgoers above military age. There were still one or two dress-coats, and the ladies still wore dark colors, but they have, since the premiere of last year, developed in shape and curtailed in length their gowns to suit the present strange war fashions. One noticed, also, more wounded officers and soldiers than before, and I sat next to a wan-looking young lieutenant, who had one arm in a sling and a limp in his leg, and wore a brand new Legion of Honor and a Military Cross, with the gold palm-branch. Outside the theatre, also, Paris was darker than ever; while inside, the famous foyer was lit with merely a glimmer.

"La Figurante" has been given as a compensation to M. de Curel, whose "Le Coup d'Aile" was to have been brought out at the Francais, but was so much mauled about by the censors that he refused to allow its performance. It was M. de Curel who told at the time that famous story of the Censor and Scribe. He was at the Francais when the telephone rang, and he answered himself. "Are you the Francais? You have sent us a comedy by M. Scribe, which you want to produce. We cannot give you the visa until we have communicated with the author. Please give us his address." The Censor had boggled at "Le Coup d'Aile" because one character is a peace-at-any-price M. P. But there is nothing political in "La Figurante." In fact, the play, though skilful in character study and as fastidiously written as everything that M. de Curel does, made one feel rather uncomfortable, because it has so little to do with the life of the nation now. It was written, of course, long before the war.

"La Figurante"—the English is literally "super," but "figurehead" would be nearer the mark—is Mlle. Marie Laconte, and a girl supposed to be a cipher. Her aunt, Mme. Berthe Cerny, is the young wife of a resigned and rather cynical old savant, M. de Feraudy, and has been for years the mistress of the coming statesman, M. Raphael Duflos, who has not yet had a seat in the cabinet, and thinks it high time he had. His love affair is all very well, but he must have a wife to help him on. Why not the niece? The match is made, but the girl, in whom still waters run deep, has long loved the politician, and the shrewd old uncle knows it. After three months, the bride—a bride in name—has become her official husband's indispensable Egeria, and he gets into the cabinet, at last, as foreign secretary.

The end is easy to guess. It is obviously all up with the mistress. We have the expected great scene between the two women, in which with equal art Mlle. Leconte triumphs and Mme. Cerny is crushed. The mistress will go off for a two years' voyage with her antiquarian husband. "Most extraordinary thing," says the archaeologist, "there are some very curious remains to be investigated at Delphi, and my wife has actually insisted on accompanying me out there."—Daily Telegraph, Feb. 14.

Notes About Plays and Players

Andre de Lorde and Henri Bauche are completing a play in three acts, "The Murder of Edith Cavell," which will probably be produced in London before being performed in Paris.

Charles Gulliver introduced a new experiment at the Palladium, London, the other day by giving three variety entertainments daily. The times of the performances in future are to be: Matinee, 2:30; first evening performance, 6, and second, 9 o'clock. As it is possible to entertain 3000 people at each performance there is an opportunity of providing amusement for quite a small army of pleasure-seekers in the course of a single day.

A new play, "The Joan Danvers," by Frank Stayton, was produced by Miss Horniman's players from Manchester at the Duke of York's Theatre early in the month. The Daily Chronicle had this to say of the performance:

"'The Joan Danvers' was a ship just such an unseaworthy old tub as the Consul Bernick sent out on a raging sea in Act III of 'The Pillars of Society.' Old Danvers, like old Bernick, believed in the insurance brokers as your best pastors for softening the wrath of Providence when a waterlogged 'tramp' went down.

"He was counting on the usual happy harmony between Providence and the insurance company when he sent 'The Joan Danvers' out from Bristol. But he hadn't counted, again like Consul Bernick, on his own son being aboard as a stowaway. However, good luck saved him from calamity, as it saved Consul Bernick.

"The best scene is that in which Joan, the wife of the ship's captain, accuses the old rascal of the murder of her husband and of his own son. Miss Evelyn Hope (Joan) and Mr. Herbert Lomas did brilliant work here. But the father is a little too Satanically sable and the daughter a little too angelically white. The two players concerned, however, gave us some of the most poignant and finely wrought emotional acting we have seen for many months. There was an ovation for the author (in khaki) from a very military house."

The Pioneer Players lately produced "The Dear Departing" by the Russian, Andreyeff, at the Court Theatre. Tourists in the Cafe X wait expectantly for the fall of a mountaineer who clings to a precipitous cliff in the grounds. He can neither get up nor down. The bloodthirsty woman who has seen an aviator dashed to death from the clouds and a lion tamer rent by his beasts, is there with her flask. A special correspondent, a photographer and a Teuton chanting continuously "Oh my dears, what a tragedy it all is," are members of the crowd. The man, however, does not fall. He is tied to that rock for £2 10s a day to amuse the guests!

Other pieces on the same bill were Delphine Gray's "Conference" and "Pan in Ambush," by Marjorie Patterson, contrasting primitive and sentimental love.

'Caroline,' by W. Somerset Maugham, described as a comedy with a moral, was given in London, Feb. 9, at the New Theatre. Irene Vanbrugh, Lillah McCarthy, Nina Sevening, Florence Lloyd, Leonard Boyne, Dion Boucicault and Martin Lewis were in the cast. The moral pointed is that to get what you want is always a little melancholy. Caroline states this and shapes her life by it. "She and Robert have been waiting for one another for 10 years, waiting until her impossible husband shall have died. They have grown used to waiting for one another. But one fine day the impossible husband does really and truly die, and then for Robert and Caroline everything is changed. Their immediate engagement stares them in the face. Caroline sees it must come. Robert has it on his conscience. Her friends, Maude and Isabella, fly to her to insist upon it. And yet, strange to say, neither Caroline nor Robert feels like it. Caroline sends for her young and hopeless adorer, Rex. But Rex in his turn, illustrates the moral. He enjoyed being a hopelesa lover, to be a successful one would not suit him at all. So there is no help for it' Robert and Caroline must make a match of it But the moment they are engaged they begin quarrelling about their houses. Caroline decides, after all, that Robert is only able to love her as another man's wife. She must therefore marry someone else and fixes upon the doctor. The doctor promises to make the awkward announcement, but he declares instead (lying roundly), that her impossible husband is not dead. General consternation. Then Caroline, in a flash, has the inspiration of her life. She confirms the lie. Why? Because she sees it is the only real way to Robert. She sees that they are only happy waiting. They shall go on waiting till the end of time. Robert, himself once more, declares he has never loved her so much. By becoming forever unattainable Caroline has become for ever desirable."

Ellen Terry has been lecturing lately on "The Letters in Shakespeare's Plays.' According to her, they have not received the separate attention they deserve from critics and commentators. She undertakes to illustrate what a wealth of truth observation, beauty and humor lies in not a few of those epistles. She gives examples from Hamlet's letters to Ophelia, to Sir Andrew Aguecheek's fiery challenge to Viola and from "Macbeth"—whom Miss Terry characterizes as "a poet and a lover driven by dreams into crimes — to "Love's Labor Lost." She extracts more fun than might have been thought possible out of that "fantastical Spaniard" Armado's extravagantly couched love letter to Jaquenetta—a parody, as the lecturer styled it, of the kind of verbosity in favor in Shakespeare's day. Then there is Antonio's letter to Bassanio—not, as Miss Terry calls it, "a love letter" in the ordinary sense, yet "the most perfect letter of love ever written from a friend to a friend—breathing trustfulness, generosity and deep affection in every line." Another example of a very different order is one from "that dear, hoary-headed old sinner," Sir John Falstaff, to Prince Hal, of whom he was as fond in his way as was Antonio of Bassanio.

"A new class of theatregoer has arisen since the war began," remarked a theatrical manager to a Daily Chronicle representative recently "Buy people who have no time to go to their suburban homes to change telephone for seats and come on to a theatre straight from their after-work dinner. Most people, even amongst the wealthy, are workers today, but even after the war I doubt if we shall go back to the regulation evening dress. Morning dress also means that a 'bus can be braved, whereas in these days of scarce taxis the lady in evening dress has rather a bad time."

Notes About Music and Musicians

Because it is suggested that England has far too long lent itself to the obession of the thereby sterilizing its own sensibilities music of a single country, Germany, and its own productivity, a committee has been formed to encourage the introduction of Russian music into the United Kingdom. The committee proposes to exercise watchful observation, to tender advice as called for, to patronize suitable literature and suitable undertakings, and to act generally as a referee. It will be in contact with musical societies, concert givers, opera directors, conductors, lecturers, teachers, students and amateurs.

We all know that Tchaikowsky spoke of Brahms's "intangible genius"; but surely the dictum of the writer of certain daily notes in a contemporary that Brahms's F minor quintet is "the finest ever written," while his Requiem is "perhaps the greatest composition of the last 100 years," should be well salted before swallowed! Prodigious!—Daily Telegraph.

In a letter received by the Daily Telegraph from a British officer in the trenches he speaks of a piano with a history. "It had been taken from a house by the Germans into their trench, and evidently had been much used. When we took that trench we came across the piano which the Boches had boarded up hoping to regain it in the future. We 'Collared the piano' (a vicious pun), and though it is silent in a few notes, and a third below pitch, to say nothing of being hopelessly out of tune, it tinkles out nightly tunes which are taken up lustily by hundreds of happy Tommies. I have taken to sing again, though I am afraid the results would not satisfy a critical ear. But, still, no opening night of the Proms ever exceeded ours in appreciative enthusiasm. We have also a gramophone, with a very good record on the Beecham orchestra, and never was there a more cultured taste, as far as music is concerned, in any other mess in France. My brother officers seem to have forsaken 'Little Bit of Heaven' and the Gaby Glide et hoc and now stroll about warbling Schubert's Unfinished, the Magic Flute overture, or the theme from 'Finlandia.'"

In Glasgow the other day the Scottish Orchestra concert season closed there with the annual plebiscite program, and what think you was its chief feature? Bantock's new Hebridean Symphony, which is dedicated to Mr. Mlynarski, who conducted its first performance a week before. This native symphony obtained no fewer than 420 votes against its nearest competitor, Dvorak's "New World" Symphony, with 268, and the Pathetic with 267. Among lighter music, pride of place fell to the Casse-Noisette Suite with 577 votes; Johann Strauss's Blue Danube Valse was second with 311. Dukes's "L'Apprenti-Sorcier" beat Debussy's "L'Apres-midi" by 6 votes, and the "Leonora, No. 3" was nearly 100 votes ahead of "The Magic Flute" overture. By the way, a public rehearsal of this concert was given in the morning, free to subscribers, and in consequence the evening audience was immensely increased owing to the enthusiasm of those present at rehearsal which they spread among the populace in the afternoon.—Daily Telegraph.

The concert given by the Handel and Haydn Society at Symphony Hall, Boston, on Sunday evening, Jan. 23rd, for the benefit of the Children's Hospital, the Convalescent Home of the Children's Hospital, and the Industrial School for Crippled and Deformed Children netted $532.51 for each charity—total $1,597.54.

Mark Hambourg is giving a series of recitals of piano music in London. His first recital was devoted to old English composers, Byrde, Bull, Bloni, Purcell, Gibbons and others.

The Daily Telegraph has this to say of Lalo's Quartet in E flat major, which was played recently for the first time in London by the Philharmonic String Quartet at Aeolian Hall. "The best section of the work is the slow movement, which contains much that is distinctly pleasing in a plaintive and tranquil fashion. But even in this movement the middle section is marked by an urgent restlessness which is somewhat disturbing. The rest of the work is not distinguished by much profundity of thought, and the absence of this quality belies the label of 'Appassionato' which the composer has affixed to the last movement. But if the listener does not expect too much of the music, it will be found quite enjoyable. For the rhythms are strong and insistent and the work runs trippingly, with a hustling vivacity which precludes the possibility of tediousness."

Lionel Tertis, whose enthusiasm for the possibilities of the viola has prompted certain young composers to write for this instrument, recently gave a concert with Arthur Rubinstein at Aeolian Hall. The pieces for viola and piano performed were Benjamin Dale's Phantasy and York Bowen's sonata.

Verdi's Requiem for Dead Heroes

The King and Queen and Princess Mary were present at Albert Hall at a performance early last month of Verdi's Requiem by the Royal Choral Society in memory of those who have fallen in war.

It was the first time that the King had been able to go among his people since his accident in France and the long illness which it induced, and large numbers of people gathered round the entrance of the hall to greet him and the Queen on their arrival. Princess Henry of Battenberg and Princess Louise (Duchess of Argyll) were also present. The London Times said:

"After the performance the King sent a special message to Sir Frederick Bridge through Lord Shaftesbury. 'I am more than pleased with the performance,' said his Majesty, 'and I thought Sir Frederick conducted beautifully.'

"Everything was carried out simply. Representatives of the Kensington Borough council, the Albert Hall Corporation and the Royal Choral Society met the King and Queen on their arrival; the French, Italian, Japanese and Russian ambassadors and members of the Belgian and Serbian legations were present, and, after the King's entrance had been acknowledged by the singing of the national anthem, the hymns of all the allies, beginning with 'La Marseillaise' and ending with 'La Brabanconne,' were played by the orchestra under Sir Frederick Bridge's direction, while all stood. Then followed the 'Requiem,' an interval being made after the 'Sanctus.' No one, save the inevitable few who are nervously fearful of silence, was moved to applaud. All listened with more thought of the meeting of the occasion than of the manner in which the meaning was expressed

"It was in harmony with the traditions of British royalty that the king should choose for his return to public life an occasion which drew together the thoughts out of many hearts and recorded at once their sorrow and their hope. 'Libera me, Domine, de morte aeterna, in die illa tremenda; quando coeli movéndi sunt et terra'; these words with many others from the liturgical text had a more (actual meaning for the huge audience or should we say congregation?) than they have ever borne before.

"At such a moment one has little wish to apply the ordinary standards of criticism to the performance, to give prominence either to individual merits or shortcomings. It is only right, however, to say that the whole was undertaken by Sir Frederick Bridge, the four solo singers, Miss Ruth Vincent, Mme. Kirkby Lunn, Alfred Heather and Robert Radford, the great choir of the Royal Choral Society, and the orchestra, in the same spirit of reverence in which the audience received it."

Good Music Under Fire in the Trenches

The whole line was digging itself in. The Germans were shelling the position heavily; and life itself depended upon digging in. The men worked feverishly, racing death.

Suddenly the trench tools of one party struck on wood. They had found a box—a large box—a very large box. On this site had stood, in the happy days now so long ago, a large chateau. What was this relic of the old world upon which the trench tools of the new had struck? Buried treasure? Yes. The wooden box grew larger and larger, till it revealed itself as a grand piano.

And immediately, German shells or no, someone must needs try it. It was sorely battered; but it sounded. A grand piano which sounded was a prize which the British soldier—brutal mercenary of an unmusical people—was not going to sacrifice for all the shells in Europe. That piano must not be moved. The trench formation must be altered to make room for it, and altered it was. And, tenderly propped upon two legs of its own and a third built up of mud, the piano held the field.

A pianist was called for, and, under the whistling and screaming and crashing of the German shells, the piano showed what it could do. The trenches all about were packed with soldiers. In vain the company officers warned them of snipers, insisted on their taking shelter beneath the parapet. Stand up and listen they would. And the company officers themselves were just as bad. In its palmy days the piano may have had its triumphs, its rapt audiences, in the calm of the chateau; but this was its apogee. And when the time came for the batalion to be relieved, nothing would satisfy the men but the piano must go with them. Now, with a new third leg of wood, it dwells in honor in a safer, drier place somewhere behind the lines.

And what music was it with which the pianist had held the men spellbound, oblivious of danger? "Tipperary"? "Let's all go down the Strand"? "The Little Gray Home in the West"? Not a bit of it. It was music of a kind to which the piano was probably accustomed. It was Debussy. For the moral of this true story is that, whatever music that odd creature, the British soldier, may choose to sing or whistle or mouth-organ on his own account, when it comes to listening he wants the best. Nothing cheaply sentimental or "music-hall" for him. In good music only does he find the qualities that he needs.

This is the common experience at concerts in the Y. M. C. A. huts or elsewhere; the concert parties from home find that their best is the most enjoyed. There is a welcome, of course, for comic turns; and of all comic turns the best liked is the ventriloquist's. Our soldiers love the ventriloquist; and the Indians find an absorbing interest in the doll. How it works, how much it cost, what there is inside, its ancestry, its future—the Indian soldier is never tired of asking questions about the doll. Yet, popular though the ventriloquist may be, the music is the thing—the thing in a way of which the Queen's Hall or even the Sunday League never dreamed.

Men who can get leave come in from miles away, some on trolleys, some on motor-omnibuses, some on traction engines, most of them on foot, trudging perhaps four miles there and four miles back through Flanders mud, for a little music. They arrive caked in mud, wet, weary, unwashed. But before they enter the concert room there is one rite of purification that all perform. In honor of the music, or of the hall, or of the concert party from home, or of himself, or of all together, each man pulls out his pocket knife and scrapes the mud off his boots.

When the concert begins the room is packed. The only reason why there are not more present is the physical impossibility of squeezing a single other human body inside. The windows are taken out and the spaces are filled with the heads of eager listeners. In the bright light the expectant faces, of every type of Briton and Indian, appear framed with the dark background of the night beyond them. All are determined to extract and absorb everything that the program has to offer. And, as the music grips it the audience sways with the rhythm.

In some cases the concert parties are helped by "local" talent. One rest camp can boast a band with bandmaster, violins, 'cello, double bass flute, clarionet, cornet and French horn (but, significantly, there is no drum), all the instruments being gifts from the Y. M. C. A But whoever makes the music, the experience is the same. The best is good enough for the British private soldier. He is weary, and he needs to be interested and lifted up. He wants a tonic, and good music braces him.—London Times, Feb. 2, 1916.

Old Irish Melodies in Flanders

Philip Gibbs in the Daily Chronicle speaks of hearing Irish melodies in Flanders. "The drum and fife band of the Munsters was practising in an old barn on the wayside, and presently, in honor of visitors, who were myself and another, the pipers were sent for. They were five tall lads, who came striding down the street of Flemish cottages, with the windbags under their arms, and then, with the fife men sitting on the straw around them and the drummers standing with their sticks ready, they took their breath for 'the good old Irish tune' demanded by the captain.

"It was a tune which men could not sing very safely in Irish yesterdays, and it held the passion of many rebellious hearts, and the yearning of them.

Oh! Paddy dear, and did you hear the news that's going round?
The Shamrock is forbid by law to grow on Irish ground.

She's the most distressful country that ever yet was seen;
They're hanging men and women there for wearing of the green.

"Then the pipers played the March of O'Neill, a wild old air as shrill and fierce as the spirit of the men who came with their Irish battle-cries against Elizabeth's pike-men and Cromwell's Ironsides.

"I think the lads who still stay back in Ireland, and the old people there, would have been glad to stand with me outside this Flemish barn and to hear the old tunes of their race played by the boys who are out here fighting for them.

"I think they would have wept a little as I saw tears in the eyes of an Irish soldier by my side, for it was the spirit of Ireland herself, with all her poetry, and her valor, and her faith in liberty, which came crying from those pipes, and I wished that the sound of them could carry across the sea."

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Second and last concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, in aid of its Pension Fund. See special notice.

MONDAY—Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Piano recital by Miss Aurora Lacroix. Bach, Chromatic Fantasie and Fugue; Scarlatti, Pastorale; Gossec, Rosine-Gavotte; Beethoven, Sonata, op. 57; Chopin, Preludes, op. 28, Nos. 3, 4, 9, 11, 14, 15, 18, 23, 24, Ballade in F minor; Leudval, Venice-Notturno; Debussy, The Little Shepherdess, The Snow Is Dancing; Hue, Impromptu.

Copley-Plaza, 3 P. M. Miss Frances Nevin will interpret Puccini's "Madama Butterfly." George Copeland, pianist.

TUESDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. John Powell's piano recital. Beethoven, Sonata, A major, op. 2, No. 2; Schumann, Forest Scenes (by request); Mendelssohn, Song Without Words, E major, Scherzo in E minor; Chopin, Nocturne in B minor, Mazurka in A minor, Valse in E minor, Polonaise in A flat; Schubert-Liszt, Soiree de Vienne; Liszt, Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 6.

Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Miss Katharine Kemp Stillings's violin recital. S. C. Colburn, pianist. Tartini, Sonata in G minor; Flocco, Allegro; Mozart, Gavotte; Conus, Concerto in E minor; G. Faure, Berceuse; Arensky, Serenade; Anlin, Waltz Elegy, Gavotte and Musette; Hubay, Two Hungarian Poems, Waltz Paraphrase.

Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Third concert of the Apollo Club, Emil Mollenhauer conductor. Mendelssohn, Rhine Wine Song; MacDowell, Midsummer Clouds; Gibson, A Song to Music (written for the club); Thorn, The Rose and the Gardener; Gerfcke, Chorus of Homage; Abt, Sleep, Thou Wild Rose; Kremser, When the Bird a-Pilf'ring Goes; Dragert, How Lovely! How Fair! Wagner-Seifter, All Praise to God, Mme. Marie Ladue Piersol, soprano of the Bremen Opera, will sing: "Caro Nome" from "Rigoletto," Parker's The Lark Now Leaves His Watry Nest, Leroux's Nile and Horsman's Bird of the Wilderness. Incidental solos by Messrs. Rasely, Viau, Hodson, Snow and Babcock.

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Third and last concert of the Longy Club. Holbrooke, Sextet for flute, oboe, clarinet, horn, bassoon, piano; Reger, Trio, op. 77 B. for flute, violin and viola; Perilhou, Divertissement for two flutes, two oboes, two clarinets, two bassoons, four horns (Conte, Musette, Chasse, Bourree). These members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will assist: Mr. Tak, violin; Mr. Ferir, viola; Messrs. Wendler and Rosch, horns.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M., 17th concert (A) of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Steinert Hall, 8 P. M. Piano recital by Cordelia Ayer Paine. Pieces by Mendelssohn, Schumann, Rachmaninoff, Hahn, Rubinstein, Grunfeld, Chopin.

Symphony Hall, S. P. M., 17th concert (B) of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor. See special notice.

Mch 6. 1916

SYMPHONY GIVES PENSION FUND CONCERT

A large audience attended the Pension fund concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Symphony Hall yesterday. Dr. Muck conducted. A. Wagner program was played, including the following: Overture to "The Flying Dutch-

man" Siegfried Idyl, selections from "Siegfried" and "Gotterdammerung," arranged by Hans Richter; Good Friday music from "Parsifal", selection from "Die Meistersinger," and the overture to "Tannhauser."

The audience was generous of its applause and the orchestra itself showed that it had caught the spirit of the occasion. Wagner's themes, rich in unconventional contrivance, yet most exacting in demands on the wind and reed instruments, suffice to tax the resources of any well-equipped body of players; for the Symphony Orchestra they have slight terrors, since the instruments, some of them ever so infrequently employed, are at hand, and the men behind them are beyond the criticism which might befall less well trained and tried musicians.

The Good Friday music from "Parsifal" was given with all reverence due to the dignity and melodic richness with which Wagner invested it. Even more effective was the selection from "Die Meistersinger," which included the introduction to Act III., the dance of apprentices, and the procession of the Meistersingers. The concluding number, the always popular overture to "Tannhauser," and as familiar to the frequenters of the "Pops" in summer as to the possibly more serious patrons of the mid-winter concerts, was given with admirable spirit.

mch 7 1916

LOU-TELLEGEN

By PHILIP HALE.

Shubert Theatre: First performance in Boston of "A King of Nowhere," a new romantic comedy in three acts (four scenes) by J. and L. du Rocher Macpherson. Produced by the Garrick company.

Godred	Lou-Tellegen
Henry VIII	Sydney Greenstreet
Lord Harry Fitzwalter	Corliss Giles
Sir Dick Denny	Robert Adams
Sir Anthony Fairfax	Cameron Mathews
John Skinner	Charles Rogers
Fenwolf	Galwey Herbert
A Doctor	Armsby Ayers
A Chaplain	Harry Chessman
A Jester	Robert Vivian
Queen Catherine (Parr)	Wilda Mari Moore
Mistress Lettice Plantagenet	Roselle Cooley
Mistress Eleanor Courtenay	Irene Bell
Mistress Phyllis Arundel	Eileen Wilson
The Lady Margaret Silchester	Olive Tell

It can hardly be said that this play is one of historical interest. King Henry VIII., Bluff King Hal, is not Froude's hero, nor is he the monster portrayed by other historians. It is true that the monarch in the play answers one description: "He was of a jovial disposition, and free and easy with his subjects." He might be the ruler of some comic opera country; yet there are times when he is a guilty, remorseful man of melodrama. He fishes in a pond, after the manor of Antony and Cleopatra; he suffers cruelly from the gout; superstition in spite of bravado, he is haunted by Anne Boleyn laughing and Catherine Howard shrieking; he now speaks in Elizabethan phrases, calls an attendant "moon calf," and now is colloquial as any bully of today. He lives up to his reputation for an amorous disposition and pulls the Lady Margaret to his bed—but let not the official censors hold up protesting hands—the ghost of Anne Boleyn laughs mockingly and most opportunely and Lady Margaret is at once released. He makes the condition for saving Godred that Angelo made of Isabella for pardoning Claudio—the old story of which Sardou's "La Tosca" is a variant; but he does not insist upon it, and at the end, admiring Godred, the Celtic Knight, his prisoner of war, because he knows not fear, lets him marry Margaret and the curtain goes down on the lovers embracing, while Godred talks prettily of a future life in islands of the West.

That Godred claimed to be a king, interested King Henry, sadly in need of diversion. The haughty Margaret had thrown flowers to the handsome prisoner. Now Henry had cast his rolling eyes on Margaret, who was loved by Lord Harry Fitzwalter. When Margaret acknowledged that she had pitied Godred, the King laughed in an unpleasantly harsh and grating manner and said he would pardon the prisoner if she would marry him at short notice. Here we recall the story of Gringoire, also Stevenson's tale. Godred will not wed her to save his life, for she does not love him.

Godred is in an unusually spacious dungeon, but there is a bed of straw, and far up in the wall a little window, so we are all reassured. The traditional jailer enters with the traditional lantern—it is an uncommonly handsome one—and he also brings with him the Lady Margaret with the customary cloak for the prisoner's escape. No, no, he will not run away. He is a king. He does not need pity. Margaret swears she loves him. Lord Harry enters. There are wild words. Godred plays on his cowardice, boasts of his evil eye and satanic power. He persuades Margaret to leave the dungeon. Brought before Henry VIII. in the hope that he can drive away the spectres that will not let the monarch sleep, Godred urges him to pray, and incidentally pinks Lord Harry in a duel, while the King and courtiers pat Juba.

All this time Godred displays the upper part of his chest and is poorly clad. In the last scene he wears a Sunday best and receives his reward.

The play is a queer compound of melodrama, comedy, farce; with dialogue that is now bombastic in poetic flights; now affectedly Elizabethan; now rough and tumble in the manner of the present day. Wholly preposterous, the comedy is amusing, and with Mr. Lou-Tellegen as Godred and Mr. Greenstreet as Henry VIII. it will undoubtedly draw many to the Shubert. Indeed, we already see Mr. Lou-Tellegen a matinee idol, one in the long line including Harry Montague, Max Alvary and William Faversham.

Mr. Lou-Tellegen is remembered as a graceful and romantic actor in Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's company. He reminded the audience last night of this engagement in his little speech of thanks. In "A King of Nowhere" he plays here for the first time in English. He is admirably suited to a melodramatically romantic role, for he has a handsome face, a commanding and attractive figure, a gallant bearing, an expressive speech, significant gestures and withal a fine sense of comedy. When he took the Lady Margaret in his arms and held her on high for many minutes without exertion, old theatregoers foresaw crowded matinees.

Mr. Greenstreet played the part of King Henry with genuine humor. That he was farcical was of help to the play. Had he pitched his performance in a higher key the result would have been disastrous, for it is impossible to take the comedy-melodrama or the characters seriously. Miss Tell was a handsome Lady Margaret, alternately and sufficiently haughty and melting.

The ladies and gentlemen of the cast were amusing.

An audience that crowded the theatre gave many demonstrations of their enjoyment.

MISS LA CROIX

By PHILIP HALE.

Miss Aurore La Croix, pianist, gave a recital in Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows: Bach, Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue; Scarlatti, Pastorale; Gossec, Rosine-Gavotte; Beethoven, Sonata Op. 57; Chopin, Preludes Op. 28, Nos. 3, 4, 9, 11, 14, 15, 18, 23, 24, Ballade Op. 52, F-minor; Lendval, Venice-Notturno; Debussy, "The Little Shepherd," "The Snow Is Dancing,"; Hue, Impromptu.

Miss La Croix, a comely young woman, has acquired commendable facility in playing rapid passages with a smooth, even, agreeable and, when necessary, brilliant touch. From her performance yesterday it seemed that her right hand was more developed than her left; that at present there is a lack of balance. Melodic phrases are sung by her, not declaimed. She has a sense of color.

It is to be regretted that her interpretative faculty is not so well developed as her mechanism. Scarlatti's Pastorale was played delightfully, as were a few of Chopin's Preludes, but in the Preludes that require broader treatment and in the Fugue by Bach and the Appassionata Sonata her limitations were clearly exposed.

In Bach's Fantasia, while there was neat velocity, crispness, clearness, there was little conception of the grandeur of the plan. The performance of the Fugue was amateurish, in the contrapuntal treatment and in the general aesthetic expression, while that of the sonata was superficial, and at times, in the desire to be emotional, strangely mannered. And so in other selections there was occasionally a groping after expression, as the introduction of violent and disturbing accentuation in the first of Chopin's preludes on the program.

Miss La Croix has good material with which to work. Whether she is now qualified to play in public important pieces by Bach, Beethoven, Chopin is another question.

An audience of good size applauded. For the first half-hour the pianist and those already seated in the audience were disturbed by late comers. This nuisance is now to be expected at any concert in Jordan Hall. Yet managers could easily put an end to it.

So there's a new book about whalers and whaling. Whenever we see a book of this kind advertised, we read Melville's "Moby Dick" again. And Herman Melville, by the way, had been a whaler when he wrote that strange mixture of information, romance, imagination, mysticism and hysteria—the one great book of the sea.

"Bush" or "Place."

As the World Wags:

A native of the Vermont town producing the finest maple sugar in the world, I protest against the barbarism of "sugar bush" for "sugar place," which has already begun its annual appearance in the public prints. Did anyone ever hear it used in New England north of North Cambridge? "Sugar orchard" may be preferred by the erudite, but "sugar bush" should find favor only in those regions where "woods" are "swamps." CONCORD.

Concord, March 2.

We are not preferring "sugar bush" to "sugar place" when we quote from Cooper's "Pioneers" (1823), chap. xx.: "We will stop and see the 'sugar bush' of Billy Kirby." Mrs. Traill in her book about Canadian backwoods (1836) speaks of sap "having been boiled down in the sugar bush."—Ed.

Combing and Roosters.

As the World Wags:

What is the origin of the phrase "combing a rooster"? The use of that apparatus which we call a comb and associate with a brush seems to me meaningless as applied to roosters. Is there any such thing as de-combing a rooster either in battle or for any special purpose? S. T. W.

Boston, March 2.

Is not the phrase akin to the old "comb one's hair?" in the "Taming of the Shrew" we find "comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool." "Comb your hair" is common for 'keep in order," "take down," "thrash." To comb is also to cut a person's comb, to disable him. There is always the idea of physical or figurative castigation. Here is a curious sentence in John Wallis's "Antiquities of Northumberland" (1769). He is speaking of Wark Castle. "On the west side are the outworks, now called the Kemb, i. e., the camp of the militia, designed to 'Kemb' or fight an enemy; 'Kemb' being a word often used by the borderers when they threaten in a passionate tone to beat an assailant. They will 'kemb' him, i. e., drub him heartily."

Rooster, as every one knows, may be applied to a person as well as a cock. You will find in the Philadelphia Record in 1881 this sentence: "It is not * * * in the nature of things that a rooster in the Legislature should quietly submit to be lectured by a rooster outside of the Legislature." In Egan's "Life in London" (1821) "roosters and the peep-o-day boys were out on a prowl for a spree." In the dignified North American Review (1885) there is mention of "The toughest set of roosters that ever shook the dust of any town." In thieve's slang a "queer rooster" was a man that lodged among thieves to pick up information for the police.

"Slang and its Analogues," says that "rooster," the male of the barndoor hen, is "a euphemism for 'cock'—a word impossible on the lips of any delicate American female." What rubbish! Rooster for cock is known in Scotland, Yorkshire, Surrey, Sussex and Somersetshire. In Hamilton's "Outlaws" we read "our old red rooster sprang on to the wall and crowed bravely." Nor was "roost-cock" uncommon in England **from the beginning of the 17th century.** The word is in Gilbert White's "Selborne."

Richard Grant White disliked the word. "A rooster," he wrote in "Words and their Uses," "is any animal that roosts. Almost all birds are roosters, the hens, of course, as well as the cocks. What sense or delicacy, then, is there in calling the cock of the domestic fowl a rooster, as many people do? The cock is no more a rooster than the hen; and domestic fowls are no more roosters than canary birds or peacocks. Out of this nonsense, however, people must be laughed rather reasoned."

Fuel for Sliding.

As the World Wags:

In the extremely interesting discussion of coasting, or sliding, Ventre-a-terre, or otherwise; an important subject for record has remained unmentioned. Upon what meat did these young Caesars feed before issuing in the morning conquest of the coast. What was the fuel that gave the human engine the force that was vibrant in the warning "Lullah, Lullah?"

Who will sing the praises of the buckwheat cake of yesteryear? It was no product of haste. It required eight or nine hours for the "batter" to "meditate" and "find itself," by the hot stove after the family had gone to bed. The mingled elements became acquainted one with another and with a brood of warlike microbes that continually multiplied. All this happened in a broadnosed cylindrical "yaller" pitcher which was covered with a plate and well wrapped with thick coverings. From 15 to 20 samples of the finished product, with the proper accompaniments, recharged the storage battery of youth until the mid-day meal; unless there were a chance to get into the house before noon.

We trust that the first volume of Mr. Herkimer Johnson's colossal work will cover the letter B for we feel sure that one of his experience and talent must be well able to do justice to Buckwheat, either "cum" or "sine" sassingers (preferably "cum"). RUSE.

N. H., Feb. 29.

Only on Saturday was there sliding down hill soon after breakfast. Sleds were busy as a rule at the noon recess, after school in the afternoon, and after supper.—Ed.

"Rats!"

As the World Wags:

In a recent reply to a correspondent, this department contained a paragraph headed "Rats." It had no reference to feminine head-gear or to timorous members of Congress, but dealt with vernacular terms, expressing incredulity on the part of youth. The implication might seem to be that this word is recent in this usage.

I notice that Arnold Bennett, in the first chapter of "Clayhanger," indicates the use of the word in this way as current in England in 1872. It was in general use here in the middle "eighties." Was it used here as early as 1872?

In connection with this, it may be remarked that De Morgan in "Alice for Short," provides his heroine with a cigarette, which she smokes as though accustomed to it, without fear and without reproach, in 1875 or 1876. Is that a mixing of the Victorian and the Edwardian epochs; or is it? SHAWSHIN.

The Oxford dictionary call "rats" an expression of incredulity or contempt—an Americanism that has made its way in England. The first quotation is from a copy of the Spectator in 1890, and the Spectator then quoted from Puck. The word was used here, surely, before that date.—Ed.

COPLEY THEATRE—The artists of the Theatre Francais d'Amerique presented two plays last night, "Divorcons," Sardou's comedy in three acts, and the one-act war play, "Son Homme," by Michel Carre. M. Beeman and Mlle. Irene Bordoni took the leading parts in "Son Homme." The cast for "Divorcons" was as follows:

Des Prunelles	Claude Benedict
Adhemar de Gratigrian	Georges Renavent
Clavignac	Paul Cerny
Balfourdin	Pierre Mindaist
Commissaire de Police	Georges Saulieu
Bastian	Emile Detramont
Joseph	Henri Verley
Cyprienne des Prunelles	Lillian Greuze
Mme. de Brionne	Simone Revyl
Mme. de Valfontaine	Mado Ditza
Mlle. de Lusignan	Jenny Diska
Josepha	Georgette

M. Bonheur's delightful company improves at each turn. Last night both plays received and fully deserved instant response from an audience somewhat larger than usual. The introduction of Carre's masterpiece, with Mlle. Bordoni in the principal feminine role, came as a surprise, and a most welcome one. "Son Homme" is a war play behind the lines, far from the trenches, but shows with all the vigor of French verse at its best the crucible called war. It has been played something like 250 times in Paris. Little wonder. It is a gem, and none the less valuable for the fact that the French players will repeat it every night this week. Mlle. Bordoni's singing had rare charm, and at times intense emotion.

One instinctively mentions "Son Homme" first because of its relevance to everything connected with the French theatre. Now that artists, musicians, actors, cooks, concierges and apaches are all one big family of brothers in the trenches, now, as "Son Homme" pittiessly tells us, when men forget their wives and sweethearts in the one maddening ardor of battling for country, now, at least, "Son Homme" must take preference over even the rollicking comedy of Sardou.

But it was "Divorcons" that the large audience came prepared to see. And it was "Divorcons" that held everyone in delighted attention during its three all too short acts. That most admirable pair of comedians, Claude Benedict and Mlle. Greuze were never in better mood. Mlle. Greuze, of course, is always herself. She always exhibits the same little mannerisms of speech, the same nervous laugh, the same naivete of expression. But each of these traits is charming, and wholly suited to her chosen parts. Benedict is in every way a polished actor. Last night his conversation over the supper table in the third act showed the finesse of a master. It would have been so easy to spoil, or to exaggerate. M. Benedict did neither. He simply talked with his mouth full when the necessities of eating demanded it. Georges Renavent, as the unfortunate Adhemar, sustained his reputation for playing the imbecile cleverly. The remaining parts were well taken, though they did not call for much effort.

Another surprise for last night's audience came in the shape of an announcement that the engagement of the French artists will be extended one week, beginning March 13. This is particularly gratifying. Boston sees far too little of the clear cut excellence of the French theatre, and apparently it takes Boston some little time to appreciate the unusual opportunity which the presence of the French players gives. The attendance judging from last night, is noticeably better the second week. By the third week it should equal the packed houses in New York. The tribute would be deserved.

MISS NEVIN'S RECITAL

Miss Frances Nevin with George Copeland, pianist, began a series of four interpretative recitals yesterday afternoon at the Copley-Plaza. The subject was Puccini's "Mme. Butterfly."

John Luther Long's version was used, the source from which Puccini's condensed libretto was taken. The recital was divided into three parts, "Mr. B. F. Pinkerton and His Way," "Divine Foolery," and "When the Robins Nest Again." Miss Nevin, with much animation and emotional intensity, read the lines assigned to the personages of the drama, now and again emphasizing the meaning of a theme in the opera. She was fortunate in having the co-operation of Mr.

[illegible], whose delightful playing of [illegible] portions of the opera gave [illegible] while Miss Nevin provided entertainment for those unfamiliar with the [illegible]. There was an audience of good size.

Next Monday afternoon the subject will be Wagner's "Meistersinger." Mr. [illegible] will be the pianist.

McINTYRE AND HEATH RETURN TO KEITH'S

Amuse Crowded House as In Years Gone by.

McIntyre and Heath returned to B. F. Keith's Theatre yesterday after an absence of many years and reappeared in their old characters of Alexander Lew Darbiere and Henry Jones, in "The Georgia Minstrels." Last night the crowded house laughed hysterically at the dialogue of the comedians. Tom Heath was funnier than ever. Mr. McIntyre again made his old job in the livery stable from which he was enticed by the oily tongue of Henry seem like a bed of roses.

One of the greatest dancing acts ever seen at this theatre was the ensemble of W. Horelik, "In the Gypsy Camp." "Mrs. Temple's Telegram" presents the author-actor, William Morris and company. Mr. Morris shows himself a comedian of many parts. Assisting Mr. Morris were Leo Linhard, Florence Norton, Laura Heimlich and Margaret Lewis.

Others on the bill were Josie Heather, assisted by William Casey, Jr., and Bobbie Heather, in a singing and dancing act; Herbert's loop-the-loop and leaping canines; Tony Hunting and Corinne Francis in a singing and dancing act, "Love Blossoms," that got many laughs; the Chief Caupolican, a Chilian Indian, in a monologue and songs, and Wallace Bradley and Nevena Morris in a singing and dancing sketch, "In Loveland."

Mch 8 1916

JOHN POWELL

By PHILIP HALE

John Powell gave his third and last piano recital in Steinert Hall yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Sonata, A major, op. 2, No. 2, Schumann, Forest Scenes (by special request); Mendelssohn, Song Without Words, E major; Scherzo, E minor; Chopin, Prelude, F sharp major; Mazurka, A minor; Valse, E minor; Polonaise, A flat; Schubert-Liszt, Soiree de Vienne; Liszt, Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 6.

Mr. Powell gave a clear and straightforward interpretation of the sonata, which could be played in a different manner, more in miniature, more in the "galant" style. For there is little of the true Beethoven in the music. The composer was not far from P. E. Bach, Mozart and Haydn when he wrote it. The theme of the Largo may well have been inspired by that of the Adagio in a violin sonata by Rust. Beethoven liked it, for it resembles a sketch for the Andante of the Trio op. 97. Nor is the Scherzo a Scherzo in the Beethovian manner. It is practically a minuet.

Schumann's "Forest Scenes" were on the program "by special request." Mr. Powell played them in the appropriately romantic spirit, but few of them are worth playing, either as music without thought of the titles, as impressions of forest scenes, or as expressions of moods inspired by the forest. "Lonely Flowers" has agreeable sentiment, but the music might be called "Reverie" or "First Love." "The Bird as Prophet" is charming and Mr. de Pachmann plays it inimitably. But the other pieces in the group belong to the catalogue of Schumann's weaker, vague, rambling compositions. With the exception of the "Hunting Song" and its obvious horn calls, there is little or nothing to remind one of any forest or woodland scene. Compare the "Haunted Spot," for example, with "The Haunted Forest" in MacDowell's First Suite for orchestra. Leave out any effect of orchestral dress in the latter; the scheme as sketched before instrumentation is more romantic, more picturesque, more fanciful. A definite impression is made on the ear of the hearer. Schumann when he wrote his piano piece was not poetically haunted.

It was a pleasure to hear Mendelssohn's scherzo again, played, as it was, with clear swiftness and the requisite elegance. "Elegance"—for Mendelssohn at his best, like Saint-Saens and Gabriel Faure of the piano pieces, was always and first of all elegant. At his worst, when he was writing to accommodate piano makers and publishers, he was only genteel in a sentimental, wishy-washy way. Perhaps Mr. Powell, when he revisits Boston, and he will always be welcome, will play Mendelssohn's scherzo in F-sharp minor, so curiously neglected by pianists since Hans von Buelow's time.

And it was also a pleasure to hear a prelude and a mazurka by Chopin that are not heard ad nauseam. Neither of them [illegible] in the collection entitled "The Greater Chopin," yet to our mind they are more significant, characteristic, important than pages that are found there. The Prelude is surely one of the most beautiful of the twenty-four. As for the mazurka, did Chopin ever strike a wilder, more hopeless note? The sad attempts at gaiety only increase the fascination of this despair, now sullen, now on the point of shrieking.

Mr. Powell is a pianist to be respected and admired. In emotional music he is sometimes too cool and collected, too careful in weighing and adjusting his effects. One wishes for more abandon, for a more confidential disclosure on the part of the interpreter. But he has a fine musical spirit, a truly artistic nature. Tho simplicity and the modesty of the man enlarge the pleasure of hearing the musician-virtuoso.

MISS STILLINGS AND S. C. COLBURN GIVE CONCERT

Violin and Piano Recital Interests Steinert Hall Audience.

By PHILIP HALE.

Miss Katharine Kemp Stillings, violinist, with Samuel C. Colburn, pianist, gave a concert last evening in Steinert Hall. The program was as follows: Tartini, Sonata, G minor; Fiocco, Allegro; Mozart, Gavotte; Conus, Concerto, E minor; G. Faure, Berceuse; Arensky, Serenade; Aulin, Walzer Elegie, Gavotte and Musette; Hubay, two Poems Hongrois, Walzer Paraphrase.

Julius Conus, the composer of the concerto played last night, born at Moscow in 1869, studied at the Conservatory of that city, was awarded a gold medal and then taught the violin. The concerto is at least a dozen years old. It is not an interesting work except possibly to violinists, coming as it does under the head of "fiddle pieces." There are few ideas, and there is a great amount of passage work; what Artemus Ward in his review of a concerto given by Patti or Piccolomini, for he heard them both, described as "quick fiddling." The themes have little profile, and their development does not hold the attention.

Miss Stillings is a young violinist of undoubted natural gifts and valuable acquirements. Her attack is incisive and brilliant; her tone is agreeable in melodic sentences, full and broad in music of the grand style. Her mechanism is well-rounded and secure; her intonation is pure, although last night her violin was occasionally refractory, but the slight accident that happened as she was about to play the cadenza in the concerto gave opportunity for her to display her aplomb.

She is inclined to be over vigorous, slighting the value of contrasts. Having what is known as "temperament" and authority, perhaps she is somewhat anxious to impress them upon her hearers. She should cultivate the graces, learn to polish, as Mr. Turveydrop would say. For example, her playing of Gabriel Faure's familiar "Berceuse" was too rigid, too square-toed. It may be added in all kindness that greater bodily composure would add to the effect of her performance. Accentuation should not be emphasized by head and shoulders.

There was an interested and friendly audience of good size.

One may eat and drink and sleep and digest, and do the ordinary duties of a man, and have no excuse for sending for a doctor, and yet he may have reason to doubt if his life is as valuable and divine as that of an oyster.

Magazine Note.

Compare this with the characterization of Dr. Parr in the "Noctes Ambrosianae": "Why, all the world knows what he has done—he has drunk a great deal of bad beer, smoked a great deal of bad tobacco, uttered a great deal of bad jokes, and published, thank heaven! not a great deal of dull prose, out-caricaturing the pomposity of Dr. Johnson's first and worst style."

A few pages beyond this the annotator, Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie, has a curious note in which he contrasts the American magazine readers with the English. The former then far out-numbered the latter. Mackenzie speaks of "the most popular periodical in the world, Harper's Magazine, four years established." (This volume of the "Noctes" was published in 1855.) According to him the actual monthly circulation was 130,000. "The monthly expenditure to authors and artists is $2500—a large amount, but three-fourths of its contents are original." Blackwood's then had a circulation of about 9000 a month. The retail price was 60 cents and the trade price 40 cents.

Morrill's Bobs.

As the World Wags:

It seems to devolve on me, though of a later and more trivial generation, to explain the method of sliding known as "doubling up." The first boy—it was a purely masculine method—lay belly bump—the only approved York County, Maine, expression—on one sled and hooked his toes under the sled rope of his comrade's sled, while the comrade aforesaid sat on his sled and braced the soles of his feet against the soles of the first-mentioned belly bumper. This [illegible] and very flexible combination, permitting the use of great skill in the exercise of steersmanship. My cousin owned a white bull-dog, who was a great assistance to gravity, enabling us to cover unusual distances in marvellous time, to the awe and jealousy of our dogless comrades.

There was but one accredited pair of double-runners—the generic term—"Morrill's bobs," specific term. They were an heirloom of the family, but as old lords of the manor permitted the use of their parks as commons in some instances, so did this family allow us to use their bobs almost as a common or public property.

We have now in the Berkshires a damnable invention termed a "jumper"—one runner, curved at the tip, and bearing a single upright with a narrow board for a seat at the top. It is good for short distances only; but—. Having relieved my heart of these thoughts, I trust I can once more sleep of nights, and again attend to the duties of my high but not remunerative office.

SALMONFALLS P. HILL.

North Adams. (Per A. C. H.)

Handicapped.

As the World Wags:

Mr. Paulding, with a distinctive but not difficult surname of two syllables, lacks sympathy for those who simplify their foreign names, but I, who have gone burdened through a rather long life under four alien-sounding syllables, can understand the Italian that calls himself Smith. My colonial ancestors, poor devils in Virginia with a long and odd foreign name, and a fearsome foreign speech, slightly modified the former so that it was less conspicuously alien. It remains still, however, a source of vexation and annoyance. A flippant girl told a remote cousin of mine who retained the name nearly in its original form, that it sounded like a tin-pan falling down stairs. It was profanely caricatured 50 years ago by the political enemies of another relative. When I attempt to transmit it by telephone I am involved in a struggle that renews itself at every syllable. Men who have known me for years misspell it, and insist upon putting in, when they pronounce it, a metallic "n—" that produces rank discord. A shift of accent, instinctive with strangers, makes of a not unmusical collocation of syllables a hideous and undignified cacophony. Shopgirls have insolently advised me to "get an easier one," and as a matter of fact I used as a young man when shopping to employ a simple alias. I do not wish to change my name, because it has been honorably borne by poor but reputable ancestors, and, indeed, because it is unmistakably distinctive, but I understand why Mrs. Impellitterri called herself Impell.

STAT NOMINIS UMBRA.

Brookline, March 4.

Bangor Girls.

As the World Wags:

I have not seen one mode of sliding down hill practised in Bangor in the 1840's referred to in your columns. * * * We had frame sleds and boardsides. We went belly-bunt and knee-bunt. A girl would sometimes sit on the forward part of a sled, while a boy would sit behind steering knee-bunt, that is, sitting sidewise, the right knee bent, and steering with the left foot. But girls would often steer for themselves, one or more on a sled, the forward one steering with her heels. Sitting on frame sleds less snow was taken in by the pantalettes, because these sleds were higher from the ground. But everyday pantalettes were apt to be made of the same woollen stuff as the dresses, and did not get very wet, though we would not have cared if they did.

Sometimes, when the snow was just right for it, which was not often, a board would be drawn down hill, toward nightfall, and to the side of the road in order not to interfere too much with the sled sliders. The track made by the board would then be watered a little and left to freeze over night. The next day if all went well, the board would slip down the prepared track with rapturous swiftness, weighted by boys and girls packed as closely as possible, with feet on the board and knees bent, all grasping the shoulders of those in front of them, except the brave boy who had the post of danger forward. I have seen a little wooden stool, fastened at the end of the board behind, on which sat a boy waving a flag. The girls would have their skirts well tucked under them in order not to impede progress and (quite incidentally) not to ruin their dresses. All would cry out "Clear the lulla" as they skimmed over the ground.

Preston's Hill was more quiet and secluded and less dangerous than some of the other Bangor hills, but a merry throng used to meet there in the winters of the 1840's, and there was glorious sliding. A MINISTER'S DAUGHTER.

APOLLO CLUB GIVES ITS THIRD CONCERT

Mme. Piersol Gives Satisfaction on First Appearance.

The third concert of the Apollo Club of Boston was given at Jordan Hall last night with Emil Mollenhauer as conductor and Mme. Marie Ladue Piersol as assisting artist. It was the first appearance in this city of the prima donna, whose work as a coloratura soprano has been known to music lovers in Europe and in this country, her most recent engagement being with the New York Symphony orchestra at Detroit.

The concert will help toward making the 45th season of the club its most successful one. It was the 230th concert and the last, excepting that to be given April 18, of this season.

A feature was "A Song to Music," written by Archer Gibson, a New York organist, for the club and dedicated to it and Conductor Mollenhauer. Of particular interest to the club members and friends was the singing of W. B. Piersol, an old member of the club, whose fine baritone blended nicely with his wife's voice in the duet "Gondeleria," by Georg Henschel.

Mme. Piersol charmed her audience in her first number, the aria "Caro Nome," from "Rigoletto." Her perfect control and the beautiful delivery of the high E natural in the song showed her to be an accomplished singer. Before the end of the concert she was obliged to respond twice to the appeal of the audience and sang, for encores, the "Gavotte" from "Manon" and the "Lullabye" by Patri.

Assisting at the piano was Frank H. Luker and at the organ Dr. Archibald T. Davison.

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He labors like a whale spouting, his voice is wearisomely monotonous, he does not know when to have done with a subject, oracularly announces perpetual truisms, never hits the nail on the head, and leaves you amazed with all that needless pother.

Portraits for Mr. Johnson.

As the World Wags:

Please let it be known to Mr. Herkimer Johnson and all that read your illuminating column that I am collecting a portrait gallery of "Business Men and Business Beasts," to be made up of current portraits showing local celebrities of the business community in various towns and cities throughout our beloved country, accompanied with biography when such is afforded. A recent show in this town yielded a rich harvest of such portraits. I beg all who are interested in social research to forward to me through Mr. Johnson any such portraits as they may have clipped from the newspapers. When I have made a considerable collection and classified the portraits upon a plan that I am now contriving the whole gallery will be placed at the use of Mr. Johnson, in aid of his vast undertaking, and when it has served his purpose it will be presented to the School of Business Administration (is it not?) at Harvard, by way of incitement and warning to the youths there making ready for active careers.

I am also collecting for publication in a volume, to be entitled "The Foolishness of Preaching," ten thousand gems from the pulpit utterances that appear in Monday's Herald. By the way, what a pity that we cannot have a quatrain from dear old Omar Khayyam expressing his opinion of pulpit wisdom as we have it in Boston!

A SNAPPER UP OF UNCONSIDERED TRIFLES.

Brookline, March 5.

Johnson in Clamport.

As the World Wags:

Thank you, sir, for forwarding to me the letter of "A Snapper up of Unconsidered Trifles." Nearing the end of a long and laborious life, I have come to the conclusion that nothing is trifling and everything should be considered.

This "Snapper up" writes with an acid that is not wholly displeasing to me in Clamport. (I came here for a few days of rest, air and snow and am stopping with Capt. Nickerson. He and the men at the store are in a highly nervous state over the impending war, and say that Hyannisport must be defended at any cost. Long range guns might be advantageously placed on Shoot Flying Hill.)

I thank the Snapper Up for his friendly interest in my colossal work (elephant folio; as yet unfinished), and should like to see his name on the list of subscribers. His idea, however, is not a new one.

Years ago—it was in the late sixties and early seventies—I remember agents going through towns along the Connecticut river soliciting portraits of prominent men of Bumpshire county. Suppose you were a bank president, family doctor, tinsmith, tobacco raiser, what not. The agent came to you and said in a mutton tallow voice: "We have selected you as one of the men we must have for our book of biographical sketches. Although you are living in a small town, you are known throughout the state. Have you never had any political aspirations? No? That's surprising. Please look at this sample portrait of Mr. Jabez Slingerland, the well known merchant at Pumpkin Hollow. Is it not a beautiful specimen of the art? You owe it to your family and your fellow townsmen to have a choice steel engraving of yourself with autograph. We usually charge $250 for one, but wishing to secure your patronage and give character to the book, we'll

[illegible] or, say, $50 with biographical sketch, or for $150 with merely a few facts—birth, birthplace, marriage, with names of wife's parents, present business."

Well do I remember these portraits and biographical sketches. What luxuriant whiskerage! What stubby, inexorable chin beards! This man's face was like a rat's; that one's head ran up to a peak; old Zenas Avery—not a poor speaker in town meeting—was pleasant in the engraving; Marcellus Parsons, the most amiable of shopkeepers, looked like a boarding pirate without a cutlass between his teeth. The really rascally at heart were presented as smiling and philanthropic. And the biographies! There was one of Cephas Graves, who kept a boot and shoe store. "Mr. Graves, one of the most prosperous merchants of the Connecticut valley, was born in the residence he now occupies and has never left the town he honors except by going occasionally to Springfield for business purposes. Immanuel Kant, the great philosopher, did not go more than 15 miles from Koenigsberg and yet he shook the world. It is not too much to say that Mr. Graves, modest and retiring, is a power in the leather industry of not only the commonwealth but of all New England." And this was only a starter.

No, I appreciate warmly the suggestion, but "Man and Beast" will probably not be illustrated. There was a time when a poet was appropriately "made up." Today he is easily mistaken for a note broker. It is not easy to distinguish a lawyer from a shop keeper, a bank president from a man of leisure, or a criminal.

I may go to Washington as chairman of the Barnstable committee for the Defence of Hyannisport. It depends on whether my expenses are paid.

HERKIMER JOHNSON.

Clamport, March 8.

Obadiah Oldbuck.

As the World Wags:

"The Strange Adventures of Obadiah Oldbuck" is the title of a quaint old book that has recently come to my notice. It is a series of woodcuts from grotesque drawings, with verses below each, descriptive of these adventures. The title page is missing, and also every other means of ascertaining when and by whom this interesting old book was issued. Perhaps some of the versatile contributors to your department may be able to enlighten me. I should be most grateful. ANTIQUARY.

Ashfield.

FRENCH COMPANY GIVES FARCE BY GAUVAULT

Last evening the French company at the Copley Theatre presented "Mlle. Josette Ma Femme," a farce in four acts by Gavault, followed by the war sketch "Son Homme," dramatically played by Miss Bordoni and Mr. Berman.

Leading roles in the farce were taken by Miss Greuze, Mr. Benedict and Mr. Faure. Peculiarly Gallic in theme and dialogue the piece is diverting, though loosely constructed. It will be repeated this evening.

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LONGY CLUB GIVES ITS FINAL CONCERT OF SEASON

Pleases Good-Sized Audience in Jordan Hall.

The Longy Club gave its third and last concert of the season at Jordan Hall last evening. The assisting artists were Eduard Tak, violin; Emil Ferir, viola; G. Wendler, horn; A. Resch, horn. The program was as follows: Holbrooke, Sextet, No. 3, op. 33; Reger, Trio, op. 77 b, for flute, violin and viola; Perilhou, divertissement.

Holbrooke's Sextet was performed last evening for the first time in Boston. The composer was born in England in 1878. He is best known here by his "Queen Mab," played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra three years ago. A protege of Lord Howard de Walden, he has written two or three operas, much chamber music, important choral works, many orchestral pieces, some in illustration of Poe's "The Raven," "Ulalume," "Masque of the Red Death" and "The Bells." His ballet-opera written for Mme. Pavlowa was not performed by her though he came to this country to superintend rehearsals.

The sextet for wind instruments is a prize composition. Yet it is uninspired music. The three movements are all of generous length. The first is pastoral in character, the second of a melancholy contemplative nature, in the third there is an attempt at playfulness, a display of obvious humor, reminiscent of Sir Edward Elgar in a facetious moment. Undoubtedly the composer has written cunningly for his instruments. There are opportunities for many exhibitions of virtuosity, but the work as a whole lacks distinction, originality, melodic richness.

Reger's Trio with its interesting combination of flute, violin and viola, also played for the first time at these concerts, was amiable and vivacious, written without the [illegible] of impressiveness. This music was [illegible] with a pleasing flavor of the folk song.

Perilhou of Toulouse, an organist in Paris, studied with Saint-Saens. His music is agreeable, spontaneous.

The club was brilliant in ensemble while the Trio was played with the utmost skill by Messrs. Tak, Ferir and Maquarre. An audience of good size was appreciative.

ACTORS' FUND

A large audience crowded the Hollis Street Theatre yesterday afternoon at the annual benefit in aid of the Actors' Fund of America. Programs and flowers sold throughout the afternoon served to increase the amount realized for this worthy charity which was estimated at about $3600.

MANY PLAYERS ON PROGRAM.

Leading theatres were well represented. The long program began with the commissaire scene from "The Circus Girl," given with much animation by John Craig and members of his Players.

George MacFarlane pleased with songs and stories. He was followed by the Misses Weston and Leon; Merlin, a talkative card magician; Sandy Shaw, Scotch comedian, and Miss Josie Heather in respective musical and comic specialties.

Charles Ruggles and Harrison Ford appeared in a sketch, "The House of Russell," by J. R. Froome, Jr., and Charles Ruggles. Young Carl Richter of the firm has appropriated a large sum of money. The theft is discovered. His friend, Kent Russell, seeks to protect him from the paternal wrath, but Carl shoots himself as he informs young Russell that he stole the money for his mother and that they are brothers. A grotesque anti-climax is provided by the entrance of a scene shifter, who remarks: "Are you guys going to rehearse all day? We want this room."

Blanche Bates Gives Advice.

A feature of the program was Miss Blanche Bates in "A Heart to Heart Talk with Women." The smiling actress assured the audience that though a mother for only three years, this is the finest thing she has done. She deplored the feminist's appeal that women should "go out into the world to do great things," to devote themselves to one cause or another. Instead she urged women not to forget that theirs is the gift to people the world and theirs the duty to maintain sweetness and beauty in every day life.

Henry Miller and Miss Ruth Chatterton appeared in Clyde Fitch's "Frederic Lemaitre" the story of pretty Madelaine Fleury who longed for a career on the stage but after a visit to the famous actor and a comparison of her inability and his art returned to wed her honest and adoring Francois.

William Hodge regretted that he had not been allowed to present his trapeze act but had been asked instead to "speak a piece." He recited James Whitcomb Riley's verses about the farmer and the robin and "Thoughts for a Rainy Day."

Chief Caupolican, a versatile Indian with a fine sonorous voice, sang in French, English and Italian.

Lou-Tellegen, stalwart, fervent and romantic, presented with Miss Olive Tell and Corliss Giles, the second act of "A King of Nowhere," the dungeon scene during which as Godred the Celtic Knight he defies Lord Fitzwalter's wrath and woos the lonely lady Margaret.

Miss Hazel Dox, Miss Georgie O'Ramey and other members of "Around the Map" company also pleased in songs and dancing.

There was hearty applause for all the contributing players.

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17TH SYMPHONY

By PHILIP HALE.

The 17th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Sibelius, Symphony No. 2, D major; Beethoven, Overture to "Coriolanus"; Stojowski, Piano Concerto No. 3. Mr. Paderewski was the pianist.

When Mr. Gericke produced this symphony of Sibelius 12 years ago, the music was unintelligible to many in the audience, who could say only this: It was depressing. The composer was classed with Dismal Jemmy. The symphony was not heard again for nearly six years. Dr. Muck had not put it on a program before yesterday. It probably appealed to him as it did to Mr. Fiedler before him.

The music was undoubtedly effective yesterday, but the applause was incited chiefly by the sonorous close. The constant repetition of a short theme with ever increasing force excited the nerves of the hearers. Nearly every "apotheosis," provided it be broad and vigorous—not to say screaming—will put the hearers in a state [illegible] they too are eager to make a joyful noise.

The symphony as a whole is a strange work, which in purely musical quality and in dramatic expression, falls below the first symphony of this composer. The themes of the first two movements are vague; they are short walls, or snorts of defiance. The treatment of them is episodic. The Scherzo has more sustained interest and the Finale to which it is joined without a pause is, as we have said, effective, mainly by reason of repetition and the long crescendo.

Here and there are passages of wild beauty and imposing strength, but they are separated by others that are not interesting. The instrumentation is too often thick and muddy. Where the musical thought is clothed in becoming and picturesque orchestral dress Sibelius has a trick of introducing instruments, especially the brass, which are incongruous, damaging to the established mood, and without a really striking contrast. It is as if a garment of garish or vulgar color where suddenly added to those in quiet taste.

Mr. Stojowski's concerto was played for the first time in Boston. Performed for the first time in London in 1913, when the composer was the pianist, it was played by Mr. Stojowski in New York a year ago, and by Mr. Paderewski in New York last week.

It had been announced that Mr. Paderewski at the concert yesterday would play this concerto, also Schumann's, which he has never played, at a subscription concert of the orchestra in Boston. The disappointment was keen. The two concertos, however, would have made the program unreasonably long. Mr. Paderewski preferred, then, to do honor to his fellow-countryman.

Stojowski's concerto has many pages that at once win favor. It is tuneful; the themes are easily grasped; the Scherzo is vivacious and a free use of pulsatile instruments keeps the attention alert. The Prologue is really a first movement. It is, on the whole, the best constructed and the most expressive. The Scherzo contains much that is only agreeable tinkling, but the swiftness, a certain grace, and a sparkling instrumental dress insure immediate popularity. The Finale is a theme with variations. Like nearly all composers who employ the variation form, Mr. Stojowski has no mercy on the endurance of his hearers. If the number in this concerto were reduced to one-half, the whole effect would be greater. There are pleasing pages; there are some that have genuine beauty; others show merely toil and trouble.

It is needless to say that Mr. Paderewski, who was warmly greeted, played the concerto con amore, bestowing on the work of his fellow-countryman the care and attention that he would give to that of any "classic" composer. He brought out all that was inherently fine, and pages that were less interesting had for the moment an excuse for their existence. Fortunate composer, to have such a pianist, such a conductor and such an orchestra to introduce an unfamiliar work before an audience not personally acquainted with him! Stojowski was led upon the stage by Mr. Paderewski, and they, with Dr. Muck, bowed repeatedly. The audience insisted on Mr. Paderewski playing for it after the concert was at an end.

This concert will be repeated tonight. There will be none next week. The program for March 24 and 25 will be as follows: Goetz, overture "Spring"; Volkmann, Concerto in A-minor for 'cello (Mr. Warnke, 'cellist); Hill, symphonic poem, "The Parting of Lancelot and Guinevere" (first time here); Mendelssohn, "Italian" Symphony.

The Herald, first recording the death of Sir Clements Markham, later published the fact that shock from a fire in his house killed the old man. It now appears from the coroner's inquest that Sir Clementa set his nightshirt on fire while he was reading in bed. He was in the habit of reading by candlelight, holding a book in one hand and a silver candlestick in the other. This candlestick, the lady's maid said, had been a favorite of his for many years. It would seem that in these days of electrical conveniences Sir Clements would have had an electric light rigged by his bed, but he was probably a conservative and had little relish for newfangled notions.

No one at the inquest mentioned the title of the book. Tennyson was found with the play of "Cymbeline" open before him. Whatever the book, we may be sure that Sir Clements was not reading any one of Sir Richard F. Burton's, not even "The Thousand Nights and a Night," for Burton had more than once violently freed his mind concerning Sir Clements as an explorer and an editor.

"Aguecheek's" Age.

As the World Wags:

When I spoke in a former communication of there being internal evidence that certain of the "Aguecheek" papers were written by an older man than Fairbanks, I had reference to such passages as the following from "Boyhood and Boys": "What jolly times we used to have artillery election? How good the egg-pop used to taste, in spite of the dust of Park street, which mingled itself liberally with the nutmeg! . . . Newspapers were not a common luxury in those times and yet I well remember the effect produced upon my mind one threatening afternoon, near the close of the last century"—he refers to the 18th—"by the announcement of the death of George Washington." And again: "When some slow tub of a packet had crossed the ocean, bringing news, . . . how eagerly I followed the rapid fortunes of the first Napoleon!" Of course, if "Aguecheek" died in 1859, at the age of 32, he could not have had this experience. "M. I. W." clears up the mystery when she quotes from an obituary that the author, whom she knew well, assumed in his writings the character of an elderly gentleman, and that "the assumption of age was admirably sustained throughout." Many readers of Mr. Ryan's reminiscences will envy him his acquaintance with "Aguecheek," whose essay on "The Old Corner"—the northerly corner of Washington and School streets—is full of interest to lovers of Boston as it used to be. It was here that Hugh Greville Barmeside, Esq., that staunch old Tory, entertained his friends before the revolution, making the fatal mistake, when the crisis came, of being loyal to a muddle-headed king and an obstinate, fat-witted minister, both of them stubbornly opposed to the spirit of the principles fought for by Englishmen long before the days of Magna Charta. History is again up to its old tricks of repeating itself, only on a far greater scale than ever. J. W.

West Roxbury.

The Bed of Ware.

As the World Wags:

May I beg for a bit of information concerning "The great bed of Ware" to which Shakespeare refers in "Twelfth Night," Act III., scene 2? The most I am able to learn of it is that it is now in Rye House near London and is twelve feet square, which in itself seems to me quite sufficient excuse for desiring further knowledge as to its origin, past and present ownership, history, etc.

POLLY PEEKER.

Boston, March 5.

Richard Grant White in his notes to the comedy says that this bed was 10 feet 9 inches in length by 10 feet and 9 inches in breadth. It was the "ideal, monumental English four poster." "Its roof, sides and cornice were decorated by a profusion of Arabesque carvings, and pedestals, pillars, and arches entered into the composition of the lower part of its posts. It was planned, erected and consecrated to the god of Sleep in the reign of Queen Elizabeth and was destroyed only within the present (19th) century. The name of its founder and its architect have not survived." Other say it was 7 feet 6 inches in height. The bed was mentioned by a German prince traveling in England in 1596. He said four couples could sleep in it. The bed was sold at auction in September, 1864, for 100 guineas. There is a picture of it in the seventh volume of Halliwell's Shakespeare. Baedeker's "London" (1911) says that the bed is at Rye House, so White was grievously in error.—Ed.

Snowballing.

As the World Wags:

Reading the many dissertations on sliding and coasting in days that have passed which have appeared in your fount of curious information and reminiscences, the reference of one of your correspondents to coasting on Boston Common recalls to my memory the many pitched snowball battles that were indulged in on Boston Common by rival school gatherings on Saturdays during the snowy period. Each side had its appointed leaders, and the encounters were carried on in dashing military manner. Occasionally a truce would be called when sundry innocent-appearing snowballs were found to contain particles of bricks, stones and such like, and then there was parleying and wrangling just like today with the European combatants and their protests of dumdum bullets, poison gases, submarines, etc. I was too small at the time to take part in these affairs and did not dare to venture too near the battlefield, so I am rather hazy as to fuller details. These encounters were, I believe, between the Quincy and Brimmer school contingents. No doubt there are some among your readers who took part and who could enlighten us further on the subject.

Roxbury, March 4. M. E. S.

AUTHOR! AUTHOR!

As the World Wags:

Will some one give the verses that follow these, which I quote from memory, or at least tell me where the poem may be found?

Arlington. J. E. B.

The eighth day of March told a terrible story,
The sky it was clear and bright shone the sun.
When the Cumberland's bugle sounded a warning
And told every seaman to stand by his gun.
An ironclad frigate down on us came bearing
And high in the air she the rebel flag flew—
That pennant of treason she proudly was wearing
Determined to conquer the Cumberland's crew.

ARSENE LUPIN GIVEN BY FRENCH PLAYERS AT COPLEY

"Arsene Lupin," arch-detective play and super thriller, was presented before a large and enthusiastic audience at the Copley Theatre by the Theatre Francais Moliere last night. The play was admirably acted. Throughout the situations were tense and convincing.

Roger Lecman as the duke played the part with the coolness and sangfroid of William Gillette in his palmiest days, while M. Benedict as his rival, the detective Guerchard, made a full worthy antagonist. Yvonne Garrick as Sonia, the heroine, was charming and resourceful. Raymond Faure impersonated a typical French commissaire of police, while Georges Renavant, whom the Theatre Français audiences have been accustomed to see in young man parts, startled them by appearing with sideboards and silk tile as the judge.

Between the acts M. Lucien Bonheur, the director, made a little curtain speech, announcing that the engagement would be extended another week in any event, and that if the audiences continued as large as last night, it might be extended several weeks.

There is open, therefore, to Bostonians, a splendid opportunity to aid the cause of art, to give encouragement to the visiting troupe from France now in our midst, to improve their French by hearing the language most excellently spoken, and incidentally to procure for themselves a good afternoon and evening's entertainment.

"Arsene Lupin," which will be repeated tonight Monday and Tuesday evenings, as well as Tuesday matinee, is a play that should interest grown-ups as well as children. It is ...

MISS PAINE OF

By PHILIP HALE.

Miss Cordelia Ayer Paine gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. Her program was as follows: Mendelssohn, Serious Variations; Schumann, Sonata in G minor; Rachmaninoff, Serenade; Hahn, Bacchante Endormie; Rubinstein, miniature op. 93; Gruenfeld, Tarantelle; Chopin, Mazurka B flat major, Preludes Nos. 1, 7, 20, 23, 24; Nocturne B major; Etudes in G sharp minor and C minor.

Miss Paine, we are informed, came to this city from Duluth. Her program was of a romantic nature, but her performance was matter-of-fact, the performance of a conscientious, hard-working student of the piano, who has considered matters of technic rather than interpretation. Miss Paine was not always letter-perfect yesterday; witness her playing of the last in the group of Chopin's Preludes, but slips of this kind can be easily ignored if there are abundant evidences of romantic feeling, a convincing or persuading appeal, tenderness, fire.

It is now time for Miss Paine to cultivate a more agreeable touch, to sing melodic phrases, to acquire a greater variety of tonal expression. Her performance is now lacking in delicacy, in polish; in a word, in style. An honest playing of notes as they are written, is not enough. Gruenfeld's Tarantelle calls for more sparkling elegance than was shown, although in the middle section of it Miss Paine played with more sentiment than earlier in the program when the music made greater demand for it.

Hahn's "Bacchante Endormie" was unfamiliar. It is a curious trifle, suggesting that the Bacchante is in a sodden slumber, flushed, and with her mouth open. A lighter, more impressionistic treatment of the music might reveal her in a more enchanting light.

An audience of fair size applauded the pianist warmly.

BENEFIT GIVEN FOR THE MARY YOUNG CRAIG FUND

Performance at Castle Square for French-Belgian Children.

A benefit was given yesterday morning at the Castle Square Theatre for the Mary Young Craig French-Belgian relief fund for destitute children.

The program included Auber's "Crown Diamonds" Overture and Handel's Largo, played by an orchestra furnished by the Boston Musicians Protective Association, conducted by T. M. Carter, singing by the Emmanuel choir, under the direction of W. Lynnwood Farnam, pieces by the Hecker 'Cello Quartet, and the first performance in Boston of "The Terrible Meek," a one-act play by Charles Rann Kennedy, with Mrs. Mary Young Craig, John Craig and W. Graydon Stetson.

Two men, a captain, a soldier and a woman are on the dimly lighted stage. The talk between the men discloses they had but a short time before hung a man, that the man was the woman's son and that she had thrown herself at the foot of the gallows. Neither captain nor soldier understood why the man should have been condemned to death. In hanging him they had simply carried out orders. In a vague way they believe that he was being executed for making what the authorities considered seditious speeches, but during the time he had been their prisoner they had been impressed with his gentle speech and manner. The captain feels as if he had committed murder.

When the soldier has gone the sorrowing woman tells the story of her son, which is the story of the life of Christ set in the present day and told by a mother who, though she did not understand him, dearly loved her son. When she mourns his death the captain protests that her son lives, that he will live on through his words and example of meekness and lowliness that he is the "terrible meek" through whose life and death peace shall come to the world, wars cease and the brotherhood of man be established upon earth.

At the close there is the vision of the crucified Christ, the woman in the garb of Mary, the captain as the Centurion and the soldier as a Roman legionary.

There was an interested audience of good size.

The Harvard Delta Upsilon Chapter will perform the Second Part of "Henry IV." by Shakespeare at the Castle Square Theatre tomorrow evening, Tuesday evening and Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. Forrest Izzard contributed interesting notes about previous performances of this play to the Harvard Illustrated of February. As far as can be ascertained, he says, there have been in the United States only two productions in its complete form. The first was at Philadelphia in 1804, the year of John Kemble's revival of it in London. Mr. Izzard quotes from William B. Wood's "Personal Recollections": "'The Second Part of Henry IV.' was got up for the first time in America, and Warren William Warren, Sr. (the father of William Warren of the Boston Museum) at once acquired the high reputation which he afterward possessed as Falstaff. The play, however, never became a favorite, chiefly from the want of a prominent female character; an objection to lady audiences, who rarely do either of the three Falstaff plays the favor of their patronage." Mr. Izzard adds: "Wood here, of course, puts his finger on one good reason for the choice of the play by Delta Upsilon—not, that is to say, that ladies are by any means expected to absent themselves, but the conditions of the revival are to be genuinely Elizabethan to the extent that veritable Harvard undergraduates, and not representatives of the Radcliffe sisterhood, are to essay Dame Quickly and Doll Tearsheet; and these tavern women are a little more within the grasp of our Harvard 'boy actresses' than would be Lady Macbeth or Beatrice!"

The second production of the play in the United States was at the Park Theatre in New York, Feb. 4, 1822 (Macready had revived the play in 1821 for the coronation of George IV.). Mr. Izzard says that in the production at the Park Theatre, New York, no actor of particular note was concerned, and the run was not a long one. "The play terminated not with the end of its own fifth act, but with the 'coronation scene,' that seems to have become in England a conventional accretion to the action, and something more than merely the last scene of the play as Shakespeare wrote it. Thus Macready indicates not only that the 'pageantry' was an accepted part of the play, but admits that it was the raison d'etre of the Drury Lane production. And when the play was put on in New York in 1822, soon after the coronation of George IV. and the resulting Drury Lane revival, a writer in the New York Evening Post wrote thus of the occasion: 'Last evening we were present at the most magnificent spectacle that our theatre or any other in this country has ever exhibited. It was beyond description. . . . The entertainment commenced with a curtailed representation (would that it had been curtailed far more) of Shakespeare's play of the "Second Part of Henry IV." . . . 'The play being hurried over by about 9 (and we hope it will not detain us so long again), the preparations for the grand exhibition were heard behind the curtain.' Poor scribe, having to stay in the theatre until 9 to see the end of the play! (It began at 6:30)."

The Henry IV. plays have been roughly handled. The two parts have been telescoped for the entertainment of an evening. "In Germany," as Mr. Izzard notes, "they have at times treated the plays more intelligently and reverently by giving the two parts on successive nights. Another happy thought of our adapters was to extract the comic scenes and join them up as one play in the evening's bill. This was the case with James H. Hackett, who was one of the best of Falstaffs, but whose only identification with the second part—at least in America—seems to have been his appearance, in 1841, in a more or less garbled version called 'Scenes from the Second Part of Henry IV.' In the cast of characters none of those identified with the historical half of the play appears. Though we are here chiefly concerned with the American data on the second part, one further curiosity in its stage history may be noted. In the spring of 1853, Samuel Phelps produced the play at Sadler's Wells, and made the singular experiment of 'doubling' the king and Justice Shallow, 'the regal and paternal king,' according to his biographer, 'being as broadly and grandly defined and personated as was the fatuous and senile justice.'"

Mr. Izzard makes no mention of a singular production at the Porte-Saint-Martin Theatre, Paris, on Jan. 28, 1904, a "Falstaff" in verse and in five acts by Jacques Richepin, a son of Jean Richepin. He took scenes from "Henry IV." and "The Merry Wives of Windsor." Falstaff is seen at first examining the recruits for the war. Then in the forest Prince Henry, the Fenton of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," runs off with the daughter of "Judge Page," while Falstaff shows amazing cowardice. There follow an orgy at the Boar's Head and a love scene between Prince Henry, now sober, and the pure young girl. The scene of the basket of foul linen follows, and Falstaff sings to "Mistress Gue" the song "When I was Page to the Duke of Norfolk." Henry tries on the crown and is surprised by his father. At last there is a gathering beneath the oak; the merry wives play their last jest on Falstaff; the Prince says a touching farewell to "his little friend Anna" and Falstaff with his gay companions is banished by the new king. A critic spoke of this piece as "adroit and ingenious." Paul Clerget played Falstaff with "picturesque bonhomie."

Samuel Phelps, mentioned by Mr. Izzard as playing both Shallow and the King in 1853, did the same thing in October, 1864, at Drury Lane. Mr. Henry Morley then wrote that Phelps made Justice Shallow anything but a merely comic character. "Comic upon the surface, it is at the core terribly earnest, and was meant, with a profound seriousness under the jest, as a picture of grey hairs without honor, age looking back to a false heaven of youthful lusts that in its imbecile youth it had ill realized, instead of forward to the well-earned rest, and downward to the open grave before its feet. There is nothing more sternly earnest in Shakespeare, and more tragic in its undertone than the dialogue between Shallow and Silence at the beginning of the second scene of the third act, and so Mr. Phelps feels it, as his acting shows. We have in this play the unhonored age of two old men, Shallow and Falstaff; with these men on one side of him and the venerable chief justice on the other, Henry the Fifth speaks his closing speech, that begins:

> I know thee not, old man; fall to thy prayers;
> How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!"

Mr. Morley adds: "There is a particular contrast between the unhonored poverty of wit and soul in the old Shallow and the premature decay of the King weighted with mighty care for earthly dignities that makes the representation of the two characters by one competent actor fully possessed with their significance a source of true artistic pleasure."

The remarks about Shallow and Silence remembering "the false heaven of youthful lusts" bring to mind the cynical ending of Flaubert's "Education Sentimentale," when Frederic and Deslauriers, both youngsters, used to visit secretly and timidly the ill-famed house kept by Zoraide Turc. Late in life, thoroughly disillusionized, they chattered about their young days and agreed that these visits were on the whole the best they had had from life.

"Why has the second part of "Henry IV." been so neglected in this country?

Mr. Izzard does not think that Wood's theory as to the female characters accounts for it. "One would not call the first part of 'Henry IV.' brilliently superior—if at all—to the second part; yet the first part has been many times performed, in America, for the first time as early as 1762 and as recently as 1895, when Julia Marlowe injudiciously attempted Prince Hal to Robert Taber's Hotspur. Although in England, too, the first part has always been more favored (it was brought out in 1914 as a stimulus to recruiting), the second part has come to light on various occasions, its most recent appearances being in Louis Calvert's revival of 1898, and in a performance in the Memorial Theatre in Stratford, April 29, 1910. The most notable production of the play within living memory, however, was unquestionably that of Reinhardt, in Berlin, in 1912. Aided by the use of a revolving stage, by the simple and vivid settings and lighting that Reinhardt did so much to introduce to the world, by remarkable impersonations of Falstaff and Prince Hal, and by the appreciative interest of his public, the great producer revealed unrealized beauties in the play."

Mr. Towse in the portion of his reminiscences published in the New York Evening Post of March 4, reviewing the career of Miss Marlowe and that of Mr. Sothern, mentions the performance of the first part of "Henry IV." by Hackett. He speaks of this ... of Hackett's Falstaff "Which though a touch ... was really racy, unctuous, and vital, with the right, all-round flavor and something of the rumbling resonance of speech and laughter naturally associated with the girth of this unwieldy and jovial old profligate. It put all recent impersonations of the character completely in the shade and undoubtedly was the best in this part of the world since Hackett's. Theatrical fate has seldom been more ironical than in condemning a creation of this value to pass almost unnoticed in a representation otherwise incapable and irreverent."

Richard Ordynski, who worked with Reinhardt and is at present stage director for the Hackett Shakespearian productions, will have charge of the Delta Upsilon revival this week. Performances in Worcester, Northampton, New York and Providence will follow.

Coleridge, putting the two parts of "Henry IV." in "the third epoch" of Shakespeare, "the negative period of his perfection," has little to say about "Henry IV." The few notes are chiefly concerned with verbal criticism. Witness this one about Doll Tear-street: "I am sometimes disposed to think that this respectable young lady's name is a very old corruption for Tear-street—street walker, terere stratam (viam). Does not the prince's question rather show this? "This Doll Tear-street should be some road?"

The brilliant essay of Hazlitt is known to all. "Falstaff would not be in character, if he were not so fat as he is; for there is the greatest keeping in the boundless luxury of his imagination and the pampered self-indulgence of his physical appetites. He manures and nourishes his mind with jests, as he does his body with sack and sugar. He carves out his jokes, as he would a capon or a haunch of venison, where there is cut and come again; and pours out upon them the oil of gladness. His tongue drops fatness, and in the chambers of his brain, 'it snows of meat and drink.' He keeps up perpetual holiday and open house, and we live with him in a round of invitations to a rump and a dozen. Yet we are not to suppose that he was a mere sensualist. All this is as much in imagination as in reality. . . . He is represented as a liar, a braggart, a coward, a glutton, etc., and yet we are not offended but delighted with him; for he is all these as much to amuse others as to gratify himself. He openly assumes all these characters to show the humorous part of them. The unrestrained indulgence of his own case, appetites and convenience has neither malice nor hypocrisy in it. In a word, he is an actor in himself almost as much as upon the stage, and we no more object to the character of Falstaff in a moral point of view than we should think of bringing an excellent comedian who should represent him to the life before one of the police offices. . . . The truth is, that we never could forgive the prince's treatment of Falstaff. . . . To the readers of poetry at present Falstaff is the better man of the two."

Compare with this the equally brilliant and subtler essay of William Maginn with these lines as a motto:

> For those who read aright are well aware
> That Jaques, sighing in the forest green,
> Oft on his heart felt less the load of care
> Than Falstaff, revelling his rough mates between.

According to Maginn, the Henry of Shakespeare is subject and vassal of Falstaff. "He is bound by the necromancy of genius to the 'white-bearded Satan, who he feels is leading him to perdition." For this reason the prince when king, sent him to the fleet and at last banished him. "Henry thought it necessary that the walls of a prison should separate him from the seducing influence of one than whom he knew many a better man, but none whom it was so hard to miss." Maginn thought of Falstaff as a dissipated man of rank with great wit who had played his cards badly. Other and inferior men had been advanced. As he grew old he grew bitter. "Neglect, forgotten friendships, services overlooked, shared pleasures unremembered, and fair occasions gone forever by, haunt him." Maginn even denied that he was a glutton. He observes that he is never represented as drunk or even affected by wine. No home for him; "he must always be a dweller in clubs and taverns, a perpetual diner-out at gentlemen's parties, or a frequenter of haunts where he will not be disturbed by the presence of ladies of condition or character." He never laughs, he jests with a sad brow; the wit is from the head, not the heart. His main business is to get through the day. Some difficulties he meets, some he avoids; "he shuns those who ask him for money, seeks those from whom he may obtain it; lounges here, bustles there; talks, drinks, jokes, schemes; and at last his foe is slain, when light and its troubles departs. . . . He rises before me as an elderly and very corpulent gentleman, dressed like other military men of the time (of Elizabeth, observe, not Henry), yellow cheeked, white bearded, double-chinned, with a good humored but grave expression of countenance, sensuality in the lower features of his face, high intellect in the upper."

But Falstaff and the prince are not by any means the only characters in the second part. There are Shallow and

...the country justice, Pistol and Bardolph are never more delightful elsewhere, there are Hostess Quickly and fair Mistress Doll; nor are there nobler dames than Lady Northumberland and Lady Percy. Are the sleepless King and the lord chief justice merely conventional stage characters?

We have just received a copy of "Homage to Shakespere," various essays by John Postgate, which are reprinted from the Pittsburgh Post. One of these essays—we shall discuss the book later in the month—is a study of Sir John Falstaff as "the high priest of sack." Mr. Postgate finds it a remarkable fact that among all the topers of Shakespeare, Sir John is the only one that earnesly recommends wine and wassail; and this praise is really censure, if theatregoers would consider the direct cause of his conduct. "The eulogium is put in the mouth of a drunken braggart who is totally lacking in the very qualities which, according to his proclaimed philosophy, should spring from his own deep and thick potations." Mr. Postgate believes that while some individual may have suggested the outline of the character, "its rounding out was, in all probability, a composite picture of several notorious topers of Elizabeth's London—an epitome of the vagaries of human nature when thoroughly drenched in drink. At any rate, this theory becomes fairly tenable if we accept the suggestion that Shakespeare had a well defined moral purpose in view when he placed Sir John Falstaff on the stage. * * * Perhaps after all his surname was expressly selected to show that a hulk of vice, cowardice and chicanery is a false-staff for heroic days. Dramatists played upon names in the Elizabethan era, and Shakespeare had a deplorable trick of punning, even on occasions of great pith and moment."

Mr. Postgate, in other essays, dilates on the evil effects of drink as shown in Shakespeare's plays. He cites the case of Cassio, that of Claudius in "Hamlet." He believes that Lady Macbeth took a stiff drink to fortify herself, that her husband was a lusty toper. Then there is Mark Antony, and Mr. Postgate is of the opinion that when Antony was troubled by "black vespers' pageants," he was in reality suffering from the jim-jams. And how about Caliban? It looks as if Mr. Postgate finds some of Shakespeare's plays to be, first of all, zealous prohibition tracts. By the way, in his final essay he brings forward evidence to prove that Sir Walter Raleigh has a better title than Bacon to authorship of "Shakespeare."

While we are speaking of Shakespeare, let us consider an article written by the Paris correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph, published in that journal, Feb. 19.

"How About Shakespeare" is the title the writer himself uses. He is a well known French literary and dramatic critic, M. Paul Souday, who has, in the face of opposition from Saint-Saens and others, taken up the cudgels for Wagner since the war. 'How about Shakespeare?' he now pertinently asks. 'Wagner was born in enemy country, but Shakespeare is the greatest man whom a friendly and allied nation has produced. There may be reasons for not playing Wagner, but the same reasons should make us play Shakespeare. Logically the feeling we have against everything that comes from the nations whom we are fighting should endear to us all that comes from the nations which help us. Nevertheless, while no Wagner has been played for over 18 months in Paris, no Shakespeare has been played, either.

'Not a play of his has been, since the war, performed at the Comedie Francaise or the Odeon. Not even for the sake of paying a compliment to England in this period of history, which may be well called an Anglo-French epoch, have our managers overcome the secret repugnance which most of our theatrical people feel against the 'great Will.' This year, 1916, will be that of the third centenary of Shakespeare's death. The Comedie Francaise has thought it proper not to ignore the anniversary, but promises only revivals of a 'Hamlet,' by Dumas pere, and adaptations of 'Taming the Shrew' and 'Othello.' Yet there are at least 20 plays of Shakespeare which ought to belong to the repertoire of the Comedie Francaise. Have our official theatres never understood that from the origin of the stage there have only been six great tragic poets—three Athenians, two Frenchmen and one Englishman—and that over and above this, this Englishman has been, since Aristophanes, the greatest master of plays of fancy? Finally, M. Souday rightly pleads for true versions, and not adaptations, and asks why, in the tercentenary year of Shakespeare's death, for instance, the 'Hamlet' of Marcel Schwob, once played by Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, or the 'Macbeth' of M. Maurice Maeterlinck, should not be performed.

To the Editor of the Herald:

Mrs. Farren, whose name has been mentioned in your columns of late, was a vigorous and finished melodramatic actress, and I remember her as Lucrezia Borgia in the play of that name with especial approbation. In a more legitimate way her Lady Macbeth was no mean performance. For a while she dropped starring and became a member of the Boston Museum company. When "The Colleen Bawn" was brought out at the house mentioned for the first time in this city she was the Anne Chute, and she certainly played the part for all it was worth, as the saying goes. She gave in a thrilling manner the speech. "There was a time, gentlemen, in Ireland, when neither the King nor the King's redcoats could call on Castle Chute without receiving a bloody welcome." One whole cast of the play, by the way, was a remarkably good one. Kate Reynolds assumed the title part, and looked it to perfection. William Warren was Myles; William H. Smith, Father Tom; Frank Whitman, Danny Mann; W. H. Whalley, Kyrle Daly, and John Wilson, Hardress Cregan.

Mrs. Farren's home was for a long time in New York, in one of those quaint cottage-like houses called De Pau row, off of Bleecker street. She was a subscriber to the Boston Saturday Evening Gazette when it was one of the leading dramatic journals of the country, before the Boston Sunday Herald was started.

Your reference to "Jack Sheppard" in various stage productions recalls the fact that the old time melodrama of that name was indirectly the cause of the last theatrical riot in Boston. The real reason for the outbreak was the refusal of Mrs. Charles R. Thorne to play the title part because she was in a delicate state of health. Miss Louise Gann, a gentle and ladylike actress, was given the character, but the pit would not accept her as the representative of the rollicking, jail-breaking apprentice, although the stage manager, Robert Hamilton, introduced her in an apologetic speech. It was Mrs. Thorne or nobody. Finally the objectors would not listen to Hamilton's explanations at all. His voice was drowned in shouts of derision, and when he appeared with a placard bearing the words, "Mr. and Mrs. Thorne have left the theatre," the rioters drove him from the stage by tearing up some of the pit seats and hurling them at him in his retreat. This led to the closing of the playhouse for the night.

I do not recall that Mr. and Mrs. Thorne played at the National Theatre again, though they were often seen later at the Howard Athenaeum, the Beach Street Museum and the old Federal Street Theatre, all of which houses Mr. Thorne managed at different times. He attempted to run both the Howard street and Beach street places of amusement together for awhile, but he did not meet with distinguished success in this undertaking, although Mrs. Thorne was seen at both houses at different hours on the same night. Miss Gann, who was treated so shabbily, was later the leading woman at the Boston Museum, and while there, she became Mrs. Wulf Fries.

The Edmund Kean riot comes not within my memory, either as boy or man, but it led to the closing of the Federal Street Theatre for some time, and caused its transformation into a lecture room, called the Odeon. Here Edgar Allan Poe hoaxed the people with an old platform effort which he said was new, but he gave the whole thing away to James T. Fields when the evening's entertainment was over. His father and mother had played at the old theatre. I wonder if they acted any better than their erratic and brilliant offspring.

When the Odeon came in, Theatre Alley went out for a comparatively brief period. It became Odeon avenue, but old timers evidently did not believe that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet and stuck stubbornly to the old appellation. BAIZE.

Dorchester.

To the Editor of the Herald.

In the later sixties there was played at the Howard Athenaeum "Rookwood, or, Dick Turpin and Tom King." If my memory serves me right. The character of Turpin was assumed by Miss Leo Hudson, and that of Black Bess by her celebrated horse, Sensation. This horse, because of its beauty and intelligence, was indeed a sensation. A scene in the play showed a desolate heath, a panorama of dark and heavy clouds, with the glimmering lights of York in the distance. Bess, after her run of 80 miles, is lying on the ground, exhausted and dying, with Turpin bending over her, mourning his loss. The sounds of his pursuers are heard in the distance, and Dick, taking his last farewell of her, asks for a caress. The horse raises his head and responds with a kiss; then, falling back, expires. It was an odd spectacle, showing a magnificent horse, a handsome woman, a unique pair.

In this play was also depicted a boozing ken, its habitues belonging to the flash society. Turpin sings a song, the refrain of which, joined in by all, who accompany it with a hopping minuet dance, in rhythm with the metre of the song, the words being "With his rustified, fustified, mustified air." I afterward came across the song. The first and last verses were.

One night when mounted on my mare
To Bagshot Heath I did repair,
And saw Will Davis banging there
Upon the gibbet bleak and bare,
With a rustified, fustified, mustified air.

For never more shall Bagshot see
A highwayman of such degree,
Appearance and gentility,
As Will, who hangs upon the tree
With his rustified, fustified, mustified air.

Leo Hudson and her horse also appeared in "Mazeppa" at the same theatre. At the performance, which had a week's run, there was built for the occasion a wooden way, about five feet in width, around the parquette on a level, and following the circular lines of the parquette circle. When Mazeppa is strapped to the horse, the fiery, untamed steed, the stage setting is a mountainous scene, with two huge boulders, one on the right and left of the stage, behind which the path up and down the mountain is concealed from view. When the horse darts away it goes up the mountain path to the right, and is soon out of hearing; after an interval of time its hoofs are heard in the distance and become louder and louder as nearer and nearer the horse comes toward the audience, when suddenly from behind the boulder on the left of the stage it gallops forth, with Mazeppa still bound to its back, crosses the stage and takes the wooden way around the parquette at great speed; after which, circling, goes up again the mountain path and is lost to sight and soon beyond hearing. When the horse made for the wooden way it seemed as though he would plunge into the spectators sitting in the parquette, and there was for the time horror and consternation. At the close of the play, when Mazeppa is triumphant, he (she) marches around the constructed way mounted on his noble steed, followed by his warriors in all the pomp, circumstance and paraphernalia of war.

As to the refrain, "Nix My Doll, Pals, Fake Away," sung in Jack Sheppard, Thackeray in his "Little Travels and Roadside Sketches," written in 1844, arrives at the Grand Laborer, an inn at Antwerp. "There is a sound of singing—singing at midnight. Is it Don Sombrero, who is singing an Andalusian seguidilla under the window of the Flemish burgomaster's daughter? Ah, no! it is a fat Englishman in a zephyr coat: he is drinking cold gin and water in the moonlight, and warbling softly—

"Nix my dolly, pals, fake away,
Nix my dolly, pals, fake a-a-way."

Dorchester. J. B.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Mme. Julia Culp, mezzo-soprano, and George Copeland, pianist. See special notice.

MONDAY—Copley Theatre, 3 P. M. First concert for Mme. Edmond Clement's relief work in France. Former pupils of M. Clement: Miss Myrna Sharlow, Miss Katharine Foote, Miss Phyllis Robbins, singers; Miss Ruth Lavers, pianist.

TUESDAY—Shubert Theatre, 3 P. M. Mme. Yvette Guilbert. See theatre announcements.

Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Fourth and last concert of the Kneisel Quartet. Mozart, quartet in D minor (K. 421); Ravel, trio in A minor, for piano, violin and 'cello (first time here); Beethoven, quartet in C sharp minor, op. 131. Rudolph Ganz, pianist. It is said that Ravel, now in the service of his country, completed the trio shortly after the beginning of the war. Messrs. Ganz, Kneisel and Willeke played it in January of this year at a quasi-private concert of the Society of Friends of Music in New York, and at a Kneisel Quartet concert in New York March 7.

Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Second concert of the Choral Music Society, Stephen Townsend, conductor. Foote, Recessional; Stanford, Songs of the Sea, solos for baritone and male chorus: Drake's Drum, Devon, O Devon—the "Old Superb". Sinding, op. 47, four songs for female chorus with soprano solo (first time here); Russian songs, Tschaikowsky, The Nightingale; Slonoff, The Song of the Budget; Traditional, Kalinka, Pantchenko, Oh, If Mother Volga; Bortniansky, Divine Praise, Traditional, Down St. Peter's Road (all of these for the first time here and from "Songs of the Russian People" edited by Kurt Schindler); Cui, Nocturne (first time here), Rachmaninoff, Cherubim Song; Converse, The Song of the Stars (from "The Masque of St. Louis," first performed in St. Louis in May, 1914, and now given in Boston for the first time, with accompaniment of piano and organ, arranged by the composer from the orchestral score for the Choral Music Society).

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall. Concert by Miss Ruth Deyo, pianist, and Pablo Casals, 'cellist. Beethoven, Sonata, op. 5, No. 1. Debussy, Sonata (Prologue, Serenade, Finale); Casella, Sonata op. 6. The sonatas by Debussy and Casella will be played for the first time in this country. Debussy is working on a series of six sonatas for various instruments—one will be for oboe, violin and harp. The 'cello sonata was played in London March 4 by Mr. Warwick-Evans and Mrs Hobday. Casella, living in Paris, has composed orchestral pieces—one a transcription of Balakireff's "Islamey," piano pieces, pieces for flute and piano, and songs.

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Last concert of the Flonzaley Quartet this season. Serge Taneieff, quartet in C major. Bach, Prelude and Fugue for violin alone from the Suite in G minor (Alfred Pochon, violinist); Schumann, Quartet in A minor, op. 41, No. 1.

Tremont Temple, 8 P. M. Last concert of the Tremont Temple course. Mme. Evelyn Scotney, soprano, will sing the waltz song from Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet," a duet with Howard White, bass, and these songs: Liszt, Quand tu dors; Strauss, Barcarolle; Debussy, Fantoches; Molloy, The Kerry Dance; Schubert, Who Is Sylvia; Lehmann, The Cuckoo. George Destal, tenor, heard here for the first time, will sing: Donizetti, Deserto in Terra; Schubert, Trockne Blumen; Georges, C'est Toi, Moniuosky, Krakowiak, Van der Stucken, Come with Me in the Summer Night; Rogers, The Star, Florida, April, Roma. I Kiss the Flower She Wore, Foster, If I were King of Ireland, Fisher, Look Down, Dear Eyes, Seiler, The Shamrock, Speaks, Life. Howard White's selections are these: Verdi, "Infelice" from "Ernani". Hammond, Three Men o' Merri. Carpenter, May the Maiden, Elgar, War Song, Poniatowski, German's Wedding Song, Hullah, Three Fishers; Gilbert, Pirate Song.

FRIDAY—Shubert Theatre, 3 P. M. Mme. Yvette Guilbert. See theatre notices.

Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Ossip Gabrilowitsch's sixth and last historical recital. Modern composers—Franck, Prelude, Choral and Fugue; Grieg, Lyric Pieces, Nocturne op. 54, No. 4, Butterfly op. 43, No. 1, To Spring, op. 43, No. 6, MacDowell, To the Sea, op. 55, No. 1, Witches' Dance, Tschaikowsky, Chant d'Automne, op. 37, No. 10, Humoresque op. 10, No. 2; Rubinstein, Barcarolle, G minor, op. 50, Valse op. 14, Rachmaninoff, Prelude, C sharp minor, op. 3, No. 2; Scriabin, Etude, op. 42, No. 5; Glazunoff, Gavotte, D major, op. 49; Leschetitzky, Gigue a l'antique, op. 44; Paderewski, Melodie, G flat major, op. 16; Moszkowski, Etude de Concert, G flat major, op. 24; Reger, Sarabande, op. 18, No. 7; Strauss, Intermezzo, op. 9; Schoenberg, Clavierstuecke, op. 19; Debussy, Clair de Lune, L'Isle Joyeuse; Ravel, Jeux d'eau; Cyril Scott, A Pierrot Piece, op. 35, No. 1; Grainger, Shepherd's Hey.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Song recital by Miss Marcia Van Dresser, soprano, of the Chicago Opera House. First appearance here. Brahms, Auf dem See, Taeusch mich nicht, Roeslein dreie, Wehe so willst du mich wieder, Des Liebsten Schwur; Tiersot, L'Amour de moi (old French), Weckerlin, Lisette (old French); Tiersot, Tambourin (old French); Chausson, Serenade Italienne, Les Papillons; H. Wolf, Wenn du zu den Blumen gehst, In dem Schatten meiner Locken, Nachtzauber, Auf dem gruenen Balkon, Begegnung; Lane-Wilson, Have you seen but a Whyte Lily grow; Schindler, A Pastorale; C. Scott, Lullaby; Horsman, The Bird of the Wilderness.

mch 13 1916

Sixty is not a bad age—unless in perspective, when no doubt it is contemplated by the majority of us with mixed feelings. It is a calm age; the game is practically over by then; and standing aside one begins to remember with a certain vividness what a fine fellow one used to be. I have observed that, by an amiable attention of Providence, most people at sixty begin to take a romantic view of themselves. Their very failures exhale a charm of peculiar potency.

A Monday Morning Anthology.

It may be remembered that "A Snapper Up of Unconsidered Trifles" stated last Thursday that he was collecting for publication in a volume to be entitled "The Foolishness of Preaching," 10,000 gems from the pulpit utterances that are published in the Monday morning journals of this city.

We have received the following letter with reference to this matter:

As the World Wags:

Curiously enough, just as I finished reading the correspondence between the gentleman with the long name, and Mr. Herkimer Johnson, our old friend Omar Khayyam appeared to me in a vision. He was attired in flowing robes with two suspicious protuberances behind, suggesting modern garments underneath, and a loaf of bread, etc., in the hip pocket. I saw no signs of a book of verses. He probably left that behind with the one he used to speak of as "thou."

He greeted me pleasantly with no disagreeable formality, and appeared familiar with what I had been reading, for he said: "I will try, if you care to transmit it for me, to express for this gentleman with the peculiar name my views of the people he refers to as holding forth in this very interesting—and I may add dirty—city."

He then smote an imaginary harp, and proceeded as follows:

Though I am gone, the world still wags, it seems,
And still there's less of substance, than of dreams!
What think I of those mortals whom you name?
A foolish lot who prate on foolish themes!

A rabid crowd of senseless humbug full,
Replete with rubbish,—merely swelled with drool;
Possessed of lung-power, nothing else withal,
Past-masters they, of what you now call "bull."

"I am sorry," he went on, "that I couldn't make one quatrain do; but the fact is, I've been dead so long and am so accustomed to having all the time there is, that I am out of sympathy with your modern habits of concentration and haste."

With a polite bow, he faded away.

Medford. H. J. L.

Obadiah Oldbuck.

As the World Wags:

I am delighted that "Antiquary" has called attention to "Obadiah Oldbuck." He has tapped a fountain of delight of which every drop is precious. "Obadiah Oldbuck" is a translation of the "Histoire de Monsieur Vieux-Bois," which is one of six similar books, by R. Topffer, published at Geneva in the thirties (the oldest date I find in one of them is 1833), and afterward republished in Paris in 1860 by Garnier Freres Editeurs, 6 Rue des Sts. Peres, in a uniform edition. The names of the series are as follows:

"Monsieur Pencil."
"Le Docteur Festus."
"Histoire de Monsieur Jabot."
"Histoire de Monsieur Crepin."
"Histoire de Monsieur Vieux-Bois."
"Histoire d'Albert."

Of these, all but the last named bear Topffer's name. This for some unknown reason, said to be by "Simon de Nantua"; but although Topffer's signature is lacking, the pictures are, as the Japanese say, signed all over.

There is also a seventh volume, "Histoire de Monsieur Cryptogame," which

...ed to think a French imitation, as it bears the name of no publisher, and the drawings themselves show a different touch and a slightly different style, although many of the heads seem to be copied more or less closely from heads in the other volumes.

The whole series was to be had in Paris as late as 1886 without difficulty, and perhaps is still.

I was brought up on Mr. Oldbuck in the nursery, and still read it and the others with pleasure. They have the indefinable and delightful quality of nonsense which makes them equally attractive to children of all ages from 7 to 70. B. S. W.

Boston.

Oldbuck in Middleboro.

"M. K. P." of Middleboro writes that she has a copy of "The Adventures of Obadiah Oldbuck," published by Dick & Fitzgerald, 18 Ann street, New York; price 30 cents. "A series of comic drawings, illustrating his wonderful exploits in search of a sweetheart." She adds: "No date of publication is given, but a number of books of a similiar nature are advertised on the back of the book."

There was an edition published in New York in 1842 by Wilson and Company. The full title was "The Adventures of Mr. Obadiah Oldbuck, wherein are only set forth the causes, chagrins, calamities, checks, chills and circumgirations by which his courtship was attended—showing also the issue of his suit and his espousal to his lady love."

Scudder's Band.

As the World Wags:

In a poem by Fitz-Greene Halleck entitled "Sentimental Music," which must have been written in the Fifties, reference is made to Scudder's band and Scudder's balcony, viz: "'Twas Yankee Doodle, played by Scudder's Band," and "Music ceases when it rains in Scudder's balcony."

Could you inform me when Scudder's band existed and where was Scudder's balcony? W. L. L.

Boston.

Was this the band at Scudder's Museum in New York? The museum was an old two-story building, which was once the almshouse. Col. Brown describes it as of brick, painted yellow, with a wooden portico. It was situated on the south side of Chambers street, and opened by Dr. John Scudder in 1810 as the American Museum, which contained stuffed animals in glass cases, a live anaconda, a tame alligator, and a gallery of portraits. Lectures were given in a small room. The contents of this museum were bought by P. T. Barnum on Dec. 27, 1841. He removed them to the building at the corner of Broadway and Ann street. Having agreed to pay $12,000 in seven equal instalments, he paid the whole of the sum in less than one year.

Is it not possible that a band played on the balcony, or portico of Scudder's Museum? And is "W. L. L." sure that Halleck's poem was written in the Fifties? He must have been well acquainted with the museum. His first poems were published in 1818-1820.—Ed.

MME. CULP AND GEORGE COPELAND GIVE CONCERT

Symphony Hall Filled—Both Artists Frequently Recalled.

Mme. Julia Culp, mezzo-soprano, and George Copeland, pianist, gave a concert yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall. Mme. Culp sang these songs: Beethoven, "Adelaide," "Freud voll und leid voll," "Die Thommel Geruehret"; old international songs; Strauss, "Defreit," "Freundeche Vision," Heimliche Aufforderung." Mr. Copeland played these pieces: MacDowell, First Movement, Sonata Pragica; Chopin, Etude, Valse, Nocturne, Valse; Albeniz, El Polo, Tango, Granados, danse espagnole; Grovlez, Evocation, Recuerdos.

An enthusiastic audience filled the hall in every part. Many stood. Mme. Culp sang here for the last time this season. Mr. Copeland made his first apeparance at these concerts and in Symphony Hall.

The glowing emotional quality, the deeper intensity, revealed in Mme. Culp's singing this season was again apparent yesterday. As is her habit she sang with the utmost artistry in technic and as an interpreter. It is now time, however, for the singer to enlarge her repertoire. The songs on the program were for the most part thrice familiar, as familiar as her admirable interpretations of them.

It is not enough that her programs include the names of Schubert, Franz, Brahms, Beethoven, Strauss, that she sings old English airs and folk songs with simplicity and distinction. It would be interesting to hear this fine artist as an interpreter of French composers. Then, too, there is the golden storehouse of the Russians.

Mr. Copeland's pieces were well chosen pleasantly contrasted. His playing did not lose its effectiveness in the larger hall. In fact, he has never been more brilliant, has never displayed more ravishing beauty of tone, or revealed more fluently a polished mechanism. Fascinating as an interpreter of Rameau, Coreperin and their contemporaries, unsurpassed in his performance of pieces by Claude Achille Debussy his artistic versatility is not limited. He is at home with MacDowell, Chopin, the Russians. No one is better fitted to present the dances of Spain with their riotous color and intoxicating rhythms. The Prelude by Debussy is interesting, brilliant and has the additional advantage of being little known. Granados's danse also attracted attention.

Both artists were repeatedly recalled and were generous in adding to the program. Mr. Copeland's playing of "The Blue Danube" waltz particularly pleased the audience.

The concert next Sunday will be by Mme. Schumann-Heink.

CASTS FOR WEEK.

MONDAY EVENING, April 3

"Boris Godunoff" (in Italian)

First performance in Boston

Boris	Didur
Teodoro	Braslau
Xenia	Sparkes
Nutrice	Duchene
Schouisky	Bada
Tscheikaloff	Reschiglian
Pimenn	Rothler
Dimitri	Althouse
Marina	Ober
Varlaam	Segurola
Missail	Audisio
Innkeeper	Mattfeld
Innocente	Bloch
Iffelale	Rossi
Lovitsky	Reschiglian
Tcerniakowsky	Schlegel

Conductor: Polacco.

TUESDAY EVENING, April 4.

"La Boheme" (in Italian)

Rodolfo	Caruso
Schaunard	Tegani
Benoit	Malatesta
Mimi	Alda
Marcello	De Luca
Musetta	Cajatti
Colline	Segurola

Conductor: Bavagnoli.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, April 5.

"Carmen" (in French)

Carmen	Farrar
Micaela	Mason
Frasquita	Garrison
Mercedes	Braslau
Don Jose	Martinelli
Escamillo	Amato
Morales	Laurenti
Dancairo	Leonhardt
Zuniga	Rothler
Romendado	Bada

Conductor: Polacco.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, April 5.

"Tristan and Isolde" (in German)

Tristan	Urius
Marke	Braun
Isolde	Kurt
Kurwenal	Weil
Melot	Schlegel
Brangaene	Homer
Hirt	Reiss
Steuermann	Bayer
Stimme des Seemanns	Bloch

Conductor: Bodanzky.

THURSDAY EVENING, April 6.

"Lucia" (in Italian)

Lucia	Barrientos
Edgardo	Martinelli
Lord Ashton	De Luca
Raimondo	Rothler
Arturo	Bada
Normanno	Audisio

Conductor: Bavagnoli.

FRIDAY EVENING, April 7.

"Aida" (in Italian)

Il Re	Rossi
Amneris	Homer
Aida	Rappold
Radames	Caruso
Ramfis	Scott
Amonasro	Amato
Messagero	Audisio
Sacerdotessa	Sparkes

Conductor: Bavagnoli.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, April 8.

"Madame Butterfly" (in Italian)

Cio-Cio-San	Farrar
Suzuki	Fornia
Pinkerton	Botta
Sharpless	Scotti
Goro	Bada
Yamadori	Audisio
Cio Zio Bonzo	Begue
Commissario	Reschiglian

Conductor: Polacco.

SATURDAY EVENING, April 8.

"Lohengrin" (in German)

Heinrich	Braun
Lohengrin	Sembach
Elsa	Gadski
Telramund	Weil
Ortrud	Ober
Heerrufer	Schlegel

Conductor: Bodanzky.

MCh 14 1916

"Henry IV., Part II.," Acted by a Company of Players from the Harvard Delta Upsilon—

By PHILIP HALE.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE: First performance in Boston of "Henry IV., Part II.," by Shakespeare, acted by a company of players from the Harvard Delta Upsilon.

Lord Bardolph	R. T. Fry '17
Earl of Northumberland	V. W. Knauth '18
Sir John Falstaff	C. B. Wetherell '07
Page	F. Higgins
Lord Chief Justice	W. I. Tibbetts '17
Dame Quickly	L. Higgins '18
Bardolph	R. T. Twichell '16
Henry, Prince of Wales	S. Hume '13
Poins	S. B. Leonard '18
Scroop	D. H. Ingram '16
Doll Tearsheet	W. F. Enright '16
Pistol	W. J. R. Taylor '17
Henry IV	F. A. Wilmot '10
Justice Shallow	A. A. Cook '18
Justice Silence	A. W. Clark '18
Prince John	J. M. Graham '15
Earl of West Moreland	R. T. Fry '17

It is said that only two productions of this play as a whole have taken place in this country—one in Philadelphia in 1804; and one in New York in 1822. Various performances in England and notes on the performance in New York were discussed in the Herald of last Sunday, with an inquiry into the reason why the play is seldom acted in spite of the rich humor of the scenes in which Falstaff figures.

The Harvard Delta Upsilon chose this neglected play for its 19th revival of old English dramas. The undertaking was a bold one, for the part of Falstaff taxes the ability of the most experienced comedian.

It may be said first of all that the production was in many respects excellent. The scenery and costumes were neither too simple in the so-called Elizabethan manner, nor too fantastical according to the ultra-modern school. The scene in the archbishop's palace and that of the Boar's Head Tavern were especially effective. Scene followed season in quick succession; there were no long wearying waits; the stage management was, in a word, admirable.

The play was reduced to reasonable length and for the most part skilfully. Scenes that did not bear directly on the main story were cut out, so nothing was seen of Lady Northumberland and Lady Percy. It was a pity, however, to leave out some of the best and most memorable lines of the drama—in the scene where Shallow and Silence are waiting for Falstaff on his recruiting mission. To end the dialogue of the two justices conversing about old Double with "Dead, Sir" was unpardonable.

In the treatment of vigorous expressions of the Elizabethan period there was both audacity and there was timidity. Falstaff spoke his opening lines boldly, but the precise relationship of Doll Tearsheet to Falstaff was not mentioned, and the famous excuse of Falstaff for his inactivity was omitted. Surely Falstaff's remarks about Justice Shallow, with a slight expurgation, should have been retained. There was too much incidental music.

The performance was characterized by honesty of purpose. The actors as a whole were familiar with their lines; they spoke them intelligently and generally with due effect. When the difficulties attending a performance of this play are considered, the acting of these amateurs was highly creditable.

It must be said, however, that the conception of Mistress Quickly was wholly wrong. She was represented as a hatchet-faced, shrill-voiced shrew. Now Mistress Quickly was a sleek, good-natured woman, with a purring, rather greasy voice; a comfortable creature, wholly unmoral, yet afraid of her neighbors' opinion of her. She kept a tavern. Had she been a virago, she would have had few customers.

It should also be said, for the actor can easily correct this fault, that Pistol pitched his voice in so high a key and spoke with such faulty enunciation that nearly all of his delightful bombast was unintelligible even to those near the stage. We have another Bardolph in the mind's eye than the one on the stage last night. If the coach of this performance and the actors had taken the trouble to look at the pictures in Knight's Shakespeare—many of them, if not all, were reproduced in the Verplanck edition—they would have formed a better idea of how Falstaff's companions looked and bore themselves. Where was Bardolph's celebrated nose? And Bardolph was something more than a sot.

Mr. Hume, who took the part of the Prince at short notice, on account of the "sudden inability" of the actor selected, spoke his lines with fine emphasis, though at first he was inclined to be too boisterous in speech. His facial expression was significant. He might have had a more gallant carriage.

Mr. Wilmot, who has had much experience on the stage, gave a thoughtful performance of King Henry, one that often had genuine force.

And what is to be said of Mr. Wetherell's Falstaff? The impersonation pleased the large audience greatly, and not without reason. The actor was first of all a physical Falstaff, emphasizing his unwieldy bulk, his gout, groaning and creaking. He was successful in presenting the gross knight, a farce comedy person. But Falstaff was a man of intellectual gifts, of shrewd observation, of sly wit as well as broad jests. He was not a mere tosspot and stiff drinker. Who today in this country among professional actors could play the part of the Knight as it should be played?

There will be a midweek opening for the Craig Players at the Castle Square. The first performance of "Are You a Mason?" will come on Wednesday afternoon. That highly popular farce will continue through the remainder of the week, and it will be followed next Monday by "Under Cover," for the first time at the Castle Square. The cast of "Are You a Mason?" will be headed by Mr. Craig.

MISS NEVIN'S RECITAL

Miss Frances Nevin gave the second of her interpretative recitals yesterday afternoon at the Copley-Plaza. The subject was Wagner's "Meistersingers." John Hermann Loud was the assisting pianist. Miss Nevin's recitals are valuable to students, to the uninitiated as to plots and constructions of celebrated operas. There was an interested audience.

The unveiling of the tablets prepared by the Bostonian Society in commemoration of the invention of the telephone reminds us that our account of the first telephone message in Boston is in "Some Interesting Boston Events," published by the State Street Trust Company. There are pictures of the attic of Charles Williams' workshop, 109 Court street, where the first sound was heard over a telephone, and of the outside of that building now occupied by the New Palace Theatre. The first words sent over a telephone, as all know, were "Mr. Watson, please come here, I want you," spoken by Prof. Bell to Thomas A. Watson at 5 Exeter place, on March 10, 1876. The "first sound" transmitted by telephone was on June 2, 1875.

This pamphlet has many other articles of interest to Bostonians and others.

A Few Questions.

One or two articles suggest questions. There is an account of Col. Robert G. Shaw leading his regiment of Negroes past the State House before Gov. Andrew. There is a story, to which no allusion is made in this pamphlet, that on that occasion members of the Somerset Club pulled down the window shades of the clubhouse to show their disapproval. Is this story true?

"Capt. Kidd arrested and jailed in Boston." The compiler does not give the captain's Christian name. In the fine old ballad—"as I sailed, as I sailed"—and in "The Pirates Own Book," we have Robert Kidd. Certain grave historians speak of him as William. See how hard it is to ascertain the truth. Kidd's commission from William the Third as quoted in "The Pirates Own Book," page 167, reads: "To our trusty and well beloved Capt. Robert Kidd." Marcel Schwob, quoting the same commission in his fantastical life of Kidd, has it, "to our trusty and well beloved Capt. William Kidd." Schwob, by the way, insisted that Kidd was only the gallant captain's "nom de guerre." For some say that always elegant and refined he wore in combat delicate kid gloves with Flemish lace on the back, some that in his most atrocious butchery he would cry out: "I, who am as gentle and kind as a new born kid," but others pretend that he put gold and jewels in very flexible sacks made of young goat skins, and this usage came to him one day when he plundered a vessel laden with quicksilver. With this he filled a thousand leather pockets which are buried in the flank of a little hill on Barbados. There is a picture of Kidd hanging in chains in "Some Interesting Boston Events," although this particular interesting event took place at Execution dock, England, after he was tried at the Old Bailey. It is a pity that the editor did not also take the picture in "The Pirates' Own Book" of Capt. Kidd burying his Bible in the sand. He has, indeed, a horrid and sinister face as his foot is on a huge folio. Note the feather in his enormous hat.

Who wrote "The Pirates Own Book"? Our edition was published in 1859 at Portland, Me., but the book was entered in 1837 by Samuel N. Dickinson in the clerk's office of the district court of Massachusetts. We would not be without this book for a day, and are inclined to think that it is the one volume we should choose for life on a desert island. There should have been mention in "Some Interesting Boston Events" of Charles Gibbs, "an atrocious and cruel" pirate who once lived here. "He opened a grocery in Ann street, near what was then called the Tin Pot, a place full of abandoned women and dissolute fellows. As he dealt chiefly in liquor, and had a 'License to retail Spirits,' his drunkery was thronged with customers." Mr. Gibbs, when at school, was refractory and sulky: he "became addicted to vices uncommon in youths of his age, and so far from the gentle reproof and friendly admonition, or the more severe chastisement of a fond parent, having its intended effect, it seemed to render him still worse." And so it was with the notorious Henry Wilkins, who in the dead of night murdered his uncle Ephraim in cold blood. According to Artemus Ward, who exhibited a lifelike wax figure of him, "when a mere child this Henry Wilkins was compelled to go to the Sunday school. He carried no Sunday school book. The teacher told him to go home and bring one. He went, and returned with a comic song book. A depraved proceedin'."

Entertaining Matter.

There is a wealth of entertaining matter in this latest publication of the State Street Trust Company. There is the story of the fatal duel on the Common. We are told how state lottery tickets helped rebuild Faneuil Hall. The account of the last ball in the Province House should be read with Hawthorne's wild tale. What schoolboy can describe the Penobscot expedition, or name the first American that flew over the English channel? Is the sending of the Jamestown, commanded by Capt. Robert Behnet Forbes, with food for starv-

g Ir[illegible]and wholly forgotten [illegible]. Winthrop's treatment of Charles La Tour in 1643 shows that Massachusetts then "took the attitude of an absolutely independent government in dealing with foreign powers." Students at Harvard should read the early rules of that institution. Tobacco, for example, was not allowed except by permission of the president, with consent of the parent or guardian, "and then in a sober and private manner." Or what young student of politics can trace the connection between the present Senate of this commonwealth and Mrs. Sherman's pig?

This pamphlet, the 10th in the State Street Trust Company's series, is as entertaining as the preceding one on whaling, and this is saying much.

WILBUR THEATRE — "Hobson's Choice," a comedy in four acts by Harold Brighouse. First performance in Boston.

Alice Hobson	Viola Roach
Maggie Hobson	Molly Pearson
Vickey Hobson	Alice Seymour
Albert Prosser	Harold de Becker
Henry Horatio Hobson	A. G. Andrews
Mrs. Hepworth	Marie Hudspeth
Timothy Wadlow (Tubby)	Harry J. Ashford
William Mossop	Whitford Kane
J[illegible] Heeler	Walter Fredericks
Ada Figgins	Agnes Dorntee
Fred Beenstock	Barnett Parker
D[illegible] MacFarlane	Robert Forsyth

This play had its first performance on any stage last October at Poughkeepsie, N. Y. It is a charming comedy of English provincial life, dressed in the quaint costumes of the early 80's, and spoken in Lancashire dialect, though this need not alarm theatregoers, for the speech is readily understood, while the acting and humor of the piece are a universal language.

The name is derived from the custom of 17th century English stablemen who forced each patron, though he chose another, to take the horse nearest the stable door.

Hobson, a prosperous shoemaker, self-important or obsequious, according to circumstances, a tyrant at home, has three daughters who tend his shop without pay. He is fearful of losing this forced service and obstinately discourages all hopeful lovers. The girls are eager for marriage, the only road to freedom. Alice and Vicky are already courted in secret. Maggie, the right hand in the shop, is openly flouted as an old maid by her father. In reality she has laid her plans.

A shrewd wench, she knows the true value of honest Will Mossop, the best shoemaker in her father's shop. She picks him for her own and informs him of the fact, casually disposing of his betrothed, Ada Figgins, the daughter of his landlady. Maggie's schemes prosper. Through her cleverness she helps her sisters to marry their respective swains and incidentally forces her father to give them a dowry. She is, herself, happy.

The play is distantly related to "Bunty Pulls the Strings" and "Quinneys." It is remarkable for the freshness and vitality of its characterization. It is faithful to life, always interesting, always amusing. The author is evidently a keen observer. There are many delightful and intimate touches, while entertaining incidents, well contrived, follow each other in rapid succession.

The play is excellently acted. Maggie, of course, is the moving spirit. She sells shoes, catches and moulds a husband, wrests her joyously inclined and reluctant father from the clutches of the demon rum. Miss Pearson, well versed in the technic of masterful femininity through her impersonation of Bunty, is again attractive in a similar role, arch, determined, engaging.

Admirable, too, is Mr. Andrews's performance of Hobson. His swagger, his fluency, his rough humor, his triumphant ignorance, were amusingly portrayed. The impersonation was a happy combination of vigor and finesse.

The sisters were realistically presented by Miss Roach and Miss Seymour. Mr. Kane's Mossop was droll. The other suitors, comic figures, were individually effective.

A large audience laughed heartily at the play, enjoyed the acting and admired Mr. Payne's picturesque settings.

WAR FUND CONCERT

The first concert of the series at the Copley Theatre arranged by Miss Phyllis Robbins in aid of Mme. Clement's war fund for the French soldiers took place yesterday afternoon. The singers that took part were Miss Myrna Sharlow, well remembered here as a member of the Boston Opera Company; Miss Robbins and Miss Katharine Foote, who have been pupils of Mr. Clement. Miss Ruth Lavers, pianist, a young girl of more than ordinary talent, played for the first time in public at a concert in aid of an Italian war fund early in the season. The songs were by Caret, La Forge, Massenet, Offenbach, Foote, Leroux, Puccini, Gounod, Hahn, Tremisot, Lalo, Messager, Debussy, Widor, Gretchaninoff, Fraser, Mrs. Beach, Horsman. The piano pieces were by Debussy, Ravel, G. Faure and Chopin. The entertainment was much enjoyed.

At the second concert on Tuesday afternoon, March 28, Miss Marie Sundelius, Miss Mary Fa[illegible] and Mrs. Bayard W[illegible] will [illegible] and Miss Hildegarde N[illegible] violinist, [illegible] the last of the [illegible] pupils of the L[illegible] Conservatoire [illegible] will play.

AT B. F. KEITH'S

To laud Weber and Fields is as stale a work as writing poems to the moon and as unprofitable as gilding the stars of heaven. In all the years they have played separate parts neither has succeeded in setting up a separate fame. Ask your neighbor in the street car who are Weber and Fields, and he will tell you. Ask which is Weber and which Fields; he will open his mouth to speak, then his assurance will fade into a smile. Nature has fastened these two together as surely as the Siamese twins.

FUN WITHOUT VULGARITY.

With the pair burlesque comes respectable and rough-housing a fine art. For all their exotic countenances they are as truly American as the gentlemen who made the flag famous. They have won their glory in ways that would not make an angel blush. Weber and Fields can be funny without being vulgar.

Not entirely devoted to humor, however, is the B. F. Keith bill this week. There is Frank Mullane, who essays to teach patriotism by use of doggerel verse and music hall melody, sung after the fashion of "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight." The mixture of hisses and applause that his Rooseveltian jingle aroused indicated that not all the audience had forgotten the recent popular song, "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier." In the same manner Bert Levy mixed politics with art when he pictured the Great Commoner of Nebraska.

Will Morrissy and Dolly Hackett—who is engaged in setting a new fashion in the manner of wearing a doll's hair—produced a rib-racking burlesque of the motion picture, and a whirlwind take-off of their profession. And it is an honor to the audience that it appreciated the unusual merit of their performance. From the classic poses and equilibrations—that is their own description—of the Scamettans to the dancing of Ameta, the program was so good that the persons that inconvenienced their neighbors by coming to the theatre late, or leaving it early cheated themselves.

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KNEISELS GIVE

By PHILIP HALE.

The Kneisel Quartet gave its fourth and last concert of the season, the 31st, last night, in Steinert Hall. The program was as follows. Mozart, Quartet in D minor (K. 421). Ravel, Trio in A minor for piano, violin and 'cello. Beethoven, Quartet in C sharp minor, op. 131. Rudolph Ganz was the pianist.

Ravel's Trio, it is said, was completed about the beginning of the war. (The composer is now in the service of his country). Messrs. Ganz, Kneisel and Willeke played the trio in New York on Jan. 16 of this year at a concert of the Society of the Friends of Music. They played it again at a Kneisel concert in New York last week.

The Trio is a singularly original and fascinating work. It is melodious without a touch of the commonplace and also without too laborious avoidance of the obvious and expected. Each instrument is treated with a rare knowledge of its possibilities, but there is no deliberate attempt to gain orchestral color. The harmonies are enchanting in their subtlety, while the speech of the composer seems natural to him, not forced, not acquired, his own mode of expressing fanciful and noble thoughts.

After the first movement, the quiet, contemplative opening of which at once holds the attention, comes a remarkably vivid, fast movement, audacious in its brilliance. The third movement in passacaglia form is in strong contrast, by the noble solemnity of the thought. The loftiness of the musical ideas and the unusual expression of them are maintained throughout. Especially noteworthy for its unearthly beauty is the duet of the stringed instruments while the piano is silent.

This Trio is in certain respects the finest of Ravel's compositions that have been performed here. In it are a depth and a height of expression not to be found in his string quartet or in the orchestral pieces, delightful as they are. There is also more musical substance, a firmer grasp. No longer can any one characterize Ravel as an imitator of Debussy. The reproach has been unjust from the beginning, for Ravel has had his own voice, his own idiom.

After this Trio, the Kneisels played the huge quartet of Beethoven as a fitting close of the season.

The performance of the Kneisels was warmly applauded throughout. It would be interesting to hear Ravel's Trio when the pianist chosen had a lighter, fleeter touch—especially in the first movement—and was less matter-of-fact. Y[illegible] remark seems ungracious in view of the pleasure afforded by the music itself.

The quartet will give four concerts in Steinert Hall next season, on Tuesday evenings, Oct. 31, Nov. 28, Jan. 2, March 13.

The compositions performed this season are as follows:

Beethoven, quartet in G major, op. 18 no. 2; quartet in C sharp minor, op. 131; Brahms, sextet in G major (J. Kovarik, viola, and Leo Schulz, 'cello, assisting); Chopin, sonata in G minor for piano and 'cello, Messrs. Friedberg and Willeke (first time at these concerts); Haydn, quartet in D major, op. 20 (first time at these concerts); Mozart, quartet in D minor, K. 421; Ravel, quartet in F major; Trio in A minor, Rudolph Ganz, pianist, (first time at these concerts); Schubert, quintet C major, op. 163; Sibelius, quartet in D minor; op. 56, "Voces Intimae" (first time in Boston); Smith, quartet in A major, op. 37 (first time here, Ms); Strauss, piano quartet (Ossip Gabrilowitsch, pianist).

In Kansas City there is a censor of theatres. Thanks to him the people of that city found the performances of the Ballet Russe "interesting, highly entertaining and perfectly moral." The Kansas City Star describes the heroic achievement of Capt. John Ennis of the Southwest Boulevard police station, quoting his own words:

"I dropped in to see Dogleaf before the curtain went up. Dogleaf, or whatever his name is, couldn't understand plain English, and I couldn't go the Russian, so I got in touch with a fellow who could get me and then transport the message.

"I told the fellow: 'This is a strictly moral town and we won't stand for any of that highbrow immorality. Put on your show, but keep it toned down to the decency of a high class city where they don't stand for any monkey shines.' What's more, I told him we didn't want to make trouble, but if the show was too rank I'd come right up on the stage and call down the curtain.

"Well, they took my advice. There were several places where they cut out some stuff lots of people would like to have seen, but I guess they remembered my warning.

"I liked the music fine and I guess the show was all right, but it got above my head at times. Not high enough, though, to keep me from seeing that it was strictly moral, for I had my eye peeled."

Long Before Rheims.

There is this significant passage in Joinville's Chronicles of the deeds done in the reign of Saint Louis. On a Good Friday the Lord of Brancion came to Joinville and his brother crying. "My nephews come and help me, you and your people, for the Germans are destroying the church." Then Joinville says: "We went with him and ran upon them with our swords drawn, and with great labor and after a fierce struggle we drove them from the church."

Joinville, by the way, gives a description of the Greek fire used by the Turks against the Crusaders. It made a noise in coming like a clap of thunder and was like a great dragon about the thickness of a hogshead, flying through the air. And every time that our good King Saint Louis heard them thus throwing fire, he cast himself to the ground, and with face raised towards heaven and outstretched hands he cried in a loud voice to our Lord and said, shedding great tears. 'Beau Sire Dieu Jesus Christ, preserve me and all my people.' And, believe me, his good prayers and orisons did us good service."

This fire was poured in large boilers, or launched in balls of stone and iron, or darted in arrows enwrapped with flax or tow, or blown through long copper tubes planted on the prow of a galley. Constantinople was freed by it when the Arabs besieged the city early in the eighth century. The composition of this fire was long and zealously guarded, but the secret was discovered or stolen by the Mahometans who used the fire against the Christians. Was Callinicus of Heliopolis, in Syria, the inventor? There were murderous chemists then as now.

The Sloppy Age.

As the World Wags:

Is it true, as I have been informed, that it is the custom at clubs frequented by elderly men to produce at the close of dinner flagons of ether or some other detergent fluid to the end of removing from the vests of the diners odds and ends of soup, gravy or what not that may have accumulated during the meal? I should welcome such an innovation with great satisfaction, as it has been my custom now for several years to refrain from soup at dinner because of the vagrant habits of this viand in the process of imbibition.

(Rev.) BABBLINGTON BROOKE.
The Rectory.

Jumpers and Go-Devils.

As the World Wags:

Around Ashfield the "jumper"—described by Salmonfalls P. Hill as "one runner, curved at the tip and bearing a single upright with a narrow board for a seat at the top"—is called a "go-devil," a name more in sympathy with the feelings of your correspondent. I have seen some marvellous threadl[illegible] of tree-covered hillsides done with it.

Boston. H. B. H.

Not Necessarily.

As the World Wags:

As treasurer of a prominent Massachusetts college for women—let us, as a polite convention to cover without concealing the fact, say Wellscliffe College—I was addressed last week as "Mr. W. College," and in that character invited to become a subscriber to a certain financial magazine. The prefix was not inappropriate to my private masculine identity, but since that was for the moment submerged in my official function, should I not rather have been styled: "Miss W. College"? I crave your respected opinion on this point.

Boston. GERSUM BOOTH.

For Our Correspondents.

As the World Wags:

I saw on the envelope of an Edison disc record of the old song, "Call Me Your Darling Again," a statement that it was written and composed by a Mr. Skelley, who wrote it in the back room of a liquor saloon when "down and out." It stated that he was a park loafer. I have a copy of the song and it is by J. E. Stewart. * * * I would like to know the story of the origin of the song, as it reunited, through a phonograph record, a husband and wife who had separated.

J. E. TOWNS-END.
Boston.

CHORAL MUSIC SOCIETY GIVES SECOND CONCERT

All Compositions, Except One, Heard for First Time Here.

The Choral Music Society, Stephen Townsend, conductor, gave its second concert of the season last evening at Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Foote, Recessional; Stanford, Songs of the Sea, solos for baritone and male chorus: Drake's Drum, Devon, O Devon, the "Old Super"; Sinding, op. 47, four songs for female chorus with soprano solo (first time here); Russian songs, Tschaikowsky, The Nightingale; Slonoff, the Song of the Cudgel; traditional, Kalinka; Pantchenko, "Oh, if Mother Volga"; Bortniansky, Divine Praise; traditional, "Down St. Peter's Road"; Cui, Nocturne, all of these for the first time here; Rachmaninoff, Cherubim Song, Converse, The Song of the Stars, from "The Masque of St. Louis" (first time here).

The program stated that with the exception of Rachmaninoff's "Cherubim Song" all the compositions were performed for the first time in Boston.

Mr. Foote's recessional, appropriate to present times, is effective and sonorous. Sinding's "Song of the Billows" and "Dreamland" are in the composer's usual vein, melodious, sharply rhythmed, with rippling accompaniments. Stanford's "Songs of the Sea," sung with spirit by Mr. Dane and the chorus, are musically pale in comparison with the striking text.

The Russian songs were from "Songs of the Russian People," edited by Kurt Schindler. "Divine Praise," the most generally known of the Russian church hymns was written by Bortniansky, founder of modern Russian liturgical music. It is used on festival occasions. "Kalinka" is a traditional melody from times of serfdom, as it was sung in the province of Tambof. It was a pleasing melody and a vigorous rhythm. "The Song of the Cudgel," owing to its alleged revolutionary tendency, was long forbidden in Russia. In 1905 and 1906 its performance led to riotous demonstrations. Its barbaric force is striking. "Down St. Peter's Road" is humorous. Cui's "Nocturne" is conspicuous for its melodic beauty and romantic feeling.

Mr. Converse's "Song of the Stars" from "The Masque of St. Louis" was first heard in St. Louis, May, 1914. The composer himself arranged the accompaniment for piano and organ from the orchestral score for the society. The work is broadly planned, with effective contrasts and a stirring climax.

The performance of the society was marked by beauty of tone, unity and precision of attack. An audience of good size was appreciative and many numbers were repeated.

YVETTE GUILBERT

Mme. Yvette Guilbert gave the first of two additional matinees yesterday afternoon at the Shubert Theatre. She was assisted by Emily Gresser, violinist, and George Barrere, the distinguished flutist.

Mme. Guilbert concerned herself with the harsh mothers of the middle ages, with golden legends, with songs of the monastery, rustic comedy songs and songs of the Little Trianon. Again she was charming in diction and in imaginative and vivid interpretations. Mr. Barrere was warmly welcomed. There was an interested audience of good size.

The last matinee will be next Friday at 3 o'clock.

Mar 17

It is said that coffee-drinking in Constantinople is now only for the rich. Will the enforced abstinence cause an [illegible] of gout among the Turks? For, like the French, the Turks think that coffee drinkers are free from this disorder. Yet the Sultan Murad IV. once forbade the use of coffee or tobacco under pain of death. The pious and learned in Arabia, Egypt and Constantinople have disputed, some saying that coffee being an intoxicant, is therefore forbidden by the Koran; others that as it induces sleeplessness it is a help in nocturnal prayers. Today the greater number admit that the use is lawful, even in Constantinople, where, with tobacco, opium and wine, it was denounced as a minister of Satan by a preacher when it was first introduced.

Who said many years ago that in the end the tea-drinking nations would overcome the nations of coffee drinkers? What would he say today when Germany once given over to coffee has of late years been partial to tea and is now arm-in-arm with Turkey and Austria, both coffee drinkers? We read some time before the war that the Kaiser William wished his soldiers to drink tea instead of beer. The Russians, the Japanese and the English are distinctively drinkers of tea. In France five o'clock tea was introduced into "hige leaf," but the mass of the people drink coffee—that is, in many instances chicory. When it was said that the nation with the shortest swords would be master of the world, there was sense in the remark; but it is not easy in 1916 to classify nations by their preference for coffee or tea, and then to prophesy about the future.

In 163[illegible] Mr. John Evelyn, a fellow-commoner, of Baliol College, Oxford, made this entry in his diary: "There came in my time to the college one Nathaniel Conoplos, out of Greece, from Cyrill, the patriarch of Constantinople, who, returning many years after, was made (as I understand) Bishop of Smyrna. He was the first I ever saw drink coffee, which custom came not into England till 30 years after." Evelyn should have said "20 years," for coffee was introduced into England and coffee houses set up there in 1658. Was the coffee at these houses any better than that served in England today?

Yet we should have liked to visit these coffee houses. Wycherley in "Love in a Wood," written as he told Pope, in 1659-60, represents Mistress Lydia asking Mr. Dapperwit to define a coffee-wit. "He is a lying, censorius, gossiping, quibbling wretch, and sets people together by the ears over that sober drink, coffee; he is a wit, as he is a commentator, upon the Gazette; and he rails at the pirates of Algiers, the Grand Signior of Constantinople, and the Christian Grand Signior." The descendant of this coffee-wit is now found in any club. In the country he smokes vile tobacco at night in the store.

Mr Golightly, who has been for some time on a strict diet, as he is constantly telling everyone, pretends that the only enjoyment derived from coffee is the odor. He boasts that he is much better in health since he gave up drinking coffee, black or with milk. We are informed that when he makes a week-end visit he drinks at least two large cups at breakfast and asks that they be strong.

War and Joy-Riders.

As the World Wags:

I understand that the Germans have pointed out to our government the military necessity which will force them to make use of Mount Desert as a naval base. It is in truth practically the only suitable place for a naval station near St. John and other seaports of New Brunswick.

It is to be hoped that no trouble will be made by our government about waiving the purely technical right affected by a concession of this reasonable demand. Mount Desert is, of course, technically a part of the United States. But it is not a practically valuable part. Nothing vital is concerned in its retention; there is no money made there.

Mount Desert is in fact purely a vacation proposition, given over to yachts, buckboards, hauled mealers and summer girls. Since it admitted the automobile it has become literally, as it always was in spirit, the eastern outpost of the joy ride. Are we going to war simply to preserve for our millionaires one of a thousand opportunities for a luxurious vacation? The notion is preposterous.

And, of course, what is true of Mount Desert applies equally to other pleasure resorts—Palm Beach, Atlantic City, Coney Island, Nantasket, Riverside Drive. The Germans need these places in their business, both to build ships and send them out from. To us they are merely invitations to luxury and expense. By all means let them go.

STONE MANN GORE, Esq.

Boston.

International Love.

The Cologne Gazette, noting the fact that museums and art galleries have been closed in London, crows lustily: "We are willing the [illegible] wider than ever. Truly, this [illegible] the gulf that divides the German spirit of Kultur from the English. The [illegible] Englishman, so long as he can still [illegible] his whiskey and soda and enjoy his football and his flirtations, never misses the refining influences of art, literature, or research. He is a Philistine by nature, to whom a laugh over a ribald joke at a music-hall is worth all the treasures of art and science in all the museums of his monstrous London. How appropriate it sounds on the lips of such people to declare themselves the champions of civilization and enlightenment!"

Thomas Otway many years ago described the contentment of an Englishman in one coarse sentence, more contemptuous than this long outburst of the Cologne Gazette.

MISS RUTH DEYO AND MR. CASALS

Miss Ruth Deyo, pianist, and Pablo Casals, 'cellist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon at Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Casella, Sonata, op. 6; Bach, Toccata, C Casella, Sonata, op. 6; Bach, Toccata, C Minor; Boccherini, Sonata, A major, No. 6.

The program as originally announced, comprising the sonatas by Beethoven, Debussy and Casella, was of sufficient length without the introduction of Bach's Toccata and Boccherini's work.

The sonatas by Debussy and Casella were played for the first time in America. Debussy is now writing a series of six sonatas for various instruments. One will be for oboe, violin and harp. This 'cello sonata was played in London March 4. As a whole, it is disappointing. The first movement is determined. The opening page is authoritative. In the serenade pizzicati and languorous rhythms are fantastically contrasted. The finale unites the characteristics of prologue and serenade.

Of far greater beauty and originality is the sonata by Casella, an Italian pianist and composer, now living in Paris. There was a Casella, a Florentine musician of the 13th century. He was the music master of Dante, and is celebrated by him in the "Divine Comedy." The modern Casella has written pieces for voice and orchestra, piano pieces, songs. His sonata is conspicuous for themes of great beauty and emotional significance. He has written cunningly for his instruments. The 'cello is in turn amorous, melancholy, contemplative. This music has marked character, depth, nobility.

Beethoven's sonata is one of two dedicated to Frederick William II., King of Prussia. It was composed in Berlin in 1796 and played at court by Duport, 'cellist to the King. Beethoven received from the King a gold snuff box filled with louis d'or, a gift he boasted of as an uncommon one, such as was presented to an ambassador.

The admirable Mr. Casals was heard to excellent advantage, and in Casella's sonata there was not only polished mechanism, but a deep, rich tone. The characteristics of Miss Deyo's playing are now familiar.

There was a large and interested audience.

ARTHUR NEWSTEAD GIVES FIRST RECITAL HERE

English Pianist's Tone Pleasant When Not Forced.

Arthur Newstead, an English pianist, gave his first recital in Boston last evening at Jordan Hall. The program included pieces by Beethoven, Schumann, Cesar Franck, Chopin, Rachmaninoff, Arensky and Rubinstein.

Mr. Newstead, a pupil of Oscar Beringer, first appeared in London in 1903. He was for a time professor at the Royal Academy of Music. He has played with the leading orchestras of England and in recitals. He is at present connected with the Peabody Institute, Baltimore.

When not forced Mr. Newstead's tone is pleasant in quality. His mechanism is not above the average. Passages which required agility, brilliance, were often halting or ponderous. His playing lacks style, finesse. He is not a colorist. There were few gradations between loud and soft. His interpretations were for the most part primitive and conspicuous for their youthful vigor.

COPLEY THEATRE

Last evening at the Copley Theatre Miss Garrick appeared in "La Sacrifice" and Miss Greuze in "English School." This bill will be repeated this afternoon and evening.

Tomorrow evening and on Saturday at both performances Mr. Beeman and Miss Garrick will be seen in "Mon Ami Teddy."

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE

Yesterday afternoon "Are You a Mason?" was given at the Castle Square Theatre. The story of this ever popular farce is known to all. The leading role was played by Mr. Craig. Others in the cast were: Donald Meek as George Fisher, William P. Carleton as Ernest Morrison, Theodore Freibus as Hamilton Travers, Al Roberts as Amos Bloodgood, George Ernst as John Halton, Betty Barnicoat as Mrs. Perry, Vida Croly Sidney as Mrs. Bloodgood, Miss Kate Ryan as Norah, the cook, and Miss Rose Lee as Fanchon Armitage. The play will be continued through the week.

Mar 17 1916

When I watch the throngs that move and linger about the streets of a very populous town, and notice no other expression in their faces than one of hunted stupor, I can never help commenting to myself upon the misery of their condition. * * * Should they wish to speak, convention whispers their cue to them, and this makes them forget what they originally intended to say; should they desire to understand one another, their comprehension is maimed as though by a spell; they declare that to be their joy which in reality is but their doom.

Natural History Notes.

It is now stated authoritatively that the greatest horizontal distance any flea can jump is 13 inches, and the greatest vertical distance a little less than eight inches.

We read yesterday in a London journal an infallible method for gathering in all the rats for miles around. Fill a large tub about three parts full with water. Stand a brick on its end in the middle of the tub, and put brown paper as a bridge stretching from the rim of the tub to the brick, all around the tub, so that the water cannot be seen. Put a slab or board against the tub for the rats to run up. Saturate a piece of meat with oil of rhodium and put it on the top of the brick. The rats will then come from all quarters. The first that runs up the bridge, trying to get the bait, will fall through the paper into the water. Then he will climb to the top of the brick and begin to squeal. All the other rats for miles around will come to his aid. Each one will topple into the water and be drowned. This method was not published in Punch.

"Mucker."

It appears from the report of Mr. Edison's appearance before a House committee in Washington that he regards an experimenter as a "mucker." As Mr. Hutchinson explained, "Mr. Edison is a 'mucker' himself. He calls all experimenters 'muckers.'" How the meaning of this word has changed! Or is Mr. Edison's use of the term individual and arbitrary? For years there was only one meaning: A "mucker" was a coarse brute. In our college and superior days, a towney that did not have due respect for an undergraduate was a "mucker."

Webster's First Home Here.

As the World Wags:

In the article in the Sunday Herald of March 12 entitled "Did Webster 'fail' on March 7, 1850?" it is stated that after Webster's removal, in 1816, to Boston, "he first lived at 37 Somerset street." That statement, however, is incorrect. Here is what Webster himself says upon the subject in his autobiography: "On the 16th of August I left Portsmouth forever, and the same day arrived, with my wife and children, in Boston. * * * We stayed two or three weeks at Mrs. Delano's, and then went to housekeeping in a house of Mr. J. Mason's on Mount Vernon street." Webster is in error in speaking of the house in which he lived as being on Mount Vernon street. The house could not have been on Mount Vernon street, for there was then no street of that name in Boston. The house was on Mount Vernon, not Mount Vernon street. That part of the present Mount Vernon street which is between Joy and Charles streets then bore the name of Mount Vernon, not Mount Vernon street, and the house in which Webster lived was No. 8 Mount Vernon. The house was owned by Jonathan Mason. I think that afterwards Webster lived for a time at 37 Somerset street. OBSERVER.

Brookline.

Unfilial

As the World Wags:

A Massachusetts law makes it a criminal offense for a son or daughter to ignore filial duty. I am the more amazed at a report that a wealthy man had refused to pay a relative money he had advanced the impecunious father of the former. And this wealthy son had recently inherited over $50,000 by the will of a deceased brother. Furthermore, the relative, aside from advancing money to the father of the rich man, had for a series of years gratuitously performed numerous valuable services for him and made him a gift of money to lessen his loss on a purchase he had made.

MARCELLUS GRAVES.

Boston.

The Old T. D.

As the World Wags:

I address you in sad spirit. Will you kindly tell me, where are now the famous "T. D." clay pipes? I do not mean the "church warden" clays; but the short, stubby clay pipes dear to the heart of all who enjoy the grip of a bit of clay between their teeth while the perfume of tobacco curls under their nose. I have hunted Cambridge and Boston up side down for a "T. D." I have frequented the haunts of the longshoreman and the driver of the tip cart; I have haunted the hang-out of the ungodly student-body, but have unearthed no long-sought and deeply-loved "T. D." pipes. What has become of them? Has the corncob pushed it out of the manufacturing world? Sunday, down on the sea coast, I saw two old cronies sunning themselves in a doorway, hands deep in pockets, noses close to nose and in each mouth a short, stubby, well-browned clay pipe was gripped. I almost shouted for joy; I almost grabbed the clay from their firm, fat lips—but they were bigger and they were two to one. Where did they get those pipes? I am informed that no more are being manufactured. I want a whole dozen, if they are. Will some one well versed in pipeology lead me to them, or if not, will some poet, capable of handling a subject dear to the heart of the lover of a good, soothing pipeful of tobacco, write a fitting requiem to the passing of the clay pipe?

Cambridge. F. L. S.

Mr. Herkimer Johnson smokes "T. D." pipes and finds no difficulty in obtaining them at the store in Clamport.—Ed.

An Old Anthology.

As the World Wags:

Regarding the date on which the poem "Sentimental Music" was written by Fitz-Greene Halleck, you are undoubtedly correct when you say that it must have been much earlier than the Fifties, presumably in the early Twenties. The poem appears in a volume entitled "The Poets of America," edited by George B. Cheever, which is very poorly reprinted from old worn-out plates. The book has several fugitive anonymous pieces, although most of the extracts are from acknowledged sources, being the earlier poems of Bryant, Wilcox, Dana, Pierpont, Willis and others. The American public must have been in a serious mood in those days, as the book is composed mostly of dirges, laments on the death of various persons, and other poems of a lachrymose nature. There is not a line of humor to lighten its pages. The volume contains a sonnet written by William Lloyd Garrison, and a footnote alludes to his "despotic imprisonment," during which the poem was written. It praises Longfellow as a young poet of promise, and says that some of his poetry will be remembered with that of Dana and Bryant. There is nothing in the book to give a clue to the dates on which the various poems were written, except that they refer to events that must have taken place prior to the civil war. Scudder's balcony must have been a favorite resort during the lifetime of Halleck, as he mentions the band and balcony three times in the poem to which I have referred.

Melrose. W. L. L.

SIXTH CONCERT GIVEN IN TREMONT TEMPLE COURSE

The sixth concert in the Tremont Temple course took place last evening. The artists were Mme. Evelyn Scotney, George Dostal and Howard White. Herbert Seller was the accompanist. Mme. Scotney sang selections by Gounod, Liszt, Strauss, Debussy, Molloy, Schubert, Lehmann. Mr. Dostal sang selections by Donizetti, Schubert, Georges, St. Moniuosky, Von Der Stucken, Rogers, Florida, Roma, Foster, Fisher, Seiler, Speaks, Ball. Mr. White was heard in selections by Verdi, Hammond, Carpenter, Vieh, Donistowski, Hullah, Gilbert. Mme. Scotney and Mr. White were also heard in the duet, "Calm as the Night," by Goetze.

Mme. Scotney and Howard White were heard in this course earlier in the season. Last evening both were in good voice.

Mr. Dostal is a lyric tenor of good compass. He was especially heard to advantage in florid and sustained song. Unmistakably a sincere singer, his performance was never mannered. A colorist, too, he was especially in the vein in the sentimental line.

FLONZALEY QUARTET GIVES FINAL CONCERT

Admirable Performance Enjoyed by Audience.

The Flonzaley Quartet gave its third and last concert of the season last evening at Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Taneiew, Quartet, C major, op. 5; Bach, Prelude and Fugue for Violin Alone, from the Suite in G minor; Schumann, Quartet, A minor, op. 41, No. 1.

The quartet by Taneiew, who died recently, is remarkable for the revelation of skill in harmonic design and in disposition of the instruments. The effects are at times orchestral in their breadth and sonority.

Mr. Pochon's playing of Bach's Prelude and Fugue also excited applause from a large audience.

The Flonzaley Quartet will give three concerts in Jordan Hall next season on Thursday evenings—Nov. 30, Jan. 25 and March 15.

The performance of both quartets by these justly admired and celebrated artists was admirable in perfection of ensemble, in spontaneity and emotional significance.

mch 5 '16

GABRILOWITSCH

Ossip Gabrilowitsch, pianist, gave the sixth and last of his historical recitals in Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows: Franck, Prelude, Choral and Fugue; Grieg, Lyrical Pieces: Nocturne, op. 54, No. 4, Butterfly, op. 41, No. 1, to Spring, op. 43, No. 6; MacDowell, To the Sea, op. 55, No. 1, Witches' Dance; Tschaikowsky's Chant d'Automne, op. 37, No. 10, Humoresque, op. 10, No. 2; Rubinstein, Barcarolle, G minor, op. 50, Valse, op. 14; Rachmaninoff, Prelude, C sharp minor, op. 3, No. 2; Scriabin, Etude, op. 42, No. 5; Glazunoff, Gavotte, D major, op. 49; Leschetitzky, Gigue a l'antique, op. 44; Paderewski, Melodies, G flat major, op. 16; Moszkowski, Etude de Concert, G flat major, op. 24; Reger, Sarabande, op. 13, No. 7; R. Strauss, Intermezzo, op. 9; Schoenberg, Claviersttuecke, op. 19; Debussy, Clair de lune, L'Isle Joyeuse; Ravel, Jeux d'eau; Cyril Scott, A Pierrot Piece, op. 35, No. 1; Grainger, Shepherd's Hey.

For the final recital of a series in which Mr. Gabrilowitsch has won brilliant success, he chose pieces by "modern composers." It would have been better if he had chosen only a few "modern composers" and given each one greater prominence. As it was, the program looked like a publisher's list. Nor were in every instance the composers well represented. MacDowell used to complain bitterly that he was known to many as the composer of the "Witches' Dance." Grieg's friends might protest against Mr. Gabrilowitsch's choice.

Nor is the classification easily explained. At the last recital Mr. Gabrilowitsch played pieces by Brahms. Is not Brahms as modern as Rubinstein? Some may wonder that any attention was paid to Reger and Strauss as composers for the piano. Leschetitzky? Mr. Gabrilowitsch paid him this personal tribute. The program as arranged seemed scrappy, as though it had been prepared by a broad-minded teacher for his more or less gifted pupils.

The pianist's playing deserved the highest praise. The program taxed his versatility as an interpreter. In each case the pieces were given in the very spirit of the composer. Pieces such as Grieg's Spring, MacDowell's Witches Dance and Mozkowski's Etude, a famous war horse, which are taught in every conservatory were revitalized. In the case of the Etude there was surpassing brilliance and virtuosity. If anything could make Schoenberg's Claviersttuecke endurable it would be Mr. Gabrilowitsch's unaffected performance of them. With exquisite delicacy and artistic sensitiveness he sought to dim their harsh outlines and disarm ridicule by singing tones.

Not a specialist in any one type of composition the pianist by quality of touch and understanding is well fitted to play the music of the modern French school. He played Clair de Lune and L'Isle Joyeuse as one well versed in the Debussyan idiom while the opalescent waters of Ravel's Fountain danced and glistened in the sunshine. Cyril Scott's Pierrot is pensive and Mr. Gabrilowitsch humored him.

The audience crowded the hall. Every seat on the stage was occupied while many stood, a rare tribute to visiting pianists. At the close of the recital Mr. Gabrilowitsch expressed his thanks for the success of the series which he felt was due more to the audience than to himself. Although he has been giving the same series in various cities he said that nowhere else had he met with greater earnestness, attention and appreciation.

mch 19 1916

MISS VAN DRESSER

By PHILIP HALE.

Miss Marcia Van Dresser, soprano, gave her first recital in Boston yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. Her program was as follows: Brahms, Auf dem See, Taeusch mich nicht, Roeslein dreie, Wehe so willst, du mich, wieder, Des Liebsten Schwur; Tiersot, L'Amour re moi, Weokarlin, Lisette; Tiersot, Tambourin; Chausson, Serenade Italienne, Les Papillons; H. Wolf, Wenn du zu den Blumen gehst, In dem Schatten meiner Locken, Nachtzauher, Auf dem greuenen Balkon, Begegnung; old English, Have you seen but a Whyte Lily grow; Lane-Wilson, A Pastorale; Schindler, the Lost Falcon; Cyril Scott, Lullaby; Horsman, Bird of the Wilderness. This was the program as announced. Miss Van Dresser changed the order of the songs at times and substituted "Schweigende Liebe" for "Begegnung." Kurt Schindler was the accompanist.

Thirteen years ago Miss Van Dresser was a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company, appearing as a Valkyrie, or as a Flower girl in "Parsifal." For several years before that she had been on the stage as an actress. Mme. Ternina advised her to study in Europe. After preparation in Munich, Miss Van Dresser went to the Dresden Opera House, where she was engaged for a year. Wishing a greater opportunity for practice, she sang at Dessau for two seasons. She became a member of the Frankfort Opera company. When the war broke out she returned to this country. Last season she was connected with the Chicago Opera House.

It is possible that Miss Van Dresser, wishing to keep apart the opera house and the concert hall, erred on the side of self-repression as a Lieder singer. It is also possible that Miss Van Dresser is not by nature a sensitive interpreter; that she has been chiefly concerned with matters of technic. This, however, is true of her singing yesterday: it was monotonous in color, it was rhetorically monotonous. One song, as far as the singer was concerned, was like unto another. When a song demanded lightness, or archness, there was a slight unbending, there was less formality, less reserve.

There were melodic lines which were well sustained, but they were not charged with sentiment or emotion; nor was the prevailing mood of a song clearly defined and opposed to that of another in the group. Slips in intonation might easily have been forgiven; a crude performance of this or that melody might have been overlooked, if there had been even moments of native dramatic force, enthusiasm, gusto, anything that immediately made its way or was contagious.

Miss Van Dresser, an American by birth, coming from a southern city, has studied chiefly in Germany, and in Germany she has for the most part sung. Surely in operatic roles she cannot be so impassive as she was in Lieder yesterday. No doubt she was often forced in Germany to consider the shocking examples that are found in opera houses of that country, and having them in mind, she cultivated repose and a sense of proportion. But the pendulum swung too far in the other direction. She has a voice of smooth tones, which are not conspicuous for vitality, which are seldom sensuous; but with her intelligence and experience she should put this voice to more effective use.

An audience of good size applauded generously.

Looking through that entertaining book by George Augustus Sala, 'Twice Round the Clock," a description of London hours by day and night, we came across a curious allusion to the Russian ballet. The volume itself was published in 1863. The articles in separate form had probably appeared before that date.

The chapter is entitled "Seven P. M. A Theatrical Green Room." Sala speaks of the green rooms in those days as sadly dull and humdrum places of resort. They were somewhat more lively in minor theatres, for the young sylphides of the corps de ballet were allowed to join the company. "The conversation of these young ladies, if not interesting, is amusing, and if not brilliant, is cheerful. They generally bring their needle work with them if they have to wait long between the scenes (frequently to the extent of an entire act) in which they have to dance, and they discourse with much naivete upon the warmth or coldness of the audience with reference to the applause bestowed, the bad temper of the stage manager, and their own temporary indisposition from corns, which, with pickled salmon, unripe pears, the proper number of lengths for a silk dress and the comparative merits of the whiskers and mustaches of the musicians in the band (with some of whose members they are sure to be in love and whom they very frequently marry, leaving off dancing and having enormous families), form the almost invariable staple of a ballet girl's conversation. Poor, simple minded, good natured, hard working little creatures, theirs is but a rude and stern lot."

And then Sala indignantly denied that even a large proportion of these girls were inclined to tread the primrose path. "I can't say much of ballet morality abroad; of the poor rats de l'opera in Paris, who are bred to wickedness from their very cradle upwards, of the Neapolitan hallerine, who are obliged to wear green calzoni and to be civil to the priests, lest they should be put down altogether; or of the poor Russian ballet girls, who live altogether in barracks, are conveyed to and from the theatre in omnibuses and are birched if they do not behave themselves and yet manage somehow to make a bad end of it; but as regards our own sylphides, I say that naughtiness among them is an exception, and cheerful, industrious, self-denying perseverance in a hard, ungrateful life the honorable rule."

"Ballad Criticism in Scandinavia and Great Britain During the Eighteenth Century," by Sigurd Bernhard Hustvedt, instructor in English in the University of Illinois, is published by the American-Scandinavian Foundation, New York. The author says that the book grew out of his dissertation in 1915 for the degree of doctor of philosophy, at Harvard University. He has attempted to trace the development of interest in popular ballads as reflected in Scandinavian, English and Scottish criticism, particularly during the 18th century, with special reference to the mutual influence, by no means negligible, of British and Scandinavian writers.' He has confined himself in the main to theoretical and aesthetic opinion; textual criticism proper. In the introduction is an account of Svend Grundtvig and Francis James Child as associates in ballad investigation, how they were innovators. There is also a word as to the close relation between Scandinavian and British ballads and the vital influence of the ballad in modern literature. Then follow these chapters: Criticism before Reenberg and Addison; Addison to the "old Ballads," and Reenberg's "Ars Poetica" to Holberg's Comedies; Ramsay to "Ossian," Dalin's Balalds to Holberg's "Epistles", Percy, Goldsmith to Johnson and Ewald to Kellgren; and at last the Danish Relics to the Swedish balladists, with Pinkerton to Scott.

The introduction written by Vedel to his book of Danish ballads (1591) is reviewed at length because it touches nearly all the points to be considered in latest writers. Vedel wrote the first detailed criticism of ballads. He described the uses and profits of the old ballads. They are to be read not only as a pastime, but as a record of deeds, examples of good and evil, illustrations of old manners and customs, and also for their glorious language. The papers of Addison in the Spectator on "Chevy Chase" began the new era in English ballad criticism. His praise was rather hesitant, almost apologetic, yet he expressed confidence in untutored popular taste. He bolstered up his own favorable views "with the practice and authority of Virgil." For this he was attacked by John Dennis, who did not believe in the excellence of "that old dogrel." This chapter is an entertaining one, and the contempt of Shaftesbury for the critics of his time is justified by the critical opinions quoted. We like to think of Thomas Hearne saying that the Earl of Dorset used to read ballads with delight, "and yet he was a man of admirable sense and understanding." Due attention is paid to the ballads of Pope, Swift, Gay, Prior, Tickell. When Ambrose Philips published his collection of old ballads (1723-1725) he wrote in a preface that many would think it ridiculous to enter seriously into a dissertation on ballads. We say Philips, for the editorship of this collection is attributed to him, who had spent some time in Denmark not many years after the publication of Syv's collection.

As a rule the English writers of that period looked on the old ballads with contempt. Later came the collection made by Allan Ramsay. Some objected to ballad singing as a nursery for idlers, loose women and pickpockets, "a school for scandal, smut and debauchery." Thomas Percy is considered at great length. He, too, was inclined to apologize for "barbarous productions of unpolished ages." His manipulation of the text is discussed, also his statements concerning the origin and nature of the ballads. Joseph Ritson's attacks on Percy are dealt with fully. Dr. Johnson is introduced with his ridicule of the ballad form. With each period in English literature discussed the fate of the ballad in Scandinavia is associated. Speaking of the attitude towards the ballad in England and Scotland, the author says "On the whole, perhaps, the editors and critics of Scotland approached more closely the popular ideal, which, in the lyric mood, regards the ballad as worthy for itself, the living voice of a living folk, in England, where tradition for natural reasons has lost much in vitality, Sidney's aristicratic point of view, looking back and looking down to the ballads as interesting, even inspiring, but rude relics of a day that is past, prevailed in Addison and Percy. * * * Among all the Norse races the favorable view conquered in the end, though not with the symmetrical progression observable in Great Britain." There are pages of bibliography and there is a full index. Mr. Hustvedt's book is not only valuable by reason of the research and the judicially critical spirit; it is written in a manner that should interest the general reader.

"J. C. K." writes to the Herald asking for some information about George Jones, otherwise known as "George, the Count Joannes."

George Jones was born in London, Eng., May 10, 1810. At the age of 6 he was brought to Boston, where in 1828 he made his first appearance on the stage at the Federal Street Theatre. On Feb. 12, 1829, he appeared at the Bowery Theatre, New York, as the Prince of Wales in "Henry IV." For these and other facts in this paragraph we are indebted to Col. Brown's "History of the New York Stage." Jones remained at the Bowery for three years. He wrote "Evil Eye" with Jonah Philiips and acted in it. He was the first Tom Tiller in "The Water Witch" and Carwin in "Therese, or the Orphan of Geneva," on one night playing Richmond, the elder J. B. Booth, who had been drinking heavily, as Richard III. nearly killed him. In 1839 Jones managed theatres in Virginia. It was in 1833 that "he was installed Count Sertorii of the Holy Roman Empire of the First commander of the Imperial Order of Golden Knight and Count Palatine. He was never seen in public without his insignia of knighthood. He wore the jewel and pendant upon a dark black scarf that was in harmony with the general sombreness of his attire. He was of medium height, fine figure with an animated countenance, high forehead, expressive dark eyes, resolute chin and fine, white, even teeth: he wore a heavy mustache, with a fresh and ruddy complexion; he did not smoke or drink intoxicating liquors. He was of a nervous, sanguine temperament, had a resolute purpose, was persevering, energetic and untiring. Mr. Jones was not appreciated as he deserved, for he was a gentleman and was noted for his uniform kindliness of heart to his employes. He died Sept. 30, 1879, in a little room in the West Side Hotel, Fifteenth street and Sixth avenue, New York, without a single dollar in his possession. His remains were interred in Maple Grove cemetery, L. I."

Jones wrote a history of ancient America, visited Europe, gave lectures on the Bible, and, if we are not mistaken, delivered orations here in Faneuil Hall. In 1865 or 1866 he was admitted to practise as attorney and counsellor-at-law in the courts of the state of New York.

In his later years he became an object of ridicule. When he played Richard III. at Niblo's Garden, New York, in 1871, there was a crowd to guy him, but he acted so well that he was warmly applauded. In 1876, at the Academy of Music, New York, he played Hamlet before an audience prepared to mock him. "The company was about the worst ever collected, and seemed to have personal grievances against Shakespeare. So far as the Count was concerned, those that came to scoff remained to praise, for his performance of Hamlet possessed intelligence, sincerity, earnestness and gentleness, and there was nothing in his 'personation that deserved ridicule. He acted as a scholar, and, in despite of much provocation, behaved himself as a gentleman."

"J. C. K." will find in the second volume of Col. Brown's "History of the New York Stage" a long account of Jones's performances at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, in February, 1878. He then appeared as Romeo, Richard III., Hamlet, Othello, King Lear, Claude Melnotte. "No more disgraceful scenes were ever witnessed in an American theatre."

Jones played Hamlet at the Boston Theatre on March 1?, 1864, when he was supported by the Countess Melinda Jones. Her maiden name was Topping. She was successful in male parts, especially as Romeo. Her home for some years was Boston, and she played in 1870-71 at the Globe Theatre. After she retired from the stage she kept a boarding house in New York, but she died in Boston, in 1875. "She had a tall, commanding figure, a majestic presence, and a voice of much sweetness and power." The daughter, Avonia, born in Richmond, Va., in 1839, played in this country, Australia and England. In 1863 she married Gustavus V. Brooke at Liverpool. She died in 1867. "She was a lady of handsome figure, handsome face and a fine bright eye. She was a popular and profitable star. At her deathbed her father and mother met after a separation of many years."

"J. C. K." says that, according to his belief, the Count Joannes was the first actor to play the part of Claude Melnotte in Boston.

The Herald has received the following sketch of the development of Manchester, England, as a dramatic centre:

"The development of Lancashire and particularly of Manchester, its capital, as a dramatic centre is brought forcibly to mind by the recent success of such plays as 'Hobson's Choice,' now running at the Wilbur, and 'Hindle Wakes,' which the Shuberts produced a few years ago. The new school is not to be confounded with the old Lancashire drama. That consisted of works like 'The Lancashire Lass,' 'The Ticket-of-Leave Man,' 'The Romany Rye,' 'The Lights o' London,' which contained the Lancashire character or customs, but were primarily melodramas written by metropolitan playwrights for London consumption. There is nothing melodramatic about the new movement. It is local or 'neighborhood' realistic drama reduced to its simplest terms, written by native playwrights, and generally directed and performed by those of the immediate vicinage. Its fundamental claim is truth to the locale, and while many specimens thereof are of only local interest to Manchesterians, the best ones depict in the Lancashire types universal human nature and therefore like 'Hobson's Choice' are cordially welcomed in America.

"Miss Annie Horniman, whose company once visited Boston, is the founder of the Manchester school. She had been greatly interested in the intellectual drama and had previously subsidized the Abbey Theatre in Dublin, when her attention was drawn to the possible

[illegible] Miss Horniman's return to [illegible] has been somewhat misjudged. She was the patron rather than the acting manager of the Gaiety Theatre in the American sense. As Whitford Kane remarked the other day, all she did for Miss Horniman she never interfered in the slightest with the work of the directors or actors.' It was her ambition as proprietor to engage Ben Iden Payne (after a short trial season elsewhere) to hire Ben Iden Payne as art director and to extend a helping hand to budding playwrights in the locale who wanted to see their works produced. Above all, it was her task to get in touch with the Manchester people and create a friendly interest in home drama.

'A first-rate stock company was gathered together that included Irene Rooke, Ben Payne, Whitford Kane, Lewis Casson, Sybil Thorndike, Penelope Wheeler, Miles Shaw, Clare Greet, Mona Limerick and Charles Bibby. No exorbitant salaries were paid, and reasonable prices of admission were charged, ranging from sixpence in the gallery to three shillings in the stalls. The company made its way from the start and soon became a self-paying proposition. But what astonished dramatic sages was the large number of productions achieved and the great percentage of entirely new works—a veritable renaissance of the English drama. For example, within the two years beginning in 1908 55 plays were produced, 38 of them new, 17 revivals, five translations, and five classics.

"The intimate study of home types was what gave impetus to the Manchester drama. While the works of Bernard Shaw, Galsworthy, St. John Hankin and other leaders were freely put forth, a certain preference was given to the local playwright who brought anything worth while. The two most brilliant members of the local group were Harold Brighouse and Stanley Houghton. Mr. Brighouse was born in what was virtually a suburb of Manchester. He and Iden Payne were indefatigable in hunting queer corners and byways of the midland city and in observing usable character and incident. The productions were thus racy of the vicinage, told home stories and had an appeal of curiosity greater to the Manchester public than foreign works could possibly exert.

"In 1911 Ben Iden Payne quitted the Horniman company and 'went off on his own' as they say in Lancashire. Mr. Brighouse continued to write for the Gaiety, however. Payne kept his friend in mind through the former's American emigration, in the course of which the Manchester ex-director operated the Fine Arts Theatre in Chicago and the Little Theatre in Philadelphia prior to accepting the chair of dramatic literature at the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh. Presently the Messrs. Shubert heard of Payne's activities in staging a new sort of realistic drama and engaged him as a director. Then Mr. Brighouse's latest Lancashire play, 'Hobson's Choice,' was secured. It was tried in Atlantic City July, 1915, then again at Poughkeepsie and Albany, N. Y., last October, on the second occasion with Miss Molly Pearson in the role of Maggie Hobson. It was next produced in New York.

"A good proportion of the present 'Hobson's Choice' company are native Lancastrians. Whitford Kane is an Irishman, but long acclimated to the Smoky city. A. G. Andrews spent his boyhood there, and Miss Pearson went to school in that vicinity. As for the lesser members of the company, they know their Lancashire backwards and forwards."

There was a benefit in London a month ago for old Clunn Lewis, the Kentish puppet man, "a fine old knight of the highway, who has trudged through the Kentish villages for well nigh half a century in fair weather and foul, with a little marionette show, of which some of the puppets are 200 years old, a brave, cheery, simple-hearted, wonderful old fellow of close on 70, full of character, rich in country lore and country talk, of old songs, old plays, old ways, and, above all, still faithful to the art of which he is one of the last known exponents." The play at this benefit was "The Veritable English Village Tragi-Comedy 'Maria Marten; or the Murder in the Red Barn' (a Classic)." In the early days the parts were gagged throughout and the whole thing would have been taken as a screaming farce. "One could feel what the thrill must have been in the lowly village gaff when William Corder jerked up his dagger to plunge it into Maria's faithful breast. You are beneath me in the social scale; therefore, you must die. Ha! ha!' Never was such a villain before or since. As William himself says, 'This is the last murder, and the worst.' The whole thing is deliciously, deliriously funny—the crazed old puppets, with their fixed smile, the simple cottage wit spoken by Mr. Clunn Lewis and his daughter from behind—or, rather, above—the scenes, with the truest Arcadian dialect that has been heard in London for many a long day. But Bond street took it—oh, so seriously! Lady Forbes-Robertson, Mme. Blanche Marchesi and others assisted Miss Isabel Hearne in arranging the performance. Arnold Dolmetsch and his son Rodolphe in Elizabethan costume, played a duet for virginals and recorder. Miss Hearne herself wore too, rather needlessly, a male dress of doublet and hose to sing some Elizabethan love songs.'

The reviewer found a wealth of art value to be extracted from the simple little show. 'One could see that just a little expenditure over the dolls, just a little more care in the dialogue, and here would have been as sure an appeal to sympathy from those puppets as from live actors. It is said that Mr. Lewis is to have some pupils so that his art will not be lost. Quite possibly we shall soon be making the acquaintance of scientific puppets that will do the most astonishingly lifelike things. But this will never give us Mr. Lewis, or the little speech that he made, or the genuine rural naïveté of this actual village show. Mr. Lewis himself is far too precious to be allowed to slip through our fingers. We must see him again, without all that Elizabethan music, which is very well in its right place. We should like to see more of his puppet plays—'Arden of Feversham' . . . And we should like to hear him sing some of his old folk songs, like 'Lumps of Plum Pudding' to his own harp, as some of us have heard him do upon his own village green. He is one of those of whom Bond street is not worthy."

The remark that puppets might make a sympathetic appeal recalls the essay of M. Anatole France on the marionettes of M. Signoret which played Cervantes, Aristophanes and Hroswita. M. France is of the opinion that a truly artistic idea, a noble or elegant thought can enter more easily into the wooden head of a puppet than into the brains of a reigning actress. "If I must say all I think, actors spoil a comedy for me. I mean by this good actors. I can accommodate myself to others, but I cannot endure excellent ones, such as are found at the Comedie Francaise. Their talent is too great; it covers everything. There are only the actors. Their personality effaces the play they act in. They are considerable persons, and I do not wish an actor to be one unless he have genius. I dream of masterpieces played anyhow in barns by strollers. But perhaps I have no idea of what the theatre is. It would be better perhaps for me to leave the duty of talking about it to M. Sarcey."

Some time ago Mr. de Lara made an appeal for "stronger characterization" in music, suggesting that composers might derive inspiration from masterpieces of literature. He furthermore offered a prize. Several composers thereupon tried to express characters of Dickens in character music.

Joseph Holbrooke's string quartet, "The Pickwick Club," was judged the strongest of those in competition. It was performed on Feb. 17. The London Times said that with the help of a synopsis some of the characters and episodes could be made out. "But we were hazy about the Fat Boy and Sam Weller. We made sure of 'the dignity of Pickwick' because it was represented by four notes from the National Anthem. The same idea occurred to Debussy when he wrote his piano prelude, 'Hommage a Pickwick.' Strange this coincidence of great minds! There was also some bustling about in scale passages of whole tones, but most of the texture suggested the more positive manner of Richard Strauss. However, there were two tunes, 'The Banks of Allan Water' and 'Ivy Green,' to assure us that the work was true British born, and so the audience accepted it in a spirit of patriotic resignation." The Pall Mall Gazette described the quartet as an amazing humoresque, which is more likely to meet with appreciation as a jeu d'esprit than as music pure and simple. Of course, Mr. Holbrooke's absolute freedom of all scruple, whether aesthetic or intellectual, gives him a great advantage, for there is nothing that his method will not permit him to do. . . . It very bizarrerie becames tedious before the end is reached." Mr. Legge, hearing the quartet, tried hard to find which was Winkle and which Snodgrass. He regretfully missed the picnic and the card party and the old tune of "The Ivy Green."

Leopold Ashton wrote a more conventional piano quartet, in three scenes, from "The Old Curiosity Shop." The violin represented Little Nell; the viola, the Old Dealer; while the violoncella stood for Mr. Daniel Quilp.

Mr. de Lara's suggestion and the manner in which certain composers followed it inspired the Rev. Robin H. Legge to write an article, "Librettos for All," which was published in the London Daily Telegraph of Feb. 19:

"Somehow, however, I am not sure that this is the kind of spirit in which one is supposed to listen to music made on a pattern, made according to measure, as it were, but in any case I trust most sincedely that the 'idea' will not catch on, because, if it should do so, then we should be in grave danger of adding a new terror to life. It opens up possibilities that are positively endless. Think for a moment of the size of the British Museum Library with its millions of books. Of course, in the beginning composers would naturally turn to books that are familiar for their puzzles, 'Sanford and Merton,' 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' 'Sherlock Holmes,' passim, and so on, with those glorious books of my youth the series of 'Three Midshipmen,' 'Three Lieutenants,' etc., by Kingston, from which a whole symphony might be derived, each movement to correspond to the promotion of the officers. But—the brain whirls at the thought of a British composer being turned loose in the British Museum! He might found a symphony upon some ancient Egyptian palimpsest. Cyril Scott or Granville Bantock, I feel sure, would glory in the opportunity. Think of Mr. Joseph Holbrooke galvanizing into life the legends of the mummies that have lain in peaceful sleep for thousands of years, think of the time when the 'idea' has become so highly developed that composers will translate into terms of music those qualut Egyptian figures who never seem to have had a full-face portrait done on a Cleopatra's Needle, for they always stand sideways, or those queer birds, crows, cranes, eagles, or whatever they are that figure so largely in ancient Egyptian hieroglyphics! It really is a solemn thought!

"But it is even more solemn if you can see how the 'idea' can be developed. Is it likely that composers will stick at literature for their musical ideas? Why should they? Rossini once said he could set, I think, a railway guide to music. I have no doubt he could, and equally there is no doubt that many composers have made use of less inspiring subjects for librettos than the underlying idea of Bradshaw, which is that you may find out how to get away from a place you don't like. But the railway guide idea has its points. So has the implied railway journey. I don't mean the kind of journey to which the Londoner was accustomed before the electrification of the Underground. Fancy, incidentally, a 'young British composer' being let loose to describe the horrors of Gower street in those far-off days! I mean the kind of journey pictured in the posters on the station platforms, wherein the sun is ever shining, where every house has its three acres, if not also its cow, where all the neighbors are in the best possible terms. The meandering paths through sunlit woods would be so easy to describe on the lines of the illustrious composer of the dear old 'Battle of Prague,' with its shells bursting, and so on. And the streams and the twittering of the birds—what a picture for a composer, and he can get it all off a poster in the Underground. Think of it. I almost wish I were one myself, since a new world is opened up unto me.

"Then, on wet days, when one does not wish to drag oneself even as far as the nearest Tube, one may turn to one's daily paper and read of the sunshine and all the rest of it by the sad sea waves. I really wonder that my friend Mr. W. W. Corbett, the generous donor of so many prizes for chamber music, has not himself thought of the endless possibilities inherent in this idea. Think of a Phantasy on the South coast watering-places! Or, if you are mercenarily inclined, why not tackle the City article? It would be just as suggestive as and far more topical than many subjects that are selected. Once upon a time I actually compiled the scenario for a symphony in the four movements suggested by what used to be dubbed the Hatch, Catch, Match and Dispatch columns of a daily newspaper—that is, the birth, betrothal, marriage and death column. Of course, the first movement, the birth, would be in a major or a minor key according to the desirability of the new arrival; the same with the betrothal and marriage, the mode depending on whether the engagement and subsequent marriage were de convenance or of affection. Similarly with the finale; that would depend upon the outlook of the composer whether it be subjective or objective!

"And, again, the endless advertisements, with their pictorial representation of almost all things known to man or woman. How, in the brave days to come, can any composer pass his eye unmoved over the latest thing in fur coats, in tall hats (if any), for there is as much dignity in a tall hat as in a portly corporation, in bananas as in bacon? Tea and blood poison, dairy produce and grand pianos, I confess, would not move me musically—I mean their pictures—but, well, are not the possibilities endless for the composer of the future? There need be no philosophic doubt as to the subject and its fitness, because after all is said and done no one is obliged to puzzle out the musical jig-saw. If he prefer, he may be permitted to listen to it just as in the good old days, to listen to it as music pure and simple, with no arriere pensee, giving no thought as to whether a certain theme represents a particular species of bird or even a bird at all, or a Canary or West Indian banana, bacon or the pig from which it is derived, a tall hat, the wearer of it, or even his boots, patent leather or brown. Yet surely a new vista is opened up unto you, young British composer! May you be happy!"

Notes About the Theatre and Concerts

"The Iron Hand," by Hall Caine, a new war play, was produced at the Collseum, London, Feb. 21. The Daily Chronicle published the following review: "It is always the unexpected that happens. Who would ever suspect Mr. Hall Caine, the master melodramatist, of writing a play with a purpose? Certainly nothing but a play with a purpose could be quite so dreary as 'The Iron Hand.' The purpose speaks through a German captain. And what he says is—Not I, but my lord and master, is to blame. 'Brute though you must think me,' he mutters tragically at punctual intervals. We are to understand that he is quite a good sort, really; the System makes him condemn everybody to death unless they give him the passport. Successively Lieut. Lambotte, his wife, his mother (why not his cousin and his aunts?) are so condemned in their old chateau 'somewhere in' Flanders.' But not for long. For relief comes, and the German officer puts his 'hands up' with military precision. The 'purpose,' one supposes, must excuse this little piece of melodrama. One had thought the world full enough of real blood and tears without Mr. Hall Caine contributing his bathetic quota. Mr. Arthur Wontner was conspicuously natural and Mr. Sydney Valentine finely Teutonic as hero and villain respectively. But even they could not lift such a superfluous piece of limelit agonizing out of the rut of the theatrical. The rest of the program was a great relief." The Daily Telegraph was more amiably disposed. It called the play "a stirring little piece."

"Tonight's the Night" was played on Feb. 19 at the Gaiety Theatre, London, the 300th time.

Rudolf Besier and Mrs. John Spottiswoode have written a new play, "Kultur," for the Court Theatre, London. The heroine is an English girl and part of the action is in Germany.

Smoking was allowed in all parts of Drurylane Theatre at evening performances of "Puss in Boots."

The question, Would the prohibition or restriction of the importation of American films into England have a beneficial effort? has been discussed in London. Leading firms in the cinema business agreed without exception that to ban American productions would be little short of disaster to the whole trade. Some said: "We can never produce here as they can in America; the natural and atmospheric conditions preclude it." The head of one of the largest distributing firms spoke as follows: "Today's programs represent an immense advance on those of even two years ago. They have been responsible for the filming of many of our great dramas and plays, and our chief actors and actresses have been engaged for the purpose of film work. The Broncho Bill class of picture is, I hope and believe, a thing of the past."

Yet in face of this the Pall Mall Gazette said editorially: "If we can do without museums, which cost but £50,000 a year, we ought to be able to do without the less edifying spectacle of cow-punching Bill and his mawkish amours, which costs 40 times as much. The silly and vulgar films we import from America run to a couple of millions sterling in the national balance sheet. All these things contribute to the sinking of American exchange and put a further strain upon British credit. There is nothing of value, no educational or other usefulness, in the great bulk of this transatlantic trash; and if the ports of the country were closed absolutely to it few of us would sorrow."

George Grossmith and Edward Laurillard of London have acquired the rights of "The Misleading Lady."

The Pall Mall Gazette remarked apropos of a concert in London: "For some reason which it is difficult to fathom the composers of string quartets usually take their task in deadly earnest. Souata form reigns here as it does not in any other sphere of music, and sonata form is a serious matter. Hence to find light original music for string quartet is no easy matter. Into this void steps Mr. J. B. McEwen a writer of string quartets galore, and withal a professor. Despite this dual handicap he sets out to prove to us that a string quartet may be as sprightly and light hearted as, let us say, a pianist in the third section of his program. And he 'makes good.' His seven Bagatelles are pleasant to hear, and the three last of these are perhaps a little more than that." The Pall Mall Gazette of the same date, Feb. 17, described Francesco Vigliani as "a consciously conscientious violinist. He plays correctly, and with a safe intonation, but there is very little to distinguish him from a host of violinists who attain as much."

Saint-Saens's cantata, "The Promised Land," brought out at the last Gloucester, Eng., festival, was performed in Paris for the first time Feb. 20. Charpentier conducted. Herman Klein, who wrote the original text, prepared the French version.

This notice was inserted in the program of the London Symphony Orchestra concert of Feb. 21: "The management beg to remind the audience that it is expected the anti-aircraft guns may be in use for practice this evening in accordance with the public announcement."

Theatre managers of Paris think that their demand for better street lighting at night and a proper supply of taxicabs for each theatre has not received due attention. 'For the first time in the annals of the Paris stage the Association of Theatre Managers has reminded the authorities that theatre

[illegible] is a fact [illegible] the same as [illegible] thing else and that they cannot continually make sacrifices for the benefit of the community. This reminder was brought about by the public funeral of the victims of the Zeppelin raid. It had at first been contemplated that all places of amusement should be closed in sign of mourning but the managers succeeded in getting this order rescinded. They pointed out that there was no more reason to close theatres than cafes or any other business house, and added that closing down would mean the loss of a day's wages to hundreds of very worthy and deserving workers. They were then asked if they would consent to devote the proceeds of that day's takings to the relief fund for those who suffered by the raid. This request was refused first because theatre receipts have been seriously affected as the consequence of the raid, and, secondly, because, as the official reply remarks, 'We feel it is time we protested publicly against the popular idea that theatres are doing so well out of the war. Likewise, we would like to recall the fact that the Paris theatres are alone in having to pay a poor law tax. Under these circumstances the Managers' Association are of the opinion that it would be fairer on this and similar occasions on which an appeal is made to industries de luxe to extend the appeal to all classes of business that have hitherto not had to support the charges imposed upon places of entertainment.' To soften this refusal the association joined a check for £10 with their letter for the benefit of the relief fund. Their attitude has, none the less, stupefied the authorities, and caused not a little surprise among the public. Generally speaking, opinion seems to be with the managers."

Matheson Lang played Mr Wu on Feb. 10 for the 750th time.

Among the hopes expressed by ultra-patriotic Germans, says the Daily Chronicle, is the particularly fervent one that after the war they will hear no more foreign music. In an article in the Deutsche Tages-Zeitung, the musical critic of that journal expresses amazement that the country which produced and still loves Beethoven, Bach, Brahms and Schumann should condescend to express indebtedness to the musicians of any other country in the world. "Germany is the 'Land of Music,' and outside Germany there is no music." England receives merciful castigation. "We are the country of "absolute artistic infertility" and our musical abjectness is only evidence of our attitude toward all "inward kultur." If France is worthy at all of mention it is only in so far as her composers have been successful in imitating German models. There are no Italian composers. There is Tchaikovsky, but his music is not Russian, and what is good in it has been written under undisguised German influences. Belgium has no composers, and Servia and Montenegro in their artistic activities "are even below England."

The French musicians' fund has been opened in England to aid the Paris fund. Over 50 per cent of French musicians are at the fighting line or have given their lives for their country, while many of the older musicians have been rendered destitute by the war.

More than once the opinion has been expressed in these columns that many of our composers are prone to take themselves far too solemnly and seriously and to devote themselves in consequence to a style of composition really foreign to the British temperament and certainly calculated to repel rather than attract the ordinary British public. You may call it musical "snobbism" or what you will, but the fact remains—and it has been largely due in past years to the Teutonic influence—that some of our clever young composers have confined their energies and their highly-developed technical resources to a mode of thought and utterance to which a desire on their part to be taken tremendously seriously, rather than any natural promptings, has led them. Yet it is Mr. Maclean's contention—and he speaks with the authority of one who has spent much time abroad, in Germany and elsewhere—that the most solid and enduring successes obtained by our composers, both at home and on the continent, have been mostly won in the domains of light music, and that, moreover, whereas in the heavier branches of composition we have too often been content to follow the German models, our composers of musical plays and other light works really do employ—and successfully employ—their own idiom. In this interesting connection Mr. Maclean mentioned several names of composers, both past and present—beginning with Sullivan and coming down in recent years to Edward German, Sidney Jones, Lionel Monckton, and others whose music, while typically English, and free from any foreign influence, has not only secured them a large public in their own country, but has become popular on the continent. Herein, surely, is food for reflection for the "high-browed" young English composer—to say nothing of those "superior" critics who refuse to see virtue in music that does not wear a particularly solemn air.—London Daily Telegraph.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 2.30 P. M. Song recital by Marcia Van Dresser. See special notice.

Boston Public Library, 3.30 P. M. Lecture on Celtic Folk Song by Benedict Fitz-Gerald, assisted by John Shaun, tenor.

MONDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Piano recital by Richard Platt. Mozart, Fantasia. Beethoven, Sonata, op. 90; Brahms, Clavierstuecke, op. 119; Granados, El Fandango de Candil, Debussy, La Terrasse des Audiences du Clair de Lune; Chabrier, Bourree fantasque; Chopin, Impromptu, op. 36, Mazurka, F minor, Scherzo, B minor.

Jordan Hall, 2.15 P. M. Concert by Mme. Clara Clemens, Gabrilowitsch, contralto, and Miss Ethel Newcomb, pianist. Songs: Beethoven, Ehre Gottes, An die Hoffnung; Schubert, Das Wandern, Der Neugierige, Ungeduld; Strauss, Befreit; Saint-Saens, L. Solitaire; G. Faure, Prison; Delibes, Bon jour Suzon; Hue, J'ai pleure en reve; G. Faure, Toujours. Piano pieces: Rameau, Gavotte and variations in A minor; Scarlatti, Pastorale and Sonata in D minor; Chopin, Fantasie in F minor, Scribbin, Etude in C sharp major; Schloezer, Etude in A flat major; Rubinstein, Etude in C minor (false notes).

Jordan Hall, 8.15 P. M. Concert by Mme. Isidora Martinez, soprano, assisted by Miss Ruth Collingbourne, violinist. Songs: Rimsky-Korsakoff, Romance Orientale; Wolf-Ferrari—Fnur Rispetti; Ries, Es muss was wunderbares sein; Rossignols, Noch halt dein Bild; Tschaikowsky, Warum, Serenade, Ob heller Tag; Herold, Air from "Le Pre aux Cleres," with violin; Gounod, Chanson d'Avril, Spanish air, Teresita, Alvarez, La Partida; Alonso, Hermosa Gitana.

TUESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8.15 P. M. Chamber concert by Mrs. R. J. Hall, assisted by Mme. Povla Frisch and 10 members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Georges Longy. Instrumental pieces written for Mrs. Hall, saxaphone: Woollett, Octuor, and Danses Paiennes, Grovlez, Sicilienne and Menuet. Mme. Frisch will sing these songs: Gretschaninoff, La Steppe; Borodin, La Reine de la Mer; Tschaikowsky, Berceuse; Moussorgsky, Hopak; an ancient Angelus; Clampi, Stella; Chabrier, Les Cigales, Duparc, Invitation au Voyage; Bizet, Vieille Chanson.

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Piano recital by Miss Claire Forbes: Brahms, Rhapsody, op. 79, No. 1. Beethoven, Sonata, op. 78; Schumann, Aufschwung; Chopin, Impromptu, No. 2, op. 36, Preludes, op. 28, Nos. 23, 24, Ballade, F minor, op. 52; Debussy, Reflets dans l'eau; G. Faure, Impromptu, No. 4; Liszt, Hungarian Rhapsody.

Steinert Hall, 8.15. Song recital by Laura Littlefield. German songs by Bach, Reger, Berger, Pfitzner, Zarzycki, E. Wolff and Taubert. French songs by Gretry, Darcieux, Lemormand, Busser, G. Faure, Hahn, Thomas. English songs by Horsman, Deliuz, Spaulding and Carpenter.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2.30 P. M. Nineteenth concert (A) of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3.15 P. M. Piano recital by George Copeland, assisted by Mme. Nina Varesa, mezzo-soprano. Piano pieces: Mozart, Adagio from Sonata No. 6, Rameau, L'Enharmonique, Scarlatti, Sonata No. 1, Sonata No. 5, Liszt, Etude, Moussorgsky, Tableaux d'une Exposition, Nos. 6, 8, Debussy, Poissons d'or, La Terrasse des audiences du clair de lune, Danse de Puck, Pagodes, Feux d'artifice, Albeniz, El Polo, Malaguena, Zorzico, Roepper, La Tortajada (Tango); Grovlez, Evocation: Turina, A los Toros. Songs: Cui, La Statue de Zarskoye Selo, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Romance; Moussorgsky, Interieur; Spanish Folk Songs, Regrets, Open your door to me.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Nineteenth concert (B) of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.

MONDAY, MARCH 20, 1916

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

Some one discussing recently the characteristics of a good short story, named in the "literary page" of a newspaper, the "acknowledged masters" of the art. The game is an agreeable one, and no one is injured by it, not even the ignored. This list to which we allude did not include Fitz James O'Brien, Fitz Hugh Ludlow, Herman Melville or H. C. Bunner.

"Short story" is, perhaps, an elastic term. Some would apply it only to a tale that would take at most a half dozen pages of a magazine. Others would speak of Merimee's "Carmen" as a short story. Two volumes published not long ago—one a collection of tales, by Conrad, the other a volume of four stories, by Alexander Kuprin, published in this city—are fine examples of radically different methods of narration.

One of Conrad's stories is about an inn with a chamber containing the archbishop's bed, an ingenious device for smothering a guest. Is it possible that Mr. Conrad has never read "A Terribly Strange Bed," by J. Sheridan Le Fanu? The scene, in this instance, was a gambling house. The successful gambler was urged to remain there over night, lest he might be robbed on his way home. The beds were particularly comfortable, so a disreputable and confidential old soldier, congratulating the lucky man, assured him.

Kuprin's stories are "The River of Life," "Captain Ribnikov," "The Outrage," and the tale of a witch. "Captain Ribnikov" is perhaps the most striking of these. It is the study of a Japanese spy in St. Petersburg, not Petrograd; how he rattled about and chattered as a Russian officer; how he was suspected by a journalist, who, fascinated by the spy's audacity, courage, consummate skill, did not denounce him; how at last, in a manner almost grotesque and surely pitiable, the police were put on the track. Yet to some the story of the witch and the wooing of her daughter, a tale that recalls Turgenieff's early writings, will be the more impressive by reason of the romantic flavor the thumbnail sketches of forest life, the details of peasant superstition and cruelty, the passion of the lovers. On the other hand, the irony of "The Outrage" will appeal to comparatively few, and "The River of Life" is more or less conventionally "ultra-Russian" in description and in psychological analysis.

The directness of Kuprin is in strong contrast to the circuitous and at times baffling manner of Conrad, who seems to find delight in leading his readers to a blank wall at the end of a dimly lighted alley with the mocking question: "Now what do you say to that?"

On Beacon Hill.

As the World Wags:

Rising from rather a bad fall, I beg to suggest that the dwellers in a certain hilly district, famous for the observance of the festival of good will to men with music and candles, would manifest its spirit more genuinely by taking such precautions as might make it possible for fellow beings to use their sidewalks without risking their lives. "Peace on earth" is likely otherwise to be realized by pieces of shattered humanity on the ice-covered bricks. When the city was responsible for damages, the officers were prompt to warn the abuttors. It is understood that these well-to-do persons insure their risks. Good business but not quite the Christmas spirit!

Boston. THE OLD 'UN.

The Bucolic "O-U-G-H."

As the World Wags:

The following "pome" was suggested by a discussion some time ago in your column. BROUGH.

Dorchester.

CANTO ONE.

Song birds are singing on a bough,
Nearby a maiden milks a cow,
With bended knee pressed on its hough—
To keep the pail from any shock—
And meditates upon her troth.

Two pigs are eating from a trough,
And while they noisily do stuff
We hear the gentle wind's soft sough.

CANTO TWO.

Within the house, whose roof slopes low,
The maiden's mother kneads some dough,
With digits moving to and fro.

Out in the sun, down by the slough,
The maiden's "Pop" needs to wield the hoe,
His back formed in a human bow.
And, while the dirt he upward throws,
A woodchuck passes down the rows
And straightway makes off to his burrow
For fear the farmer is too thorough.

CANTO THREE.

"Pop" did not like the maiden's beau—
For he could neither reap nor sow—
Just ached to pitch him in the lough
And put the maid behind a lock,
Supposedly, most "Pops" are gruff!
But such a fate, ah, me! how tough!

But this girl's troth would take no bluff,
For he was surely strong enough
To use the old man as a plough
Should there be any kind of row.

CANTO FOUR.

Now, "Pop," with soiled and ragged cuff,
Whose toil was hard and very rough,
Was troubled with a disarmed hiccough
That seemed to him would never let up.
For fear they might be running off
"Pop" changed his hiccough to a cough,
And said if they'd live in his borough
He'd teach her beau to turn a furrow,
Likewise to follow down a row
And also how to use a hough,
And thus procure enough of "dough"
To settle in a bungalow.

Cheap and Good.

Here is the bill-of-fare of a dinner at the Women's and Girls' Dinner Hour Club in London: Roast leg of mutton, boiled rabbit, steak pie or sausages; baked or boiled potatoes, cabbage, or haricots; boiled mince roll, rice pudding, rhubarb tart, or stewed rhubarb. The charge for this dinner was 13 cents. The cost of the dinner used to be 10 cents, but the managers have been obliged to add 3 cents. Some 200 working girls dine daily at this club. There is a "rest room" with a piano as though there could be any rest in a room with a piano ready for action—a place for reading and writing. Membership costs 4 cents a month. The food is said to be excellent in quality, well cooked, with everything spotlessly clean.

VAN DRESSER TAKES PLACE OF SCHUMANN-HEINK.

Illness Prevents Latter from Singing at Symphony Hall.

At Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon Miss Marcia Van Dresser of the Chicago Opera Company gave a song recital in place of Mme. Schumann-Heink, whose illness prevented her from singing. Miss Van Dresser in a little speech before her first number said she appreciated the disappointment the audience must feel at not hearing Mme. Schumann-Heink, that she herself shared in it and that she hoped her hearers would be indulgent and meet her half way. They met her more than half way and concealed whatever disappointment they felt with generous plaudits after each selection. The audience was of fair size.

Miss Van Dresser repeated in the main the program she had given on Saturday afternoon in Jordan Hall. She changed some of the Brahms songs, substituted three of Richard Strauss's in the Hugo Wolf group and added an aria from "Cosi fan tutte." Kurt Schindler was accompanist.

mch 21 1916

RICHARD PLATT

By PHILIP HALE.

Richard Platt, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. The program was as follows: Mozart, Fantasia; Beethoven, Sonata op. 90; Brahms, Clavierstuecke op. 119; Granados, El Fandango de Candil; Debussy, La Terrasse du clair de lune; Chabrier, Bourree fantasque; Chopin, Impromptu op. 36, Mazurka in F minor, Scherzo in B minor.

Mr. Platt at times gave the hearer the impression that he could play better than he was playing. Take his performance of Mozart's Fantasia for example. His interpretation was at first impressive and unusual. It was broad, dignified; it was more than that, there was a personal quality that at once arrested the attention and then held it, until the hearer forgot the music itself in the too evident desire of the pianist to play the notes. Perhaps this was due to a certain nervousness, as if the pianist who had been forgetting himself in the music suddenly became aware of an audience. Although there were fine moments in the rest of the Fantasia, there was for the most part piano playing rather than interpretation. There was restlessness; there was too rigid phrasing; sentences were ended abruptly after a dry statement.

In Beethoven's Sonata the first movement was played with true feeling and as if the music were then making under the pianist's fingers. The performance of the second movement, on the other hand, was rather matter of fact, suggesting that the player was aware of a task to be performed and was not wholly pleased with the undertaking.

Mr. Platt was more at ease in the pieces by Brahms. The second Intermezzo, charmingly romantic, was played throughout in an intimate and poetic spirit. The Fandango of Granados is either inherently unimportant or Mr. Platt lacked the necessary abandon and rhythmic fire.

Some pianists are so constituted that they never do themselves full justice throughout a recital. Perhaps if Mr. Platt would play more in public he would soon be more master of himself. He has an agreeable touch; his phrasing is intelligent; his taste is pure; yet he sometimes fails in convincing the hearer that he himself fully appreciates the intentions of composers or is able to convey to others his appreciation.

"JUSTICE" IS

By PHILIP HALE.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE: First performance in Boston of "Justice," a tragedy in four acts by John Galsworthy. Produced by Messrs. Corey, Williams and Riter.

James How	Henry Stephenson
Walter How	Charles Francis
Robert Cokeson	O. P. Heggie
William Falder	John Barrymore
Sweedle	Cecil Clovelly
Wister	F. Cecil Butler
Cowley	Watson White
Mr. Justice Floyd	Wallis Clark
Harold Cleaver	Thomas Louden
Hector Frome	Lester Lonergan
Capt. Danson, V. C.	Rupert Harvey
The Rev. Hugh Miller	Walter Geer
Edward Clements	John S. O'Brien
Wonder	Ashton Tonge
Mooney	Charles Dodsworth
Clinton	Walter McEwen
O'Cleary	Warren F. Hill
Ruth Honeywill	Cathleen Nesbitt

This tragedy was produced at the Duke of York's Theatre, London, and the Royalty Theatre, Glasgow, on Feb. 21, 1910.

Falder, a clerk in a lawyer's office, alters a check for the sake of a young woman married to a brute. He committed this felony on the spur of the moment, upset by the sight of her coming from her husband who had half-strangled her. The younger lawyer and the managing clerk are mercifully disposed. The offender had always borne a good name. He is not vicious. He is already penitent. Give him a chance, they say. The senior lawyer, the father of his partner, declares that justice should be done. Falder is to be tried.

The second act is a representation of the trial beginning with the evidence for the defence. It is the most realistic court scene that we know of on the stage. For the theatre, it is too long. The arguments for the prisoner and the Crown with the charge of the

[illegible] his remarks to the convicted [illegible] sentence are Mr [illegible] statements concerning [illegible] as it should be discriminating [illegible] offenders as men[illegible] and justice as it is, inex[illegible] of what comes after [illegible] subsequently affected. [illegible] counsel for the defence pleads the [illegible] of the excitement to the [illegible]. To the counsel for the prosecution, the judge and the jury, his argument is romantic. The judge finds [illegible] attack on the whole [illegible] of justice. Nor can he endorse with a recommendation to mercy, because if the prisoner had made his escape before detection, he would have lived immorally with a woman in another land.

The three scenes of the third act are [illegible]. The Governor is inclined to be humane but he must obey the rules which are traditional. The chaplain thinks more of his lunch than of the prisoners. The doctor cannot urge the freeing of Falder from solitary confinement although his melancholy is pronounced, for if he did, he would be asked to do the same for a dozen others. The horrors of solitary confinement are shown by calling certain prisoners from their cells. One has [illegible] saw and must be punished, yet he had to occupy his mind in some way or go mad. Another complains that a neighbor disturbs him so that he cannot sleep, and sleep at least is owing to him. Falder is seen in his cell, pacing up and down like a wild beast in a cage, frightened by his shadow, starting at any noise, and at last hearing prisoners in their despair pounding on their doors, he, too, beats frantically.

Falder having served his time comes back to seek work at the office. The managing clerk is friendly. The woman, who to keep her children alive has yielded to her employer, begs for him. The lawyers talk of taking the youth back. He tells of his efforts to gain a living, how everything seems to be against him. But he will not leave the woman; she is all he has. Learning her story, he breaks down. The man from Scotland Yard enters. Falder had failed to report himself; he has forged a reference for character. The prison again for him. He throws himself over the stairs, and Cokeson says to the woman kneeling over the corpse: "No one'll touch him now! Never again! He's safe with gentle Jesus!" Justice has been done. Is not this Justice, essentially injustice?

As in his play "Strife," Mr. Galsworthy presents the two sides and allows the spectator to make the decision. Falder was undoubtedly guilty, technically and morally. Should he have been acquitted because he wished to run away with an abused woman to save her from cruelty, a woman whom he could not marry? As the law stands the verdict was just.

The exhibition of prison discipline is another matter. The scenes are grim, and one is terrible. Has this play worked any serious reform in England? Long before it, Charles Reade's novel and the drama derived from it were said to be instrumental in the betterment of prisons. But is not a prison in England today, horrible in its stultification and debasement of the inmates?

Mr Galsworthy has succeeded in this: his tragedy is much more than a tract or a thesis. The characters are more than mouthpieces for the dramatist's theories or denunciations. The audience is moved by the man and the woman on the stage as executors of injustice in carrying out the rules of Justice as understood and as victims of the Justice that is thought to be necessary for the protection of society. What is the conclusion? That is left for the spectator.

"Justice" is a play, not literature. The dialogue is pointed, without rhetorical embellishment except in certain flights of the counsel for the prisoner—and there, too, is realism—without digressions that might relieve the intensity. It is a tragedy in the fullest sense of the word; a tale of horror that excites pity, that leads to discussion, that prompts the question whether all is right with the world.

It was admirably played throughout. Mr. [illegible] gave a carefully conceived and skilfully planned impersonation of the [illegible] clerk. Mr. Barrymore gave a faithful representation of the nervous, [illegible] weak criminal, a performance remarkably free from exaggeration and false pathos. Mr. Lonergan was an [illegible] counsel, Mr Clark a dry and [illegible] justice, while Miss Nesbitt was [illegible] sympathetic as Ruth. The brilliant audience that filled the theatre was greatly impressed.

At the Porphyry a few days ago they were discussing the conduct of young Golightly. "He is nothing like his father," said old Auger; "I understand that from half past four to half past five he may be found at teatables chatting with the ladies, asking coyly for another slice of hot buttered toast, discussing the comparative merits of cups with and without sugar but with the squeeze of a lemon. I wonder what Eugene thinks of his boy. They tell me, by the way, that Gene fell off the wagon last week, and snapped his fingers at the family doctor and the specialist."

And yet while old Auger was growling, three or four young men at the other end of the room were drinking tea and eating toast although it was the cocktail hours. These young men are no means ladylike, nor are they Angloniacs. They are respected in Squash-courts and on tennis-grounds. They were drinking tea and munching toast because they like them.

Yet we remember when an English army officer, a guest at the Porphyry, calling for tea at five o'clock, startled members and threw even Charles the head waiter into confusion. It must have been twenty years ago when Col. H—— thus ordered as a matter of course. We are under the impression that he asked for jam with his toast.

A Fatal Error.

Should strangers in Boston, bringing letters or meeting fine old crusted inhabitants by chance, be offended because they are invited to "drop in to tea" before there is an invitation to something more substantial?

It was said by the men of Blackwood's that the critic Jeffrey was especially severe in his treatment of Southey in the summer of 1824 because the laureate had invited him to tea, invited "a literary character of rank to a dish of catlap, and a thin scraggy, dry, butter-brodt as the Germans call it in their superb and now popularish dialect. Why, there's no saying what might have happened, had he set down the little man to a plate of hot kipper, or some nice fried trouts, and then a bowl of cold punch, or a bottle of sauterne or markebrunner." That was the way an editor and critic of that magnitude should have been treated, Odoherty argued, particularly when the editor had dined at an early hour and was quite sober.

Note the good old plural "trouts," far finer than the collective singular at first used only by sportsmen. We have nothing to say, however, about Odoherty's spelling of markobrunner. He surely knew how the bottle looked, and if he preferred an "e" to an "o" in spelling, his speech in ordering was probably intelligible.

Nothing but Talk.

Perhaps after all Jeffrey preferred tea to punch at the hour of his call on Southey. Something at least was offered the visitor. We have heard of houses where there was only conversation, not even a whiff of tobacco. Three years before his death Dr. Johnson was one of a group talking of an evening society for conversation at a certain house in London. Johnson burst out: "It will never do, Sir. There is nothing served about there, neither tea, nor coffee, nor lemonade, nor anything whatever; and depend upon it, Sir, a man does not love to go to a place from whence he comes out exactly as he went in." Boswell argued that men of learning might have "good intellectual society without the aid of any little gratifications of the senses." But one Mr. Berenger spoke up and said any meeting would be dull without these gratifications; "nay, it would not be amiss to have some cold meat, and a bottle of wine upon a sideboard," whereupon Johnson shouted that Mr. Berenger was a man of the world, and knew the world. "Everybody loves to have good things furnished to them without any trouble." Boswell came round to their view. Listen to his smug little speech: "I agreed with my illustrious friend upon this subject; for it has pleased God to make man a composite animal, and where there is nothing to refresh the body, the mind will languish."

Mr. Johnson in Private.

Mr. Herkimer Johnson told us some time ago that he refused all invitations except to a stated and appointed meal. If he received a note saying that several "interesting people" would be at Mr. and Mrs. Grappies and urging him to "drop in" about 9 o'clock, he did not go. As he rudely expressed it, he was too old to be content with wind-pudding. "They might have opened a bottle or two of beer, but when I drink beer, I want it by the bucket, not in a dinky little tumbler. As for lettuce sandwiches, they are the abomination of desolation. If I am to eat sandwiches, let them be of ham, thick, and with plenty of mustard smeared on the ham. I am a man of simple tastes." Perhaps we do wrong in thus revealing in part the private life of the eminent student of sociology. Let us add, in order that Mr. Johnson may not appear snobbish in his treatment of invitations, that he avoids pompous dinners, the courses of which fight against digestion. He is never weary of declaiming against the folly of serving game after the roast. He [illegible] of a true family meal, say a dish of liver and bacon, with mashed potatoes, onions, followed by apple pie. We have seen him amply satisfied with an oyster stew, though he deplored the fact that the oyster cracker of the late Sixties could no longer be found. But Mr. Johnson argues with Dr. Samuel that no matter how brilliant the talkers may be, there should be food and drink. We have heard our friend the sociologist speak eloquently of high tea offered to guests on Sunday nights in Albany, N. Y., when he was a student: lobster salad, cold partridge, brown bread toast, chocolate cake; but Mr. Johnson was young then, intrepid with knife and fork. And at these high teas the conversation was not brilliant, it was better than that; it was homely, hospitable and cheering.

MME. GABRILOWITSCH AND MISS NEWCOMB IN CONCERT

Kurt Schindler Accompanist at Jordan Hall Entertainment.

Mme. Clara Clemens Gabrilowitsch, contralto, and Miss Ethel Newcomb, pianist, gave a concert yesterday afternoon at Jordan Hall. Mme. Gabrilowitsch sang these songs: Beethoven, Die Ehre Gottes, An die Hoffnung; Schubert, Das Wandern, Der Neugierige, Ungeduld; Strauss, Befreit; Faure, Prison; Saint-Saens, La Solitaire; Garat, Dans le Printemps de mes Annees; Grieg, From Monte Pincio, Ein Traum. Miss Newcomb played these pieces; Rameau, Gavotte and variations, A minor; Scarlatti, Pastorale, Sonata, D minor; Chopin, Fantasie, F minor; Schnabel, Reverie, E flat major; Von Schlozer, Etude, A flat major; Rubinstein, Etude, C major. Kurt Schindler was the admirable accompanist.

Miss Newcomb has a pretty touch and a respectable technic. Yesterday she was effective in the lighter pieces when there was little or no demand for emotional eloquences. She played the Gavotte and variations and Scarlatti's hackneyed Pastorale with suavity and limpidity of tone. The Sonata, too, was deftly performed. On the whole she showed little individuality. In Chopin's Fantasie she had little to say. Here the pianist was in turn deliberate, noisy, discreet, always ladylike.

Mme. Gabrilowitsch, with her husband, Miss Newcomb, Mme. Goodson and others of their generation were members of the same group at Leschetiszky's. As Clara Clemens she was an accomplished pianist. But she was restless and wished to sing. As Clara Clemens, too, she became known as a singer. The years pass and Mme. Gabrilowitsch's manner of singing changes not at all. She has a naturally fine voice, rich in color, capable of emotional expression. This voice she uses crudely and often to the utmost possible disadvantage. Her errors remain uncorrected and the same. The tones, to begin with, are badly placed and in dramatic outbursts spread. Her phrasing is erratic. Her diction is muffled and unclean. In German songs the consonants are either brutally emphasized or lost in tone production. Singing in French she is more intelligible. Repeated appearances in public do not destroy her self-consciousness. There is an irritating lack of confidence which finally is transmitted to the audience.

The singer's program lacked variety. One of the Beethoven songs would have been sufficient. Mme. Gabrilowitsch sang them sentimentally in the most approved German manner. Her native intelligence, her intellectual and emotional gifts were suggested in other songs despite her imperfect mechanism. There was inherent tenderness and spirituality in her singing of "Befreit." She understood the melancholy and bitterness of Saint-Saens's lonely maiden, eager to be wooed even with the fierceness of a cave man.

It is a pity that this singer does not consider her ways. She is uncommonly gifted.

Mr. Schindler acquitted himself manfully. He was constantly of invaluable assistance to the singer whose rhythmic unsteadiness demanded skilful support.

MISS NEVIN'S LECTURE

Miss Francis Nevin, assisted by John Herman Loud, pianist, gave the third and last of her interpretations of opera yesterday afternoon at the Copley-Plaza. The opera chosen was "Lohengrin." These interpretations have been helpful and interesting.

MME. MARTINEZ RECITAL

Mme. Isadora Martinez, soprano, assisted by Miss Ruth Collingbourne, violinist, gave a recital last evening at Jordan Hall. The singer's art is well known. The program included songs by Rimsky-Korsakoff, Wolf-Ferrari, Ries, Tschaikowsky, Herold, and Spanish airs.

At the Castle Square yesterday, the Craig Players gave "Under Cover." It is a melodrama of many surprises, and its best surprise of all is left to the very end. Throughout its course the audience follows the chase of a smuggler, and as the scene changes from New York to the rural districts of Long Island, it watches the pursuit of crime and the criminal with the intensest interest.

The play is a melodrama, and of the best type. The most sensational moment comes when Stephen Denby, most ingenious of smugglers, traps Ethel Cartwright in his room, and unconsciously gives the signal that seals his own doom, and leads the customs authorities to raid the house. But a few moments later, the tables are turned. Denby escapes from the clutches of the law and at the last moment the audience is utterly surprised at the ingenuity with which the playwright brings everything to a logical and at the same time a dramatic conclusion.

Mr Carleton makes an ingenious Stephen Denby. Miss Barnicoat does the best emotional acting in her career, and Nora Rutledge is clevely impersonated by Rose Lee. Mr. Friebus makes an excellent sleuth; Donald Meek, Al Roberts and George Ernst add to the comedy, and the half dozen others in the cast make the entire performance well rounded and complete. The play will be given this week and next.

SHUBERT THEATRE: "Alone at Last," an operetta in three acts by Franz Lehar. Book by Dr. A. M. Willner and Robert Bodanzky. Freely adapted from the German by Edgar Smith and Joseph Herbert. First performance in Boston.

Morel	John Wheeler
Hans Ketterer	Edmond Mulcahy
Count Max Splenningen	Harry Conor
Count Willigard	Roy Atwell
Mrs. Phoebe Cloverdale	Elizabeth Goodall
Dolly Cloverdale	Marguerite Namara
Baron Franz von Hansen	John Charles Thomas
Tilly Dachau	Letty Yorke
Yvonne Everett	Miriam Folger

The operetta was first produced in Vienna in 1914. Robert Bodanzky, with Dr. Willner, the author of the original libretto, is a brother of Arthur Bodanzky of the Metropolitan Opera House. No doubt the adaptation has been loosely made. As it stands, the story is slight, but it serves as a pretext for melodies typically Leharian, cunningly orchestrated and effectively play by a large orchestra conducted by Gaetano Merola.

The plot affords opportunity for spectacular settings of great beauty. The scene is in Switzerland. Miss Dolly Cloverdale, an American heiress is travelling with her mother, who wishes her to marry a nobleman. The eligible youth presents himself in the person of Count Williigard Splenninger. He has other views and is much engrossed with a charming Viennese actress, Tilly Dachau, while Dolly, on her side, loves the stalwart Alpine guide, Franz, who is, of course, a baron in disguise.

Starting in the garden of the Hotel Victoria at Interlaken, their adventures take the couples involved to Murren, where they watch the sunrise. Proceeding up the Jungfrau, Dolly and her guide desert the others and are left at sunset on the summit of the peak, "alone at last." Franz is only a baron of operetta so he wraps his cloak gallantly around the sleeping form of his beloved and, assuming a sculptural attitude, prepares to watch over her through the night. Matters reach a satisfactory conclusion the following evening in the lounge of the hotel at Interlaken.

The production is handsomely staged. The scenes at Interlaken and Murren are picturesque. Throughout the ladies of the chorus are becomingly attired.

The score is pretentiously planned. The pervading waltz "Nature Divine," sung in the first act by Dolly and Franz, is wholly charming and characteristic of the melodic inventiveness of the composer. Other numbers, "One in the Game of Love," "Pretty Edelweis," "Not Now, but by the Moon," have decided character and are rhythmically alluring.

The cast is excellent and the voices of the leading singers far above the average to be found in visiting companies. Mme. Namara was first known here as Marguerite Banks. She studied here at the opera school with Messrs. Conti and Kubitzky. She was for a time on the roll call of the Boston opera company. Later, as Mme. Namara-Toye, she sang in concert in New York. Now she has found her true place in the field of light opera. Her voice is brilliant, well schooled, and she sings with aplomb. She has a sense of the dramatic. Her personality is agreeable, to a certain extent winning. As Dolly she sang with much expression and acted with unaffected simplicity. Her costume for mountain climbing would have turned any Alpine guide, not in the realms of operetta, pale with dismay.

Mr. Thomas is easily a young man with a future. He is far from being the traditional and perfumed baritone. His voice of marked sonority and operatic range has the quality of emotional eloquence. He sings freely without forcing tone. He can be dramatic, persuasive. Furthermore, he is of heroic build, and his personality is attractive, romantic. In Franz, Mr. Thomas found an entirely congenial role.

The element of comedy was divided between Mr. Conor and Mr. Atwell. The former amused by his rotund joviality, the latter by his droll mannerisms and by his song, "Some Little Bug Will Find You Some Day," which delighted the audience.

Another conspicuous member of the

... was ... Yorke ... san ... authority, danced gracefully and ... generally after the manner of ... mated soubrettes. The appropriate-s of her costume for mountain ... ing might also be questioned.

The chorus was efficient and vocally well disposed. A large audience gave frequent evidences of its enjoyment.

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MRS. R. J. HALL

By PHILIP HALE.

Mrs. Richard J. Hall, saxophone player, gave a concert of chamber music last night in Jordan Hall. She was assisted by Mme. Povla Frisch, soprano, and these members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra: Messrs. Tak, violin; Sauvlet, violin; Gietzen, viola; Belinski, 'cello; Gerhardt, double bass; Cella, harp; Brooke, flute; Demailly, flute; Lenom, oboe; Mimart, clarinet. Mr. Longy conducted. The instrumental music, written for Mrs. Hall, was as follows: Woollett, Octuor, for two violins, viola, 'cello, double bass, clarinet, oboe and saxophone; Woollett, Danses Païennes; Invocation et danses des pretresses, Hymne sacre et danse pastorale for saxophone, two flutes, 'cello and harp; Grovlez, Sicilienne and Minuet.

Mme. Frisch sang these songs: Gretschaninoff, La Streppe; Borodin, La Reine de la Mer; Duparc, Chanson Trieste; Moussorgsky, Hopak; Duparc, Invitation au Voyage; Chabrier, Les Cigales; Chausson, Itallan Screnade; Bizet, Vieille Chanson.

Mrs. Hall, who has done much for music in Boston by introducing unfamiliar orchestral and chamber works, by encouraging young players to take part in orchestral concerts, and by enlarging the musical knowledge of the public, returning from France where she had been busied as virtuoso and afterwards as aiding in hospital work, made her first appearance here last night after a long interval of time. The name of Woollett has often appeared on her programs. Grovlez is known here by piano pieces played by Mr. Copeland.

Woollett's Octuor is in four movements, of which the opening Allegro and the Adagio are the most interesting. The Allegro is not only skilfully planned for the chosen instruments; the themes are fresh, adroitly treated and the whole movement has vitality. The Adagio is in romantic mood with a beauty that is individual and with a feeling that rises above mere sentiment. Of the Pagan dances the Invocation with the dance of the priestesses has marked character. The combination of instruments is effective. The opening of the second dance has a solemn beauty, but the pastoral dance itself is labored.

The performance was excellent throughout. Mrs. Hall played with a firm control of her instrument; her phrasing was musical; she showed a greater variety of expression than is customarily associated with the saxophone. In the Pagan Dances Mr. Cella played the harp with an uncommonly full tone when brilliance was required, and with a delicacy that was not mere tinkling. In these dances the flutes were a conspicuous feature. Mr. Tak as first violin in the Octuor proved himself a spirited leader with a full and agreeable tone.

Mme. Frisch was accompanied by Mr. Frank Bibb, who replaced Mr. Verd at short notice. His accompaniments contributed in no small measure to the success of the singer, who was in her happiest vein. We did not hear her when she sang at the last Cecilia concert. It was said at the time that she was then discommoded by a severe cold. Last night her voice was free and pure. No Lieder singer that has visited Boston of late years equals her in the art of interpretation. Few, if any, know how to subordinate that which is comparatively unessential, to communicate so fully the mood of the composer and express the intention of the poet. The songs she sang, all had inherent quality, but Mme. Frisch goes behind the mere notes on the page.

The range of her expression is shown by the contrasts in the chosen songs. One might say that she is an ideal interpreter of Duparc, but no one has sung here so daintily and roguishly the "Cigales" of Chabrier, with such subdued intensity the "Steppe" of Gretschaninoff, with such reckless abandon the "Hopak" of Moussorgsky. The song of Chausson, an unfamiliar one, is of rare beauty. Mme. Frisch repeated the "Hopak" and the "Cigales," and after the "Vieille Chanson," which she sang inimitably, she added "Carnival."

There was a large and enthusiastic audience.

There are people, who, if they only had a slot, might win a pretty penny as moral try-your-strengths, like those we see in railway stations for telling people their physical strength when they have dropped a penny in the slot. In a way they have a slot, which ... mouths, and people drop pennies in

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by asking ... to dinner, and then they try their ... against them and get snubbed; but this way is round about and expensive. We want a good automatic asinometer by which we can tell at a moderate cost how great or how little of a fool we are.

Mt. Vernon.

As the World Wags:

Jonathan Mason, whom I mentioned as the owner of the house in which Daniel Webster first lived after his removal to Boston, was United States senator from 1800 to 1803 and a representative in Congress from 1817 to 1820. With reference to Mt. Vernon, the name of the locality where the house was situate, I intended to say that it consisted of the buildings, or estates, on the north side of that part of the present Mt. Vernon street which is between Joy and Charles streets. That street then bore, I think, the name of Olive street.

Brookline. OBSERVER.

"Mt. Vernon, 1796, north of Beacon street and west of Belknap (now Joy) street; the buildings on the north side of Olive (now Mt. Vernon) street, 1805-17." From "A Record of the Streets, Alleys, Places, etc., in the City of Boston," published by the city of Boston in 1910.

Orchestral Behavior.

As the world wags:

I wonder if you have been annoyed as I have been by a carelessness of demeanor in certain members of the Orchestra. This well-nigh perfect organization falls down in a curiously obvious and unnecessary way. At the last Friday afternoon concert one of the musicians read a program book all through the time he was not actually playing. I do not blame him for reading the book which was most interesting and instructive, but if he had kept his eyes on his score or on the leader's baton, the general order and discipline would have been better. For two consecutive weeks one of the violin players repeatedly yawned without attempt at concealment. Now if the music had been Bruckner's one could understand the situation, but there was no such excuse.

On the Friday afternoon, while Mr. Paderewski was playing the concerto, one of the first violins, who for some reason did not play, amused himself, but not the audience, by keeping up a fairly spirited conversation with his neighbor, who must have had difficulty in following the score and the conversation at the same time.

There are, of course, long periods when individual players are idle. If this present indifference is right, why not carry it a little further and provide couches at the back of the stage where the players might repose until it was nearly time for their entrance. A call-boy could be provided and I am sure the idea would work out nicely. If, on the other hand, attention and interest in the progress of the composition are desirable, let me commend the man who plays the cymbals. I have watched him with admiration for years. Although he may have only one stroke of his instrument in the whole course of a long musical afternoon, his attention never deviates nor does his military attitude of readiness ever change.

Not many years ago I believe it was customary for violins to do their bowing without reference to the general effect. There was, consequently, a grand waving of bows all out of unison. I think it would be agreed by most that the present careful management of the bowing adds much to the orchestral effect. May we not hope that some day attention on the part of each member of the organization will become an essential and most agreeable part of the program. Anything short of this means disorganization and looks like a drilling of green recruits in the manual of arms.

H. J. H., Marblehead.

We did not notice any reading, yawning and talking on the stage at this afternoon Symphony concert; perhaps, because we were listening to the music. There is a difference of opinion among conductors about the value of uniform bowing. To see the violin bows all moving in like manner is more agreeable to the eye and gives the idea of firmer discipline, but some conductors believe that independent bowing, according to the will of each violinist, gives greater force to the whole body.—Ed.

The Ashfield "Jumper."

As the World Wags:

Anent H. B. H.'s letter, saying: "Around Ashfield the 'jumper' * * * is called a 'go-devil,'" I think it must be a late development. I remember once, when helping a companion to fill the family wood box in order that we might go fishing, seeing, in the woodshed, a mysterious contraption built of two barrel staves with the ends nailed together with the convexities outward and an upright nailed to the middle of one convexity. In reply to my query as to its nature I was told it was a "jumper" and its use explained to me.

As my acquaintance with Ashfield was that of a summer resident I never saw one in action, but frequently saw them laid away for the summer, and they were always referred to as "jumpers." The stories told of their performances were such that, in spite of many lurid coasting experiences at St. Paul's, I never had any desire to try one. All this in the early seventies. XENES.

Chestnut Hill, March 17.

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mch 23, '16

H. B. writes: "Does any one of your contributors remember a song sung with this tag by George Thatcher: 'He had to make other arrangements'? I should like to know the title and the words, and where I can obtain a copy of the song."

Did Thatcher sing it in that thrilling drama, "And the Villain Still Pursued Her"? Can any one give us the text? Fragments haunt the memory, as: "The curtain rises on a stonecutter's yard in Detroit. And the villain still pursued her." Then there was the pathetic recitation of the old man that stood in the street on a stormy night:

> His aged eyes were full of tears;
> His shoes were full of feet.

Nonsense, drivel, say you? Yet some of us would gladly go back to the days when the gags and wheezes and pranks of George Thatcher were new and we all laughed easily, carefree.

"Meticulous."

As the World Wags:

Arnold Bennett in "Clayhanger" describes coal and loaves as "being served out by meticulous and haughty officials." What authority has Arnold Bennett for so misusing that word "meticulous," which, according to my dictionary, means "timid, fearful"? I have lately noticed a growing attempt to twist its meaning into a sense of "delicate" or "extremely careful." It sounds well, but unless the word has really taken on a new signification, should it not be discountenanced as an interloper?

Jamaica Plain. N. H. D.

This word "meticulous" has disturbed others for some time. The original meaning was "fearful, timid." The word with this meaning, more or less common in the 16th and 17th centuries, has long been obsolete. Sir Thomas Browne spoke of "melancholy and meticulous heads" frightened at night by the insect known as the death-watch.

"Meticulous," meaning "over careful about minute details, over scrupulous," has been in use for nearly a hundred years. The first quotation in the Oxford Dictionary is from Blackwood's Magazine (1827). J. A. Symonds did not look sourly on this meaning.

By the way, the Latin word "meticulosus" does not belong to classical prose. The primary meaning is "fearful, timid," but metonymically the word came to mean "terrible, horrible." Plautus used the word in both senses.

Th. Blount in his "Glossographia, or a Dictionary interpreting the Hard words of whatsoever Language, now used in our refined English tongue" (5th edition 1681) contains "meticulous," also "meticulosity."

There are references to the modern "misuse" of "meticulous" in "The King's English" by H. W. and F. G. Fowler (London, 1906). Under the head "Antics" is a subhead "Use of stiff, full dress, literary, or out-of-the-way words." A quotation from the Westminster Gazette includes this clause: "Forsaking altogether his almost meticulous analysis of motive and temperament." The Fowlers add: "We recommend to this reviewer a more meticulous use of the dictionary."

Now if the reviewer followed this advice, he found "meticulous," meaning "over careful about minute details," has been in the English language for nearly a hundred years.

A Genteel Accent.

As the World Wags:

Complaint has been made in your column that the newly arrived in their haste to become Americans divest themselves of the desirable marks of their origin. But the process is reversed when many who have achieved the middle class become ashamed of their countrymen and seek distinction by one or another affectation. We have learned to hear calmly the somewhat truthful charge that Bostonians ape an English accent. But a French one— Yet the editor of a journal devoted to music news has lately ruled that the proper pronunciation of the maiden name of Mme. Lou Tellegen is with the accent on the second syllable. Now let the hundreds of Farrars still left in New England rise in protest that the name is not FarRAR, else we may soon be required to say Mr. George HamLIN or Mr. Lambert MurPHEE. F. EDWARDS.

Boston.

There is a story that a certain Ferguson family in Connecticut insisted that the name should be accented strongly on the second syllable. When Angus B. Reach was annoyed because some one did not make two syllables out of his name, Thackeray shouted across the table: "Mr. Re-ach, will you have a pe-ach?" We are told that the father of Mrs. Lou Tellegen still accents his name on the first syllable, thus following the example of Canon Farrar and all the other Farrars of high or low degree.—Ed.

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mch 24 1916

BY MRS. LAURA LITTLEFIELD

By PHILIP HALE.

Mrs. Laura Littlefield, soprano, gave a recital in Steinert Hall last evening. Mrs. Dudley T. Fitts was the accompanist. The program was as follows: Reger, Flieder; Pfitzner, Im tiefen Wald Verborgen; Taubert, In der Maerz-Nacht; Schlummerliedeheñ. Zurzycki, Zwischen uns ist nichts Geschaken; Bach, Ich bin Vergnuegt (with violin played by Harrison Keller); Gretry, Ariette from "L'Ami de la Maison"; Darcieux, Noel des Queteurs Bressans; Lenormand, Stace, Buesser, La Desir; G. Faure, Mandoline; Hahn, La Paix; Thomas, Chansonette; Horsman, The Shepherdess; Delius, The Nightingale; Spalding, The Scissors Man (MS.); Dresel, Sweet and Low; Carpenter, Light, My Light.

According to a long prevailing custom, there was first a group of German songs, then one of French, and at last several songs in English. It is no doubt idle to protest against this arrangement; it would be flying in the face of tradition; nevertheless we should like to hear some day a singer, who, being an American, would have the courage to begin boldly with songs in her native language. If she should wish to observe a chronological order there are beautiful English songs of a comparatively early date.

The German songs chosen by Mrs. Littlefield were as a rule uninteresting. One or two were laboriously light, clumsily coquettish. The air of Bach sounded like innumerable other pages of Bach, an air that might be cut short or prolonged indefinitely without assistance or injury to the text. In the songs by Reger and Pfitzner Mrs. Littlefield often sang forte and piano without significant expression and occasionally gave a heavy emphasis to wholly unimportant words as "Der" and "Die." This fault was not observable later. And this is to be said: After these songs and in the French group she paid much attention to diction and was often happy in conveying the mood and sentiment of the songs. There were instances of mispronunciation of French, but this did not seriously affect the spirit in which the text was sung.

The French group contained some unfamiliar and charming songs. It was a pleasure to hear an air of Gretry. Years ago the Henschels sang delightful music from Gretry's operas with the needed grace and vivacity. The Noel, harmonized by Darcieux, has marked character, and the harmonization with its suggestion of old ecclesiastical modes is neither affectedly archaic nor incongruously modern. The Mandoline of Debussy is more in Verlaine's vein than the Mandoline of Gabriel Faure, nevertheless the latter one is worth hearing. Mrs. Littlefield was particularly happy in her interpretation of "Le Desir" and "La Paix."

The concert gave much pleasure to a large and attentive audience. Mrs. Littlefield has passed the stage when a singer is chiefly concerned with giving the notes correctly. Throughout the concert an evident desire to interpret was observed, and the desire was often fulfilled. Thus the concert was free from the reproach of monotony that is so often justly brought against givers of recitals. Mrs. Littlefield was most effective when she sang with moderate force or piano. In outhursts on extreme upper tones there was a loss of quality. Mrs. Fitts played sympathetic accompaniments.

As the Messrs. Fowler and some other Englishmen, fussy about the purity of the English language, protest against the modern use of "meticulous," so some are sorely vexed by the "misuse" of "excellence." Was it the editor of the Athenaeum who said that for years he had struck out this word when it meant merely "good" or "very good"? "Excellent means excelling, surpassing, preeminent, supreme." True, O excellent Theban! But the adjective thus used in a favorable sense, a bad or neutral sense, or meaning "excelling in rank or dignity" is obsolete; except that in a favorable sense the use is merged in the current sense, the sense complained of by some; an emphatic expression of praise or approval, extremely good. And with the meaning "extremely good," but not necessarily surpassing or preeminent, Shakespeare, Evelyn, Dryden, Arbuthnot, Cowper, Lamb, Macaulay did not hesitate to use "excellent." Lamb even went so far as to say "most excellent."

"She."

A London journalist has been taken to task for speaking of a seaplane as "she." He pleaded in justification the analogy of the gender of a ship. This was the

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...ly to him. He should have remembered the nationality of the invader. For in German 'Schibb,' 'Boot' und 'Fahrzeug' mean, respectively, 'ship,' 'boat' and 'vessel,' are neuter. If, however, the invading aircraft was a "Taube," then he was right, for 'Taube' is feminine. But the eccentricities of gender in a language which ridiculously makes the sun feminine and the moon masculine, are without number and without parallel."

Why do many from New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Newfoundland, and some in the northern part of New England speak of a clock as "she"? In Dr. Joseph Wright's "English Dialect Grammar" the statement is made that there is a general tendency in all dialects of England, Scotland and Ireland to personify inanimate objects. "In Scotland, Ireland and the dialects of the northern (English) counties the feminine pronoun is used." Is this the only answer to the question?

As for the feminine sun and the masculine moon, the explanation is given in several German grammars that we have seen.

A Gentle Radical.

As the World Wags:.

"Carnal considerations of toast and tea" do promote social ease and comfort though I loathe the afternoon tea of the thing that calls itself "society." After all, however, alcohol is the true social rallying stuff. Would there were an effective substitute. I watch with amazement the joy of my young folk in companionship suitable to their years, unaided by the cup that cheers and inebriates. Social life, except with a few old and dear friends, is apt to have for me a mainly boresome aspect. How few men and women have aught but counterfeit coin to exchange with the casual acquaintance! Most interesting topics seem to be taboo because they contain social dynamite, and the respectable society to which I am mainly condemned is fairly mediaeval in its conservatism. I can get on admirably with a conservative if I know him well enough to disagree with him frankly and fully. Most of the old friends with whom I now and then talk half the night are rigidly conservative, but they don't suspect me of being a blackguard because I believe the society of today is based upon injustice and deserving of naught but destruction, not necessarily violent, look you, but none the less destruction. To be quasi-respectable and more than middle aged in these parts condemns a radical to a pretty dull social round, and I never did admire the treadmill; it is fit only for the feet of a mule.

THE HERMIT ELEPHANT.

Boston, March 23.

Shakespeare's Prophecy.

As the World Wags:

This fortress built by Nature for her seal
Against subjection and the hand of war.
—King Richard II.,—Act II; Sc, I.

Here is a thought from the ever-present past, that should bring cheer to the hearts of the men of England in their titanic struggle against the greatest military power in the world.

The prophetic tone of the lines—indicating Shakespeare's deeply-rooted belief in the impossibility of invasion—finds its echo in the sentiment of the English-speaking race today that, England, "This precious stone set in the silver sea," can never be taken while she maintains her navy in superior numbers to guard her rock-bound shores.

The seal, engraved with a fort or castle, as a symbol of security—prefiguring the inviolability of the sea-girt isle—presents a remarkably bold and lofty image of thought.

As printed in the First Quarto of 1597 and all subsequent editions of the play, the lines read:

"This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war."

They are so obviously corrupt that no comment is necessary to show how the printer or transcriber must have mistreated the poet's manuscript.

I offer this emendation of a passage which has long perplexed editors and commentators, as a contribution toward the ter-centenary observance of the passing of the immortal Shakespeare:

"To where beyond these voices there is peace."

CHARLES J. DELAMAINE.

Dorchester.

"Invasion" and "infestion" have been suggested. As Richard Grant White said: "Why, it would be difficult to tell. England, 'this other Eden, demi-paradise,' is represented as protected by the sea against infection (of any and every kind) as well as against the hand of war. The following hitherto unnoticed lines in Daniel's 'Civil Wars' seem quite decisive as to the correctness of the old reading:

Neptune keepe out from thy imbraced Ile
This foul contagion of iniquitie;
Drown all corruptions coming to defile
Our faire proceedings ordred formally."—Ed.

Jan 25
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GEORGE COPELAND

Mme. Nina Varesa Sings.

By PHILIP HALE.

George Copeland pianist, assisted by Mme. Nina Varesa, mezzo soprano, gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. The piano pieces were as follows: Mozart, Adagio from Sonata 6; Rameau, L'Enharmonique; Scarlatti, Sonatas Nos. 1 and 5; Liszt, Etude; Moussorgsky, Tableaux d'une Exposition Nos. 6 and 8; Debussy, Poissons d'or, La terrasse des audiences du clair de lune, Danse de Puck, Pagodes, Feux d'artifice; Albeniz, El Polo, Malaguena, Zortzico; Roepper, La Tortajada; Grovlez, Evocation; Turina, A los Toros. The songs were these: Cui, La Statue de Zarskoye Sselo; Rimsky-Korsakoff, Romance; Moussorgsky, Interleur; Spanish and other Folk songs.

Mr. Copeland again gave an exhibition of delightful piano playing. Many of the pieces chosen had been heard at his other recitals. Beautiful or exciting in themselves, they still gave pleasure, and his performance was as fresh as if he had been playing them for the first time. The features of the first group were the exquisite interpretation of Mozart's Adagio, and the brilliance and tonal beauty displayed in the music by Scarlatti. There is more of poetry and romance in Liszt's Etude than was brought out by Mr. Copeland. Recalled, he gave a remarkable performance of an Etude by Chopin. We have never heard it played better, not even by Mr. de Pachmann.

It is not necessary at this late day to speak of Mr. Copeland as an interpreter of the elusive Debussy, and of the intoxicating Spanish dances. The excerpts from Moussorgsky'c "Tableaux d'une Exposition" were unfamiliar to many. In 1874 there was an exhibition in Petrograd of sketches and water colors by Hartmann, an architect, a close friend of the composer. Moussorgsky conceived the idea of reproducing these pictures in music. One, played yesterday by Mr. Copeland, represents two Jews—Samuel Goldenberg, a grave, imposing deliberate person— the other Schmuyle, a little lively fellow, chattering, fawning, nervous, supplicating. The other "Catacombae," having for a sub-title, "Sepulchrum Romanum," showed Hartmann himself exploring by the light of a lantern the catacombs of Paris. There are alternate chords, heavy and loud, light and soft, with the theme of the opening number of the series changed rhythmically and otherwise. Of these tableaux, the picture of the two Jews is the more important.

Mme. Varesa has a very light voice—a voice better adapted to a drawing room or a theatre the size of the Princess in New York, than to the ordinary concert hall of large size; but in these days when a singer is discussed, the question is not so much about the voice as about what she does with it. Mme. Varesa uses her voice skilfully and artistically, always with a view to interpretation. The songs of Cui and Rimsky-Korfsakoff have an exotic charm and genuine sentiment. The song by Moussorgsky was disappointing. It is a pity that the words were not printed on the program, or at least a synopsis of them. After she had sung a Spanish folk song with the piano—and Mr. Copeland accompanied with fine feeling—Mme. Varesa sang with appropriate simplicity a folk song with guitar accompaniment, and, recalled, sang another one. She and Mr. Copeland were heartily applauded by an audience of good size.

Mr. Josef Hofmann, talking with Miss Harriette Brower about pianists and piano playing, was reported in Musical America of March 18.

"I am playing a number of times with orchestras here (New York). You have good ones in America."

"The Boston Symphony, for instance?"

"A very fine orchestra, but I do not enjoy playing with it, as the conductor, Dr. Muck, has little regard for the soloist. Indeed he does not greatly care to have a soloist, as he considers his orchestra sufficient without. The soloist receives little or no consideration. That is the reason I shall not again play with the organization. An orchestra should take the part of an accompaniment, and although the conductor directs it, he should not make himself prominent enough to detract from the soloist, but should, for the time being, efface himself. This the conductor of the New York Symphony is able to do. After we have played together five or six times, we come to be in perfect accord."

These remarks will amuse those that remember Mr. Hofmann's extraordinary behavior in Boston when he last played at the Symphony concerts.

On Dec. 12, 1913, he gave a fine performance of Schumann's Concerto, a performance that is still remembered with pleasure, although Mr. Hofmann for some reason or other saw fit to absent himself from rehearsal, and did not even meet Dr. Muck beforehand to explain his interpretation, when Dr. Muck had gone out of his way to make an engagement.

At the following concert Dec. 13 Mr. Hofmann took incredible liberties with the music, making grotesque changes in tempi and in the manner of phrasing. But Dr. Muck is not easily confused, and the performance ended without a serious accident. When Mr. Hofmann left the stage he was hissed by certain members of the orchestra, who were justly indignant.

Mr. Hofmann afterwards justified his conduct by saying that he had heard of Dr. Muck's dislike of soloists. He not only justified his behavior, but rather boasted of the "joke" he had played on the conductor.

Strange as it may seem, Dr. Muck and Mr. Hofmann had not met until the latter appeared at these concerts.

"The soloist receives little or no consideration," says Mr. Hofmann. We should like to hear from Messrs. Kreisler, Paderowski, Bauer, Gabrilowitsch, Mmes. Melba, Culp, not to mention others who have been accompanied by this orchestra under Dr. Muck's direction.

And there are less famous soloists, young singers and pianists, who could tell of the pains taken by Dr. Muck in rehearsal, of his kindness toward them. We know of one instance where he spent over an hour with a pianist after the orchestra had been dismissed, and gave her practically a piano lesson that was of great advantage to her in the performance.

Mr. Hofmann says: "I shall not again play with the organization." This is in all probability true.

Many will miss Napier Lothian. His face was known to thousands who, when they saw it, recalled pleasurable nights at the Boston Theatre, where he for many years was the musical director. But those who knew him personally, enjoyed his conversation, rich in anecdote, shrewd in observation, always good humored even in criticism of contemperaneous actors, singers and dancers and modern stage methods.

We often asked him why he did not write his reminiscences. He, smiling, would answer that he thought of doing this, and only a few weeks ago he spoke of certain articles he had in mind and asked where best they could be published. It has been said of some writers of memoirs that they did not put their recollections on paper until they had lost their memory; this made the volumes the more entertaining. But Mr. Lothian's memory was sure; his mind was active; his accuracy in statement was remarkable for one at his advanced age.

The first time we saw him conduct was at a Saratoga hotel—the Grand Union if we are not mistaken—and one of his sons then played the kettle drums. We remember the first overture on the program. It was the delightful "Zanetta" of Auber. That was many years ago, before there were summer palaces in mountain regions or by the sea; when leading men from all over the country went to Saratoga to take the waters and indulge themselves in perhaps less salutary amusements; when radiantly handsome women wore diamonds at breakfast and gorgeous gowns for the afternoon veranda parade; when a meal was obtained in the dining room only by a handsome tip when the newcomer first took his seat and constant attention to the waiter until the guest departed. Mr. Lothian at Saratoga as in Boston was a prominent figure in the daily life.

He should have written, or dictated, his recollections, as should others who have gone before him, Myron W. Whitney, for example. His reminiscences would have been a valuable contribution to the history of the Boston stage, and the story of his adventures in the far West, where he met men and women, who were afterwards famous in the theatre, would have been not only entertaining but a sociological document of worth.

As he was associated during many years with the theatre, but was never theatrical in his behavior, it was fitting that his last hour was spent there. He himself could not have wished for a fitter, happier ending. May he rest in peace!

Two singers recently died, who, having had their years of fame, were remembered in different ways.

Giovanni Sbriglia, a Neapolitan by birth and education, visited this country as an operatic tenor. He made his first appearance in Boston on May 19, 1859, as Lionel, and in the course of the engagement he was heard as Don Ottavio. The statement in some of the obituary notices that he made his debut in 1861 is therefore incorrect. Associated with him at the Boston Theatre in Ullmann's company, were Mmes. Gazzaniga, Laborde, Poisot, Ghioni, Phillipps and Messrs. Steffani, Florenza, Formes, Mueller, Quinto. Sbriglia left the stage and, as a teacher of singing, made Paris his home. He was fortunate in his pupils. Among those who studied with him at one time or another in their career were Mme. Nordica, Mme. Sanderson, Piancon, the De Reszkes. His pupils are everywhere and here in Boston and some who could talk entertainingly about their master. There is much that is interesting about Sbriglia in Clara Louise Kellogg's "Memoirs of an American Prima Donna." He talked with her freely and at length about the art of singing and his own theories and practices.

Tom Karl as a singer in grand opera is not so familiar to many as he is through his association with the Bostonians, yet he sang in Italian opera for some years before he returned to this country. Clara Louise Kellogg, speaking of a performance of "Mignon," sung here in Italian, quotes a newspaper man as saying that in it only one of the principals sang in his or her native language: Miss Cary was an American, Mme. Roze was French, Tom Karl (Carroll) was an Irishman and Verdi (Green) was an American, as was Miss Kellogg. The only Italian was Frapoli, the tenor. Karl's last engagement before coming here was at La Scala, Milan, where on Feb. 15, 1871, he was the tenor in a new opera "Elisabetta d'Ungheria," by Beer. There was only one performance. He made his debut in this country as Tonio in "The Daughter of the Regiment" as a member of the Parepa-Rosa company at the Academy of Music, New York, early in October, 1871. His associates in the company were Mmes. Parepa-Rosa, Vanzini, Ciara Doria (now Mrs. Henry M. Rogers of this city), Seguin Cook, Schofield and Messrs. Castle, Whiffin, Campbell, Cook, Gustavus Hall, Bartleman, Seguin, Ryse. A useful tenor with a fine voice and a pleasant manner, he first became popular as a member of the Boston Ideal Opera company. Later he formed with Messrs. MacDonald and Barnabee the Bostonians. The success of this operatic company was great for many years. He retired before the favor in which the Bostonians was held little by little waned. An agreeable companion, a man of honor! His years after he left the stage were passed in comfort.

Poor Maurice Farkoa! He enjoyed life so thoroughly, he made others take so cheerful a view of it, that death should have not been in so great haste. He was seen here first in "An Artist's Model" at the Hollis Street Theatre, March 2, 1896. What an amusing show it was! What a good company! Alison Skipworth, Marie Studholme, Christine Mayne, Gladys Hornfrey, John Coates, Lawrence d'Orsay, Marshall, Frazer, Fred Wright, Jr., were there. We still remember the duet sung by Miss Mayne and Mr. d'Orsay. Mr. Farkoa was last seen here in "Tonight's the Night." His voice was an extremely light one, but he used it skilfully, artistically. His diction had Gallic finesse and many singers of far greater pretensions could have learned from him. Generous, cheery, interested in many things, he was devoted to relations more or less dependent on him, and he continued on the stage for their sake rather than for his own pleasure.

"Disraeli" was announced in London on March 2 for production at the Royalty Theatre "in the near future." Perhaps it is even now on the stage. The Daily Telegraph remarked that long-talked of, this comedy is overdue in London.

Mr. George Arliss once told us that he doubted whether "Disraeli" would be a success in England. He thought that there might be grave objections there to the romantic treatment of "Dizzy." Disraeli has already figured on the English stage. In "The Last of the Dandies" he appeared at Count d'Orsay's reception with only a line to speak. The part in Mr. Parker's comedy will be taken by Dennis Eadie, "who, as his representative, is promised, it is said, 'the part of his life,' will show us a make-up like unto the man's living image."

Those who are protesting against "The Merchant of Venice" for use in schools or as a play on the "stage," will be interested in the remarks of Rabbi H. G. Enclow of the Temple Emanu-El, in New York. In a lecture on "Shakespeare and the Bible," he said, as reported by the N. Y. Times of March 22, that Shakespeare, in depleting the character of Shylock, wrote many lines which showed a protest of which the poet was unconscious against the unjust treatment of the Jew. "The Merchant of Venice" was intended as a comedy, he said, but the figure of Shylock gives it a tragic import, and with the disappearance of the Jew from the scene interest in the plot flagged. "One needs only to compare Shakespeare's portrayal of the Jew in Shylock with some other delineators of the Jew in Elizabethan literature to realize Shakespeare's protest against the popular conception and treatment of the Jew and the sympathy with him. Persons do not think of the debt that Shakespeare owed the Jews because of the Bible, the finest product of Jewish spirit. There were few Jews in England in Shakespeare's day, but the Bible was there, and it had been well translated.

"The Bible was the people's book. The Bible plays—mystery, miracle and morality—of the time, are examples of this. Shakespeare was a spectator at these plays, and it is not to be doubted that he was a participant in them. The Bible, to my mind, influenced

...akespeare's production ... first, ... exercised ... upon his style; second, on the ethical ... of his work, and, third ... molded his spiritual attitude toward the world."

See how London laughed at the prudery shown in New York and Boston during the performances of the Ballet Russe. We quote from the Daily Telegraph:

"In one of his most delightful essays, Richard Le Gallienne has told us that Mrs. Grundy is dead, and over her decease he rejoiced exceedingly. The writer, it seems, was mistaken. The dear old soul still lives, but has sought other climes. At present she is looking after the morals of the American public, bless her stout old heart. When the Russian Ballet was performing in New York a few weeks ago the dear old lady put on her most powerful glasses and discovered all manner of improprieties in the production of 'Scheherazade.' Apparently the Negro slaves in the harem were too familiar with the bright-eyed odalisques. As altered, at Mrs. Grundy's urgent request, nothing, we are told, 'could have been more proper than their behaviour.' 'They sat down and smiled at each other in the most decorous manner without even holding hands.' Dull, but innocuous.

"From New York the Russian dancers proceeded to Boston, whither Mrs. Grundy followed them—at any rate in the spirit. For 'the city censors,' we read, 'sat in array on the performance of "Scheherazade" and decided that they would allow the show to continue if in certain places the ladies wore a few more clothes.' They were not, it was added, requested to wear mittens. For shame!"

What, pray, would the Daily Telegraph say to the editorial article headed "Choreographic Obscenity," that was published in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch:

"The unexpurgated prelude to the 'Arabian Nights' is a curiosity of erotic literature. Transferred to the stage and realistically suggested by the physical symbolism of the dance, it is an orgy of sensuality the depravity of which is emphasized by the mixture of blacks and whites. It is the last word in the obscenity of decadent art.

"The vulgarity of the theme and the scene is neither concealed nor redeemed by its setting of wondrous beauty, nor the exquisite grace of the dance. They are wasted jewels on the body of death.

"It is a tribute to the moral sense of American theatregoers that 'Sheherazade' and the touch of obscene realism in 'The Afternoon of a Faun' have been resented by them. Their taste has not yet become so vitiated and jaded that they will seek or accept unredeemed sensualism in the form of art.

"The wantonness of these descents into sensation is illustrated by contrast with the exquisite productions of other themes dealing with youth, love, romance, gaiety—all human emotions that may be symbolized and expressed by the poetry of motion. Diaghileff's Russian ballet is a revelation of the harmonies of music, color and motion. It broadens the scope and enlarges the understanding of the art of the dance. Why blot its charm with obscenity for obscenity's sake?"

When "Justice" was performed in February, 1910, in London, we are told that an extraordinary thing happened. We quote from a London journal of Feb. 26: "When the jury in the scene at the Assizes retire to consider their verdict, the audience, notwithstanding the fact that the play still goes on, turn round in their seats, as though they themselves are in court, and discuss the situation."

Mr. Galsworthy was sought out by a reporter of the Pall Mall Gazette. He said he should prefer not to discuss the artistic aspects of his play. "It can be seen and read, condemned or approved." But he did wish to say that it was not his intention to attack any department of the administration of justice. His play is not an indictment but a presentment.

"I yield to none in my admiration of the fine qualities of our judges. I believe that our prison officials, as a body, are animated with a high sense of duty and conscientiousness. I regard the police with respect. I am convinced that the public of this country is, on the whole, the most humane in the western world. But what I have felt is, that justice is a machine divided into four departments:

The department of circumstances before crime, crime itself, and prosecution.
The department of trial and conviction.
The department of punishment, and
The department of life which follows punishment.

"Each of these departments is in different hands—public and police; counsel and judge, prison officials, and again public and police. Those responsible for each of these departments of the machine are naturally concerned only with their own departments; and are naturally unable to see and gauge the cumulative effect of the whole process. I have tried to sum up this process, to give such a picture of it as will bring the business into proportion."

Mr. Galsworthy went to to say that the convicted are raw material when they enter the machine of justice and are transformed by the various departments of that machine into the finished article.

"They are so transformed because the public does not realize what it is doing when it prosecutes, because the judge, following the line of least resistance to the great pressure on his faculties, usually observes precedent; because the prison official administers a system which, also following the lines of least resistance, tends to become cast-iron; because again the public do not realize the difficulties of a man who has once been in prison, and the police, as servants of the public are only concerned with protecting the public.

"As I say, I have taken the most common case, of a weak character; for it must be remembered that every criminal makes his comparatively innocent start; and that the only difference between the weak and the congenitally vicious is that, in the case of the latter, the start has been made already, in the lives of his ancestors.

"The tragedy of this business is like the tragedy one may see when a herd of wild cattle, deliberately following a blind instinct, gores to death a weak or ailing member of the herd. Its inevitability lies in its blindness. I am well aware that there are people in all the departments of justice who see, but they are, they must be, exceptional; take us all round, we do not see. There will be no serious diminution in these, the most common tragedies of modern life, till we do see what we are doing.

"If we did see, we should find plenty of machinery already in existence for the humanizing of our procedure; and the expenditure of a million or two on the reform of our penal institutions would be by far the best investment the country could make. The chances of reducing the numbers of and reclaiming criminals lie—

"Firstly, in the more sympathetic attitude of the public towards offenders, in a feeling in each member of the public that there, but for the grace of God, goes himself.

"Secondly, in much wider use of the existing powers of taking the children of the criminal and pauper classes and bringing them up under wholesome influences.

"Thirdly, in the great extension of the use of the probation and first offenders' acts, of the Borstal system, and generally of reformatory industrial institutions.

"Fourthly, in the abandonment of so-called deterrent punishment in prisons, such as separate confinement, and the substitution for it of humanizing influences.

"Fifthly, in a moderate, limited, carefully supervised, and humane use of the new so-called indeterminate detention of the habitual criminal.

"Sixthly, in a modification of the ticket-of-leave system.

"For the lack of insight into the way in which our justice is now making and preserving criminals, we are paying an enormous price."

Miss Horniman revived "Justice" in London on May 18, 1914. We were then informed by the London journals that an "appreciable section of the audience" on the first night distinguished itself by receiving many of the most poignant passages with audible giggling. "People, of course, who go to the theatre merely to giggle must gratify their longing whatever be the nature of the play and its rendering, and if there is not a low comedian to giggle at then they must get the best entertainment they can out of Mr. Milton Rosmer, even though he happens to be impersonating with perfect art and sincerity one of the most haggard characters on the contemporary stage. The result was that although these happy playgoers seemed to be spending a pleasant evening, they rendered the occasion somewhat depressing for the remainder of the audience. It is therefore to be hoped for the sake of the comfort of audiences during the remainder of the week, that last night's gigglers will tell their like-minded friends that the play is really not half so funny as 'Charley's Aunt' and that the best thing they can do is to stop away from the Coronet Theatre so long as it remains on the bill. Is it not an odd thing that so many people in this city who presumably live thoughtful lives seem to leave their minds behind them when they go to the play?"

Debussy's New 'Cello Sonata in London

It will be remembered that Miss Deyo and Mr. Casels played Debussy's sonata for piano and violoncello in Jordan Hall on March 15. This sonata was played in London on March 4 by Mrs. Hobday, pianist, and Mr. Warwick-Evans, 'cellist. Criticisms published in London journals have in this instance more than local interest, for violoncello and piano more accu-Boston. The Times said: "The term 'suite' would perhaps describe this work for violoncello andy piano more accurately than sonata. It consists of three movements—a prologue, serenade, and finale. The first has an exceedingly appealing principal theme for the violoncello, which is developed as far as it is possible for Debussy to develop anything. For he seems determined never to commit himself to a positive statement or to let his music go beyond the realm of tentative suggestion. One must be very quick to take a hint if one is to follow his thought through all its phases. The serenade, with its curious mutterings of pizzicato violoncello and detached bass notes on the piano, is the most elusive movement of the three; compared with it the finale, with its moments of gay energy, seems almost straightforward. The restraint of Debussy's style sets the players a very delicate problem in interpretation, and they had evidently studied it with the greatest care and sympathy. One wondered, however, whether they had caught quite the right relation between the two instruments in some passages of the finale. This remark, "as far as it is possible for Debussy to develope anything," reminds one of a story told about him. At a chamber concert a work by Beethoven was played. After the exposition of the themes Debussy said to his companion: "Now the fellow is going to develop them. Let's go"; but Debussy used a stronger word than "fellow."

The Pall Mall Gazette stating that this 'cello sonata was composed in 1915, added: "The Debussy of an earlier period was more reluctant to part with his manuscripts. Usually a new work was announced as 'in the press' for a year or two before an exasperated publisher could induce the composer to admit himself completely satisfied. The present composition, labelled sonata, comprises a prologue, and a serenade which runs without a break into the finale. Although the style has some features recalling the recent sets of preludes for piano, its almost ascetic avoidance of the 'cloud of notes' suggests an earlier origin. It is probably this feature which caused a distinguished musician to refer to it the other day as 'une farce dans un cloitre.' Musically, it interests more than it charms, and leaves a vague impression that the 'concertante' of two instruments is a less comfortable medium to the composer than the piano or the orchestra."

The Daily Telegraph thus expressed itself: "It is a curious work, even for Debussy in his later, his present mood; and one must confess that in some respects it is a disappointing work. What parts of it that are of the Debussy of 'L'Apres-Midi' and kindred compositions, are as delightful as ever, as in the Prologue, but the Serenade seemed to hang fire for a long time, and then merged itself into the Finale before ever it had got itself going. It was a Sonata only in name, even in modern times, and its key of D minor was a matter of courtesy rather than of abstract fact. But all this might be said of so much of the music of Debussy which is of unquestionable value. Frankly, we are puzzled as to his meaning here, and can only hope that a subsequent hearing may clear up such difficulties as exist after a single hearing. The want of clarity, however, can certainly not be laid at the doors of the players, who played their music admirably, even as before Debussy they had played the Brahms Sonata in E minor, with a fine feeling. But the juxtaposition of the two Sonatas merely emphasized the apparent emptiness of Debussy's new work, which neither in its workmanship nor in its invention seemed to add one cubit to its illustrious composer's artistic stature." The Daily Telegraph mentions a Trio among Debussy's compositions of last summer.

Sir James Barrie's Film-Burlesque of "Macbeth"

Sir James Barrie's "Real Thing at Last: a Suggestion for the Artists of the Future," was produced on March 7 in London at a matinee to provide funds for concerts for the British troops. The play turned out to be a film burlesque of "Macbeth." The Pall Gazette said of it: "We have Mr. Edmund Gwenn, as an up-to-date version of an Old Showman, coming in front of the sheet to call public attention to the fact that the great murder-play, with all supernatural effects as originated by the Bard of Avon, is just a-going to begin. To him enters Mr. Nelson Keys by way of assistant. Before long we have a regular 'parade' of all the destined film-players—Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Miss Marie Lohr, Miss Gladys Cooper, Miss Teddie Gerard, a counterfeit 'Charlie Chaplin,' and others. Miss Irene Vanbrugh is then seen 'releasing' the film (from a cage), and we start away.

"The pungency of the thing lies very largely in the fact that, whether in burlesque or not, 'Macbeth' does make a most capital and topical cinema-play. As it was, there were some really first-class three-penny thrills, with Mr. Edmund Gween as Earl Macbeth and Mr. Nelson Keys as what a certain celebrated critic would have called 'a dainty Lady Macbeth.' Of course, the little shafts of satire are innumerable—nearly all of them directed at the cinema rather than at the play. The obviously hire-system furniture of 'Countess' Macbeth's boudoir was a palpable hit, as also the fox-trot done at 'the Macbeth's' at home and the 'new style' witches—agreeable young picture-postcard beauties in white muslin. Birnam Wood, marching to Dunsinane at the speed of Canadian pine forests 'as seen from the front of a railway engine' was ingenious rather than funny. The same may be said of Mr. Nelson Keys's conversation 'in propria persona' with himself as Lady Mac.

"The triumph of all, however, was the fight between Macbeth and Macduff—a really fine cinema-fight. This more Homeric than Shakespearian struggle is seen at all angles and at every distance. It flits from place to place in a fraction of a flicker, with the combatants running at the breakneck speed only possible on the cinema. It includes a magnificent dummy-fall on Macduff's part from the topmost turret of Inverness Castle to the ground, after which he picks himself up and finishes with a wrestling match on a bridge, followed by a cold plunge. We conclude with a 'happy ending.' 'The Macbeths' are reunited to slow music from a visible piano. Altogether a most fortunate litte fantasy. Let us hope it is an earnest of more Barrie 'movidrama,' whether with Shakespeare's help or without."

It appears that two concert parties have been at work in the hospitals and "somewhere in France," and have given over 1500 concerts.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Harold Bauer and Ossip Gabrilowitsch give a concert of music for two pianos. See special notice.

MONDAY—Copley-Plaza, 3 P. M. Miss Frances Navin will interpret Wagner's "Parsifal" with the aid of John Herman Loud, pianist.

TUESDAY—Copley Theatre, 8 P. M. Second and last concert in aid of Mme. Edmond Clement's relief fund for French soldiers. Mme. Marie Sundalius will sing these songs: Debussy, Nuit d'etoiles; Dupont, Trois Noisettes; Bizet, Micaela's air from "Carmen"; Old Irish, The Minstrel Boy; Scotch, Oh, Whistle; Crist, To a Water Nymph; Ward Stephens, Summer Time. Mrs. Bayard Warren will sing these songs: Delbruck, Und doux lien; Hahn, D'une Prison; Salter, Come to the Garden, Love; Pessard, L'Adieu du Matin; Lalo, Aubade from "Le Roi d'ys"; Rabez, Tes Yeux (with violin). Miss Mary Fay's songs are as follows: G. Faure, Nell; Lenormand, Intimite; Gounod, Envoie des Fleurs; Gluck, Air from "Iphegene in Aulis." Miss Hildegarde Nash, violinist, will play Saint-Saens's Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso and the prelude to "The Deluge."

Pilgrim Hall, 14 Beacon street, 8 P. M. Henry Gideon will lecture on "Boris Godunoff," Moussorgsky's opera which will be performed on the first night of the Metropolitan Opera House season at the Boston Opera House. Constance Ramsay Gideon, soprano, and Herbert Smith, baritone, will assist.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Tenth Mandolin Festival concert given by G. L. Lansing and H. F. Odell. The orchestra of 800 mandolins, banjos, guitars and kindred instruments will play "Loyal Friends," Odell; "British Patrol," Asch; "The Cavalry Attack," Sartorio; "The Lost Chord," Sullivan; Intermezzo, "Cavalleria Rusticana," and "Pilgrim Chorus" from "Tannhaeuser." Miss Constance Raese, soprano, will sing two of Mr. Odell's songs, "Miss Minna Belle" and "Love's Like a Star," accompanied by the orchestra. Messrs. Lansing and Odell will be heard in solos. Others appearing are the Langham Mandolin Orchestra of 40 members, Lansing Mandolin orchestra of 40 members, and Charles T. Grilley, humorist.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Fourth concert by the Russian Music Society. Mrs. Laura Littlefield, soprano, will sing these songs: Rimsky-Korsakoff, The Siren; Gretschaninoff, When the Axe Falls, and with Miss Abbie Conley, duets from Tschaikowsky's "Queen of Spades." Miss Conley will sing: Rimsky-Korsakoff, In the Sky Fades the Distant Sunset, and It Is Thou, Beautiful Nightingale. Nicola Oulukanoff's songs are three of the Russian Gypsy. Piano pieces played by Miss Claire Forbes: Rachmaninoff, Humoresque; Akimenko, A Mother's Dream; Rachmaninoff, Melodie and Polichinelle. Violin pieces played by Albert Stoessel: Rimsky-Korsakoff, Concert Fantasy on Russian themes; Cui, Orientale op. 50, No. 1, Perpetuum Mobile. 'Cello pieces played by Josef Malkin: Tschaikowsky, Andante Cantabile; Frieman, Berceuse; Davidoff, The Spring. Alfred de Voto will be the accompanist. Olin Downes will talk about the music to be performed.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Nineteenth concert (A) of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor. See special notice.

The Tuileries, 4 P. M. Piano recital by Mme. Schildbach for the French Orphan Fund. Schubert, Impromptu; Schumann, Novellette; Mendelssohn, Scherzo; Beethoven, Sonata Appassionata; Chopin, Valses in A minor and C sharp minor, Etudes in F minor, G flat major, op. 10—C minor and G flat major, op. 25; Liszt, Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 12; Debussy, Reflets dans l'eau, Minstrels; Chabrier, Habanera; Chabrier-Chevillard, Espana.

SATURDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Violin recital by Eddy Brown. His first appearance in Boston. Tartini, Sonata, "The Devil's Trill"; Bach, Chaconne; Beethoven, Romanz in G major; Schumann-Auer, Bird as Prophet; Paganini, Witches' Dance. Mr. Brown is a native of Indianapolis, but his reputation was chiefly won in Europe.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Nineteenth concert (B) of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor. See special notice.

Monday evening, April 3, "Boris Godunoff," Moussorgsky's masterpiece, to be sung in Italian, and to be heard for the first time in Boston, with Miss Braslau, Miss Sparkes, Mme. Duchene, Didur, Rothier, Althouse, Mme. Ober and Segurola. Conductor Polacco.

Tuesday evening, April 4, "La Boheme," by Puccini, in Italian, with Caruso, Mme. Alda, De Luca, Mme. Cajatti. Conductor Bavagnoli.

Wednesday afternoon, April 5, "Carmen," by Bizet, in French, with Mme. Farrar, Miss Mason, Martinelli, Amato and Rothier. Conductor Polacco.

Wednesday evening, April 5, "Tristan and Isolde," by Wagner, in German, with Urlus, Braun, Mme. Kurt, Weil and Mme. Homer. Conductor Bodanzky.

Thursday evening, April 6, "Lucia di Lammermoor," by Donizetti, in Italian, with Mme. Barrientos, Martinelli, DeLuca, Rothier. Conductor Bavagnoli.

[illegible] April [illegible] Madame [illegible] Mme. Rappold, [illegible] Amato and Scotti. Conductor [illegible]

Saturday afternoon, April 8, Madame [illegible] by Puccini, in Italian, with [illegible] Farrar, Mme. Fornia, Botta, Scotti. [illegible] Bodanzky.

Saturday evening, April 8, "Lohengrin," by Wagner, in German, with Sembach, [illegible] Mme. Gadski, Weil and Mme. Ober. [illegible] Bodansky.

Monday evening, April 10, "Der Rosenkavalier," first performance in Boston of [illegible] Strauss's comedy for music, in German, with Miss Hempel, Goritz, Mme. [illegible] Weil, Miss Mason, Althouse. Conductor Bodanzky.

Tuesday evening, April 11, "Tosca," by Puccini, in Italian, with Mme. Farrar, Botta, Scotti. Conductor Polacco.

Wednesday afternoon, April 12, "Rigoletto," by Verdi, in Italian, with Caruso, Delna, Mme. Barrientos, Didur, Perini. Conductor Polacco.

Wednesday evening, April 12, "Il Trovatore," by Verdi, in Italian, with Mme. Rappold, Mme. Homer, Martinelli, Amato and Rothier. Conductor Bavagnoli.

Thursday evening, April 13, "Taming of the Shrew," first performance in Boston of Goetz's Shakespearian opera, in German, with Whitehill, Mme. Ober, Goritz, Sembach, Mme. Rappold. Conductor Bodanzky.

Friday evening, April 14, "Carmen," by Bizet, in French, with same cast as in first performance.

Saturday afternoon, April 15, double bill, "Hansel und Gretel," by Humperdinck, in German, with Miss Mattfeld, Miss Mason, Mme. Homer and Goritz. Conductor Hageman. And "Pagliacci," by Leoncavallo, in Italian, with Mme. Cajatti, Caruso, Amato. Conductor Bavagnoli.

Saturday evening, April 15, "La Sonnambula," by Bellini, in Italian, with Mme. Barrientos, Damacco, Didur, Perini. Conductor Polacco, and a ballet of divertissement.

Monday evening, April 17, "Madame Sans-Gene," first performance in Boston of Giordano's setting of Sardou's play, in Italian, with Mme. Farrar, Miss Sparkes, Martinelli, Segurola, Althouse, Amato. Conductor Polacco.

Tuesday evening, April 18, "A Masked Ball," by Verdi, in Italian, with Caruso, Amato, Mme. Gadski and Mme. Homer. Conductor Polacco.

Wednesday afternoon, April 19, second performance of "Der Rosenkavalier," with Melanie Kurt as Feldmarschallin, in place of Miss Hempel, otherwise the same caste as the first performance. Conductor Bodanzky.

Wednesday, evening, April 19, "The Barber of Seville," with Damacco, Malatesta, Mme. Barrientos, DeLuca, Didur. Conductor Bavagnoli. Ballet divertissement.

Thursday evening, April 20, "Madame Butterfly," by Puccini, the same caste as first performance.

Friday afternoon, April 21, special performance of Wagner's "Parsifal," in German, with Whitehill, Ruysdael, Braun, Sembach, Goritz and Mme. Kurt. Conductor Bodanzky.

Friday evening, April 21, "Marta," by Flotow, in Italian, with Mme. Barrientos, Caruso, Malatesta, Perini. Conductor Bavagnoli.

Saturday, afternoon, April 22, "Die Meistersinger," by Wagner, in German, with Mme. Gadski, Miss Mattfeld, Sembach, Weil, Goritz, Braun. Conductor Bodanzky.

Saturday evening, April 22, "Aida," by Verdi, in Italian, with Martinelli, Mme. Rappold, Mme. Homer, Amato. Conductor Bavagnoli.

Mar 26 1916

"OH GOD! OH MONTREAL!"

The Poem Is to Be Found in Samuel Butler's Note Books.

To the Editor of The Sun—*Sir*: Mr. John Worthy will find Butler's "Psalm of Montreal," about the banishment of the Discobolus, in "The Note Books of Samuel Butler" (London, 1912) pages 88-9.

The poem was written in Canada in 1875. It was published in the *Spectator* of May 18, 1878, also in "Selections From Previous Works" (of Butler) in 1884.

PHILIP HALE.

P[illegible], March 25.

Mar 27 1916

The purist suffered severely the other day. Glancing over the New York Evening Post—of all journals in the world—he saw this headline: "March trying to best famous month of 1896." Picking up the latest copy of the London Times, he found the verb "burgle" in a headline. Sadly colloquial! What did William Cullen Bryant and Delane say, if they still take an interest in the newspapers they once edited?

It is true that the two words are in the Oxford dictionary, admitted as colloquial, while "burgle" is described as colloquial and "humorous." The London Standard protested against "burgle" in 1874 as an Americanism, but Mortimer Collins had used the word two years before. And mark the fate of the Standard. It was put up at auction not long ago, and no one was willing to purchase it except at an absurdly low price.

The verb "best" came from the English provinces. In slang a "bester" is a cheat. There are certain queer uses of the verb in Cornwall: There is the meaning "to consider," while "besting it" is "going to sea when the weather looks threatening, and cruising on the fishing ground without shooting the nets, to see whether the sky will clear or not."

A Cheerful Soul.

As the World Wags:

This has been (still is) the best New England winter that I've known, but why does almost every Bostonian speak of it with awe and the implication of disapproval? Bostonians have given one of the best climates in the world a bad reputation abroad. I take it that the [illegible]ve of the older stock has never lost the tr[illegible]dition of that freezing and praying winter at Plymouth in 1620-21, and the teeth of Pilgrim descendants have been chattering sympathetically ever since. So also with the New England November, one of the most delightful months of the year. The local poets, writing not out of nature's book, but out of the works of their brother poets of Great Britain, have sung of drear November, in total disregard of its tattered glories, its rich sunsets, its soft blue or gray skies. Our immigrants also have been largely from Ireland, where winter is hardly known, and from Southern Europe, where winter is pretty nearly spring, with the effect that they have accepted for true the domestic tradition as to the rigors of this climate. Even Lowell spoke almost apologetically in his essay "A Good Word for Winter." The man who apologizes for the winter of this region doesn't know a good climato from a bad. Indeed the local attitude toward winter is almost unmanly. Had I a few hundred thousand of free capital, I'd set up a new sort of hotel here, with hearth fires all over the house, provision for every kind of winter sport, sun parlors and the like, and enter Boston into competition with Florida as a winter resort. I have small doubt that for most persons, the winter climate of Boston is much wholesomer than that of the far South. If the inhabitants of the town could rid their manners of a certain frosty glitter, the climate from December to mid-March would be perfect.

HEMS.

Brookline, March 24.

Harmless Chatter.

Yes, there has been a great deal of chatter about the "severity" of the winter, the depth of snow, the need of "arctics," malevolent bugs and all that. Uncle Amos dropped into the office last week and said the fall of snow was nothing in comparison with what he knew as a boy, when he had to shovel paths to the barn, the smokehouse, and the highway. The man that has kept a record of the thermometer—not a wholesome companion for ordinary mortals—has had his say. Then there is the bore that is quoting Whittier's "Snowbound." Not that "Snowbound" is a bore; it is Whittier's finest poem. But there is also Emerson's "Snow Storm" with its lines:

> The housemates sit
> Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
> In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

The "radiant fireplace." Alas, too many of us sit near the radiator with intermittent pursuit of the janitor. Good reading for the season is Cowper's "Winter Morning Walk." Still better reading is Gabriel Peignot's "Chronological Essay on the Most Severe Winters from 396 B. C. to 1820," published at Paris in 1821. Anatole France treated Peignot shabbily in his preface to the first volume of "La Vie Litteraire," classing him among bookish souls for whom the universe is only ink and paper. "He conceived the passions as subjects for curious monographs and knew that nations perished in a certain number of octavo pages." Yet France, explaining why work was not bitter to Peignot, said with a sigh: "He should be envied, if one can find peace for his soul only at this price."

On the Final Syllable.

As the World Wags:

You might remind F. Edwards, who this day fears in print that the shifting of accents in their names by "over-meticulous" may some day produce a Mr. Lambert MurPHEE, that 30 years ago the City Hotel in Chelsea was conducted by a man who called himself Richard MurFAY. I think he finally made his signboard that way.

OMIKRON P. ROE.

Boston, March 23.

"Cigarret."

Babbalanja in Herman Melville's wildly fantastical romance, "Mardi," praises the pipe as a lifelong friend. "And whoso weds a pipe is no longer a bachelor. After many vexations, he may go home to that faithful counsellor, and ever find it full of kind consolations and suggestions. But not thus with cigars or cigarrets (sic); the acquaintances of a moment, chatted with in by-places, whenever they come handy; their existence so fugitive, uncertain, unsatisfactory. Once ignited, nothing like longevity pertains to them. They never grow old. Why, my lord, the stump of a cigarret is an abomination; and two of them crossed are more of a memento-mori than a brace of thigh bones at right angles."

Did Melville have in mind the cigarette of thin paper or maize husk? "Mardi" was published in 1849. It is said that cigarettes were introduced into England during or shortly after the Crimean War by Laurence Oliphant, but the word itself occurs in books written by English travellers on the Continent of Europe in the forties. The form "cigarret," however, is not found in the great Oxford Dictionary. Did Melville, the sailor, and whaler, become acquainted with the cigarette in some South American or West Indian port?

BAUER AND GABRILOWITSCH GIVE TWO-PIANO RECITAL

Individual Characteristics Blended in Flawless Unity.

Harold Bauer and Ossip Gabrilowitsch gave a recital for two pianos yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Schumann, Andante and Variations, Op. 46; Reinicke, Impromptu on a theme from Schumann's "Manfred"; Mozart, Sonata, D major; Saint-Saens, Variations on a theme by Beethoven; Arensky, Romance, Valse; Chabrier, "Espana."

No more delightful planistic combination could be devised than the respective gifts of these two admirable players sympathetically blended for artistic purposes. Each pianist a virtuoso of the first rank, the individuality of both is marked. Flawless unity, however, was a feature of their performance. Mr. Gabrilowitsch's mellowness and gravity, Mr. Bauer's brilliance and good humor, other striking characteristics of their individual playing, were harmoniously blended in a well nigh perfect whole.

The program was varied, attractive. The spell of the players' increased as the afternoon went on. Reinicke's Impromptu on the apparition of the Alpine fairy from Schumann's "Manfred" was played with surpassing skill. Mozart's sonata aroused much applause and the third movement was repeated. Contrasted forms of planistic eloquence were brilliantly displayed in Saint-Saens' Variations. The delicacy and rhythmic subtleties of Arensky's Valse, with its engaging theme, gave the same pleasure as it did when played by Mr. Bauer and Mr. Gabrilowitsch at their recital last season. As before, it was repeated. Chabrier's "Espana" had a spirited performance.

An audience of good size was deservedly enthusiastic. It is to be hoped that there will be further opportunities of hearing these two celebrated pianists in recitals of the same nature.

Mch 28 1916

GABY DESLYS

By PHILIP HALE.

COLONIAL THEATRE: First performance in Boston of "Stop! Look! Listen!"; book by Harry B. Smith, music and lyrics by Irving Berlin. Produced by Charles Dillingham. Robert H. Bowers, musical director. Globe Theatre, New York, Dec. 25, 1915.

Owen Coyne	Walter Wills
Gideon Gay	Frank Lalor
Mary Singer	Julia Beaubien
Mrs. Singer	Florence Morrison
Rob Ayers	James Doyle
Frank Steele	Harland Dixon
Gaby	Gaby Deslys
Abel Conner	Harry Fox
Lotta Nichola	Helen Barnes
Van Cortland Parke	Joseph Santley
Anthony St. Anthony	Harry Pilcer
Lilla Killona	Tot Qualters

This is a show of girls, costumes, scenery and dancing, with a dialogue that is often amusing. All of it moves nimbly to ragtime. The story is about the pursuit of a prima donna by a manager, a composer and a librettist. This story does not interfere materially with the entertainment.

All chorus and show girls are ravishingly beautiful—in the advance notices; whether they actually come from New York or are substitutes for their haughty sisters of the stage who cannot be persuaded to leave the metropolis, for they will not waste their sweetness and time in the provinces. (Who knows what effect Charles Francis Adam's denunciation of Boston will have on the sensitive creatures happy in New York?) But in "Stop! Look! Listen!" there are handsome and fresh young women, witness the "Magazine Girls," some of the "Frivolity Theatre Company" and others unidentified on the program. We mention this fact because the natural appearance of the young women is after all of more importance than how they are costumed.

The costumes are in good taste—that is, in color and general effect—nor is there any labored attempt at intrepid indecorium. Something is left to the imagination, and thus the designer of the costumes, Mr. Robert McQuinn, is wiser and shrewder—he has a more intimate knowledge of human nature—than some of his co-workers in this field. The scenery, also, is unusually effective, not in the ultra-modern manner that too often cramps the stage for evolutions and delirious dancing and drives out even men of non-alcoholic disposition during the waits for something that will enable them to stand the shock of a coming scenic surprise. The scene "At the Farm" was especially striking.

Among the comedians were Frank Lalor, Herry Fox and Joseph Santley. They were amusing each in his way; Mr. Lalor, who is faithful to old traditions; Mr. Fox, who was delightfully quiet in his drollery; Mr. Santley, displaying the neatness that is akin to elegance. Mr. Fox and Mr. Santley had the pleasure of dancing with Miss Desleys, and Mr. Fox, who was called upon by the librettist for amorous attentions to Miss Deslys, kept remarking how he enjoyed his part this season; how glad he was that, contrary to the wish of his father, he had not learned a trade. Mr. Pilcer also danced athletically with Miss Deslys and as a soloist.

Miss Deslys returned with all her mannerisms that are evidently relished by some who think them characteristically Parisian. She sang in her accustomed manner, pouted in her accustomed manner and spoke and gestured likewise. She wore elaborate costumes with surprising headdresses, which no doubt interested the women in the audience. Nearly all that she sang was unintelligible, but she spoke her lines intelligently.

One of the chief features of the show was the dancing of Messrs. Doyle and Dixon, first as Negroes, later as country constables. Their performance took us back to the good old days of Negro minstrels when dancing pairs faced expert spectators. The two last night displayed a lightness, flexibility, grace and sense of rhythm that delighted the audience.

Some of the music has well defined melody that will today be heard in the streets. Some of it, however, is a monotonous repetition of the inconsequential.

The large audience was greatly pleased. Songs and dances were repeated, and there was hearty, unforced laughter.

Mr. Roosevelt is now lost in contemplation of the guacharo, "a singular bird with a manner absurd," that he has discovered. Always an intrepid discoverer, he ventured into the caves of Trinidad, sword in hand. This bird—the colonel heard of it from trembling natives—has whiskers and lives on nuts, preferably beetle nuts, which he chews with frightful gnashing of the teeth.

So Mr. Roosevelt discovered this bird! It is unfortunate that many were before him. The guacharo, Steatornis caripensis of South America and Trinidad, otherwise known as the oil bird, has been described by travelers and ornithologists for nearly a hundred years. They have said that it was nocturnal; that is its manners resembled those of the goat-sucker and the Alpine crow; that its digestion was singularly imperfect; that there is a saying among the Indians, "to go and join the Guacharoes," meaning to die.

Mr. Roosevelt, if he really wishes to be ranked among famous ornithologists, should fit out an expedition to secure specimens of the killilooloo bird, which is now excessively rare. It feeds on dilson berries, which grow on the paincla bush.

By the way, the guacharo has long been valued for its oil. Is there no opportunity here for Mr. Roosevelt's friends in the oil trust?

In Russian.

One of the opponents of M. Zamyslovsky in the Duma persisting in abuse of the Jews yelled "Hooligan!" at him. How did he say it in Russian?

An Old House.

As the World Wags:

In the winter of 1885-86 there was standing on the east side of Hancock street, Boston, north of Derne street, a wooden house, painted yellow, occupied as a boarding and lodging house. It was numbered "36" on Hancock street. It was removed in the early spring of 1886 and gave place to an apartment hotel of brick. The wooden structure was evidently one half (the southern half) of a two-story mansion house of the Georgian period.

Can any of your correspondents tell anything concerning the early ownership of this building? SHAWSHIN.

Mrs. Wood and Lothian.

As the World Wags:

In the notices of the death of the lamented Napier Lothian, published in various papers, it was said he was with Mrs. John Wood in California in 1854. This is evidently a mistake. Mrs. Wood was at the Boston Theatre, which was opened for the first time on Sept. 11 of the year mentioned, and on that occasion made her first appearance in America, assuming the character of Gertrude in "The Loan of a Lover." Her husband was Peter Spyk in the same musical farce, and both were announced as from the Theatre Royal, Manchester. Mrs. Wood became a great favorite in Boston, and there was quite a spirited rivalry between her and Mrs. Julia Barrow, who was the leading juvenile lady of the stock company, though their lines of business were entirely different. Louisa Alcott wrote a short story founded on their competition for public favor long before she made her great success as the author of "Little Women." Mr. Lothian must have met Mrs. Wood on the Pacific slope some years after 1854.

LUKE ROUND.

Dorchester, March 26.

More "She" Than "He."

As the World Wags:

Like enough some cimet lectularius of literature will pick on the following, quoted from memory, but here goes:

Boston, March [illegible] E. S.

An Afternoon Out.

As the World Wags:

My friend and I made a little circuit trip to East Boston this afternoon, crossing on the "Newton," Revere Beach ferry. We have a regular route which leads us through a street the peculiarity of which is that it is occupied only by children not over eight years old. At one point we get a magnificent bow-on view of the "Kronprinzessin Cecilie"; then we cross a railroad foot-bridge and reach the South ferry slip.

This afternoon we had to wait for the ferry, and while doing so, we idly, as it were, looked over the newsstand. On top of a glass case stood, in simple state, about half a dozen short clay pipes—"T D's"—in a common tumbler. (This fact might be of interest to F. L. S., who wrote a note of sorrow thereanent to your column a few days ago.)

On the ferry (the "Hugh O'Brien") there was a brewer's dray, and perched high upon it, a drayman who might have rolled out of a Cruikshank drawing of a stagecoach scene in Dickens, so fat and jovial and red was he. My friend remarked that the dray appeared to have grown round him. It fitted him so well. He possessed a most musical yawn. Another neighbor was a mild-mannered Greek baker, with an amiable horse whom he fed with Greek bread. My friend conversed with both of them at considerable length, as he had opportunity to do, for the ferry progressed with leisure. ARTHUR D. FAY.

Cambridge.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE: Reproduction of "Grumpy," a play in four acts by Horace Hodges and T. Wigney Percyval. Cast:

Andrew Bullivant, "Grumpy" ....Cyril Maude
Ernest Heron.....Herbert Marshall
Huddock.....John Harwood
Mr. Jarvis.....Alexander Onslow
Isaac Wolfe.....Alexander Calvert
Dr Maclaren.....Leonard Trollope
Keble.....Julian D'Albie
Virginia Bullivant.....Miss Elsie Mackay
Mrs. Maclaren.....Miss Louise Van Wagenen
Susan.....Miss Maud Andro

MILLION DOLLAR FASHION SHOW OPENS AT KEITH'S

Men as Well as Women Interested in Clothes and Wearers.

The headline attraction at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week is the Million Dollar Fashion Show, featuring Emilie Lea. The sketch should not be construed as one that appeals solely to the feminine portion of the audience, for we doubt if mere man was second in his admiration of the act. Nor should the idea obtain that the participants are mere puppets, mechanical in their method of showing off this wonderful wardrobe. All the girls are uncommonly pretty and of decidedly varying types; they appear to enjoy their work and two take their turn at the dance and give the audience a surprise.

Jeanne, in company with the girls of the workroom, complains of her lot. She is not unattractive and her fingers ache from making the gowns for others. Exhausted she sleeps and dreams and awakes to behold the Vogue Girl. To the latter she complains of her lot and she is promised a life of sartorial luxury for 24 hours. Thus the audience beholds her arising in the late morning and there is the exquisite toilet of milady's boudoir. The audience is then given a peep successively into milady's shop, morning at the country club, afternoon at the country club, and finally the ballroom scene and then the disillusionment of Jeanne, who is reminded by the Vogue Girl that her time is up and there is again the gloomy walls of the workroom. Miss Lea was convincing both as the girl of the workrooms and in her subsequent transition. Gifted with a magnetic voice and an ingratiating manner, she surprised with the agility and grace of her dance and her high kicking was one of the features of the act.

Johnny Dooley and Yvette Rugel have a good laugh getter in their singing, dancing and comedy act. Mr. Dooley is as elastic in the dance as he is odd and Miss Rugel was especially pleasing in song.

Others on the bill were Valerie Bergere and company in a pleasing Japanese comedy, "Little Cherry Blossom," that gave Miss Bergere an opportunity for some splendid comedy work; Rae Eleanor Ball, in violin solos; Stan-Stanley and associates in the funniest act of the evening; Val Harris and Jack Mason in the sketch, "Uncle Jerry at the Opera"; Mae Aubrey and Estelle Riche, in songs and dances; Field and Daniel, in a comedy satire, "What's the Matter with Ruth?" and Lucy Gillett, the Lady from Delft.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE

The last week of "Under Cover" began yesterday at the Castle Square with every sign of the continuous popularity of this popular melodrama. Acted by the Craig Players it has lifelike vigor, and the element of suspense is well sustained. Among the actors, Mr. Carleton, Mr. Friebus, Mr. Meek, Mr. Ernst, Miss Barnicoat, Miss Adams and Mrs. Sidney come in for especial commendation.

Next week's bill at the Castle Square will be "Little Lord Fauntleroy," with Henrietta McDannel in the title role. This will be Miss McDannel's first appearance here for several seasons.

Mch 29 1916

To write seriously is to write only about what seems serious to dull men.

Mrs. Gabriela Cunninghame Graham in her description of San Yuste ("Father Archangel of Scotland and Other Essays") speaks of the chestnut coffin now hanging to the left of the high altar. This coffin contained the body of Charles V. until the body was removed to the Escorial. Mrs. Graham then says: "Curious visitors, possessed of the vapid irreverence of our age, chipped bits of the strong chestnut wood to bear with them to those stupid collections of bric-a-brac and bad museums which modern man calls his house. But it was not until a rich American offered to buy the relic and transport it bodily to Boston that Spanish pride caught fire, slung it up there in the shadow of the roof, where even the long lean arm of an American was powerless to reach it, and so saved it from the devastating hands and vulgar greed of the sightseer."

Who was this rich American? And where did he purpose to place the coffin in this city?

TWO IN ONE.

As the World Wags:

"The better part of valor is discretion," is the unamplified text with which the editor of the Herald ends his editorial exhortations in a recent issue. He attributes the moral to Henry IV.—a manifest injustice to the great Bolingbroke, who was about as far removed from sentiments of that nature as is Col. Roosevelt, Capt. Gardner or any other of our professional sword-swallowers.

The quotation is from the first part of "King Henry IV," and forms a portion of the fat knight's speech as he slowly rises from seeming death to make assurance double sure on Hotspur. The inaccurate reference was probably noticed by many readers. Did they discount the worth of the adage because it came from Falstaff's lips? There is more wisdom in the "sweet creature of Bombast" than many people suppose.

Some day let us write a book to point out that Hamlet and Falstaff are two sides of one character. Every man thinks he could play Hamlet, because every man thinks he is Hamlet—incomparable tribute to the bard. Falstaff is Hamlet from the fleshly point of view, and if the melancholy prince best represents the poet's despairing cry for an answer to the unanswerable riddle, then is Falstaff his conception of the same nature shackled with the same fetters, but refusing, not accepting, the gauge of fate. Every man does not think that he is Falstaff.

Hamlet, as Goethe appraised him, is a soul unequal to the task of living. His appeal is universal because we all know we are unequal to it. We shall all be beaten; the deck is stacked, the stars war in their courses, there is one end for all. We shall all go down; we can only see to it that we go down fighting. To my mind, Hamlet is likest a caged bird beating itself to death against the bars. Laertes did not defeat him, if he was defeated. If he was defeated, it was by "thinking too precisely on the event."

That, also, is Falstaff's trouble. Was he only a flesh-mountain? Nay, nay. Falstaff had a soul, fearfully freighted down with lusts and sundry wicked devices, but he was not a care-free fool—in some respects he was a good deal more of a man than the mocking Hal ever was. He might have been a doer of deeds. But he, likewise, thought too precisely. Witness his honor-set-set-a-leg speech, and others in both plays. It is unjust to suppose him an errant coward. He was a lion—till he began to reflect. That he had his apt word to excuse himself is our delight and his cross. For here and there we are given a fleeting glimpse of something under his gross frame that inclines us to believe that he, too, had his hours of bitterness, and cursed his frailties and their begetter, and pondered on what he might have been.

Comedy is a very serious business and it is in Shakespeare very often on the verge of tears. It is a great mistake to dismiss old Jack as a mere Sir Toby.

I refer, of course, to the Falstaff of the two parts of "Henry IV." He of "The Merry Wives" is only a puppet-fool to make the groundlings roar. And that means everyone. It is a good play, but I wish we had a chance to see the others. Why are they so neglected? We have frequently "The Taming of the Shrew"—fine farce, but none the less froth—the lightest foam on Shakespeare's beer—and "As You Like It," patently a pot boiler redeemed from its shame only because of the sheer inability of the great artist to refrain from putting in a Touchstone and a Jacques. But his supreme comic creation, one of the chief of his terrible array of scalpels for laying open the grotesque inner secrets of humanity, is not presented.

While still on the subject of the round man, and in conclusion—I was reminded, the last time a misguided inhabitant cornered me with a "new" Ford joke, of other of Falstaff's words of very clear wisdom. He says: "* * * Ford! I have had enough of ford! I was thrown into the ford. I have my belly full of ford!"

How did he do it? What league with God or devil did this Shakespeare hold, that he has anatomized the world and them that dwell therein, dead these 300 years? HAZELTON SPENCER.

Cidra, Puerto Rico.

Mch 30 1916

RUSSIAN MUSIC

The Russian Music Society gave its fourth concert of the season yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. The concert was in aid of the Russian relief fund. The songs were as follows: Rimsky-Korsakov, "In the Sky Fades the Distant Sunset," "It Is Thou, Beautiful Nightingale"; Gretschaninov, "Cradle Song" (Miss Abbie Conley, contralto), Russian Gypsy songs, "Forgotten Kisses," "A Misty Morning," "Troika" (Nicola Oulukanov, baritone); Rimsky-Korsakov, "The Siren"; Gretschaninov, "When the Axe Falls" (Mrs. Laura Littlefield, soprano); Tschaikowsky, duets from "The Queen of Spades" (Mrs. Littlefield and Miss Conley). Violin pieces: Rimsky-Korsakov, Concert Fantasy on Russian Themes, Op. 33, "Orientale," Op. 50, No. 1; Cui, "Perpetuum Mobile" (Albert Stoessel). Violoncello pieces: Tschaikowsky, Andante Cantabile, Frieman, "Berceuse", Davidov "The Spring" (Joseph Malkin). Piano pieces: Arensky, Study in F-Sharp Major; Ilicnsky, "Berceuse"; Rachmaninov, prelude in G-Minor (Guy Maier). Alfred de Voto was the accompanist.

Mr. Downes made introductory remarks in which he spoke particularly of the Russian Gypsy music; how in its sudden change from the maddest gaiety to the deepest gloom it has the character of Russian folk song. While some, as Sir Hubert Parry, hold the theory that the gypsy, in whatever country he may be, is never a creator, but an interpreter, or an improvisator on folk-songs that he has heard, certain composers, among them Debussy, have been fascinated by the music of the Russian gypsies and influenced by it—witness Debussy's string quartet. Mr. Downes, who spoke clearly and to the point, having given the audience an idea of the songs to be sung by Mr. Oulukanov, introduced the first singer, Miss Conley.

An audience of good size listened with pleasure to the various songs and instrumental pieces. It is singular that in making up the programs of these concerts, Balakireff has been neglected. His songs are among the best in Russian literature, and are for the most part characteristically national. Mrs. Emil Paur introduced some charming ones at her concerts in Boston. Some of the songs sung yesterday might have been written by any German of moderate ability.

Can any one tell the origin of the term "hurrah's nest"? It appears to be an Americanism. Longfellow wrote in 1829 of "a queer looking Dutchman with a head like a 'hurra's nest.'" Bartlett in his dictionary of Americanisms says it is a woman's word. Dana in "Two Years Before the Mast," describing a scene of confusion, says "there was a complete hurrah's nest, as the sailors say, 'everything on top and nothing at hand.'" Mrs. Stowe in "Old Townfolks": "You've got our clock all to pieces, and have been keeping up a perfect hurrah's nest in our kitchen for three days." Dr. S. W. Mitchell saw a "hurrah's nest" pointed out by a lumber man: "a mass of leaves left by a freshet in the crotch of the divergent branches of a bush."

"Hurrah" is used by some writers to denote, by extension, an attack. "Platow with his Cossacks made a charge, or, in their phrase, a hourra, upon the French," but we see no connection between this use of the word and "hurrah's nest."

A Fine Example.

We recommend to those nervous about splitting infinitives a sentence of Henry James beginning: "I have already missed my time to so much even as names properly."

Rejected, Now Forgotten.

As the World Wags:

At Northampton last summer as I was leaving the hotel I said to the clerk: "Can you tell me where is the Jonathan Edwards house?" "Let me see" (thoughtfully) was the answer. "I'll see if he has a telephone," and he turned swiftly and kindly to the book. "No! His name is not in the book." "No, probably not," said I. "Well! He may be in the directory." "No," said I, "No, he's head, I believe." "Oh, well! Then I can't tell you, I'm sure. Sorry, sir."

Next we met two policemen conversing quietly on a corner. "Can you tell me where is the Jonathan Edwards house?" said I. "Edwards house? Edwards house? Is it a hotel, or mebbe a boarding house?" The will to please, to aid strangers was very apparent. "No, just a private house, an old house probably, a landmark." "What, sor?" "A landmark!" "Oh, I couldn't tell you."

We then went to the garage. "Can you tell me where is the Jonathan Edwards house?" "Janitor Edwards? Oh, yes. Janitor Edwards lives right next the high school upon Main street, right next door to the high school." "Thank you. No, that isn't the man. Jonathan Edwards, not Janitor Edwards. Jonathan!" "Oh! Well, no, I don't seem to place him. Hen! Say here! do you know where John—what did you say his name was? John Edwards lives?" Hen replied from the distant and dirty rear regions, "Nop." "But I'll tell you said the kindly garagent, "you might inquire at the fire engine house 'cross the street. They might know." This seemed to be antecedently probable and we crossed. "Can you tell me where is the Jonathan Edwards's house?" Thus to the portly gentleman in shirt sleeves sitting reading in the sun at the door. It was Sunday morning. "Jonathan Edwards house? (spitting meditatively) why yaas. You mean the embalmer and funeral director? "Yes, he was a funeral director—in a way—but. "Waal, yew go rl daown here to yr lift (standing and grasping me firmly and kindly by the arm) five strects and its the secon' haouse on yer rite hand—J. Edwards, undertaker and embalmer—sign rite on the winder eurtin—can't miss him."

We went. And there was the sign as atated, hut why, Mr. Editor, is thero no greater knowledge in this good town, birthplace of many learned and pious men, on the subject of Jonathan Edwards? ANXIOUS INQUIRER.

New York, March 28.

A Bostonian now living in Florence, Italy, jealous of the good name of the United States, has sent to the Herald this study in alliteration:

WORDY WILSON.

Watchfully waiting Woodrow Wilson will write wavering words warning William, which won't worry William who wilfully wages war. Why would Wilson wed when work was what was wanted? Weak words won't work with William. What wonder William with withering wrath writes words which wound, while Wilson whines. Why waste words? Why wrangle with wrecking wretches? We wish Washington would wield weapons. Whack William well, Wilson; whole world would welcome whipping. Wan women weep, wretchedly wailing William's wantonness. Wistfully we watch, willingly we work, weapons we weld, world wide wisdom we weigh, while Wilson's whilom wisdom wanes. Walk warily, Wilson, William wants Washington. Wake, Wilson, wake! Withstand William's wheedling wiles. With work we will win.

ONE WITH THE ALLIES.

For the Historical Painter.

The Cologne Gazette praising the simple character of King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, says that he is often seen in the streets of Sofia eating with his fingers a sausage just purchased at a stall. "Latest advices say he is slowly recovering from his illness." A hardy monarch!

A Famous Pasture.

"It is now possible," said Prof. L. W. King, lecturing at the Royal Institute, London, on "Recent Excavations in Mesopotamia," "to stand within Nebuchadnezzar's throne room and note the recess against which his throne was placed."

Very good, Eddie, but has the pasture into which Nebuchadnezzar was turned loose been identified?

"Exclusive."

"He belonged to several exclusive clubs." (The membership of one of them is over 2000). The most exclusive club known to us was the "X" of London. It was founded by a knot of literary scientific men; among them were Sir Joseph Hooker and Herbert Spencer. The membership was supposed to be 10, but the nine self-elected never found a 10th who, they thought, was worthy of their company.

Mch 31 1916

We apologize to Mrs. Cuninghame Graham. The linotype on Wednesday morning insisted on calling her Mrs. Buninghame Graham.

Orchestral Behavior.

As the World Wags:

A few days ago you published a letter of mine in which I asked if you were not annoyed as I have been by the

[illegible] with [illegible] common with a few [illegible] the Symphony Orchestra. [illegible] comment [illegible] replied: [illegible] any reading, yawning [illegible] on the stage at this [illegible] Symphony concert, perhaps [illegible] we were listening to the music." [illegible] correctly the implied re- [illegible] I confess to an over-sensitive- [illegible] to disturbances such as have been [illegible] I have perhaps no right to [illegible] the peace of some quiet [illegible] who may now be on the lookout [illegible] rities in orchestral behavior. Still I feel that a useful purpose may be served by further discussion of the subject. I would like very much to know as a matter of psychological interest how important is the appearance and [illegible] of the orchestra to the average listener. To me the orchestra and the music are one. I cannot separate the two. The personality of the men, their facial expression, their manner of dressing, their handling of the instruments, all these factors when they are in keeping contribute to my enjoyment of the music. This being so, the slightest incongruity of behavior in any individual mars the performance and jars like a false note.

No one questions the importance of personal conduct in a soloist. The best of the musical critics denounce mannerisms and affectations in the single performer. Why then should we expect less from the component parts of an orchestra? One violin may not without danger play out of tune though there are twenty-nine others to cover the mistake. If we are striving for an artistic whole, is it quite safe for one player to fail in attention or, worse than that, to distract the attention of his neighbor?

It seems to me quite possible that members of the orchestra may themselves be interested in an expression of opinion on this subject. Certainly it may be trying for a musician who is not playing, to sit out the long blank pages. If the man who does this with strict attention and with an air of readiness were to realize that he is contributing to the general musical effect he might meet the situation with greater fortitude.

H. J. H.

Marblehead.

Concert Reforms.

We did not for a moment intend to "rebuke" our correspondent. It is not our mission in life to rebuke anyone. On the contrary it is our purpose to incite in the community a "gentlemanlike joy," as Athenaeus put it.

Ten or twelve years ago there were articles and even pamphlets published in Germany advocating reforms in concert life. One writer wished the orchestra conductor, also the soloist—singer, fiddler or pianist—to be hidden from the sight of the hearer. Another thought the hall should be dimly lighted. Still another believed that the audience would be more receptive if the concerts took place in the morning. There was talk about a more aesthetic dress for the players than the conventional suit of solemn black. Thus, like chorus girls, the members of the orchestra might make lightning changes in the course of the program. Playing music by Mozart, Haydn, Gluck, Bach, Handel, the orchestra should wear the dress of the period, with wigs. The conductor should have a sword by his side—useful in case of an inefficient soloist, or a refractory one—as Mr. Josef Hofmann, for example.

And so on, down the periods. When music by Schoenberg and other ultra-radicals is played, the orchestral members might have straw in their hair and rent garments, like the mad lady of the village.

When we heard the Meiningen orchestra led by Buelow, the players all stood, except the 'cellists, and played without notes. The Gewandhaus orchestra stood for years. Perhaps the tradition is still observed in Leipsic.

Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch in his concerts of ancient music dressed the part. Unfortunately he was not an imposing figure. In fact, he was a sight.

April 1 1916

The high collars that many women, old and young, wear in the street, and thus furnish material for newspaper caricaturists, are curiously like the old mufflers of linen that covered the lower part of the face. There was a Scottish statute in 1457 that "na woman cum to kirk, nor mercat, with her face mussaled or covered that scho may not be kend," but Warton in his "History of English Poetry" says that the women of Scotland continued muzzled during three reigns. He quotes a poem, in which the author, Sir David Lyndsay, advised the king to issue a proclamation that the women should show their faces as the French women did. In the reign of Charles I. the women, who wore masks covering eyebrows and nose, sometimes concealed the mouth and used a chin-cloth. There are pictures of the old mufflers in Douce's "Illustrations of Shakespeare" (article "Merry Wives of Windsor"). Mufflers, by the way, were included in the list of things that the Lord, through the mouth of Isaiah, said he would take away from the haughty daughters of Zion.

The Verb "to Best."

As the World Wags:

It may be observed as an addendum to your comments in today's Herald upon the verb "best" that that verb in its American use means the same as the verb "worst." That "best" should thus mean "worst" seems odd. However, certain verbs sometimes have meanings which are the exact opposites of other meanings which those same verbs have. The verb "seed," for example, sometimes means to put seeds (noun) into (as into land), and it sometimes has the exactly opposite meaning of taking seeds out of (as out of raisins). The verb "milk" sometimes means to take milk (noun) from (as from a cow), and in popular usage it sometimes has exactly opposite meaning of putting milk into (as into coffee). I doubt, however, whether the latter use of the verb "milk" is recognized by the lexicographers.

VERBUM SAP.

Brookline, March 27.

The verb "milk," meaning to put milk into something, as tea or coffee, is found in Dr. Wright's "English Dialect Dictionary," where it is attributed to Devonshire. A quotation from a play "The Duke of Guise," by Dryden and Lee, shows a somewhat similar use of the verb: "You . . . milk'd slow arts of womanish tameness in my infant mouth." Is the phrase "milking over the fence," that is, stealing milk from neighbors's cows, common, or is it ever heard, in New England? Examining into the meanings of "milk" we came across an 18th century recipe for milk punch given by Mistress Moxon in her "English Housewive." "Take two quarts of old milk, a quart of good brandy, the juice of six lemons or oranges . . . and about six ounces of loaf sugar, mix them altogether." "Brandy," no; "rum," yes. And why the juice of lemons?—Ed.

"Some Interesting Boston Events" Which Never Happened?

As the World Wags:

In your comments on the pamphlet entitled "Some Interesting Boston Events," lately published by the State Street Trust Company, you say that one or two articles suggest questions, and to the articles which you single out as suggesting questions I wish to add one or two others. In the article having the caption "Some Interesting Events Connected with Christ Church, or 'Old North Church,'" it is stated that "Rev. Mather Byles was pastor from 1768 to 1775" and that his "father, who was pastor of King's Chapel, was the celebrated wit of the town and was always cracking jokes." For furnishing some of the data for the preparation of that article on Christ Church I see that in the "Foreword" of the pamphlet containing it acknowledgments are made to Dr. J. Collins Warren and C. K. Bolton, and, if the statements which I have quoted from the article are based upon data furnished by Dr. Warren and Mr. Bolton, undoubtedly they are correct, though they are not in accord with the impression which I have had as to the facts. My impression has been that the Byles who was pastor of Christ Church from 1768 to 1775 was not Mather Byles, but his son, Mather Byles, Jr., and that neither Mather Byles nor Mather Byles, Jr., was ever pastor of King's Chapel. Will you be so kind as to set forth the facts in this matter?

A question suggests itself in reference to the article in the above-mentioned pamphlet, which is headed "Lafayette Lays the Corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument." In that article it is stated that while Lafayette was in Boston "he stayed at the house of Senator Lloyd in Pemberton square." Was the residence of Senator Lloyd (James Lloyd) in Pemberton square? My impression is that he resided on Somerset street.

J. S.

We were not personally acquainted with Dr. Mather Byles, the punning clergyman, or his son. Samuel A. Drake in his "Landmarks of Boston" informs us that the father, a stanch tory, was the first pastor of Hollis Street Church. Mather Byles, the son, was the rector of Christ Church. He left Boston in 1775 and went to St. John, N. B.

Lafayette was a guest of Senator James Lloyd in 1825. The senator's house, "a double brick mansion, with arched doorway," was in Somerset street. It was turned into a hotel, "Somerset House."—Ed.

A Street Idyl.

As the World Wags:

Wandering today in a byway of the town I heard curious and strange musical sounds. Following the strain, I came upon two persons, a boy and a man, in an Italian cobbler's shop playing upon a pair of pipes. The boy had in his hand a pipe as Pan might have played on—a mere long yellow reed of the most primitive fashion, whereon he essayed to echo in his elemental way the music of the spheres. His elder had a more complicated instrument of the same sort upon which one might discover certain curious keys. The boy reminded me of Marsyas, the satyr, and his companion of Apollo, being but a young man, yet was it no contest between them for the mastery. They played in unison and together they did make such a melody that the whole court was held in distraction. Now and [illegible] the little children would appear. They wove with their little feet and arms, their bodies swaying to the movement, and seeming to catch the whole rhythm, the measure of the tune. Heads of their elders would occasionally peep from the windows, and a light as of heaven would break forth upon their faces. Sounds of laughter were heard within the rooms. A scolding wife that had for some time been the pest of the neighborhood, came from her doorway and begged her neighbor's good man to try her snuff. Mistress Dolly peeped from her casement in the mews, and lo! the neighborhood shone. The sounds persisted, and by late afternoon as I watched enchanted I beheld the entire neighborhood as one person—as an orchestra under the hand of a master—forming couples in the little street and setting to a dance. I left them at it as the sun was lingering.

ALEXANDER APPLETHWAITE.

Boston.

19TH CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE.

The 19th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Stock, Symphony in C-Minor; Bizet, Suite No. 1 from the music for Daudet's "L'Arlesienne."

Mr. Stock, conductor of the Chicago Symphony orchestra, visited this city with his band in December, 1911, and with the Mendelssohn choir of Toronto in February of the next year. At the second concert his Symphonic Waltz was played by the orchestra. His string quartet was heard in 1911 at a Kneisel concert. The Kneisels had played a movement of this quartet late in 1905. The composer of the Symphony in C-Minor, played here yesterday for the first time, was therefore not a stranger in Boston.

This symphony is long. It lasted yesterday, with the pauses between the movements, about an hour. The length is prejudicial to the value of the work, for there is much said that is not worth saying. More than once a fine effect is frittered away or at once destroyed by Mr. Stock's inability to stop, by his insatiate desire to add something from fear lest he has not already made his point. There is overdevelopment. Anxiety lest little figures, fragments of phrases, should pass unnoticed leads him to give them undue importance by endless repetition. This anxiety is also observed at the end of the scherzo. The natural ending is here and in another instance effective. But there must needs be a postscript, and this postscript, unlike the traditional one of a woman's letter, does not contain the vital statement.

Mr. Stock has said that his symphony is meant to describe "human life, its sorrows as well as joys," the struggle of mortal man against fate, the spiritual trials to which he is subjected. The first movement represents various phases of this struggle; the Scherzo speaks of life's joys in a more or less humorous fashion; the third depicts reminiscences of happy moments; while the finale "explains itself when it is made known that it bears the motto which has become the 'motive of life' of the German nation: Forward! Upward!" This was written in 1910. Reprinted, it is ironical today. Yet some, finding the finale brutally noisy, might admit that the choice of these mottoes is appropriate.

We have said that the symphony is too long; that there is over-elaboration, too much detail. It may also be said that the music is too often deafening. A common theme—for Mr. Stock's thematic material is at times common—is swollen preposterously that it may seem heroic. Let it not be said that the din was in any way the fault of the conductor. Dr. Muck, who had taken great pains in preparation and held many rehearsals gave a brilliant reading of the work. The noise—for sound often became noise—is in the music itself, as any one can see by examining the score. The composer employs a very large orchestra, and he goads it to fury. His instrumentation, as a rule, is thick and heavy. When it is in lighter mood it is experimentally fanciful.

There is the influence of Strauss throughout the work, and it is seldom that of the better Strauss. There is very little that has individual flavor. The scheme of his work as he has stated it, the program side of it, has been adopted by many before him. This is a matter of trifling importance; but in the music we find little originality. There is a following of old devices Straussized. There is indisputable technical skill; there is infinite labor.

The symphony was warmly received. This is not surprising. Any work, new or old, that has a sonorous, heaven defying "apotheosis," excites the audience to vie in noise. Furthermore the agility of the kettledrum player at the end of the Finale no doubt had something to do with the degree of applause. The orchestral performance, however, deserved tribute.

It is to be regretted that the saxophone was not used in Bizet's Prelude and Minuetto. In the former it is peculiarly characteristic of the "Innocent." The cold, unearthly tones do not belong to the replacing instrument. It is said that the Boston Symphony Orchestra has no saxophone. Yet we remember Mr. Strasser playing one in Bizet's suite, and on one occasion Mrs. Hall with the instrument was added to the players.

This concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Beethoven, Symphony No. 1; Hadley, Lucifer," a symphonic poem (first time here); Sibelius, suite, "King Christian II."

April 2 1916

EDDY BROWN GIVES FIRST CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE.

Eddy Brown, violinist, played in Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon for the first time. George Falkenstein was the accompanist. The program was as follows: Tartini, Sonata, The Devil's Trill; Bruch, concerto in G minor; Bach, Chaconne; Beethoven, Romance in G; Schumann-Auer, Bird as Prophet; Paganini, Witches' Dance.

The circular announcing Mr. Brown's approach stated that he is "the greatest since Joachim." On the next page a Berlin critic was quoted as putting Mr. Brown above Mr. Elman in "general proficiency," and a judge in Koenigsberg remarked that Mr. Kreisler does not excel Mr. Brown "in daring of double stops and caprices, and in use of the bow." The first paragraph of the biographical sketch on this page contained these sentences: "Within the past few years this remarkable boy has out-distanced his older rivals and achieved the pinnacle of sensational success. Eddy Brown today is the preeminent figure among violinists of the world."

Does Mr. Brown's manager or press agent believe for a moment that extravagant statements of this nature will make any serious effect on a reader, except possibly to prejudice him against the young violinist? Even the program of yesterday was headed "The Extraordinary Violinist."

Mr. Brown is not the only musician now before the public to be put in a foolish light. One pianist is announced as "the poet of the piano"; another is "the master pianist." The most modest do not escape.

And among the modest we number Mr. Brown, for his bearing yesterday was simple, manly and dignified. Furthermore he has indisputable talent as a violinist. His technic is well developed; brilliant passages are played easily; his trill is uncommonly good. His tone is rich and full. In music of sentiment he is inclined to abuse the portamento, no doubt thinking that he will thus be more emotional. As a rule his interpretation is sane and interesting. He is a violinist that gives pleasure to the musician and the amateur. An audience of fair size was enthusiastic.

The opera performed by the Metropolitan Opera House Company tomorrow night in the Boston Opera House will be Modeste Moussorgsky's "Boris Godounov." The performance will be the first in this city.

Moussorgsky, born at Karevo in the government of Pskov in 1839, meditated an opera when he was a young man. He made sketches for "Hans of Iceland," and it was his purpose to write the libretto and the music. Four years later he thought of "King Oedipus" as a subject. He not only thought about it, but he wrote some pages and played them on the piano to his friends. This was in 1860. Only a chorus has been preserved, the one sung by the people before the temple of the Eumenides, prior to the appearance of Oedipus. Three years later Flaubert's "Salammbo" tempted him. He made the libretto, and by the end of 1864 had composed two important scenes. In this opera the chorus was to have the dominating part. Moussorgsky was preoccupied with stage effects. He had noted the descriptions of costumes given by Flaubert; he indicated all the stage-business.

But "Salammbo" was put aside. Some of the best pages were used in later works. The invocation of Salammbo became the recitative of the dying Boris; a chorus of priestesses with the recitative of Matho hidden behind a pillar of the temple was used in the love scene between Dimitri and Marina in the same opera. A chorus of Carthaginians, intended for "Oedipus," found its way into "Mlada." A triumph-hymn to Moloch became a chorus in praise of the usurper Dimitri in "Boris," while one scene formed a part of his symphonic poem, "Night on Bald

Mountain, which has been played here. And thus in spite of his theories about realism in opera, and the necessity of the music suiting the text, Moussorgsky, as other composers, including Bach, put with Olympian indifference music written specifically for one text to another. It is true that Moussorgsky reshaped the music for later works. A chorus of women, composed for "Salammbo," the one of the priestesses comforting Salammbo and clothing her in festal garments, has been preserved in its original form.

Moussorgsky then turned his back on historical and legendary subjects. He thought of Gogol's comedy, "The Marriage," and decided to use it as it was without any change of form. In 1868, exhorted by Dargomyjski and Cui he set himself to work. It was at this time that his friends were zealously attempting to create a truly Russian opera. Balakireff was composing the music for "The Golden Bird". Borodin was busy with "The Betrothed of the Tsar." These operas were abandoned by the composers. Rimsky-Korsakoff years later wrote an opera on the latter subject. Cui had nearly completed "William Ratcliff" and Dargomyjski was well along with his "Stone Guest," a version of Don Juan. For a while Moussorgsky was enthusiastic over "The Marriage," which he hoped would be "a dialogued opera." He intended to express clearly the changes of intonation, even the slightest, that occur in conversation. "Even," as he wrote, "in the most insignificant words." He completed the first act in the country. In the fall the music was performed for his friends. Dargomyjski snd Moussorgsky sang and Miss Pourgold, who afterwards married Rimsky-Korsakoff, played the piano part. All were delighted with the comic force and the realism of the music.

Living in Petrograd, he intended to complete "The Marriage," when the idea of a music drama based on Pushkin's "Boris Godounov" was suggested to him by a friend, Prof. Nikolsky. The composer was at once persuaded. He dropped "The Marriage," although he was then at work on the second act, and, in September, 1868, he began his "Boris." The first act was completed in November. A year later the first version of the opera was ready. The instrumentation was made in the winter of 1869-1870. He wrote to a friend: "I have seen the director of the theatres. He says that he cannot put on anything new this year, but it is possible that in August or at the beginning of September I shall be summoned to terrorize 'these messieurs' with 'Boris.'"

The facts in the case of Boris Godounov are as follows. He was the regent of the Russian empire during the reign of the Tsar Feodor, the son of Ivan the Terrible. Another son of Ivan, Dimitri, had been exiled to Ouglitch. Toward the end of Feodor's reign Dimitri was found with his throat cut. By this death Boris became Tsar. The people accused him of the murder. After a short and unhappy reign, Boris died at the moment when the people in revolt were bearing to the throne a usurper, who passed himself off for Dimitri miraculously preserved.

It is declared by many that Boris was innocent of the assassination. The historian Karamsin adopted the belief of the people, and Pushkin and Moussorgsky introduce this crime as one of the chief elements of interest in the drama.

The primitive version of Moussorgsky was much shorter than the one known to the opera house. The composer took several of Pushkin's scenes, changed others, and wrote a great part of the text. As the work progressed, Moussorgsky would show the various parts to his friends. All were enthusiastic. Dargomyjski heard only the first act and the scene at the inn—he died in 1869; but he said with emotion that Moussorgsky had gone farther than he.

The primitive plan was this: (1) The crowd awaits the election of Boris to the throne; the coronation. (2) The cell of Pimen. (3) Scene at the inn. (4) Boris with his children and with Shouisky. (5) Scene of the Duma and the death of Boris. (6) The Peasants in revolt and the entrance of the Usurper.

All the friends made this criticism: Woman played hardly any part. The composer rebelled against this opinion, but in the fall of 1870 he was obliged to yield. The theatre director refused the opera because it contained too many choruses and ensemble numbers. He also objected to the shortness of the scenes in which the chief personages appeared. The year 1871 was spent in enlarging and revising the opera. Moussorgsky was then sharing an apartment with Rimsky-Korsakoff and the friends worked side by side. Stassov and the architect, Victor Hartmann, advised Moussorgsky to add scenes and to enlarge those already written. The whole of the third act, the song of the innkeeper; the episode of the clock and the parrot were among the additions. The composer finally decided to end the opera not with the death of Boris, but with the revolt of the people, the triumphant entrance of the Usurper and the lament of the "innocent" over the misfortunes of Russia, the scene preceding the last in the original version.

There were private hearings of the music during the winter of 1871-72. In February, 1873, three fragments were performed at the Maria Theatre for the benefit of the stage manager, the [illegible] inn, the boudoir of Marina, and scene at the fountain. Moussorgsky wrote some days before: "And now for the judgment! What a pleasure to see us on the culprit's stool, now that we are full of 'Khovanchtchina'" — another opera by Moussorgsky, first performed in 1885 by a society of amateurs—"while we shall be judged for 'Boris.' They will say to us: 'You have trampled under foot divine and human laws.' We shall answer: 'Yes' and add mentally: 'You will surely see others.' They will croak, 'You will be quickly forgotten and forever.' We shall reply: 'No, no, and again no, madame!'"

Nevertheless, the three scenes met with success. Petrov was an admirable Varlaam, and Mme. Leonowa pleased as the inn-keeper. Much was made of the composer. A woman sent in her admiration a wreath of flowers, the first he ever received.

The rehearsals of the opera began some months later. The first performance was on Feb. 6, 1874. Boris, Melnikov; Pimen, Vassiliev; Varlaam, Petrov; the false Dimitri, Komissarewsky; Marina, Mme. Platonova.

Petrov, a bass, who had played 500 times the part of Ivan in Glinka's "Life for the Tsar," had a long career. Leporello was one of his best roles. He became an intimate friend of Moussorgsky, whose songs he sang effectively. Mme. Petrov, a contralto and opera singer, also sang songs of Moussorgsky. Komissarewsky, after he left the opera house, became a music critic.

The younger generation recognized the originality and significance of "Boris." There were 20 consecutive performances in the crowded theatre. Stassov, a biographer of Moussorgsky, says that bands of young people sang at night in the streets and on the bridges of the Neva choruses from the work. The conservative critics reproached Moussorgsky for his ignorance of musical grammar, his rudeness, his lack of taste. They said that the better pages were in the usual operatic manner: as "Our parrot had perched" and the final scene at the fountain. Some young admirers had four wreaths ready for the composer in the opera house. They had inscriptions: "Glory to you for 'Boris'!" "Towards new shores!" The objectors contrived to intercept the presentation, and the admirers were forced to carry the wreaths to the composer's home the next morning.

For some reason or other "Boris," after undergoing mutilation, was withdrawn from the repertoire. The first performance at Moscow was in 1889. The composer died in the army hospital Nicolss on March 28, 1881.

The title of the original edition of "Boris," published towards the end of 1875, is as follows: "Boris Godounov, opera in four acts with a prologue. Complete arrangement for piano and voice, including scenes not intended for theatrical performance." The composer did not indicate what parts were to be cut out, but he gave everywhere, indications for the stage business. Pushkin's play was not written for the theatre, as the translators into French, Turgeniev and Louis Viardot stated in their preface. The text adopted by Moussorgsky is much simplified. It is formed of extracts from Pushkin and pages written by the composer. In the drama and in the opera prose and verse alternate according to the necessities of expression. M Calvocoressi in his life of Moussorgsky says that this, the excellent method of the Elizabethan dramatists, suits above all opera with its lyricism alternating with truthful expression.

"Boris Godounov," then, consists of a small number of essential scenes without apparent connection, a succession of pictures intelligible only to the spectator, who, familiar with the recital of facts, knows the correlation; but it has also been remarked that the music not only by its atmospheric effect increases the coherence of the work but also by the employment of a principal theme with secondary typical motives.

With the drama of Pushkin, Moussorgsky utilized Karamsin's "History of the Russian Empire" and some folk-chronicles and legends. He did not concentrate his interest on the story of Boris, as a matter of fact, not a tyrant, but a man who attempted to increase the prosperity of his country. The chief character in the opera is the excited people.

* * *

Prologue. The curtain rises on the courtyard of a monastery near Moscow. There is a crowd. "Why do you abandon us, our father, why leave us orphans?" One asks the reason of this lamentation. Another answers that he does not know. A third exclaims: "We wish to give a Tsar to Russia." The secretary of the Duma enters and says that Boris, having taken refuge in a monastery, refuses the throne. "But God can still inspire him!" A pilgrim's song is heard in the distance. The "Kalieki" draw near and enter the monastery. In Pushkin's drama it is explained that Boris refused only through calculation.

The second scene of the prologue is the courtyard in the Kremlin, the day of the coronation. Boris, now Tsar, passes, grave and anxious while the people cheer him.

Act I. Scene I A cell in the Monastery of the Miracle. An old monk, Pimen, is writing by a lamp the chronicle of his time. Near him a novice, Gregory, is asleep. A frightful dream awakens him. Pimen tells him of Ivan the Terrible, and then of Dimitri, assassinated by the command of the Tsar. This scene, somewhat changed, is taken from Pushkin.

Act I. Scene II. An inn on the Lithuanian frontier. The hostess, a cheerful soul, is singing. Missail and Varlaam, two vagabond monks, come in. With them is Gregory, disguised, the false Dimitri. Having run away from the monastery, he would cross the frontier, but the alarm has been given and the police are on this track. The officers enter the inn and question the travelers. Varlaam, with a bottle in his hand, sings of the fight at Kazan. (This song was first sung here at a Boston Opera House concert by Mr. Marcoux Dec. 1, 1912, when extracts from the second act were also performed.) Gregory is finally discovered. Brandishing a knife, he jumps out of a window. The text is chiefly Pushkin's. Moussorgky wrote only the opening taken from folk songs.

Act II. The interior of the Tsar's apartments in the Kremlin. Xenia, the daughter of Boris, mourns her lover. The nurse tries to console her and sings the song of the gnat. The young brother of Xenia, Feodor, joins them in a "clapping game." Suddenly Boris enters. Feodor, proud of his knowledge, describes to him the map of the Russian empire. "Well done, my son! Work, Feodor, some day this empire will belong to you." Boris grows sad, recalling his crime, disturbed by the growing revolt against him. He is a prey to terror, he sees the blood stained Dimitri. A strange noise is heard. Feodor tells him it is about an escaped parrot. (According to Karamsin's history the first parrot that came into Russia was given to Boris). Messengers enter with alarming news about the false Dimitri. Boris left alone sees the corpse of his victim, while a clock chimes. The text of this act is chiefly taken from Pushkin, but all that precedes the entrance of Boris is by Moussorgsky, who also introduced the relieving episodes.

Act III. The action is at Sandomsr, in the chateau of Mnichek, where they are conspiring against Boris. Scene I. Marina, the daughter of Mnichek, and the betrothed of the false Dimitri, is at her toilet surrounded by her maids. They sing to her. She tells of her loneliness and her ambition to sit on the throne. A Jesuit father, Rangoni, sly and cynical, in a long scene urges her to convert to the true faith the heretics of Moscow; then, as she refuses, to exert her influence over the usurper.

Act III. Scene II. A garden, with a fountain. Moonlight. Dimitri awaits Marina. Rangoni labors with him in hope of assuring the success of the Roman church in Russia. Marina comes. She at first will not listen to his words of love, but at last she softens. A love duet, and they embrace, while Rangoni watches them from afar. M. Calvocoressi says that Moussorgsky thus ruined a scene of great beauty in Pushkin's drama. "Designedly or not, he has given Marina an insipid character. The personality of the false Dimitri is greatly weakened in his version and the intervention of Rangoni has no dramatic interest—he does not appear again. Only the music of this act is interesting. It is enough, as a rule, to compensate for the feebleness of the action."

Act IV. Scene I. A clearing near Kromy. The people mock a nobleman in chains. The village simpleton has his poor day. Varlaam and Missail reappear. Two Jesuits are seized and dragged away. The troops of the false Dimitri pass by. He himself is on horseback. All leave the stage except the Simpleton. He calls on all true believers to weep. The foe will soon come and the world be black as night. "Woe and sorrow always! Lament, Russian folk, poor hungry folk!"

Act IV. Scene II. The Granovitaya Palace in the Kremlin. A special meeting of the Duma of boyards. They will roast the impostor when they catch him snd put the rebels to death. Shouisky comes in to tell of Boris and his horrible hallucination. Boris comes, tortured by the vision of the murdered Dimitri. He recovers himself for a moment. The old monk, Pimen, begs an audience. His tale is as follows: An old shepherd who had become blind one night heard the voice of a child saying: "Arise, go to the town of Ouglich and pray on my tomb in the cathedral. Know I am Dimitri, now numbered by the Lord among his saints to work wonders for Russia." The shepherd, led by a grandchild, went to the tomb and prayed; and his sight was restored. Boris, in great agitation, calls for his son, Feodor. Left alone with him, he gives him his last words. Dying, he implores forgiveness of God and points out his son Feodor to the boyards as their Tsar.

It would seem that originally these two scenes were reversed, and the opera ended with the song of the idiot. The text of this act is chiefly by Moussorgksky; the story of Pimen and the scene in which the boys torment the nobleman are taken from the drama.

* * *

The opera as now performed is the version edited by Rimsky-Korsakoff, who has been blamed severely for sandpapering and polishing Moussorgsky's score.

In his preface to the edition of 1896, Rimsky-Korsakoff spoke of the original version—"its insurmountable difficulties, the fragmentary character of the musical phrases, the harshness of the harmonies and modulations, the faulty counterpoint, the poverty of the instrumentation, and the general weakness of the work from the technical point of view." He then said that the opera was composed under his eye, and no one knew better the intentions of Moussorgsky. Holding his memory in honor, valuing highly his gifts and works, he revised the technic and orchestration. "I am convinced that my work has in no way altered the original spirit of the opera, or the bold designs of its creator. Although I have revised it, it still belongs entirely to the genius of Moussorgsky, since I have only improved it from the technical side, making its lofty significance clearer and more accessible to all, while making an end of carping criticism." For this edition he made a few cuts.

For the edition of 1908 Rimsky-Korsakoff revised and orchestrated the omitted scenes: Pimen's recital of the lives of the tsars; the scene between Boris and his son over the map of Russia; the scene of the parrot and of Boris with Feodor and Shouisky; the episode of the chiming clock; the scene between the false Dimitri and Rangoni, the monologue of Dimitri. "These scenes, which are of no importance to the opera as a whole, possess, nevertheless, great musical and dramatic interest and may be re-introduced into the work at the wish and choice of its interpreters."

For many facts noted in this description of "Boris Godounov" I am indebted to the valuable life of Moussorgsky by M. D. Calvocoressi (Paris, 1908), and to the life of Moussorgsky by Pierre d'Alheim (Paris, 1896).

It would not be pertinent to speak of the music before it is heard, yet a few statements of M. Calvocoressi are not out of place. He characterizes the opera as the most audacious of the Russian school, the one that approaches closest the ideal type of music drama dreamed of by the reformers. There are a few typical themes; there are no divisions of the traditional opera, nor any following of Wagner's methods. Everything is abrupt, direct, swift and, as far as possible, simple. There is no trace of musical commentary or preparation. In spite of an almost stupefying diversity, there is a prevailing unity of style. The opera is truly Russian, not only by reason of the subject as treated, but also by the spirit that pervades it. The character of the personages, the aspect under which the events take place, everything is powerful and spontaneous. There is a sincere and emotional picture of life. "If there could be anything comparable to Shakespeare's 'Macbeth' it would be 'Boris Godounov.'"

Oliver Ditson Company of Boston publishes "My Favorite Songs," selected by Mme. Geraldine Farrar. The composers represented are Arensky, Beethoven, Bleichmann, Franz, Gluck, Gretchaninoff, Grieg, Loewe, Moussorgsky, Rubinstein, Schubert, Schumann, Sibelius, Sinding, Tschaikowsky. The selection is creditable to Mme. Farrar's taste. The songs are not too familiar. For example, the six of Schubert are practically unknown to concertgoers unless they have heard Mme. Farrar sing them. Who knew Loewe's "Walpurgisnacht" until she put it on a program? On the whole this is the most interesting volume in the series published by Oliver Ditson Company. There is a biographical sketch, in which the statement that she "astonished New York by recreating with tremendous success the Spanish gypsy of Bizet's 'Carmen'" is hardly in accordance with the facts. She "astonished" New York, it is true; but her conception of the part was severely condemned by the leading critics and by the experienced in the audience.

To the Editor of the Herald:

One of the newspapers in commenting upon the recent death of Tom Karl made the statement that "two of his best known parts were Robin Hood in the opera of the same name and in 'The Serenade,' in both of which he was seen all over the country." As to his appearance in Victor Herbert's opera, I was certain of the error as I happened to be in New York and witnessed the original production of that opera at the Knickerbocker Theatre. This was in 1897, and at that time Mr. Karl had retired from even a business interest in The Bostonians.

Knowing that he was not in the "original cast" of "Robin Hood," I had a notion that the former statement was also incorrect, but Mrs. Henry Clay Barnabee informs me that "when we produced 'Robin Hood' Mr. Karl was in Europe, but upon his return he played the part many times, alternating with Mr. Edwin Hoff." The latter created the title role. Some four or five years ago Messrs. Karl and Barnabee gave a series of concerts in and about Boston, and although then well over 60 Mr. Karl sang with remarkable freshness of voice and with all of his old-time skill. He was an admirable singer and an excellent actor.

About "the last leaf on the tree," Mr.

...des his letter ... legally two ... still on view."

M... nothing like The Bostonians has been "on view" since their disbanding ... years ago and their reputation as "the best light opera organization America has ever produced" bids ... to stand for some years to come.

J. R. DILLABY.

Boston, March 27.

Mr. Arliss will soon be seen in Mr. ...'s play "Paganini." For ... years Paganini was almost a legendary character. The superstitious ... pretended that he owed his skill ... with Satan. Wild tales ... of imprisonment, extraordinary ... amours. The spectral ap... of the man on the platform confirmed the stories in the minds of the more susceptible.

The subject of Mr. Knoblauch's drama ... the infatuation of a young English girl who at first, captivated by the art of the virtuoso, finally falls in love with the man himself. He, much older, and having a strong affection of long standing for another, saw that the result would be only unhappiness for the English girl, and he secures for her peace of mind.

Notes About Music and Musicians

Has any musician yet turned his mind to the discovery of the perpetrator of all the Haydn and Beethoven music that is frequently coming to light just now? It is only a year or two ago that a "new" Beethoven symphony made the round of Europe. Now I hear of a "new" violin concerto by Haydn having been discovered—the third in a few years. Who does write them? And do we want them? Surely not. If they had had any value at first we should have heard them all years ago, for they would never have been lost, stolen or strayed. Anyhow, I can recall no work of this kind making a permanent success, and there is still enough of the best music of these great musicians to keep our interest sustained. How many of Haydn's never-lost symphonies do we ever hear, for example?—Daily Telegraph, March 4.

Mascagni, they say, is at work on three operas, all in three acts. One is based on Sardou's "Cleopatra." The other two are entitled "Lodoletta" and "Falda."

Challapin has passed through a severe sickness in Moscow. He was obliged to leave there when he was singing in "Vrazhya Sila" for the first time the role of Eremka.

A new supplement to "Hymns Ancient and Modern" has been published in London. One hundred and forty-one hymns, more modern than ancient, have been added. The chief writers among the older men are Heber and the Wesleys. Mrs. Alexander, Christiana Rossetti and Phillips Brooks are among the more recent ones. Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar" is admitted. There are hymns by the late Canon Ainger. The musical editor, Sydney Nicholson, has supplied the new hymns with tunes and put alternative tunes to about 100 of the hymns already in the edition of 1889. "A general sobriety of style has been the first consideration. . . . The new supplement is a very genuine attempt to raise the level of the tunes associated with 'Hymns Ancient and Modern'." The Times says that among musical people the very name of this hymnbook has become associated "with a kind of tune and a kind of harmony which is more decorous than eloquent and sentimental rather than emotional. It did more, perhaps, than any other collection of hymns to propagate the polite platitudes of 19 century church music under the editorship of Dr. Monk and Mr. Steggall, but so effective had its work been with the general public that an attempt to strike out on a bolder policy in the new edition of 1904 failed utterly. Clergy and congregations refused to have anything to do with the new edition, and the research of its scholars and musicians was virtually wasted."

The late Carmen Sylva wrote three opera librettos; one for "Meister Manole," with music by the late Duke of Edinburgh (Coburg, 1892); and one for "Neaga" with music by Ivar Hallström (Stockholm, 1884).

The Charpentier who conducted Saint-Saens's oratorio "The Promised Land" in Paris was Victor, not Gustave.

On May 8 in London there will be a series of festival performances of "The Dream of Gerontius"; one performance will be given each day from Monday to Saturday inclusive. The idea originated with Mme. Clara Butt. A composition by Elgar, "For the Fallen" (tenor solo and orchestra), will then be heard for the first time. Mme. Butt thinks that in the oratorio Gerontius should be alone on the platform, with the Angel at some distance from him, possibly in the midst of the chorus of angelicals. The part of the Angel was written for her, although Mme. Brema sang the music at the first performance.

W. W. Cobbett has instituted a new competition for Fantasies based on folk songs. An English composer must use the folk songs of England, a Welsh composer those of Wales and so on. "In this way it is thought to popularize chamber music, to make it more acceptable to publishers, to evolve perchance a national idiom in music." Mr. Legge sensibly remarks: "I must confess that I have no very strong liking myself for competitions in which the composers are restricted as to their material or ideas."

Mme. d'Alvarez, well remembered here as a member of the Boston Opera Company, gave a recital in London, March 14. The Pall Mall Gazette said it was well attended, and it was easy to understand why. "There is a velvet quality about her voice that has an irresistible charm, especially in slow-moving, sensuous, melodic phrases. In more rapid passages it is not at its best, but its place is taken by a vivacious dramatic intuition that, also, is no mean quality. If she is thereby induced at times to adopt the pose and gesture of the operatic stage, which is apt to be disconcerting on the concert platform, there is little harm, for the result she secures carries conviction."

A new clarinet sonata by Sir Charles Stanford was performed in London, March 14. "It is a monument of a style which its friends say will never die, and its enemies admit is a long time dying—in short, the academic 'post-romantic' style to which the name of Brahms furnishes a convenient, though not always strictly accurate, label. The adagio rose above this description, but on the whole the sonata is no more than a skilful example by an expert in a well-tried medium."

In the catalogue of the library of the late Alfred Littleton offered for £2500 is this item: "The holograph Ms. of Chopin's famous Messe Solennelle de Paques." But when did Chopin compose this? How is it "famous," when Liszt, Niecks, Huneker, Ashton Johnson and others do not refer to it? Who ever heard of it before?

The Pall Mall Gazette says that Vaughan Williams's song cycle "On Wenlock Edge," six poems from the "Shropshire Lad," for tenor, string quartet and piano, is one of the most beautiful things in modern English music. "It is alike modern and English—not Victorian or Brahmsian, as is so much that sails under the same flag. Also it is the purest lyrism, and not thinly disguised musical 'development.' It is none too easy to sing, for it demands a high order of interpretative intelligence, and at certain points an intonation accurate to a hair's breadth—neither of them the commonest gifts among singers." Gervase Elwes was the tenor when the Cycle was performed on March 8.

A piano sonata by Serge Bortkiewicz was played by Miss Adela Hamaton in London, Feb. 29. "We understand the composer is a contemporary, but the music might have been by any one of that forgotten legion for whom Liszt used to prophesy a brilliant future in the Weimar days. The idiom is now well worn and his message trite."

Mr. Max Chop, the well known writer on music in Berlin, has recently been proclaiming from the housetops the fact that after the war Germany will not require to call in musical help from any of the hostile countries, but will be entirely self-supporting. He suggests that, instead of foreign music being played, such composers as Liszt (a Hungarian), Volkmann and Raff will come into their kingdom. But, according to him, it will be quite other with the enemy lands. For, says he, "we need not even mention England, whose complete artistic unfruitfulness is on a par with her kultur," while France, "with her Mendelssohnian Saint-Saens and her Straussian Debussy," and Russia, which since Tchaikovsky, "who was markedly under German influence," has lost the influence of the folk-song, Belgium, "which has done even less than France," Serbia and Montenegro, which "in musical unfruitfulness stand even lower than England, and that indeed is saying much!" are completely at a discount. A good word is said for Sibelius, Sinding, and Grieg, chiefly, however, because they belong to neutral nations, and the idea is promulgated that they may be useful as stop-gaps or makeshifts.—Daily Telegraph.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Concert by John McCormack, tenor, assisted by Donald MacBeath, violinist. Standing room only.

MONDAY—Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Festival concert of mandolines, banjos, etc., organized by Messrs. Lansing and Odell.

TUESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert in aid of the widows of Italian reservists. See special notice.

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Fifth Anniversary concert of the People's orchestra of the Boston Music School Settlement, 110 Salem street, Jacques Hoffmann, conductor. The program will include these pieces: Gluck, Overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis"; Wieniawski, Concerto in D for violin (Josef Gewirtz); Beethoven, Two movements of the 8th Symphony; Bruch, Kol Nidre; Liszt, Hungarian Rhapsody; Gounod, Bacchanale from "Philemon and Baucis." Heinrich Gebhard, pianist, will play these pieces: Rachmaninoff, Prelude in C sharp minor; Godard, En Courant; Chopin, Ballade in D flat, Nocturne in F sharp major; Gebhard, En Valsant; Liszt, Hungarian Rhapsody No. 12.

Tremont Temple, 8 P. M. Concert by Miss Alice Nielsen, soprano, assisted by Arthur Hackett, tenor, and Miss Hildegarde Nash, violinist. Miss Nielsen will sing these songs: Parker, The Lark now leaves; Leoni, The Leaves and the Wind; Arensky, But lately in Dance; ... Leighton, My ... he comes ... the Skee, Liszt, Lorelei, Grieg, Im Kahne, Ich liebe dich; Wolf, Er ist's; old songs, My Old Kentucky Home, In the Gloaming, Bonnie Sweet Bessie, Annie Laurie, Arditi, Il Bacio. Mr Hackett's selections are as follows: Blumenthal, Evening Song; Cadman, O Moon upon the waters; Braga, Angel's Serenade; Goring-Thomas, The Willow; Protheroe, Ah, Love but a Day; Andrews, Oh, for a day in Spring. Miss Nash will play these pieces: Svendsen, Romance; Cui, Orientale; Borowski, Adoration; Tor-Aulin, Berceuse, Humoresque; Brahms-Joachim, Hungarian Dances.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Twentieth concert (A) of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Twentieth concert (B) of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.

April 7 1916

JOHN McCORMACK AT SYMPHONY HALL

Irish Tenor Greeted by Usual Overflowing Audience.

John McCormack, assisted by Donald McBeath, violinist, sang at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. The program was attractive and varied. The favorite Irish tenor was in fine voice. The songs included two written for Mr. McCormack by Fritz Kreisler, others by Schumann, Reger, Mendelssohn, a group of Irish folk songs and H. T. Burleigh's "The Jungle Flower," "Till I Wake" and "Worth While," sung for the first time.

Mr. McBeath played pieces by Haydn, Mozart, Wieniawski and others. The hall was filled in every part by an enthusiastic audience. Many sat upon the stage, and the standing room was crowded. Both Mr. McCormack and the assisting artist were generous in adding to the program. Edwin Schneider was a skilful accompanist.

April 4, 1916

METROPOLITAN OPERA COMPANY

By PHILIP HALE.

The Metropolitan Opera House company began last evening at the Boston Opera House an engagement of three weeks. Moussorgsky's opera "Boris Godounoff" was then performed for the first time in this city.

There are some, among them M. Jean Marnold, the learned Parisian critic with a mordant manner of statement and argument, who say that we hear not Moussorgsky's opera, but Rimsky-Korsakoff's version of it. The wild Muse of Moussorgsky comes before us after leaving Rimsky-Korsakoff's work room with her hair pleasingly combed, her hands manicured, clad in a conventionally handsome costume, with a mincing gait, formal in speech. Mr. Toscanini said to us when he was rehearsing "Boris" in New York that he should visit Debussy in Paris the coming summer if only to see Moussorgsky's own version; that he himself, following hints of M. Marnold and others, had in some instances made changes in the score, hoping thus to restore it to its original form.

The Herald published last Sunday in a description of the opera the reasons given by Rimsky-Korsakoff for his "revision"; how the original version was from the technical point of view extremely faulty; how the opera was composed under his eyes, and no one knew better than he what Moussorgsky wished; how the revisions in no way altered the "original spirit of the opera, or the bold designs of its creator."

Various answers might be made to this defiant apology. To quote from M. Marnold: "Without doubt, Moussorgsky did not write as one is taught in the conservatories, and that was lucky for him and for us." It might be said that Moussorgsky, knowing what he wanted, even better than his roommate, Rimsky-Korsakoff, was satisfied with the original score as it was published.

M. Marnold, speaking of Rimsky-Korsakoff's edition, says that in all the pages there are scarcely twenty that follow closely the original edition. Not only rhythms and melodies are doctored, so that the character of certain scenes is wholly changed or absolutely destroyed.

However, all this may be, in reviewing the performance of last night, we are forced to consider the opera as it was produced, not as it might have been or should have been. It is doubtful whether a copy of Munssorgsky's original score is in this country. We are therefore obliged to be content with the tored, but harmonic schemes have been opera at it was presented.

Mr. Polacco conducted. The cast was as follows:

Boris	Adamo Didur
Feodor	Sophie Braslau
Xenia	Lenora Sparkes
The Nurse	Maria Duchene
Schouisky	Angelo Bada
Tchelkaloff	Vincenzo Reschiglian
Pimen	Leon Rothier
Dimitri	Paul Althouse
Marina	Margarete Ober
Varlaam	Andre De Segurola
Missail	Pietro Audisio
The Innkeeper	Marie Mattfeld
The Simpleton	Max Bloch
A Police Official	Giulio Rossi
Lovitzky	Vincenzo Reschiglian
Tcernlakowsky	Carl Schlegel

The music drama is certainly an unusual one. It, first of all, follows closely the plan laid down by the Great Five when they met in solemn conclave. Balakireff never completed an opera. Borodin frankly confessed that in his "Prince Igor" he gave melody, as it was understood by the world at large, its due importance. Cui, who did the literary work for the Five, not only chose foreign texts; he followed the traditions, as did Rimsky-Korsakoff, until late in life. Moussorgsky alone endeavored to suit the music to the text without thought of set aria or ensemble. Yet he too, at times, departed from the straight and narrow way planned by those wishing to create a national music drama in a manner that would not follow the long established form, and in the garden scene he wrote a duet after the formula of a third-rate Italian composer of the Forties.

"Boris" was sung last night in Italian. In this version there are three acts and eight scenes. Moussorgsky's order was changed: the Coronation scene came after that of Pimen's cell, which therefore was no longer connected closely with the Inn scene. This arrangement made the libretto more episodic, but it provided a more effective ending of the act as it now stands, i. e., a composite of the original Prologue and the first scene of the second act. There were liberal cuts. The song of the parrot was omitted, for example, and Rangoni, the Jesuit, did not appear at all, which was a relief.

The whole of the garden scene might well be cut out. It has nothing to do with the story, such as it is, and nearly all of the music in it is of Moussorgsky at his worst, from the opening measures of Dimitri to the vulgar duet at the end, which, shouted vigorously last night, incited the heartiest applause of the evening.

The libretto is only a succession of scenes, with little or no connection. The two dominating figures are Boris and the people. The greater number of the other characters introduced do not awaken interest. Xenia is no more to us than the boy Xury in "Robinson Crusoe." She and Feodor give Boris an opportunity to show for a moment that he had a fond paternal heart. The monk Pimen is a fine fellow in his way; Varlaam is on the order of Friar John in Rabelais; the Simpleton stands out; Marina is superfluous; Dimitri in the cell, in the tavern, or on horseback is only a tenor. The interest lies in the treatment of Boris and in the doings of the people in the clearing. The opera gives opportunity for picturesque scenery and costumes and effective management of stage crowds.

After all that has been said and written, the music of Moussorgsky left us cold. There is little of it that in itself is truly emotional. What emotion is incited is due chiefly to the histrionic skill of the actor taking the part of Boris. There are strange orchestral effects, there are pages of good stage music, but when it comes to melodic ideas or to music that in any way is intended to reach the heart or fret the nerves, there is a dearth of invention. Whether the tunes given to the children of Boris are fashioned after folk songs or not is immaterial; the exoticism is not fascinating.

The music for the crowd has more character, especially in the first scene and in the clearing. This last, to our mind, with the mocking of the nobleman and the music that ushers in Dimitri, is with the pages given to Boris with the wild accompaniment of the clock in the second act the highest achievement of Moussorgsky in this opera. There is appropriate dash to Varlaam's song, and the music for Pimen in the cell has a peaceful monastic character. On the other hand, how inadequate is the music for the early entrance of Boris as Tsar! Music without nobility, without pomp, without even savage exultation! And it seems to us that the music for Boris, a prey to fearful hallucinations, depends largely for effect on the acting of the singer.

The production and the performance were of excellent quality. The stage settings held and pleased the eye, yet were not obtrusive and disturbing. The scene of the clearing was singularly beautiful in its loneliness and dreariness. The costumes were rich and tastefully designed; the color schemes

The Czar in "Godounoff"

Adamo Didur.

were striking and not too barbaric; the details of furniture, etc., had been carefully studied. The chorus, vocally impressive, was not sufficiently free in action.

Mr. Didur as Boris was admirable for what he did not do as for what he did. The part might easily tempt one to overdo in declamation, song and action. Mr Didur's impersonation, thoughtfull composed, abounded in contrasts and nuances. It was virile, powerful and consistently artistic. Mr Rothier as the old monk and Mr Bloch as the Simpleton were creatures of flesh and blood. Mr. Althouse sang the music of Dimitri with his agreeable voice, now and then giving evidences of training in the German or German-American school. Mmes. Ober, Sparkes, Duchene and Breslau delivered the music allotted to them acceptably. We can imagine a more definitely characterized innkeeper. Mr de Segurola, well known here as a character actor, gave due importance to the part of Varlaam.

Mr. Polacco conducted with authority and a fine appreciation of the orchestral speech which was as eloquent as Moussorgsky, or Rimsky-Korsakoff allowed. There was a very large and brilliant audience. Mr. Didur was warmly applauded and the cheap duet, as we have said, greatly pleased the hearers.

Before the performance "The Star Spangled Banner" was sung by Mme. Farrar costumed as the Goddess of Liberty and there were attendant nymphs with various national colors.

The opera tonight will be "La Boheme" with Mmes. Alda and Cajatti and Messrs. Caruso, de Luca, Tegani and de Segurola.

The linotype has played queer pranks of late. We attempted to quote a fearlessly split infinitive in a sentence of Henry James: "I have already missed my time to so much even as name properly." "Name" was turned into "names." No wonder that a correspondent wrote, asking where the infinitive was in that sentence.

Here is another instance. We quote from editorial comment in the Biddeford Daily Journal of March 29:

"In a communication printed in * * * As the World Wags department in the Boston Herald, 'E. S.' says:

" 'Like enough some cimet lectularius of literature will pick on the following, quoted from memory, but here goes:
An Rosa, he stand,' on ze quarter deck,
An' ze win,' she blow lak' hall!'

"Assuming that 'E. S.' means 'cimex' and not 'cimet' lectularius, we'll risk being classified among the bedbugs of literature to the extent of assuring him that his memory is defective. The Julie Plante had a 'fronte deck,' but no quarter deck, and the cook's name was Rosie, and the wind which caused the wreck, as recorded by Dr. Drummond, 'she blow lak' 'hurricane,' and not 'lak' hall.' "

"E. S." wrote "Cimex" not "Cimet." "Lectularius" is not in our Latin dictionary, an old one. "E. S." foresaw the "picking" on his quotation from memory.

English War Notes.

An English inventor proposes a plan of destroying Krupp's works by training cormorants to peck down the chimneys. He should at once be appointed a professor in the grand Academy of Lagado, once visited by Capt. Lemuel Gulliver.

In England reliance is put on peacocks to give warning of approaching Zeppelin raiders.

A Jewish commercial traveler has been exempted from military service on the ground that he is a Cohen and therefore forbidden to look on a dead body. The explanation is given that the Cohen family, claiming descent from Aaron, the high priest, is still subject to numerous restrictions associated with the priestly office.

The English now insist that the Portuguese are the politest people in the world. They quote the Earl of Carnevon, who, visiting Portugal in 1827, found there the most polished society in Europe. "Portuguese politeness is delightful because it is by no means purely artificial, but flows in a great measure from a natural kindliness of feeling and extends to all classes and affects all relationships." William Beckford's letters written from Portugal in 1787 are not so complimentary, although he did say: "When once a Portuguese of the first class determines to admit a stranger into the penetration of his family, he spares no pains to set off all he possesses to the most striking advantage, and offer it to his guest with the most liberal hospitality; you appear to command him, and he everything." There was an old American sea captain who used to characterize the Portuguese as "a frivolous people, easily amused."

Sap Molasses.

As the World Wags:

The doctor transferred a slice of dripping honey comb to his plate and blandly remarked that it was about time for "sap molasses." It was then borne in upon me that while I had been hearing him designate maple syrup by this homely term for more than a quarter of a century, it still came as an alien to my ear. Upon inquiry I gathered, that in his boyhood days it was in common use in his section of the state o' Maine, although there were ultra refined folk who favored the term "maple honey."

I have wondered if Vermonters ever say "sap molasses" in speaking of their own delectable sweet.

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE.

Roslindale.

Another War Note.

If you were a prisoner attempting to escape from an internment camp, what article would be most important to you; a compass, food, money? This question is asked by the Daily Chronicle. Mr. Geoffrey Pyne, having escaped from Ruhleben, says that the one indispensable thing is a clothes brush; for, as he did, you could guide your course by the stars and live on turnips from the field, but "after a night's tramp across country, unless you can make yourself fairly presentable, you are bound to excite dangerous and even a fatal suspicion."

Sweetness and Light.

Our esteemed contemporary says that, in reciting "Sheridan's Ride" at the Methodist church festival last week, we looked and acted like a jackass. We could retort in a way that would embitter the man's whole future, but we have learned to pass such things by. Suffice it to say that he is an infernal liar and a crawling scoundrel.—Leesville, Col., Light.

A Connecticut Thaw.

As the World Wags:

With the breaking up of the ice and the inevitable thaw that is sure to come, there will be freshets and rumors of freshets. In March, 1823, maritime circles were stirred by the following news item, which appeared in a Bridgeport paper:

"Arrived, schooner Fame, from Charleston via New London. While at anchor in that harbor during the rain storm on Thursday evening last the Fame was run foul of by the wreck of the Methodist meeting house from Norwich, which was carried away in the late freshet."

A facetious poem descriptive of the mixed emotions with which the captain regarded the catastrophe, written by J. C. Brainard, a popular poet of the period, appeared in the Connecticut Mirror, of which he was the editor. After reviewing the numerous hairbreadth escapes of his stormy career, the captain comments as follows:

But never yet upon the stormy wave,
Or where the river mixes with the main,
Or in the chafing anchorage of the bay,
In all my rough experience of harm,
Met I a Methodist meeting-house.

Boston. W. L. L.

Reindeer.

The report that the Germans wish to import reindeer to enlarge their supply of meat brings up the old story of the Finnish servant who was found incompetent by her American mistress. After a week of tribulation the mistress asked in despair: "Well, what can you do?" The servant's face brightened: "I can milk reindeer." As food, reindeer was once thought in Scotland a delicacy. The Baron of Bradwardine in "Waverly" was served at breakfast with reindeer ham, mutton and beef ditto.

Maginn's Quatrain.

The choir will now sing in illustration of Mr. Spencer's proposition the quatrain of Dr. William Maginn.

For those who read aright are well aware
That Jaques, sighing in the forest green,
Oft on his heart felt less the load of care
Then Falstaff, revelling his rough mates **between.**

PARK SQUARE THEATRE—Margaret Illington in "The Lie," a play in four acts by Henry Arthur Jones. First performance in Boston.

Hamp	Thomas O'Malley
Miss Pinsent	Virginia Chauvenet
Gobard	Bertha Kent
Sir Robert Shale	G. W. Anson
Elinor Shale	Margaret Illington
Gerald Forster	Richard Hatteras
Lucy Shale	Mercedes Desmore
Noll Dibden	C. Aubrey Smith
Mrs. Callard	Elsie Marder
Dick	Fred J. Goodrow

This play was produced for the first time on any stage at the Harris Theatre, New York, Dec. 24, 1914. As in "Mary Goes First" the theme is very slight but Mr. Jones, depicting the machinations of a climber, laying bare an intrigue of the drawing-room with mordant wit and feline irony, is far more successful than in his present and trite exposition of a topic that has for centuries inspired the ballad makers of every nation, the rivalry of two sisters, the treachery of one, the self-sacrifice of the other.

Elinor Shale lives with her grandfather in fallen splendor at Shale Abbey. She has allowed her younger sister Lucy to be sent to London where, with the assistance of a shrewd and moneyed aunt, it is hoped that she will soon make a fortunate marriage. Elinor has thus renounced her hopes of an immediate future.

Later a wealthy neighbor, Gerald Forster, grows attentive. Elinor promises to meet him at the hunt ball, and hoping to be fair in his eyes, for she already loves the young man, orders a costly ball dress. The note ordering the material is not yet mailed when Sister Lucy arrives. She is in distress. The wealthy London suitor had duly appeared. He was a fickle young man, however, and Lucy, thinking to hold him fast, anticipates the marriage. Now her lover is dead of a fever as she awaits the birth of her child.

Elinor gives up the ball and takes Lucy to Brighton where they live under another name. A boy is born to the younger sister. Upon their return to the abbey, Forster calls, bringing his friend Noll Dibden, heir of a millionaire quack medicine man. Dibden remembers Miss Shale at Brighton. He had heard queer stories, but he neglects to specify about which sister. Forster, seriously alarmed, questions Lucy, who replies that she had only done her duty in seeing her sister through her trouble. Much perturbed, Forster hastily farewells Elinor and leaves for Egypt.

Lucy, determined on a marriage at any cost, pursues him. Married, they return to England to find that Dibden has bought the Shale estate and is generously caring for Elinor and her grandfather. Dibden soon realizes the mischief of his partial confidences to Forster. He confesses all to Elinor. Thus she is aware that her sister has lied. She learns that Mrs. Forster's husband is still in the dark as to the real mother of little Dick. Elinor would force her to full confession, but is persuaded to relent. Forster, hastily summoned to Egypt on an important mission, must not be unnerved. Lucy swears to tell him when she is sure of his love. She consents to leave little Dick in Elinor's care and Dibden offers his name as a protection, though she cannot as yet return his love.

Thus the play is conversational with an undercurrent of melodrama. The final scene between the two sisters is unpleasant. Elinor is tigerish while Lucy cowers in hysterics. The merits of the piece lie in its portraiture of character. The men and women are taken from life, their respective types drawn in bold relief. Elinor, eternally self-sacrificing, fails eternally to secure her own happiness. Lucy, callous and a schemer, cared nothing for the father of her child. A moral leper, she sought only her own advancement. Yet her shallowness was skilfully concealed, and seductive, she knew her power over men. Forster is true to conventional ideals. Dibden, an honest fellow, seeks to repair his blunder. Sir Robert Shale provides a background of British gentility, good natured and convivially inclined though in reduced circumstances.

Miss Illington played the first two acts with commendable restraint and a pervading sweetness. In the last two, in the scenes with Dibdin and Lucy, there was an opportunity for passionate outburst and in these scenes the actress was appropriately elemental. The most conspicuous impersonation among those of the supporting company was the Noll Dibden of Mr. Aubrey Smith, an experienced actor of poise and ability.

There was a large audience.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE: May Irwin, in "33 Washington Square," a comedy in four acts, by Leroy Scott, staged by William Collier. First time in Boston. The cast:

Mrs. DePeyster	Frances Gaunt
Jack DePeyster	George Clark
Judge Harvey	Joseph Woodburn
Matilda	May Irwin
William	Aldrich Bowker
Olivette Harmon	Clara Blandick
Mrs. Gilbert	Julia Ralph
Dr. Pyecroft	Leonard Hollister
Mary Morgan	Charlotte Carter
Lieut. Sullivan	Max A. Meyer
Charlie	Henry Hanson
Bill	William Sully

Loyal admirers of Miss Irwin turned out in strength last evening, to welcome their favorite comedienne of the past score of years in what without question is the best comedy she has presented in her remarkable stage career. When she made her first entrance, a few minutes after the action began, she was halted in her lines for several moments while spontaneous and sincere applause greeted her. At the close of the third act she received two beautiful floral tributes and throughout the performance she was given to understand that she was with friends.

Not that "33 Washington Square" or Miss Irwin's very important part in it needed compassionate treatment. Both comedy and star were well able to stand on their respective merits and talents. The piece sparkles with witty quips and retorts, many of them distinctively Irwinian. The story for the greater part of its progress is as logical as the fleeting purposes of the theatre require, and in several instances there are neat characterizations. There may not be a laugh in every line, and if there were the audience would be left in limp condition; but there are few moments when laughter is not aroused, and by no labored effort on Miss Irwin's part.

In brief the comedy relates the ceaseless efforts of Matilda, housekeeper of many years for Mrs. DePeyster, a lady whose insecure income is incommensurate with her prodigious pride in her social position and importance, to rescue her mistress from the numerous embarrassments consequent on a wild scheme hatched in the first act; namely, to send on a European trip a proxy who can get along on much less traveling expenses

Mrs. DePeyster and then to re-... ...ent in her home for the ... three months. Thus she will not ... ...ed in the social world, and ... be able to exist until an expected ... from her stock holdings be-... actual asset.

The subsequent complications, involving the flight of mistress and house-... from their own home to an upstart boarding house, to avoid Mrs. DePeyster's identification by various interested parties, the harrowing misunderstanding between Matilda and William, butler and coachman, and the en-...ed intimacy of the two women with a ...tive and resourceful crook, make ... Matilda, first and last, solves all the problems which leap up unexpectedly from all sides, and ultimately regains the interrupted devotion of William.

At the opening of the second act Miss Irwin sang five songs, "My Mother's Rosary," "Those Were the Happy Days," "Under Southern Skies," "Floating Down the Old Green River" and "Nothing Else to Do." Miss Irwin's familiar methods are still effective in her ...alism, and the audience was reluctant to permit her to take up the role of Matilda again.

Of the supporting company, adequate ...ding to respective demands, one personage stood out strikingly. Mr. Hollister who resembles H. B. Warner of "Alias Jimmy Valentine" fame, both in looks and methods, and who, curiously enough, also plays the role of a gentleman crook, was effective enough in his dual role as the ingratiating clerk and the nimble-witted criminal, to hold the centre of the stage more than once. In fact, he figures in one of the climaxes of the comedy, when Matilda lures him into a confession of his latest crime and then calls in the officers who previously had him handcuffed, but were forced to release him through his resourcefulness. The one defect in this scene, which comes abruptly, is that neither Matilda nor any of the others on the stage makes it clear to the audience that the officers have hidden in the outer hall and that she knows of their presence.

B. F. KEITH'S

Lillian Russell must have been touched with the reception she received from the overflowing audience at B. F. Keith's Theatre last evening. The stage was prettily set and there was a generous display of flowers. During the act many beautiful floral tributes were passed over the footlights.

Miss Russell was as fair as ever. The ravages of time are for others than her. She was also tastefully gowned. She sings a group of songs by Silean, Stromberg, Wells, Ward, Emmell, Burleigh, Lohr and Fulks. But her voice, when the phrasing is at all exacting, loses in value. The lower notes often give pleasure, but the upper register is reedy and there is laborious reaching for notes. She managed to make a good-humored reference to herself as an old-timer. The singer was accompanied by Frank Waller.

Robert Emmet Keane was heard in a breezy monologue as an English Johnny. The act was an excellent caricature and was nicely balanced in a concluding serious vein with a soldier ballad by Kipling.

Bensee and Baird gave an unusual act in song and dance that afforded Miss Baird an excellent opportunity for facial play.

One of the big hits of the bill was "The Little Shepherd of Bargain Row," featuring Sarah Padden. The latter is unique. The sketch is of itself interesting in dialogue and often uproariously funny. The actress knows the value of repose and holds her audience in melodramatic suspense only to start them laughing the next moment.

Others on the bill were Dewitt, Burns and Torrence in "The Awakening of the Toys": Leipzig, a most interesting card conjurer. Elsie Pilcer and Dudley Douglas, in songs and dances and a display of irrelevant and bizarre costumes; Ernie and Ernie, in songs, high kicking and dancing, and Pielert and Scofield, in a singing and balancing act.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—The Craig Players in "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Play in three acts by Frances Hodgson Burnett:

Earl of Dorincourt	William P Carleton
Cedric Errol (Lord Fauntleroy)	Henrietta MacDanne
Mr. Haversham	Theodore Friebus
Mr. Hobbs	Donald Meek
Dick	Justine Adams
Higgins	George Ernst
Wilkins	Al Roberts
Thomas	Robert Capron
James	Monte Crane
Mrs. Errol	Betty Barnicoat
Minna	Vida Croly Sidney
Mary	Kate Ryan

IN 'LA BOHEME'

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: Puccini's "La Boheme," performed by the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York. Mr. Bavagnoli conducted for the first time in Boston.

Rodolfo	Enrico Caruso
Schaunard	Riccardo Tegani
Benoit	Pompilio Malatesta
Mimi	Frances Alda
Parpignol	Pietro Audisio
Marcello	Giuseppe De Luca
Colline	Andrea De Segurola
Alcindoro	Robert Leonhardt
Musetta	Ida Cajatti
A Sergeant	Vincenzo Reschiglian

The opera of Puccini that wears the best was greatly enjoyed by a very large audience.

Mme. Alda took the part of Mimi late in December, 1909, at the Boston Opera House. Her performance then was vocally and dramatically colorless. She did not take advantage of her natural gifts. During the last six years she has studied laboriously and intelligently. Her steady improvement was observed in her concert work. Last night it was not easy to believe that the impersonator of Mimi was the Madame Alda of 1909.

Her voice is now pure and warm, of sympathetic quality, freely and skilfully used for lyrically dramatic purposes. Her intonation which formerly was not always secure is now sure. And this voice is peculiarly suited to the music of Mimi.

For Mimi was a gentle, loving soul, not flamingly passionate in life, not tragically heroic in death. It does not matter that Puccini's librettists took liberties with Murger's romance, and borrowed episodes from the story of Musette to enrich the character of Mimi. Their Mimi is a charming, pathetic creature, whatever her origin, whatever the metamorphosis. Mme. Alda, recognizing the characteristics of this little grisette, gave voice to them in song.

Her singing was simple, but the simplicity was the simplicity of art. It was quietly emotional, and there was tonal as well as rhetorical emotion. Seldom have we heard the farewell in the third act sung with as beautiful quality of tone and with a pathos that was so unaffected. Through the performance there was no straining after effect; no prima donna airs and graces; no deliberate and visible appeal to the audience. There was Mimi singing in the joy and sorrow of life.

Mr. Caruso was hardly a romantic Rodolfo. He was a well-nourished poet, as though his profession was as lucrative as the much advertised Mr. Alfred Noyes has found it. We all have heard and seen many Rodolfos of eminence. The one that looked the part was Pandolfini, who sang in the first performance of the opera in this city. He was the very embodiment of the romanticism attributed to the worshipper of the Muse, unless "embodiment" is too substantial a word to use in connection with the frail figure and sensitive soul of that first Rodolfo.

It was not easy to believe that Rodolfo Caruso had ever known hunger and cold in the traditional garret. But all this was forgotten when he sang. There were moments when he would disturb the beauty of a vocal line by an unnecessary sob or an explosion, and halt the rhythm by prolonging an upper and favorite tone, but these mannerisms were easily pardoned when one thought of the general vocal warmth, the wealth of tones that are still vibrant or velvety, surprisingly so if one remembers the amount of work done for many years. It is also a pleasure to record that Mr. Caruso entered heartily into the ensemble and bore himself with greater dignity than he has sometimes shown here when he was called before the curtain.

Mme. Cajatti and Messrs. De Luca and Tegani sang here for the first time. Mme. Cajatti, a vivacious Musetta, has a wiry voice which she uses with self-assurance. Mr. De Luca has an agreeable organ, manly and rich. As Marcello, he often forced his tones till they were spread and without quality. When he sang naturally and without the too evident desire to make an effect, he gave much pleasure. We wish that Mr. Tegani as Schaunard had worn more noticeable trousers. It is a pity that he could not have borrowed those sported by Mr. Pulcini of the late Boston Opera Company. Where is Mr. Pulcini now? Where are those trousers? We speak of them, for Schaunard in ordinary inexpressibles is only a noisy bourgeois. Mr. De Segurola as Colline again farewelled his coat, thus, obedient to the librettists, delaying medicinal aid to the dying Mimi.

The chorus and the stage management were excellent. Mr. Bavagnoli conducted with marked spirit. He and some of the singers have not yet acquainted themselves with the acoustic properties of the opera house. Too often the orchestra was violent.

CONCERT TO AID WIDOWS OF ITALIAN RESERVISTS

The Flonzaley quartet, Albert Spalding, violinist, Carlo Buonamici pianist, and Felix Fox pianist, gave a concert last evening at Jordan Hall in aid of widows of Italian reservists.

Cesar Franck's Sonata, played with Mr. Spalding, was the occasion for one of Mr. Buonamici's now rare appearances in public. His playing gave much pleasure, while Mr. Spalding's performance was marked by suavity and elegance. The violinist also played pieces by Lulli, Spalding, and his arrangement of Paganini's "Campanella."

The Flonzaley quartet played two pieces, the andante "Funebre" from Tschaikowsky's Quartet, Op. 30, and Boccherini's Quartet in C-Major, Op. 33, No. 4. Tschaikowsky's andante, a particularly appropriate number, was impressive. Mr. Fox played pieces by Chevillard, Philipp, Faure and Saint-Saens. There was an appreciative audience.

A Bostonian, Mr. Robert H. Lord, has received a letter from a French soldier, a sergeant of the 21st regiment of colonial infantry, which, translated into English, reads as follows:

Dear Sir:

I received today a package coming from America with a card, unsigned, but apparently from your house. I conclude, therefore, that you are the sender of this gracious message and I thank you very sincerely. I am happy to see that even in America the French soldiers have good friends. I have been wounded after 11 months of service. It happened at the last offensive movement in Champagne that the "Boches" hit me with an explosion of their shell. A splinter went through my shoulder. Being on the good road of recovery I shall soon return to fight against these bandits with the spiked helmets. With the same pleasure I shall run some of them through the body again. I can tell you that I have killed and wounded not a few of them. In the 14 months I have had time to do some good work. As for the final victory, it belong to us; be sure of that. I'm sending you my thanks. I beg you to believe in my respectful friendship. GUS. RICHARD.

Crusoe on the Stage.

As the World Wags:

Discussion at the Lambs Too Club still runs on "Robinson Crusoe." I have just finished reading the best known chapters of DeFoe's immortal work in the first Latin edition published in America. Some member suggests that one of the requirements for admission to Harvard should be the rendering into Latin of the chapter in which Robinson discovers the footprint on the sand. DeFoe makes this one of the most thrilling moments in all fiction, his simple yet vivid description showing his wonderful powers.

A few nights ago I spoke of the success of Kate Reignolds as Robinson Crusoe, and was challenged to prove that she had ever played the part. Dame Fortune, fickle jade, who usually turns the back of her hand to me, as the Irish say, was kind on this occasion, and I found in my collection two playbills of Miss Reignolds as Crusoe. In one she is billed as "The Queen of Comedy," supported by the New York Comedy Company in "The Great New York Burlesque, made famous by the Lydia Thompson troupe." George W. Wilson played Hokee-Pokee. The other playbill shows her in the same part, with this quotation credited to Ralph Waldo Emerson under her name: "A beautiful woman is a picture which drives all beholders nobly mad." At this performance the cat, the parrot, the goat, the horse, acrobats and other novelties were introduced including Prof. McDonald's performing baby elephant Titania. Miss Reignolds had seven musical numbers, one being a duet, "Shoo Fly," with Jenny Pigtail, beloved by Crusoe, acted by Ada Monk.

Boston. ERNEST SEEKER.

Is "Earnest Seeker" acquainted with a pamphlet by David MacGregor Cheney, entitled, "A Collection of Robinson Crusoes; Wherein Are Set Forth Sundry Diverting Adventures in the Library of George A. Hough of New Bedford, with the Great Adventurer, Himself, as a Guide"? It was published in New Bedford in 1911, reprinted from the Sunday Standard of Dec. 17, 1911. Does "Earnest Seeker's" Latin edition begin "Erat Hamburgi"? Was the translation into Latin made by Goffeux for a textbook in France?—Ed.

O Bloody Period!

As the World Wags:

As it has become the fashion to drop the period mark from the titles of books, from the captions to newspaper editorials and in various other ways, I think it worth while to inquire when and where the fashion became established. Such an inquiry as this might well be set agoing many years hence and by that time lack proper answer, so it seems well, now that the fashion is just getting into vogue among us to make its origin known. H. W.

Malden.

Real True Facts.

As the World Wags:

Is one a purist who objects to qualifying the word facts as "real facts" and "true facts," which is so commonly done? A correspondent writing from Washington spoke recently of the "real facts" in the Mexican situation and a well known writer in the latest issue of the Saturday Evening Post uses the term "true facts" in all seriousness. Is there excellent authority for this usage?

Roslindale. R. B. S.

What Does It Mean?

As the World Wags:

Before the discussion of "best" and "worst" is closed, I wish that you or some of the learned Thebans among your correspondents would elucidate Shakespeare's expression (in "King Lear"),

"The worst is not
So long as we can say 'This is the worst.'"

Perhaps Charles J. Delamaine, who, on March 24, tried his hand at emending a passage in Shakespeare's "King Richard the Second," will make an X-ray examination of the above-given passage in "King Lear," and give the result of his examination. INQUIRER.

Brookline.

The speech quoted is made by Edgar, "aside" (act IV., scene 1). Moberly in the Rugby edition of Shakespeare (1876) gives this explanation: "If we could truly say, 'this is the worst', our capacities for suffering would be finite; but this is not so, there is always 'in lowest depth a lower deep' of possible suffering."—Ed.

FARRAR AS CARMEN

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: Afternoon performance: Bizet's "Carmen," by the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York. Mr. Polacco, conductor.

Don Jose	Mr. Martinelli
Escamillo	Mr. Amato
Zuniga	Mr. Rothier
Morales	Mr. Laurenti
El Dancairo	Mr. Leonhardt
El Remendado	Mr. Bada
Carmen	Mme. Farrar
Micaela	Edith Mason
Frasquita	Lenora Sparkes
Mercedes	Sophie Breslau

There were pleasing features: first of all the eloquent orchestral performance; then the stage pictures, the management of the stage, the excellent chorus and the work of those taking minor parts. The stage settings were uncommonly effective, although we learned for the first time that Lillas Pastia kept a luxurious restaurant. As a matter of fact he kept a boozing ken, the resort of smugglers, gypsies, girls that drew custom. The setting yesterday delighted the eye, but we prefer the old one representing a shabby, closed room, to this court with its views of handsome villas beyond, quite a "residential quarter," as the real estate dealer would say.

Mr. Polacco gave an uncommonly musical and brilliant reading of the score. Not only did he lead with the spirit and the keen rhythmic sense necessary; he treated the wealth of detail with fine understanding, not with the cool care of an analyst, but with the zeal of one enamored of the beauties of Bizet's music. We have heard many performances of "Carmen" in Europe and in this country during the last 35 years, performances led by conductors, famous, commonplace, infamous; we do not remember one in which an orchestra was controlled in so masterly a manner; one in which an orchestra seconded its leader with so marked tonal beauty, elasticity, dash, brilliance; and this always without prejudice to the singers.

The management of the stage was admirable with one exception: When Carmen reads her doom in the cards, Don Jose should not be allowed near her, glaring ominously, nor should she look now and then from the cards to stare at him. Carmen is then the dominating figure, sombre, tragic. There should be no petty melodramatic byplay; nothing that might possibly add to the interest in a film-drama. The crowd in the first act, the treatment of the opening scene in the tavern, the final tableau of the third, the vivacity and eagerness of the expectant men and women before the arena—all this was worthy of the world-wide reputation of the Metropolitan Opera House.

Mme. Farrar took the part of Carmen in opera for the first time in this city. Those who saw her last fall as a film-actress and heard amazing accounts of her first appearance as Bizet's gypsy in New York this season, must have wondered at her moderation. If any expected to see her come out of the tobacco factory with her clothes torn from above her waist; if any looked forward to her biting Zuniga in the leg when she was ordered to prison or to her taking violently improper liberties with other men on the stage within reac... they were sorely disappointed. M... Farrar did assault a tobacco girl, ... shaken victim as a result show... fine head of hair, which added cor...

able to the enjoyment of this [illegible] brought to mind the eulogy pronounced by Apuleius at the sight of Fotis.

Mme. Farrar sang the greater part of Carmen's music in a manner to please the ear. This music suits her voice as it is today; it generally lies within the working section, the tones of which are rich and euphonious. She sang the music expressively when the gypsy was bold, hoydenish, insolent, capriciously amorous. When it came to explaining the infatuation of Don Jose, the vocal appeal was not irresistibly seductive by sensuousness, or primitive in animalism.

The Carmen of Mme. Farrar is amusing in lighter moments; also in what might be called the tough-girl manner. But Carmen was more than an amusing creature of the sidewalk. She was a personage, so recognized by the men outside the factory not satisfied with her humbler co-mates. She was no ordinary trull. She had her fancies; no doubt she was a thief, a cheat in black magic; but her portrait is in the gallery of enigmatical and sinister women. Cleopatra, Mona Liza, Marguerite of Burgundy, Mary Queen of Scots, smile on her from the opposite wall. Carmen possessed the quality known as distinction.

The impersonation of Mme. Farrar lacks this quality. She might answer "I play for myself. I have my own ideas." She plays before an audience; her ideas are not effective or convincing. When it comes to any great moment in the opera as the tempting of Don Jose, the scene in the boozing-ken after the entrance of the soldier, the turning of the cards, we see an agreeable singer unable to rise to the demands of librettists and composer.

Mr. Martinelli was first of all a tenor, amiably disposed until called upon to take part in disconcerting scenes. When he threw down Carmen in the mountain gorge, he undoubtedly felt like apologizing to her. How delightfully Mr. Amato sang when he first visited Boston six years ago! Then his tones were firm, concentrated, sympathetic. Then he sang with artistic reserve. Of late he seems to be anxious only for volume. The part of Escamillo has been a stumbling block to many. Mr. Amato was vocally and dramatically heavy; his singing of the too famous Toreador's song was pedestrian; without regard to the meaning of the text. Why in the version of yesterday was the ending, in which Mme. Calve made an unforgettable impression by her sensuous coloring of the word "l'amour," changed by the omission of a few measures? Micaela as played by Miss Mason was a sophisticated pusa in the first act. No wonder that Morales thought of possible adventures. She came back to Don Jose, by recalling his mother's message, and sang the air in the third act smoothly, with an interpolated high note at the end that brought the expected applause.

Mr. Rothier was an impressive elder-

I. Zuniga. Mr. Laurenti as Morales sang in tune, which is worthy of mention, for nearly all his predecessors have erred in this respect. He showed the stern discipline enforced in his regiment by keeping his eyes steadfastly fixed on Mr. Polacco even when he was gallantly addressing the smiling Micaela.

The dancing of Miss Rosina Galli and her companions in the last act was applauded. There were curtain calls for the singers.

The opera tonight will be "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Mme. Barrientos (her first appearance), Messrs. Martinelli, De Luca and Rothier. Mr. Bavagnoli will conduct.

ORCHESTRAL WORK MARKS EVENING PERFORMANCE

"Tristan und Isolde" of Company Not Wholly Poetic.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde," by the Metropolitan opera company. Conductor, Artur Bodanzky.

Tristan ..... Jacques Urlus
King Marke ..... Carl Braun
Isolde ..... Melanie Kurt
Kurwenal ..... Hermann Weil
Melot ..... Carl Sch[illegible]
Brangaene ..... Louise Homer
A Shepherd ..... Albert Reiss
The Helmsman ..... Julius Bayer
A Sailor's Voice ..... Max Eloch

As usual, the performance began at 7:45, and the prelude furnished the customary effective entrance for hesitant or complacent latecomers. The outstanding feature of the evening was orchestral. While Mr. Bodanzky by no means effaced recollection of Gustav Mahler or certain memorable performances of "Tristan" conducted in the Boston Opera House by Felix Weingartner, his reading was a considerable improvement on that of his immediate predecessor, tempestuous Mr. Hertz, who used to meet the cast in bouts from which his orchestra usually emerged an easy winner. Mr. Bodanzky's interpretation was often eloquent, and never blatant. On his appearance at the beginning of the second and third acts he was liberally applauded.

In the leading roles, it was not a poetic performance of the opera. As to dramatic action, the Tristan of Jacques Urlus and Melanie Kurt's Isolde ranged from the perfunctory to the perfervid. In the great second act duet, for which the orchestra supplied a beautiful accompaniment, they sang effectively. But even as they sang their deportment occasionally suggested "the gesture is the thing." Mr. Urlus was not a knightly figure. Where Tristan burned with blasted hopes in the ship scene, his behavior toward Isolde was rather that of forbearance.

Mme. Kurt, who appeared in Boston for the first time, is a Wagnerian soprano of considerable experience and excellent reputation in Germany. An Isolde of imposing proportions, she displayed a powerful voice of penetrative quality. The elaboration of her acting was somewhat obtrusive when, in the potion scene, she marked time with the heaving of her breast.

Louise Homer's Brangaene was characterized by familiar beauties of voice and vitalizing intelligence in action. In Carl Braun the occasion furnished a King Marke noble in individuality and superb of voice. Kurwenal was well sung by Hermann Weil.

Here is another German outrage, another horror of war. The Kreuzzeitung of Berlin says: "The war has convinced all the erstwhile scoffers that the German imitations of 'fromage de Brie,' Camembert, Gorgonzola, of Parmesan and Chester cheese, and many other foreign cheese varieties, are as good as, if not better than, the outlandish articles the importation of which has been stopped."

It appears that the "good, honest old German cheese" has all the qualities praised in "graceful Latin" by "our German Luther."

But this "graceful Latin" was originally published in "Le Menagier de Paris," written about 1393. How galling to German pride, that the characteristics of good cheese were first described in a book written by a Frenchman!

The six necessary characteristics were these:

Non Argus,
Nec Helena,
Nec Maria Magdalena,
Sed Lazarus et Martinus,
Respondens Pontifici.

That is to say that good cheese should not have a thousand eyes, like Argus, nor should it be so white as Helen of Troy, nor should it weep with the penitent Magdalen, but it should be hard and heavy. Now note the German version:

Argus, largus
Habacuc, Lazarus,
Non Methusalm, Magdalena
Caseus iste bonus.

This, being interpreted, means that cheese should have a thousand eyes; it should be broad and fat; "No Methusalem does it become even after long storage, but like the penitent Magdalen its tears must run copiously. Habakkuk once cooked some broth; somewhat brothlike the cheese should be. That which we read about Lazarus applies also to cheese—it should smell somewhat of the grave. All these virtues—real German virtues—are found in our Limburger, our schmierkaese and all the home produced articles in much greater perfection than in the products of the English, the Italian and the French."

To smell of the grave is therefore "a real German virtue" and no cheese is tolerable without the strong reminder of the charnel house. Not an enemy, but the Berliner Kreuzzeitung has said it.

"Lazarus" in the quotation from the French book is used with reference to "ladre," not with death and decay.

Hard Work!

As the World Wags:

"If you have tears, prepare to shed them now" (over fears), for this paragraph is not jocose as it ought to be in this department, but deeply tragic, since its theme is the "Laundry," which, considering its lethal chambers, ought to be termed the "Slaughter House." Sending our cotton wear (called "linen" by an elegant euphemism) from bad to worse, from the frying pan to the fire, from "ills we have" to seek "others that we know not of"—the irregular results in the returned material are cracks and rents and a texture so brittle that it breaks like paper. The dearer establishments are perhaps the worst, since they openly use "bleaching fluids," because they say their customers demand such absolute whiteness. Pray, do these good people apply them to their skins, since it would have there a similar effect? The more pretentious laundries scorn their cheaper rivals, yet in view of their products, should their destructive work speak for them to that of humble competitors: "I am holier than thou," would be a truthful observation. They have the ever ready Advocatus Diaboli, the chemical expert, who testifies that the contributing cause is the presence of "heavy-metals" in soiled handkerchiefs, which uniting with a bleaching solution produce the disastrous effects. Beware of "heavy-metal" sneezes hereafter!

Now, inasmuch as "who would be free themselves must strike the blow," and desiring to break away from this wretched bondage, let it be here suggested that any good woman in the suburbs using only pure neutral soap (no compounds), gentle trituration (no violent thrashing) and drying in fresh air and sunshine (not in a drying-room) all absolutely foreign to present methods, and charging not more than 15 per cent. of the value of articles washed, may hear of something to her advantage by addressing THE OLD 'UN.

Boston.

Paul and Virgil.

As the World Wags:

In the introduction of Williams's translation of the "Aeneid" occurs a passage which interests me:

"There is a legend that St. Paul paused on his way to Rome to visit the sepulchre of Virgil; and an unknown poet has embodied in the Mass of St. Paul a famous stanza which gives to this feeling of pity a classic expression: the apostle 'poured upon the tomb the dew of pious tear, and said, "What a man would I have made thee, had I met thee when thou were alive:'"

Ad Maronis mausoleum
Ductus, fudit super eum
Pias rorem lacrimae:
Quem te, inquit, reddidissem,
Si te vivum invenissem,
Poetarum maxime!"

The poem may be a long one. If so, please do not attempt to make a copy of it for me, but simply tell me where I can find it. R. J. F.

Boston.

The Abbe Martinelli in his "Discours sur l'etat des lettres et des arts a Mantoue" (1775) tells this story, which it appears he found in a manuscript of J. Piccinardi of Cremona. The apostle arriving at Naples looked toward Mt. Pausilipus where the ashes of this great poet rest, and he regretted that he could not have known him or converted him. It was in the 15th century that they sang in the mass of St. Paul at Mantua this hymn in honor of Virgil. See also "Quesques Recherches sur le tambeau de Virgile," by Gabriel Peignot (Dijon 1840). We are unable to find the other strophes by this hymn. It is possible that they are in the book of Martinelli from which Peignot quoted.—Ed.

April 7 1916

LUCIA OF MME. BARRIENTOS

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor," performed by the Metropolitan Opera Company. Mr. Bavagnoli conducted.

Lucia ..... Maria Barrientos
Alisa ..... Minnie Egener
Edgardo ..... Giovanni Martinelli
Lord Ashton ..... Giuseppe De Luca
Raimondo ..... Leon Rothier
Arturo ..... Angelo Bada
Normanno ..... Pietro Audisio

Mme. Barrientos made a sensation in European cities 16 years ago. She was then a young girl. Last night she sang for the first time in Boston. Here as in New York she made her first appearance in "Lucia."

As has frequently been said in the Herald, this opera was written for a tenor, Duprez, and for years in Europe and in this country it was a "tenor opera." Women used to palpitate when Edgardo died. The "mad scene" was only an incident in the opera. Today it is unjustly regarded as the chief attraction. The music that precedes is considered only as a preparation for this scene, and with the last note of the coloratura singer interest is at an end.

Yet there are few singers famous for their skill in florid song who can do justice to the long and dignified melodic line of Donizetti. Much of the music allotted to Lucia is in the grand manner and should be sung by a full voiced woman. In the old days dramatic sopranos were expected to sing florid music, when it occurred, brilliantly and at the same time dramatically.

The voice of Mme. Barrientos is small: it is naturally of agreeable quality, but it is not a voice to portray deep emotion. The singer's skill is indisputable. Her runs are clean and even; her trill is uncommonly good; her staccati are remarkably sure—and it may here be said that her intonation is singularly pure. She is past mistress in the art of swelling and diminishing a tone, and the effects thus produced last night were irresistible. We know of no singer in recent years equally skillful in this particular art except Mr. Bonci, the tenor, when he first visited this country.

Mme. Barrientos is also conspicuous for the ease with which she employs embellishments. It is true that in the cadenza of the "mad scene" there was a certain deliberation noticeable. The jauntiness, the apparent recklessness of other singers that could be named was lacking; but in all the other scenes there was a spontaneity as refreshing as it is rare.

She is undoubtedly musical and a musician. This was shown by the constantly artistic phrasing. She is justly eminent as a coloratura singer. In the music of Donizetti that demands breadth and emotional feeling the lightness of her voice, and at times a tendency to allow her tones to become "white," forbid an affecting appeal. Perhaps in these days two singers should impersonate Lucia, one for emotional airs, the other for the "mad scene," as some have wished two actresses in "Romeo and Juliet," one for the girl, the other for the woman. Furthermore the lightness of Mme. Barrientos's voice prevented due proportion in the sextet, which, by the way, though none too well sung, worked its accustomed spell.

This may be said: Boston has not heard so accomplished a singer of florid music for many years. Her personality is as delightful as her art.

Mr. Martinelli sang the music of Edgardo for the most part freely and expressively. He acted in a romantic and spirited manner. His false intonation in the opening measures of the Sextet was forgotten as soon as the scene of denunciation came. Mr. De Luca, whose voice at first was unsteady, was adequate as the stern brother. Mr. Rothier made much more of Raimondo's music than is customary, and for once Arturo, acted by Mr. Bada, had a manly voice and did not deport himself as a milksop. A word of praise is due Miss Egener for her delivery of the few lines given to Alisa. Chorus and orchestra were excellent. The stage settings excited admiration. The second scene was beautiful and beautifully lighted. A large audience applauded Mme. Barrientos enthusiastically and the other singers received their due.

The opera tonight will be "Aida," with Mmes. Rappold and Homer and Messrs. Caruso, Amato, Rossi and Scott.

They enjoy opera and ballet in Spokane. On the night when the Boston Grand Opera Company and Mme. Pavlowa gave a performance the lobby of the theatre was jammed at 8 o'clock, "and music students in street suits who had seats in the seventh heaven and society folk in velvets alike streamed over the pile of trash left in the passageway. The entrance was symbolical, for they were, in stepping on an empty popcorn box, spurning, as it were, the husks of everyday life and entering for several hours into the chamber of spiritual things. The men trailed in behind their wives, a look of aggrieved protest on their faces and their stiffly starched evening shirted bosoms creaked protestingly. The women were mostly in long evening wraps, the young girls wearing capes of velvet that were all the colorings of fruit sundaes, peach and strawberry. A few children were allowed to stay up late for one night at least, for the sake of their musical education." When they all were seated and the tuning orchestra sounded like "the hum of insects on a June night, those who had new gowns removed their coats, and the sensibly minded who feared drafts sat closely bundled all the evening."

The opera was "Madama Butterfly." Miss Hannah Hinsdale, from whose article "Soul Food in the Opera and Ballet" we quote, observed that "a note of tragedy ran through the whole opera." When the lights came on after Butterfly's vain watching, "the faces of the men in the audience were a study; every man who had ever left a woman to weep and wait his coming looked as if he were face to face with judgment day. The opera is of the old theme, 'Faust' again or Burns's 'Ye Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon,' done in Nipponese."

After the ballet there was a return to life, the life that Julia Laforgue found "too daily." "The few who roll through life in limousines went over to Davenport's, leaving dust and a smell of gasoline behind. The rest of creation, who find the time the last car leaves a matter of concern, were crowding the sidewalks. That the 'come down' might be more complete, some women actually broke the spell by looking at the bargains in the dry goods store windows, and spoke of the new hats they had come to town to buy. Yet they had seen tragedy and poetry, and had bathed their spirits for a few hours in immortal things like beauty, love and sorrow."

Work and Labor.

As the World Wags:

Coming away from lunch the other day in company of a friend, I asked him in the large phrase that we affect when we mean to be mildly humorous or safely discreet whether he planned to devote the unusually fine afternoon to amusement or whether he intended to "labor." He replied that it was his purpose to do neither, but rather to "work." My companion was a man of exceptional efficiency in affairs and thus practically experienced in this matter and its niceties, so I instantly sat at his feet and inquired what distinction he saw between these two shades of the same color between which I had previously seen no difference. He explained that in his mind the word "labor" described a task that was irksome and "work" the exertion that was pleasureable as well as useful. I easily recalled the connotation of the word "laborious" and remained mumchance, my usual fluency choked by the white beard of a wisdom greater than my own.

Once at home, I consulted the dictionary and there found "labor" defined in about two columns of verbal niceties substantially as "work," and "work," verb and noun, expanded into

no less than seven columns of definition descriptive of various sorts of "labor." It seemed a drawn game and I was baffled.

Do you, sir, make any distinction in use between these two synonyms? There is in usage a certain dignity in the phrase "a worker" that is lacking to that of "a laborer," but a "working man" and "a laboring man" are practically interchangeable without the least offense to the highly sensitive individual who is thus properly classified. The difference, if any, is clearly modern for "facilis descensus Averni, sed revocare gradum, hic labor, hic opus est" the return being clearly, in this author's mind, equally difficult under either style. Shakespeare seems to have suggested the need of some such distinction in the sentence, "The labor we delight in physics pain;" perhaps he made it elsewhere, and the necessities of literature merely made it impossible for him to substitute the exact but attenuated "work" for the more stately phrasing that he employed; yet this is doubtful since in another play he says: "To sport would be as tedious as to work." And later still Charles Lamb casts an unmistakable vote against my friend's contention in the lines:

Who first invented work and bound the free
And holiday-rejoicing spirit down"?

The vast rock of literature that it is your well known custom, sir, to smite with Mosaic efficiency, doubtless contains vast stores of crystal instances that will serve to quench my thirst for knowledge if only you will exercise your rod in my behalf. May I rely upon you to precipitate your customary flood?

REV. BABBLINTON BROOKE.

The Rectory, April 3.

Sap Molasses.

As the World Wags:

A Vermont friend tells me that sap molasses is what drains from the sugar; maple syrup or maple honey is not boiled down to sugar.

Speaking about "he" and "she," is there any truth in the old legend that a Yorkshire man calls everything "he" but an old tom-cat, and that he calls "she"?

V. E. H.

Lakeport, N. H.

April 4 1916

COMPOSER OF 'LUCIFER' LEADS

By PHILIP HALE.

The 29th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Symphony No. 1; Hadley, "Lucifer," Tone-Poem; Sibelius, Suite from the music to Paul's tragedy, "King Christian II." The concert will be repeated tonight.

Mr Hadley's "Lucifer" was played here for the first time. He conducted the performance. He was inspired to write his music by the drama of Joost van den Vondel, whose tragedy "Lucifer" is now remembered, because some think that Milton was greatly indebted to it for his "Paradise Lost." Mr. Hadley's tone-poem was first performed at a festival of the Litchfield County Choral Union, Norfolk, Ct., in June, 1914. In November of the same year it was performed by the Philharmonic Society of New York.

There are five principal themes: Gabriel blows his trumpet, "announcing God's message proclaiming love and goodness to all his subjects"; the Lucifer theme, described as sinister in the composer's preface; a choral-like theme "suggesting angelic voices"; a "calm theme personifying peace and happiness"; the theme of joy and victory during the battle.

Two of Mr. Hadley's symphonies have been played at these concerts, and his tone poem, "Salome," and his rhapsody, "The Culprit Fay," have also been performed. "Lucifer" is inferior to them. As in the works already named, there is the same facility, the same knowing routine, but the musical contents are of slight importance.

The subject—the revolt of Lucifer and his host, the battle with the celestial army, the portraiture of heavenly peace—this would tax the invention and the imagination of a great genius. Cesar Franck failed dismally in his "Beatitudes" when he wrote music in Meyerbeerian vein for Satan. Liszt's music for Mephistopheles is successful only in parodying the themes that picture Faust. Boito presents Mephistopheles as a startling figure in the prologue to his opera, but in the Walpurgis Night he is a devilish bore. The few chords typical of Samiel in "Der Freischuetz" are more demoniacal than all the music invented by Gounod and even Berlioz, for the latter's wonderful "Ride to Hell" does not depend for its effect on the ejaculations of the fiend.

Mr. Hadley's themes are not significant. Gabriel's trumpet call is as any earthly fanfare. The Lucifer theme is only mildly melodramatic; the themes expressive of heavenly voices and peace and happiness have a gentle, soothing character suggestive of psalmody for female voices. The five themes are exposed in due order as though ticketed for a museum but there is little true development. The tone poem suffers from an absence of continuity, a lack of close relationship. There are some pretty orchestral effects in the suaver episodes, there is a brave attempt at grandeur with a pedal point as the foundation; but when it comes to the dramatic pages, the painting of Lucifer in tones, the battle in the sky, the rejoicing of the angelic hosts, this music is conventional and ineffective. The subject would daunt a Richard Strauss. Few composers among the greatest have been Miltonic.

The Suite of Sibelius is derived from incidental music to a tragedy by Adolf Paul. Mr. Fiedler brought out the Elegy and Musette six years ago, and this movement of the suite is more interesting than the other movements played here yesterday for the first time, the Nocturne, Serenade, Ballade. The Suite is not among the important works of Sibelius. The music, no doubt, has more significance when it is heard in connection with the tragedy. Those who object to incidental music say that if it is good it calls attention from the play and players. If it is poor, it is the more impertinent. In this suite there is constant evidence of the practised composer, but with the exception of the Elegy and Musette, the music strikes us as perfunctory.

It is interesting to note that when Beethoven's symphony in C-major was first performed at Leipsic, it was described by a local critic—no doubt a man who had his admiring readers—as "the confused explosions of the outrageous effrontery of a young man." There were stand-patters in the Leipsic of 1801; lineal descendants are found there today.

The program of the concerts next week are as follows: Humperdinck, overture to "The Forced Marriage"; Dvorak, Concerto for violin (Mr. Noack, violinist); Haydn, Symphony, D-major (B. & H. No. 2).

Music can hardly be tortured into being useful at all, unless to drown the cries of the wounded in battle, or to enable people to talk more freely at evening parties. To know whether you are enjoying a piece of music or not you must see whether you find yourself looking at the advertisements of ——'s soap at the end of the program.

Music and Behavior.

As the World Wags:

More on the relation of music to the behavior of musicians. The applause of a feeble-minded audience last Saturday night, when a well-intentioned drummer was called out to receive public acclaim for his acrobatic agility illustrated the relation between the appreciation of music which some possess and their visual perceptions. Mr. Arthur Whiting remarked some years ago on the advantage which musicians with some sort of tonsorial eccentricity hold over grey-haired or bald virtuosi. Even in Boston, where at least we hope to find alert intelligence, the success of soloists often results from a confusion of personal charm with artistic merit.

For some years I have attended the Boston Symphony and as many concerts as I could find time for. But I think that where I had the maximum of pure musical pleasure with a minimum of futile distractions was as a student in Harvard when I used to sit in the "rush" seats in Sanders Theatre. In this old hall there is a broad gallery right over the stage itself, high up, facing the audience (usually very well behaved they are in Cabridge), and so placed that only by leaning over the front rail at the waist can one catch a glimpse of the musicians. The advantage is inexpressible. The audience is much more interesting to look at than the performers, in case the piece is dull. When it is good, you get all the music without any distressing incidental annoyances. Then, think of the ugly distortions which some elderly vocalists assume in delivery of their tones, all concealed when you are sitting in the heights above such grotesqueness. Although such an advantage cannot be generally extended, for part of the hearers must be the people who are looked at, and the musicians themselves would probably object to such a suppression of their personalities—being sat on, as it were—I have another scheme to offer. It would be easy to build the screens and boards necessary to improve acoustics in concert halls if these were concealed. Thus, if a dark curtain were used, thin enough to let sound through, but dark so that by proper, subdued lighting the orchestra on the stage could not be distinctly seen, most of the profit to be derived from diminishing the excessive idiosyncrasy of the musician would immediately result, and additional advantages also. The recent advance in the study of stage lighting should, it seems to me, be extended to the concert hall, and if my suggestion were at all generally adopted, an increase in imaginative association in music, and an intensified appreciation of the essential qualities of music would be the rich goal gained.

ANDREW ISLEY.

Cambridge, April 3.

Forgot the Date.

As the World Wags:

On March 17 one of your correspondents mentioned the fact that, when Daniel Webster wrote his autobiography, he had forgotten the name of the street on which he first resided after his removal from Portsmouth to Boston, as is shown by his having in that autobiography misstated the name of the street; and, apropos of that forgetfulness on Webster's part, I will say that it looks as though, when he wrote his autobiography, he had also forgotten the date of his marriage to his first wife, Grace Fletcher of Hopkinton, N. H. In a letter dated at Hopkinton, May 5, 1808, which Webster wrote to his college classmate, James Hervey Bingham, he says, referring to his contemplated marriage: "In June next I contemplate to set my bachelor friends a laudable example." That letter to Bingham is in Webster's published "Private Correspondence" (pages 230-231 of Vol. I.). In Webster's autobiography, he says (page 24): "June 24, 1808, I was married." The following, however, which was in the list of marriages given in the Portsmouth Oracle of June 11, 1808, would seem to indicate that the marriage took place at a date earlier than June 24: "Married, in Salisbury, Daniel Webster, Esq., of this town, to Miss Grace Fletcher." That is all the Oracle said on the subject, the date of the marriage not being given. Henry Cabot Lodge's "Daniel Webster" says (page 41) that the marriage took place in May, 1808, the day of the month not being given. George T. Chapman's "Sketches of the Alumni of Dartmouth College" gives (page 106) May 29, 1808, as the date of the marriage, and that date is also given in C. C. Lord's "Life and Times in Hopkinton, N. H." (page 373), and in the "History of Salisbury" (page 841), Mr. Lord's work stating that the marriage took place at the house of Grace Fletcher's sister, Rebecca (Mrs. Israel W.) Kelly, and the "History of Salisbury," further particularizing by stating in just what room of that house the marriage took place. Webster wrote his autobiography in 1829, or 21 years after his marriage to Miss Fletcher, but, even though that length of time had elapsed since his marriage, it seems odd that the date of it should have passed from his mind. May 29, 1808, was Sunday.

PRECISIAN.

"AIDA" STIRS CAPACITY AUDIENCE AT OPERA-HOUSE

Caruso Suffers from Cold, but Amato Is Superb.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—The Metropolitan opera company presented "Aida" last night. Mr. Bavagnoli conducted.

The King	Giulio Rossi
Amneris	Louise Homer
Aida	Marie Rappold
Radames	Enrico Caruso
Ramfis	Henri Scott
Amonasro	Pasquale Amato
A messenger	Pietro Audisio
A priestess	Lenora Sparkes

R.D.S.

The appearance of Caruso is quite enough to fill the opera house, whether the opera presented be Aida, Othello or Lucia. People will go to hear Caruso in anything, new or old. Certainly Caruso is the one excuse for the list of old time operas with which the Metropolitan company has graced Boston. Fortunately, Aida is among the best of these. We cannot forget that Aida was once futuristic.

Last night Mr. Caruso's new voice was not at its best. It has little in common with the old outpouring of nine or 10 days ago. It is more subdued, more studied, more severely held in check. But for all that it is more artistic. At one time, Caruso was really enjoyable in nothing less declamatory than Pagliacci. Now in the loss of vocal strength he has discovered artistry. But last night he was suffering from a cold.

Of Mme. Homer's Amneris, there is little new to be said. She will always have dignity, and her voice will always have rsonance and richness. But she is not aupremely convincing as a heroine of have resonance and richness. But she is a little too even-tempered. Yet withal, her impersonation is dramatic and sincere. Last night she appeared in pleasing contrast to Mme. Rappold, whose qualification as an artiste of first calibre has always been open to doubt.

Of the others, Amato naturally commanded the greatest attention. His conception of the Ethiopian captive monarch was strong, vigorous and telling. His voice is splendidly suited to the part. For the high priest we shall always miss the heroic figure of Pol Plancon. Even Mr. Scott's "acceptable" performance cannot erase the memory of Plancon's commanding figure and the ringing flexibility of his superb voice.

A capacity audience appeared to be delighted with the opera. As usual, the death duet brought the climax of applause.

April 9 1916

Two operas will be performed this week for the first time in Boston: Richard Strauss's "Rosenkavalier" and Hermann Goetz's "Taming of the Shrew."

Hugo von Hofmannsthal, the librettist of Strauss' [illegible] scenario of "Der Rosenkavalier" [illegible] He read it to Strauss, and [illegible] to work on the text. The first performance of the opera was at Dresden, Jan. 26, 1911, when the chief parts were taken by Mme. von der Osten, Octavian; Margaret Siems, the Field Marshal's wife, Minnie Nast, Sophie; Carl Perron, the Baron Ochs von Lerchenau; Carl Schiedemantal Faninal. Ernst Schuch conducted.

The story of this comedy with music was thus told by the composer himself, as reported by E. W. Wile in the London Daily Mail, shortly before the first performance at Dresden.

"The action is laid in Vienna during the reign of the Empress Maria Theresa, and opens with a scene in the sleeping apartment of the Princess Werdenberg, who, reclining on a couch, is listening to the passionate declarations of love made by Octavian, a 17-year-old gallant of aristocratic lineage. Octavian is a dangerously captivating youth, not unlike the page, Cherubino, in Mozart's 'Marriage of Figaro.' He and his rival on the field of Amor, the Baron Ochs of Lerchenau, who, in spite of noble birth, is an insufferable fop, are the two chief personages in the opera. The baron forces his way into the presence of his cousin, the princess, at an untimely hour, and Octavian, in order that the adored of his heart may not be compromised, disguises himself as a lady's maid, whose charms at once set fire to the inflammable heart of the susceptible old baron.

"The baron informs the princess of his engagement to Bertha, the daughter of a rich but newly created nobleman, and begs the princess to find some one who will act as his 'Rose Cavalier'—a traditional figure of the period whose duty it was to lay at the feet of the betrothed young woman a silver rose, the emblem of her fiance's faithfulness. The rose took the place of the engagement ring of our day. Octavian is intrusted with the mission, and Bertha, who has already become disgusted with the persistent advances of the aged baron, promptly falls in love with the gallant young proxy, the 'Rose Cavalier.' By a clever ruse the young girl is freed from her prospective bridegroom, Baron Ochs of Lerchenau, who is consoled by a billet-doux from the lady's maid (none other, of course, than the disguised 'Rose Cavalier,' Octavian) arranging for a clandestine meeting. The rendezvous takes place in a chambre separee, where, after duping the gay old fop, Baron Ochs, to his heart's content, Octavian unmasks, and in the end wins Bertha's hand."

Strauss, who, it is said, deliberated over the music for this opera six months before he set himself to work, spoke of his own share:

"The Hofmannsthal text never deviates from the rococo tone, and it has been my endeavor to reproduce this with great fidelity in my score. In doing so it was difficult to escape from the Mozart influence, but I have managed to remain true to myself.

"The orchestra for 'The Rose Cavalier' is not as large as that for 'Salome' or 'Elektra,' but it by no means follows the prevailing fashion according to which all Mozart works are given with a reduced orchestra. 'The Rose Cavalier' is composed for full orchestra. Moreover, the orchestra of Mozart's day was more a matter of necessity than of intention. Once when an English Maecenas employed 100 violinists in a Mozart symphony the composer was delighted with the effect. The second act of 'The Rose Cavalier' closes with a genuine Viennese waltz, and the duet between the lady's maid, the disguised Octavian, and Baron Ochs of Lerchenau is made up entirely of waltz motives."

The original title of the opera was "Stella und der Stern." This was changed to "Der Baron"; finally the present title was adopted.

There were many protests against the libretto as it was first published. It was even reported that Kaiser Wilhelm would not allow performances in Berlin on account of the immoral subject and treatment. Thus was the opera well advertised. In February, 1911, the opera was produced in Munich; on March 1 in Milan; on March 5 at Prague, and in April of the same year Vienna applauded it. At Milan Mr. Ludikar, later a member of the Boston Opera Company, took the part of the baron; and Miss Bori was the Octavian; Mme. Agostinelli, the Field Marshal's wife. At the second performance cuts were made; thus in the second act the waltz was omitted, for the audience at the first performance, discovering that the baron's song was in waltz rhythm, and objecting to a "comic operetta" on the stage of the Scala, whistled and hooted.

"The Taming of the Shrew," an opera in four acts, text arranged by Joseph Viktor Widanann, from Shakespeare's comedy, music by Hermann Goetz, was produced at Mannheim on Oct. 11, 1874.

The first performance in the United States was in English at the Academy of Music, New York, Jan. 4, 1886, the first night of the American Opera company. Baptista, W. H. Hamilton; Katharine, Pauline L'Allemand; Bianca, Kate Bensberg; Hortensio, Alonzo E Stoddard; Lucentio, W. H. Fessenden; Petruchio, W. H. Lee; Grumio, E. J. O'Mahony; a Tailor, John Howson. Conductor, Theodore Thomas.

The opera is known in Bost[illegible] the aria of Katharine, "D[illegible] ver[illegible]agt," in which she, overcome by Petruchio's violence, soliloquizes about her love for him and her intention to change her shrewish behavior. This aria has been sung at Symphony concerts by the late Mmes. Gertrude Salisbury and Miss Gerhardt.

In August, 1905, Mr. T. Gerstner of Frankfort-on-the-Main, royal inspector of buildings, wrote to the Signale concerning the first performance of Goetz's "Taming of the Shrew":

"On a fine evening in 1873 our friend, Ernst Frank, the court conductor, was at our tea-table in Mannheim. He looked unusually contented, and he announced that he had good news to tell. 'I have discovered an opera, a finely comic opera, a refreshing companion to "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and you will soon have a chance to hear it.' Stepping to the upright pianoforte, he hummed with the worn-out tenor of a conductor, Katharina's noble air, 'Ich will mich Keinem geben.' Yielding to our entreaties, he told in high spirits the following story:

"'Yesterday, as I came from the rehearsal, almost dead, I saw sitting in the square a pale, blond man with careworn features. I thought at first he was one of the many loafers that beg from our people. But he handed to me a thick manuscript with the title, "The Taming of the Shrew, a Comic Opera by Hermann Goetz," and said in a tired voice: "There! You are the last one whom I shall bother. If you are not pleased, then the Rhine will have something to swallow!" And big tears rolled down his hollow cheeks. "How shall a poor schoolmaster and musician bring his wife and children through of no one will listen to his music? I come here from Hannover. Mr. von Buelow has sent me to you, and he wishes to be remembered." At supper and over a glass of wine he told me a great deal about his unlucky attempts to place his opera and also about his other compositions, then he went to the pianoforte. My interest for the gifted composer grew with each number, and [illegible] at 3 in the morning he played the [illegible] chords, I embraced him and gave him this promise out of a full heart: "We'll do it in Mannheim!"' It was not [illegible] hard to win the intelligent committee for this charming, beautiful music, and as the libretto is not badly made, it was determined today at a directors' meeting to perform the opera as soon as possible."

The truly musical Consul Scipio was especially enthusiastic over the opera, and he opened a correspondence with Goetz. He was soon able to invite the composer to the first performance, which took place to the universal and jubilant joy of the audience. Frank's admirable conducting, with the incomparable impersonation of Katharina by the talented Ottilie Ottiker, brought about a great success. In a short time, through Frank's earnest efforts, Hermann Levi put the opera in rehearsal at Carlsruhe, and Hans von Buelow did the same at Hannover, and on these stages the success was also complete."

The operatic story is reasonably faithful to the scenes in which Petruchio reforms the shrew, while the wooing of Bianca by Lucentio and Hortensio disguised as tutors is an episode. The Induction is omitted as it generally is in the theatre. The first act introduces all the characters; in the last the shrew is thoroughly tamed, and the chorus congratulates Katharine, now an obedient wife.

In the first act Katharine shows herself on the balcony of her father's house to scold the servants driven out by her. Bianca afterwards comes on the balcony to hear Lucentio's serenade and sing a duet with him. There is a second serenade to Bianca, this time by a band of street musicians directed by Hortensio.

Katharine in the second act abuses Bianca. Petruchio enters as a suitor. There is a combat of words. In a quintet she finds herself powerless. Petruchio announces his wedding.

The scenes of the third act are principal incidents in Shakespeare's third—the strange wedding, the setting out for Petruchio's house. Lucentio and Hortensio as tutors make love to Bianca.

In the last act is a scene between Katharine, Petruchio and the haberdasher.

The name of Hermann Goetz is familiar to those attending the Symphony concerts, for his symphony has often been played. His "Spring" overture has had one performance. The life of the composer was short and full of misery. He left the university at Koenigsberg when he was 17 to study music. His first teacher was Louis Koehler, the man of the famous piano exercises; but in 1860 he went to Stern's Conservatory at Berlin, and was taught by Stern, von Buelow and Ulrich. In 1863 he succeeded Theodor Kirchner as organist at Winterthur; but he moved to Zurich in 1867, and on account of his health—he was a consumptive—resigned the position at Winterthur, and lived, or tried to live, from his compositions. In Zurich he gave lessons and was willing from necessity to do any hack work, as Wagner in Paris, and as Bizet when he returned from Rome. He wrote the book and music of another opera, "Francesca da Rimini," but he died before he had completed the orchestration. Ernst Frank performed this pious office. The opera was produced at Mannheim in 1877.

To the Editor of the Herald:

I was born in what may be called the border land of the old West end and the old North end, long, long before ex-Mayor Fitzgerald became identified, boy and man, with the latter section of our city, where I moved and had my being quite as much in my youth as I did in the locality where I properly belonged. So it is not strange that, in a vagrant mood the other day, I passed down the shortest street in Boston, opposite which I first saw the light of this perplexing world, into Court street and so on to Bowdoin square, where I saw, more than 55 years ago, the then Prince of Wales, afterward Edward VII., observing from one of the windows of the Revere House a torch light procession in honor of Bell and Everett, conciliatory candidates for the presidency of the United States of America. Of course I knew Bowdoin square before that time, when the Tremont House was the swell inn of Boston and Harvey D. Parker was still on Court square in his comparatively small restaurant and the Parker House was far in the frolicsome future. But I leave it and turn down Green street and so on into Pitts street, which takes me to the place, near the corner of North Margin street, where stood "Marm" Sherman's candy shop.

There could be had for a cent two sticks of molasses sweetness long drawn out, flavored with checkerberry or sassafras as the juvenile taste dictated. There were lumps to be bought there compounded of the same ingredients, but the boys usually preferred the more extended delicacies with nobby conclusions. They drew the "fillers" often to the door with its tinkling indicator that announced that another youthful customer had arrived. "Marm" Sherman may have dealt in other temptations for juvenile appetites, but they do not rest in my memory like the sticks which were about as long as my arm and made the large copper coin of my boyhood go a great ways. Later on she deserted her old post and flitted to the South End when that locality was growing, but at that time, to make a bad pun, other lassies were claiming my attention and I was spending my spare cash on ice cream at Copeland's on Tremont Row with an occasional dash into Peter Brigham's "Concert Hall" opposite for oysters, and lobsters that then were above getting into a live broil and were content to blush up to the boiling point for my affinity and myself.

Hugh! Here I am at the corner of Portland and Traverse streets, a spot sacred to the memory of the National Theatre, or, as the boys used to call it, the old Naish. Shade of Moll Pitcher! what visions does this loitering here call up—Mrs. Pelby, who was the first witch of Lynn, in Dr. J. S. Jones's drama, and Mrs. Woodward, the aunt of Clara Louise Kellogg, who played the part later. How, as a little lad, I enjoyed this play, with the thrilling scene on Charlestown bridge, when a body is lowered into a boat. Mrs. Vincent assumed the character of Moll Pitcher at the Boston Museum some time after, but she was a brisk, young woman when she came to the National Theatre with her first husband, whose tragic end left her to take care of herself in a strange country. And in all her misfortune with a second matrimonial partner, who was false as he was fair, what a cheerful outlook she had upon life. In doing for others she forgot her own sorrows.

Other figures come and go as I stand here. What an attractive couple were Charles R. Thorne and his wife. In "Don Caesar de Bazan," they were my ideals of romantic lovers, not strikingly intellectual histrions, but possessors of that dramatic instinct which is the basis of all good acting. Their son Charles inherited their intuition to a remarkable degree, though he does not rank with the immortals of the mimic world. Robert Hamilton was stage manager when they were to the fore. He was a pedantic Scotchman who frequented my father's house and who used to corner me with questions from Lindley Murray. I endured the torture, for it was followed by passes to see "The Forty Thieves."

Who is it now comes upon the scene with the steed fiery and untamed? It is Cartlidge from Astleys, London, the home of the English equine drama. He has a fine figure, but a disappointing, husky voice. Predecessor of Adah Isaacs Menkin and other female Mazeppas, how I admired your fearsome ride up the stage runs that represented the towering heights. To me it was illusion's perfect triumph. It never came again, even with the equestrian performance of the woman who fascinated both Dickens and Dumas with her undraped figure before the footlights and her intellectual sharpness beyond.

And now comes Jimmy Ring in Ethiopian guise. The melodramatic villain unmasked says: "Am I awake?" and the faithful darky replies, "Oh, yes, you're wide awake now, you is." Not great, but it tickles the gods immensely. Not to know "Old" Spear then in Roaring Ralph Stackpole in "Nick of the Woods" was a piece of juvenile ignorance that playgoing boys in the latter forties of the last century could not forgive. Far from a fine artist, to be sure, but a strenuous one, was Spear, who could be heard in all parts of the playhouse. Poor fellow, when I last saw him, after I had grown to manhood, he had gone to seed and his voice no longer awoke the echoes of the gallery.

And here I am myself playing the young swain in "Love's Sacrifice," at the National Theatre, as an amateur. Well, Nathaniel P. Banks, a far greater man than myself, enacted once on the same stage another lover, Claude Melnotte, in "The Lady of Lyons," long before his military and political prominence; and here, too, George Jones, later known as the Count Joannese, was the original representative of the gardener's ambitious son upon the Boston boards. More actors come like shadows, so depart—Gustavus V. Brooke in "The Corsican Brothers," Charles Debden Pitt in "The King of the Commons," and "Jun" Booth, the older brother of Edwin Booth, then unknown, as Mike Martin, and others of crescent note. Bidding them farewell I wend my way farther into the old North end and drop, like Silas Wegg, into verse:

OLD SALEM STREET

The boys I knew on Salem street—
Ah, that was long ago!
The gay lads, the merry lads
With hope and health aglow.
The chimes still ring in old Christ Church
And Copp's Hill still is there,
But the bright lads, the cheerful lads
I see not anywhere.

Sometimes, in dreams, I hear them sing
"Stars of the Summer Night,"
The sweet lads, the tuneful lads,
To the maids that they delight:
And sometimes 'tis the sturdier strain,
Of "Larboard Watch, Ahoy!"
That wakes the maids, the happy maids,
They serenade with joy.

And when the winter nights are long
"Lets to the old Naish pit,"
Say the swift lads, the laughing lads
Young Vincent's made a hit;
On let's to the assembly, girls,
The polkas all the go,"
Say the prompt lads, the waiting lads
"And the schottische isn't slow."

Oh, some they fell in battle
And some were lost at sea,
The true lads, the loyal lads,
That come not back to me.
I hope in Salem's shining streets,
When time shall be no more,
The tired lads, the trusty lads,
Will greet me as of yore.

And now I am in Causeway street passing Lowell street, where Lucille and Helen Western live, the dual stars of "The Three Fast Men" in the second National Theatre—the former woman a genius in her way and the latter beautiful as her namesake of Troy, but no great actress at her best. Presently at the head of the incline, the alleyway opening into Leverett street brings me into Chambers street, which I follow, crossing Cambridge street and so up Beacon Hill, passing near the one-time home of my old chum, William Mark Fisher. He was too plain spoken for the atmosphere of artistic Boston, but he flitted to London more than 40 years ago, and is now a Royal Academician and has dropped his first given name to become a man of Mark. "Ben" Pryon, long in the box office of the Howard Athenaeum in its legitimate days, comes back to me as I see his house nearby, and the pictures that he painted with no mean skill, and so I stray on my wandering way and at last go down Somerset street to my starting point, no worse for thinking of the days that are no more.

JOHN W. RYAN.

Dorchester.

New Plays in London and Paris

Mr. Bourchier had the audacity to give Brieux's play "La Robe Rouge" ("The Arm of the Law"), (His Majesty's Theatre, London, Feb. 28), a happy ending. It will be remembered that in the original Yanetta stabs Mouzon, the magistrate, source of all her woes, and this ending was retained in the first English adaptation. When Brieux planned his play, Yanetta was to go into the world cast off by her husband. The Daily Telegraph did not protest against Mr. Bourchier's change. "We do not care about the future of Etchepare and Yanetta. They have only the reality of melodrama. We are interested in, we are sorry for, their misfortunes rather than for them. So there seems to be no strong artistic reason why they should be left unhappy, and if the more comfortable end is gratifying to people in general it may be justified." The Pall Mall Gazette said that the real artistic sin was Brieux's own, for he set about a piece of good pamphleteering but false art. "It was the 'publicist' stalking in the playwright's skin. Just now, when it is no time to make a bitter onslaught on anything French—even the French magistracy—the sermon is naturally out of place. Instantly the skin collapses." Mr. Bourchier makes Yanetta throw down the knife as her children rush suddenly in with her forgiving husband. * * * It is false to the play, which it turns into a sort of melodramatic farce. It is false even to poetic justice; for though Yanetta is saved the guillotine, the abominable Mouzon finds himself only promoted. * * * If Mr. Bourchier knows what Brieux intended, why does he not give us what Brieux intended? The statement that there was a 'widely expressed feeling' against the stab at the Garrick is another very frail contention. Why, it was the stab that made the play! If people did not like it, why was the play a success? In point of fact, this tinkering about with 'happy endings' is seldom of any use—as was proved in the case of Sir Arthur Pinero's 'Big Drum.' The last minute is too late to begin to think about ethics. It is shutting the stable door after the horse is stolen. The tone and meaning of the play is obvious all through, and in the face of it no ending could be 'happy'—certainly not this one. 'Much better to leave it in one or other of Brieux's ways. Indeed, if managers are to be allowed to chop about a play in accordance with 'widely expressed wishes,' our dramatists might as well resign in a body!"

Three French dramas were woefully perverted in this country by the effort of the "producer" to suit "American taste." These plays were "Samson" with Mr. Gillette!—"Israel" and "The Lily."

"The Holy Bond" by Miss Monica Ewer (the United Suffragists' Women's War Club matinee at the New Theatre, London, Feb. 25). The husband is an unsuccessful artist. The wife is a doormat "With extraordinary skill, the straws that finally break the woman's back are allowed to drift upon the scene. The grocer's dun, the rowdy boy, the selfish brat of a sister, the irritable, overworked little maid, the unsuccessful dinner, the thousand and one ills that the housewife is heir to all cumulate in the little studio in some 20 minutes. Finally the wife decides to slam an Ibsenesque door upon it all. But the cry of the sick child calls her back to bondage with the words: 'I knew I should never escape.' The case of the wife has rarely been better stated, because the author is never bitter. A saving sense of humor glosses over everything propagandist she may have to say."

"Abe" and "Mawruss," impersonated by Augustus Yorke and Robert Leonard, have reappeared in "Isidore, You Tell Her" (Coliseum, London, March 7). They are now Isadore and Marcus, and are blousemakers. James Horan is the author. The little play is an incident in the day's work: the two finally muster up courage to discharge a saleswoman, but she cleverly regains her position.

Twenty-five years ago today there took place the first performance in England of Ibsen's "Ghosts." The play formed the opening production of the Independent Theatre, founded by Mr. J. T. Grein, who recalls that the occasion elicited no less than 500 articles, mostly vituperating Ibsen, while some families closed their doors against Mr. Grein on the ground that he had produced an immoral play. Another storm was raised by Zola's "Therese Raquin," the second play of the society—whose first members included Mr. George Meredith, Mr. Thomas Hardy, Sir Arthur Pinero and Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. One of the greatest successes of the Independent Theatre occurred in 1893, when Mr. Grein obtained from Mr. Bernard Shaw the MS. of his first play, "Widowers' Houses."—London Times, March 9.

The Paris correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph (March 8) wrote: "M. Antoine, who may be said to have invented modern realistic acting in France, has returned to the stage, no longer as manager, but as actor under rather pathetic circumstances. He has become an actor again simply because he had to. Just before the war he finally failed at the Odeon, after almost superhuman efforts to galvanize the old theatre. He is now on the stage again—on the stage of a tiny music hall, the Concert Mayol. He plays the part of an old sea captain who has arranged a private little dinner with a lady. He comes into the room and finds the lady already there, but with her a trooper, and the trooper is kissing the lady. The explanation is that before the war the lady was the trooper's sweetheart. The old captain philosophises, then goes off, leaving the young couple. There is very little in the piece, and M. Antoine scarcely has scope for his acting, but the point was to see him again on the stage. Almost at the same time there was a pathetic sale by public auction. At this was put up all the scenery M. Antoine had had built and painted for his most ambitious efforts at the Odeon, 'Romeo and Juliet,' 'Faust,' 'King Lear,' 'Coriolanus,' 'L'Arlesienne,' etc. The state ordered the sale of the scenery as a war economy, to save storing expenses, but the whole lot, upon which M. Antoine had spent thousands of pounds, thereby crippling his management, went for a few thousand francs."

We quote from a London newspaper: "It is not often that this generation of playgoers has a chance of seeing Congreve on the stage. Except for a memorable revival of 'The Way of the World,' with Miss Ethel Irving as the incomparable Millamant, we have had to imagine as best as we could how the most brilliant of English dialogue would flash in the theatre. Yet epicures of repute have been known to protest that they would count it among the finest of dramatic sensations to watch a sufficient actress playing Millamant or Angelica or Cynthia. The State Society is to make this season another adventure into restoration comedy (everybody remembers the happy performance of 'The Recruiting Sergeant') and give us 'The Double Dealer.' 'The Double Dealer' is certainly not Congreve at his best, but it might be argued that it is Congreve at his most characteristic. Neither the wit nor the style has attained the dazzling brilliance of "The

[illegible] of the [illegible] Love for Love has [illegible] and ease. But there is a touch of sinister power about 'The [illegible] Dealer' which the other plays [illegible] subdued. That 'saturnine' [illegible] in Congreve of which Leslie [illegible] finds its frankest [illegible] in Lady Touchwood and [illegible] Touchwood, to be sure, [illegible] offend Charles Lamb's 'moral sense' [illegible] she offends in most of us another quality, our sense of what is fit [illegible]. And so the audience of [illegible] damned the play. Whereat Dryden [illegible] moved to pay the author one of his most [illegible] compliments.

Heaven [illegible] but once was prodigal before, To Shakespeare gave as much. she could [illegible] give him more.

In the first cast Mrs. Bracegirdle, of course, was Cynthia. Verbruggen was Careless, and Mrs. Mountford Lady Froth."

[illegible]o Benini, one of the leading Italian actors, died suddenly at Rome, Feb. 29. "Benini, like most of the leading [illegible] of the Italian stage today, rose from humble beginnings till he established a company of his own, unrivalled in its presentation of plays in the Venetian dialect. He had played one of his famous parts before a large and enthusiastic audience only a few hours before death overtook him. Benini had amassed a considerable fortune."

The Paris correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph (March 2) wrote: "A [illegible] play by a curious poet, M. Rene Fauchois, the author of 'Beethoven'—has [illegible] been performed at the Francais. [illegible] little play it was, in the [illegible] customary irregular verse, which is sometimes like prose; but the unfortunate thing was that the audience at first took it to be a farce, when it was meant to be a tragedy. The idea is, at all events, an original one—the redemption of Messalina. The Empress, in one of her usual outings, meets a centurion in a cave—I think I recognized the scenery of the Witches' Cave in M. Richepin's version of 'Macbeth,' given some years ago. Messalina-like, she is, of course, in love with the centurion, but the centurion loves another, and that other is Messalina. The Empress tells him who she is, but he refuses to believe her. Nothing will persuade him that the lady really is the Empress, and it is to the Empress that he has lost his heart. However, the Emperor Claudius (he never was an heroic figure, and it was he who made the audience laugh) appears in the cave and has the centurion slain. That does persuade the centurion, and as he dies he confesses his error and that Messalina really is Messalina."

"Some years ago the late Charles Frohman, who was never wanting in enterprise, tried the experiment during his regime at the Duke of York's of enticing playlovers living far afield by sending motor omnibuses to call for them at their homes and bring them to the theatre. A similar idea has now occurred to Mr. Walter Knight in connection with the revival of "L'Enfant Prodigue" at the Kingsway. In accordance with a scheme he has recently adopted any one booking a box or four stalls for an evening performance is privileged, provided he lives within the metropolitan radius, to drive to the theatre in a comfortably appointed motor, which calls for him at his house, takes him first, if so he pleases, to a restaurant, and then after dinner on to the theatre, the chauffeur returning to take him up and drive him home after the performance. This innovation, which seems to suggest all manner of possibilities, is the way of managerial enterprise (perhaps dinner and supper will be thrown in one of these days) is said to have met with very encouraging results."—Daily Telegraph, Feb. 24.

Sydney Plomer, who played the piano in the revival of "L'Enfant Prodigue" at the Kingsway, London, March 8, was dressed in khaki. "In a fortnight from now, as a member of the H. A. C., Mr. Plomer will be exchanging those runs and trills and laughs and sobs—those delicate little conversations of the keyboard with which Wormser's music defies all need of dialogue—for sterner discoursing indeed!"

"My Lady Frayle," music by Howard Talbot and Herman Finch (Shaftesbury Theatre, London, March 1), has a plot, the story of Dr. Faust with variations. "Here it is a woman who is tempted by a smiling Mephistopheles, who agrees to restore her fading youth and beauty in exchange for a soul. It is not her own soul that Mephistopheles exacts—he has got it already—but the soul of the man with whom she is in love. He is, in fact, her ward, but loves a young woman of the sweet innocent type." Lady Frayle, however, conceives a holy passion for her lover. "In the spirit of self-sacrifice which thus pure flame engenders she surrenders her lover to sweet Innocence. Having thus broken her bargain with Mephistopheles, her youth and beauty suddenly disappear, and she returns to a world of gray hair and disillusion." The music is said to be tuneful and lively.

"The Love Thief," by J. G. Cambridge (Queen's Theatre, London, March 1), is called a Canadian play, "which seems hard on Canada. The scenes are set in Canada, and the people talk with occidental accents, but they do not persuade us that they are like Canadians or any other species of human beings." The Times took as a text that it is better to be funny without meaning it than to mean to be funny and fail. . . . No doubt the author is perfectly serious himself. His themes are serious enough: seduction, adultery, desertion, persecution, revenge. It is his way of presenting them that is comic, so comic that the audience enjoyed an evening of hearty laughter. The love thief, Mr. J. Burton Downs, seduced a country maiden. She was honorably loved by a young man who was afraid to propose marriage because he was a foundling. The girl accepts him. Her lover does not suspect that she, too, had a dark secret, her "past" with Downs, who tries to prevent her marriage, but is arrested on a charge of embezzlement. Bailed, he pursues the married couple and ruins their happiness. "Because he loves Tom almost as a son, seeing that Tom's mother was betrayed by his, J. Burton Downs' brother, and loving him thus, he cannot abide his marriage to a girl who had been seduced by himself, J. Burton Downs. The explanation made Tom nearly mad, but thoroughly delighted the audience. It all ended for the best, as J. Burton Downs was carried off to 10 years' imprisonment and Tom, setting off one dark secret against another, kissed his wife again with tears."

The Grand Guignol in Paris goes on in spite of the war. "Dr. Lorde's Experiment is one of the shockers. The doctor, a spiritualist, believes in the complete independence of mind and body. He transfers one man's mind into another man's body and the mind of a woman murderer into the body of his own assistant, a mild mannered person. The latter at once becomes a Jack the Ripper and strangles his sweetheart on the stage. "The Man Who Was Beloved" is more cheerful. A matter-of-fact apothecary has a romantic wife who prefers Jules, a house friend, to her husband. A middle-aged music hall singer comes back from America and sees in the apothecary her first love. She loves him afresh. The wife, too, finds him fascinating. M. Jules is put aside.

"Jerry," a new farce by William Ashley (Duke of York's Theatre, London, March 2), excited laughter, but it was only a farce of the best intentions. "Indeed, it would take a very close survey to find a single valuable new idea in it from beginning to end, or even an old one worked out with peculiarly fresh fancy or especial spirit." Jerry is 43 years old and as he must marry before he is 44, according to his father's will, he advertises in a matrimonial paper. Hence complications. At last Jerry induces the doctor to say that his accident is such that he must remain single. This takes us back to "Tristram Shandy." He does marry, but not the strong-minded woman to whom he had proposed before he met the charmer.

Stanley Weyman's "Under the Red Robe" was played at the Gaiety, London, Feb. 22, by women amateurs in aid of a war fund. "Only two feminine characters of any importance to sixteen male ones, and those needing for the most part a peculiarly 'swashing' and martial outside! None the less, under the circumstances, the thing was astonishingly well done. . . . As it happened, the women characters were the worst played of any. There was far more of the amateur lisp here; far more talking as though with a cucumber sandwich between the teeth. Chins up, sweet ladies, and let us hear it!"

"Kultur at Home," by Rudolf Besier and Sybil Spottiswoode (Court Theatre, March 11), is a play of German life. An English girl marries a German lieutenant and is nagged by the colonel's wife. The spectators saw "the German stove and the German supper-table, and the Kaiser's portrait, and the (to them) vulgar plush furniture, and the women's dowdy or hideous dresses and hats, and they heard hostesses addressed as 'gracious lady' and the band playing the 'Wacht am Rhein.' Then they had the pleasure of flattering comparisons. They saw with a pleasant thrill of disgust the German men gobbling heavy suppers and swilling beer, and behaving vulgarly at an afternoon tea a l'anglaise, and being bullies and brutes to their wives, and they saw, with a not disagreeable sense of compassion, German wives turned into domestic slaves, excusing, almost boasting of, their husbands' infidelities as proof of German superabundant virility, and German girls unblushingly cadging for scraps from an English girl's beautiful lingerie." The English woman at last rebels and leaves her husband at the outbreak of the war. The Times did not like the play. It is not the moment, it said, for getting a faithful vision of German domestic life when there is war with Germany. The preference for chintz over plush or for a copy of a Leighton over a portrait of the Kaiser is a mere matter of geography. "The exhibition of the English perpetually showing 'good form' and the German 'bad' (i.e., English bad) 'form' is in itself not the best form."

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

MONDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M., Miss Gladys Lott in her second recital of "Songs and Sketches of Child Life."

TUESDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M., recital by Miss Kathleen Parlow, violinist. Glazounoff, concerto; Vitali, Chaconne; Suk, Un poco triste, Burleska; Brahms-Joachim, Hungarian dance; Aulin, Berceuse; Sarasate, Habanera.

Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M., concert by Judith Longyear Lyeth, soprano, and Mary Thaxter Aiken, pianist, assisted by Walter E. Loud, violinist, and Leon van Vliet, violoncellist. Arensky, trio in D minor, op. 32, songs, Pergolesi, Se tu m'ami, Gluck, O del mio dolce ardor; Schumann, Waldesgespraech; Reger, Waldeinsamkeit; Moussorgsky, Sternlein, Sag' mir an, Bleichmann, komm' lass uns spielen; M. T. Aiken, Piano Trio, D major (MS.); Songs, Liddle, In My Garden; Rogers, The Star; Salter, The Lake, Her Love Song; Aiken, Parting at Evening; Rachmaninoff, Spring Floods.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M., 21st concert (A) of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor. Humperdinck, overture to "The Forced Marriage"; Dvorak, concerto for violin (Mr. Noack, violinist); Haydn, Symphony, D major (B. and H. No. 2).

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M., 21st concert (B) of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor. Program of Friday afternoon.

METROPOLITAN COMPANY GIVES 'MADAMA BUTTERFLY'

Miss Farrar and Mr. Scotti Divide Honors with Conductor.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Puccini's "Madama Butterfly," performed by the Metropolitan Opera Company. Mr. Polacco conducted.

Cio-Cio-San	Geraldine Farrar
Suzuki	Rita Fornia
Kate Pinkerton	Minnie Egener
B. F. Pinkerton	Luca Botta
U. S. Consul Sharpless	Antonio Scotti
Goro	Angelo Bada
Yamadori	Pietro Audisio
The Uncle-Priest	Basil Ruysdael
Yakuside	Francesco Cerri
Imperial Commissary	Vincenzo Reschiglian

The features of the performance yesterday afternoon were the singing of Mme. Farrar in the second and third acts, the admirable impersonation of Sharpless by Mr. Scotti and the conducting of Mr. Polacco.

Mme. Farrar's conception of the Japanese girl is not unknown here. Yesterday in the first act she was less effective than upon other occasions. She has elaborated the part, with a consequent loss of spontaneity. This Cio-Cio-San was already sophisticated. Her technique in the art of coquetry was at an advanced stage. With a sagacity beyond her years, Pinkerton's eligibility might have been calmly discussed with Goro. She came to her marriage with assurance, elation in look and speech. The guests and relations were composedly marshalled and farewelled. There was no fluttering modesty, no shyness in signing the marriage documents. Even the Bonzo's curse was only a momentary disturbance, not a wholly terrifying event, but quickly forgotten in anticipation of the romantic moments to come. Eager to be wooed, this Butterfly was something more than responsive; nor was it necessary for Pinkerton to exert himself in persuasion or to display his amorous ecstasy in an exaggerated fashion.

In this act, too, Mme. Farrar sang with the resourcefulness of an experienced artist, with an obvious straining for effect, with little sincerity.

There was a change, however, in the following acts. When Mme. Farrar was called upon to portray outraged love, anguished motherhood, she was vocally and histrionically triumphant. The opening scene of the second act, Butterfly's description of her reunion with the absent beloved, her chiding of the doubting Suzuki, were moments of vocal opulence and dramatic effectiveness. In her scenes with the consul there was eloquence of facial play. The business with the child, for Mme. Farrar was fortunate in not being hampered by a wooden puppet, was touching. There was the exaltation of passionate maternity. In the last act there was intensity, not necessarily melodramatic, and the sight of a loving and faithful nature ruthlessly crushed beneath the heel of circumstance.

It was a great pleasure both to see and hear Mr. Scotti, who made his reappearance after a long and severe illness. His voice is fresh and in good condition. Sharpless is one of his best parts. A well graced actor, nothing is more eloquent than his repose. Throughout the opera he is a manly and sympathetic figure, at first mistrustful of the whole affair, later heartily ashamed of Pinkerton and with a finer sensitiveness, insistent upon the departure of Mrs. Pinkerton of America, when she would fain be talking.

Mr. Botta, suffering from a heavy cold sang with a physician in attendance. His fine voice and indisputable art, however, have before been applauded in Boston. Ill as he was he yet remained in the picture.

Mr. Bada was a sinister Goro and Mme. Formia a devoted Suzuki, competent in song. The opera was excellently conducted by Mr. Polacco, who displayed native fervor artistically controlled. A large audience was appreciative.

"LOHENGRIN" DELIGHTS CAPACITY AUDIENCE

Performance Superb, Vocally and Otherwise.

The Metropolitan Opera Company gave Wagner's "Lohengrin" at the Boston Opera House last evening.

King Henry	Carl Braun
Lohengrin	Johannes Sembach
Elsa	Johanna Gadski
Telramund	Hermann Weil
Ostrud	Margaretha Ober
Herald	Carl Schlegel

It may be said at the outset that both vocally and instrumentally the performance was on the whole superb, and well deserved the plaudits showered upon it by the large audience which had gathered despite the storm. Bodansky conducted with intimate understanding. The mystic loveliness of the prelude was interpreted with exquisite taste and judgment.

The setting of the first act, showing the banks of the Scheldt, a charming composition of visual beauty, formed a fitting background to the picturesque groupings in front.

Mr. Braun enacted the part of the king in a noble style, and Mr. Schlegel as the herald displayed a pleasing voice, always true to pitch. Sembach was a glittering Lohengrin, and though his intonation in his apostrophe to the swan was not exactly pure, he soon found himself and warmed up to his works in splendid style. Mr. Schlegel certainly succeeded in looking the villain that Telramund is supposed to be and in singing with the explosive force of desperation.

It would be difficult to award the palm as between Gadski as Elsa and Ober and Ortrud. Both ladies sang and acted superbly. In the magnificent finale of the first act, Frau Gadski dominated everything, and similar praise must be accorded Frau Ober for her intensely passionate and beautiful vocalization in the second act, both in the scene with Telramund and in the stirring climax.

The setting of act two, picturesque enough in a way, seemed like a study in mid-Victorian Romanesque, but the Gothic window in the women's apartment certainly was a few centuries ahead of time.

The duo between Elsa and Lohengrin in act three was delightfully sung. The chorus did excellently well throughout. It is to be commended for the absence of the stiff and mechanical groupings of former days, and reflected great credit on the stage director. The principals were recalled at the end of each act again and again. The swan was not convincing, as is usually the case with the birds and **beasts of the** Wagnerian menagerie.

April 10 1916

The maids from coach then took
Their clothes, and steep'd them in the sable brook;
Then put them into Springs, and trod them clean
With cleanly feet; adventuring wagers then,
Who should have soonest and most cleanly done.
When having thoroughly cleans'd, they spread them on
The flood's shore all in order. And then, where
The waves the pebble wash'd, and ground was clear,
They bathed themselves, and all with glittering oil
Smoothed their white skins; refreshing then their toil
With pleasant dinner, by the river's side;
Yet still watched when the sun their clothes had dried.

The Destroyers.

As the World Wags:

When you talk of laundry, beware the deluge! The temptation to get even in print will tempt its thousands long despairing of other redress—almost of dress in any form. What tyranny is like unto that of the goddess of the fringed cuff and buzz-saw shirt collar, or what pen sharp enough to etch the sufferings of her victims?

Did you yourself, for instance, experience the fury of the Chicago laundress of the world's fair year? Her method was to ~~[illegible]~~ from shirts possessing them and rub them through the front, leaving it perforated like your German Argus cheese. Then she smeared it well with soot, and over all she put a hard and glittering glaze, producing a soft, smudgy effect beneath and high lights above like Limoges ware or a soft, well varnished, oil painting. Handkerchiefs she stamped across the middle with the owner's name in letters two inches high, done in indelible ink. Her first and chiefly I would damn to eternal fame by insertion in your famous chronicle. ALTER SENEX.

Boston, April 6.

There is curious information in Beckmann's "History of Inventions" about the manner of washing clothes practised by the ancients. We also refer "The Old 'Un" and "Alter Senex" to Capt. John G. Bourke's "Scatalogic Rites of All Nations." We, too, are victims of the laundry, whatever its alluring name or location. We, too, mourn the torn buttonholes of collars not over a month old; the cuffs that are cracked in the first washing. In the sixties we knew a man in Windsor, Vt., who wore a steel enameled stand-up collar. He told us boys that he had sported it for three years. He cleaned it with a tooth brush. The best way to disappoint the laundry is to abstain from starched

... out. We began by ... from Homer—although Samuel ... wrote a book to prove that the ... was written by a woman. ... end with a reference to Artemus ... another classic. He tells of a ... who was willing to work for so much a week with his washing; the ...shing consisted of "a shirt and a ...wer."—Ed.

For "R. J. F."

... the World Wags:

The verses to which R. J. F. refers in your column of April 6 are probably quoted in full either in Bettinelli, Risorg. Ital., ii, p. 18, or in Daniel, Thes. Hymnolog., v. 266. I take these references (which I have not been able to verify) from D. Comparetti, Vergil in the Middle Ages, p. 98. F. H. F.

Schenectady, N. Y.

"H. T. R." of Boston gives the same information and adds: "Possibly these books may give other stanzas."—Ed.

Potentates at Table.

As the World Wags:

Reading in your column several days ago an interesting note on King Ferdinand's democratic habit of eating delicacies in the public market stalls recalled to my mind a song which I remember hearing at Amherst a dozen years ago. The first verse ran, as nearly as I can remember, like this:

... he leads a merry life,
... eats raw oysters with his knife,
... greets the waiter with a whoop,
... rests his elbow in the soup.

I wonder if any of your correspondents know the song and can tell ... the name of the author. There were at least ... dozen verses, concerning the ... of as many European ... LEMUEL SHELDON.

Greenfield.

... book could be written about the favorite dishes of rulers ancient and modern. The Emperor Claudius preferred mushrooms to any other thing. Alexander Severus was passionately fond of hare; Charlemagne, though temperate at table, liked game; Frederick, Emperor of Germany, who died in 1493, hastened his death by immoderate indulgence in melons; his son Maximilian died of indigestion caused by the same gourd. Adrian VI. was disliked by the Romans because he relished hake. Henry IV. of France ate enormously of oysters and melons; while Charles XII. of Sweden was ... satisfied with bread and butter. Paul I of Russia pardoned an exiled ... who had found a way of sending him every week from Toulouse a pate de foie gras. Napoleon Bonaparte cared little for anything but coffee; he was served early, according to some, with chops and chicken; there is a legend that, eating too much mutton, he found his brain foggy in the battle of ... Charles V. ate a fowl, ... in milk, at 5 A. M. At 12 he partook of ... dishes. He supped soon after vespers. At midnight or 1 A. M. the most solid meal of the day was served. He loved pastry and sweetmeats. Each meal was washed down with large draughts of wine and beer. And so on, and so on.—Ed.

April 11 1916

"ROSENKAVALIER"

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE. First performance in Boston of "Der Rosenkavalier," opera in three acts, book by Hugo von Hofmannsthal, music by Richard Strauss. Metropolitan Opera Company. Artur Bodanzky conducted.

The Princess Werdenberg	Frieda Hempel
Baron Ochs	Otto Goritz
Octavian	Margarete Ober
Von Faninal	Hermann Weil
Sophie	Edith Mason
Marianne	Rita Fornia
Valzacchi	Albert Reiss
Annina	Marie Mattfeld
Commissary of Police	Carl Schlegel
Majordomo	Pietro Audisio
Master of Ceremonies	Max Bloch
A Notary	Basil Ruysdael
An Innkeeper	Julius Bayer
A Singer	Paul Althouse
Three Orphans	Louise Cox
	Rosina Van Dyck
	Sophie Barton
A Milliner	Frieda Martin
A Flunky	Ludwig Burgstaller
An Animal Vender	Alfred Sappio
A Little Negro	Goldie Dobins

Strauss's opera was greatly enjoyed by a very large audience. The work is a comic opera with farcical episodes; comic opera on a brobdingnagian scale.

Strauss has said that in his music he endeavored to follow the "rococo tone" of the text. Now this story of Hofmannsthal might have been taken in part from the memoirs of Lauzun or the romance of Faublas, and in part from any rough and common tale told by a second-rate old Italian novelist about a joke played on a self-important satyr. The libretto in its original version provoked a storm of protest even in Germany. As it stands, it is sufficiently licentious, at first sentimentally erotic; later farcical in a familiar vein, the Baron lured to an assignation with a handsome young fellow disguised ... chamber maid ... his exposure in the presence of jeering serving men, and his confusion and anger at thus having been duped.

But it is not necessary to inquire curiously into the subject of librettos. Mozart was censured for setting music to the texts furnished by Da Ponte, yet in "The Marriage of Figaro," the intrigue is fortunately not understood by nine out of ten who are entranced by the beautiful music.

There are fine things in Hofmannsthal's text as there is beautiful music; fine things in book and music by the side of much that is cheap and common. The character of the princess is well drawn by librettist and musician. Her graceful unmorality, her elegance in free love—then the thought that young Octavian, a Cherubino without Mozart's romantic music, will soon see that she is old; that he will seek fresher pastures; all this is shrewdly brought out and for the princess the composer has written some lovely music—witness her soliloquy after her careful toilet. Perhaps it is right that the love music of the Princess and Octavian should not be sincere or deeply emotional; there is true sentiment in the music accompanying her reflections, her foreseeing the future, her wish that the youth should be happy with a young, well-endowed wife.

Nowhere is the music in this act rococo as Strauss wished it, rococo in form or in expression. The stage business brings in the rococo atmosphere; the entrance of the grateful pensioners, the musician with his song, while the hairdresser is at work, the other persons that attend the levee of the Princess, but the music is more than modern, it is contemporaneous.

The first act may be called romantic comedy. There is a descent into farce after the rose, the symbol of betrothal, has been presented and Sophie, disgusted by the Baron's vulgar wooing, looks kindly on Octavian. The music for the presentation would be still more beautiful if Strauss had not attempted to be so original in harmonic and orchestral effects. His use of extreme dissonances is here too forced; it distracts attention, it does not enhance the emotional appeal. After the duet of the lovers, we have farce, roaring farce, chiefly in waltz time.

It took courage for a man named Richard Strauss to write a waltz when he thought of the Viennese Johann and Joseph. However brilliant the orchestration of his waltz themes, however ingenious or complicated his use of fragments, the waltz itself is radically ordinary. The streak of that which is inherently common found in some of Strauss's tone-poems and even in "Salome" is here exposed in all its fulness. So in the third act we have a farce with music, the farce funny in its coarse way, the music that which might well excite the admiration of the chambermaid and call forth her naive remark. Then Strauss, leaving behind him his horse play, rises to a height of true sentiment, and to remind the hearer that he can be a poet in tones writes music of genuine beauty.

It is a singular work, this "Rosen Kavalier," a mixture of gold, dross and clay; an amusing opera, one that should be heard, if only as an example of the recoil of Strauss from his "Elektra."

The performance was one to be remembered. Seldom is so exquisite singing heard in opera as that of Miss Hempel; exquisite in tonal quality, delightful in the naturalness and ease of delivery, compelling by its constant display of intelligence, enchanting by the varied sentiments perfectly expressed. As with her singing, so with her acting. It is not easy to think of the part as taken by another.

Mme. Ober was an excellent Octavian. Demonstratively erotic at the beginning, she portrayed in song and action the feelings of the youth until he was gently and regretfully dismissed. It was another Octavian in the second act, almost confused in his realization of true love, gallant in defence of the abused Sophie. And in the scene in the Inn Mme. Ober was a comedian with unexaggerated humor.

Miss Mason sang and acted well as Sophie. Mr. Althouse made much of his little air. Mr. Goritz was amusing as the Baron, amusing without ceasing to be an artistic singer, amusing in true comedy and funny in farce. The minor parts were surprisingly well taken as a rule. The stage settings of the first two acts were sumptuous, but not too elaborate, and the Inn scene was cleverly set.

Mr. Bodanzky gave a spirited and eloquent reading of the score. The orchestra responded to his every wish.

The opera tonight will be "Tosca," with Mme. Farrar and Messrs. Botta and Scotti. Mr. Polacco will conduct. The performance will begin at 8:15 o'clock.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE: George Arliss in "Paganini," a play in three acts by Edward Knoblauch. First performance in Boston.

Nicolo Paganini	George Arliss
George Harrys	Dudley Digges
Thomas Watson	Charles Harbury
Charlotte Watson	Margery Maude
Sir Richard Strangford	Edgar Kent
Lady Strangford	Mrs. Arliss
Captain Joseph Strangford	Dion Titheradge
Antonia Bianchi	Florence Auer
A Waiter	Fred Nicholls
Landlady	Leila Repton

Mr. Arliss in Mr. Knoblauch's play, based upon an episode in the life of Paganini, was seen for the first time on any stage in Rochester last November.

Paganini, a dominating figure in his day, a man about whom strange stories of witchcraft and satanic alliance were whispered, might well provide a dramatist with a tempting theme. The man's adventures, amorous and otherwise, were many. Women of all ranks threw themselves at him, and it is reported that his heart possessed the proverbial elasticity of genius. Then there were his eccentricities of dress and behavior; his sudden caprices, his fiery temper.

Like Hector Berlioz, he loved unhappily. Antonia Bianchi in the chorus of a small Venetian theatre captivated him. He undertook to train her voice so that she might appear with him at his concerts. His efforts were in a measure rewarded, but later Antonia took to drink and gambling, while her furious jealousy and greed made the violinist's life miserable. They parted, but the little son Achille remained with his father to be a constant joy and a perpetual tyrant.

The dramatist has introduced Antonia as a figure in the incident upon which he has built his play. In 1834, after a not wholly successful English tour, a scandalous story appeared in the French press. Paganini's manager, Watson, authorized reports that the artist had carried off his 16-year-old daughter from London. The father, hurrying in pursuit, and with help from the authorities, had rescued the girl at Boulogne. Paganini answered these charges in an open letter, branding Watson as a heartless wretch from whom his young daughter had fled, unwilling to endure the paternal beatings any longer. He protested that he did not love the girl, but had merely offered her protection.

This episode forms the basis for the action with the addition of a military suitor and certain other changes. Paganini, for example, is the guest of Thomas Watson in London. His daughter, engaged to the petulant Capt. Strangford, has very naturally ministered to the distinguished visitor's comfort. She brings him his morning chocolate. Her gentleness soothes his nerves. Young Strangford looks upon this with disapproving eyes. He fumes when his betrothed speaks in glowing terms of the Italian and his music; he rages when Paganini kisses Charlotte chastely on the forehead. Young Strangford's relations take a hand and undertake to convey the disturber to Dover in their own coach, that his departure from England may be certain.

Upbraided by her father, Charlotte flounces out of the house and ill-advisedly follows the violinist. At Dover she meets with a rebuff. Paganini pleads with her to return and tells her of his life with Antonia. Charlotte defies him and the horrified Strangford and boldly proclaims her allegiance to Paganini.

At Calais matters are a bit altered. The artist thinks only of his composing. He is impervious to cold, hunger. When Mr. Watson and young Joseph come to recapture Charlotte it is easily proved that the artist cares more for his violin than he does for Charlotte, and she accordingly, though in tears, consents to go back with her betrothed.

The play is very slight. Its theme, the infatuation of a young girl for a celebrated artist, is not new. Antonia, sneering and waspish, is a mere feeder for the leading role. There will be interest, however, to see Mr. Arliss in a new role, and his admirable performance and the excellent support by a capable company will make the play endurable.

With his customary finesse in the art of characterization, Mr. Arliss makes Paganini a living figure. Picturesque in make-up, his adopted mannerisms of speech and behavior heighten the realism. He plays with unflagging vitality, elegance. His sense of humor is ever present. His facial play is supremely eloquent. Yet though the actor has mastered every detail of the role with his accustomed finesse, it would be untrue to say that the role is as temperamentally congenial as that of Disraeli. Mr. Arliss's acting is invariably intellectual, subtle, polished to a very high degree. His portrayal of Latin fervor is therefore premeditated rather than spontaneous.

Miss Maude as Charlotte is girlish, unaffected, comely. Mr. Harbury as the Pecksniffian father is imposing. Mrs. Arliss plays Mrs. Strangford with distinction. Miss Auer lends local color as the irate Antonia.

The play is attractively staged. A very large audience was enthusiastic, and at the close of the second act Mr. Arliss made a graceful speech.

Miss Maude Adams will be seen at this theatre, beginning April 24, in "The Little Minister." Sale of seats will open on Tuesday morning, April 18.

SHUBERT THEATRE—New York Winter Garden's musical production, "A World of Pleasure," in two acts and eight scenes. Dialogue and lyrics by Harold Atteridge; music by Sigmund Romberg; dances by Jack Mason; staged by J. C. Huffman. Paul Schindler conducted. First performance in Boston.

It is obviously unnecessary to attempt to print the various casts, as each scene was virtually an act in itself. The principals in the various sketches were Clifton Crawford, Conroy and Le Maire, Franklin Batie, Rene Chaplow, Emily Miles, Helen Coff, Dwight Dana, Venita Fitzhugh, Winone Wilkins, Harvey J. Burnay, Dan Healy, Maurice Diamond, Helen McMahon, Collins and Hart, Rosie Quinn, Hermon Timberg and Hattie Darling.

Many witnessing this entertainment and enjoying it hugely will ask themselves after it is all over what it was all about. But the management has been frank in its designation of this entertainment for we are told that it is simply a "production." Thus the piece is epsodic, each scee complete in itself, but without any attempt at related continuity.

The entertainment resolves itself into a great vaudeville treat, a dancing festival and a series of stage pictures that seem to have outdone all its predecessors in its daring scheme. Then, too, there is an unusually large troupe of youthful and pretty girls, now generously provided with sufficient clothing to ward off the wicked draughts of the late winter, and again with the diaphanous tissue that might easily be tucked away in a corner of milady's vanity bag.

The music of the piece easily strikes the popular fancy. Played as an overture and between the acts it was difficult for those taking seats to refrain from stepping to the syncopated tunes. Yet it just as easily escaped the memory as one left the theatre.

As a stage picture the finale of the first act is one not easily forgotten. Starting with the toy shop, the gradual evolution of the scene is startling in its scope. The scene, too, is one that will especially please the children, for there is the wonderful illusion of the wooden soldiers with their rigid step and carriage and their shoes encased with the pedestal base characteristic of the manikins. Then with the retreat of the soldiers up the great incline with a wonderful perspective effect there is the great patriotic finale with its bewildering panorama and color. Then there was the daring picture in the second act, "The Girl and the Fan," and with the parting of the fan there was the group of undraped beauties.

So the piece, being characteristically vaudeville, must be treated as such. Clifton Crawford was always a pleasure and there was the regret that he did not have more to do. With a style that is unique in its breeziness and simulated spontaneity, he is quick to win the favor of his audience. Not being the possessor of a good voice for song, he discreetly avoids any attempt at the same. His return to "the wife" after a night's frolic was a pleasure in its good-natured brazenness. Then there was his side-splitting presentation of the sneezing declaimer.

Conroy and Le Maire added to the gaiety of the evening with two interesting sketches. Having been engaged as chauffeurs, they rolled onto the stage in a disreputable looking "flivver." While the automobile was a new basis for the sketch, it was otherwise a reminder of the afterpieces that a generation or more ago of theatregoers roared over at the antics of such excellent comedians as Billy Rice, Billy Courtright and their colleagues. Then there was the dispute over the game of pinochle that finally involved all the members of the orchestra.

One of the most interesting acts of the evening was that of Herman Timberg and Hattie Darling. After one has seen all the eccentric steps offered by the dancers of the contemporaneous stage, there is still something to learn from the more recent innovations of Mr Timberg. Miss Darling added to the act by her combination of dancing and fiddling.

Margaret Edwards was seen in a barefoot specialty, "A Dance of the East." Miss Edwards was good to look at with her painted toes and finger tips. She was indisputably graceful in her sinuous, serpentine movements. Yet the act was one more properly classified as a contortion rather than suggestive of the oriental dance.

One of the beauties that gave pleasure was Rosie Quinn. With all the physical charms of youth; Miss Quinn does not make the mistake of trying to act. She is rather her one self all the time, the little girl, romping and dancing about with all the joy of unrestrained youth.

The theatre was crowded and there is no mistaking the fact that this is the kind of entertainment that the public desires.

SKETCH OF UNCOMMON CHARACTER AT KEITH'S

George Nash, supported by Julia Hay, in "The Unexpected," by Aaron Hoffman, brings to B. F. Keith's Theatre this week an unusual dramatic sketch.

The first scene is in the reception hall of a Riverside Drive apartment. The time appears to be midnight. A woman in evening dress enters. As she leaves the room by a side entrance a burglar of the Raffles type enters. Dramatic situation is piled on dramatic situation until at the last, each knowing the other to be of the highest type of burglar, they fall in love. The owner of the apartment enters, is stabbed to death. They

[illegible] by the fire escape, by a [illegible] is freed from the street. The [illegible] falls back dying and then the [illegible] happens—it is but a re[illegible] of a dramatic sketch.

[illegible] honors, at least so far as [illegible] went at yesterday's perform[illegible] were Melville Ellis and Miss Irene [illegible] in a musical act of rare quality. Marion Weeks, the American colora[illegible] soprano, also holds a prominent [illegible] on this week's bill. She has a voice of great range.

Others who make up the bill are [illegible] Elmer and Tom, horizontal bar [illegible]sts. Barton Daniels and Lester [illegible] virtuosi; Fred J. Ardath and [illegible]pany, in the screamingly funny sketch, "Hiram"; Al B. White, song delineator; Foster Ball and Ford West, in "Since the Days of '61," and Alice Els[illegible] and Bert French in the magnificent [illegible]ng pantomime, "The Lure of the North."

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"The Prince and the Pauper," romantic comedy in four acts adapted by Abby Sage Richardson from Mark Twain's novel.

Edward, Prince of Wales, Edward VI., Tom Canty.....Henrietta MacDannel
Miles Hendon.....John Craig
Earl of Hertford.....William P. Carleton
Lord Seymour.....Theodore Friebus
John Canty.....George Ernst
Hugh Gallard.....Robert Capron
Antony Gorse.....Donald Meek
Mrs. Canty, Beggar and Fortune Teller, wife of John Canty...Vida Croly Sidney
Princess Elizabeth.....Betty Barnicoat
Nan Canty.....Justine Adams

With all his popularity few of Mark Twain's stories have found their way to the stage. One of the few that have [illegible] "The Prince and the Pauper," a romantic tale of the 16th century, in which history, legend and fiction of the author's own invention are inextricably mixed in a dexterous fashion.

"The Prince and the Pauper" was given at the Castle Square yesterday. It is just four years since it was seen on the same stage, and it has apparently lost none of its popularity. It bids fair to equal the success achieved by "Little Lord Fauntleroy" last week. The plot is well known. The scenes are laid in palace and hovel, in town and in country. Its romance comes from the resemblance of two boys, one the son of the King of England and the other a mere beggar lad. When they change clothes remarkable things happen. The greater weight of the play naturally falls upon Miss MacDannel, for to her is committed the task of acting both Prince Edward and Tom Canty. She makes both boys different in speech, manner and bearing, and she succeeds in keeping them distinct personages. Mr. Craig gives a capital interpretation of Miles Hendon, bluff as a soldier and kind as a gentleman in his dealings with the little boy. Mr. Carleton is a stately Earl of Hertford, Mr. Friebus an ingenious schemer as Lord Seymour, and Mr. Meek is skilful in his character sketch of the mad peasant Anthony Gorse. The ladies in the cast are no less effective, Miss Barnicoat being especially charming as Princess Elizabeth.

Next week the play will be "Rosedale," with Mr. Carleton as Elliot Gray, Miss MacDannel as Sir Arthur May, and Frederic Ormonde especially engaged to act Miles MacKenna.

April 12 1916

OPERA IN BOSTON

The Metropolitan company has performed a feat that will be memorable in the history of opera. It brought to this city for the present engagement its full company, including some of the most celebrated singers in the world, as strong a company as could probably be got together in wartime; its complete chorus, famed for its brilliant work; its complete orchestra, than which there is no superior in any opera house; it also brought the scenery and costumes for over twenty operas with the requisite force of stage men—altogether a company of about 400.

Foreign companies have visited Paris and London in times past, but their repertoire was very small. Seldom did they take even their own orchestra with them. It was usually a case of a few principal singers, a conductor or two, with local chorus, orchestra and scenery.

It is a pleasure to add that the performances thus far have been worthy of the great reputation of the Metropolitan Opera Company. That the promises of the management have been faithfully fulfilled; that the interest and appreciation of the public have been unmistakable.

In connection with this brilliant engagement it may be observed that many regret the fate of the Boston Opera Company. That there is a widespread and genuine desire for operatic performances is shown by the eagerness with which men and women of moderate circumstances secured the cheaper seats long in advance.

The beautiful opera house with its perfect stage still stands, but it has been stripped of its scenery, costumes and equipment, all sold for a trifling sum. What will be the fate of this theatre? The visits of opera companies will always be welcome, but is it not possible that a local company will again be organized, with the plan of the first year of the late company prudently carried out, without extravagance in low or high places? The present performances of the Metropolitan have done more than given immediate pleasure; they have again awakened interest in opera itself as a civic institution, a local pride.

The letter of the Rev. Babbington Brooke, inquiring into the precise difference between "work" and "labor," has excited comment. To labor seems to us more disagreeable than to work. "Labor, substantive: Exertion of the faculties of the body or mind, especially when painful or compulsory." By the way, why in the 15th century was "labor" a noun of multitude, "a labor of moles"? In modern use, "labor" is physical exertion directed to the supply of the material wants of the community. Dryden in his translation of the Georgics follows closely the Latin: "Teach me the various labors of the moon, and whence proceed the Eclipses of the sun"; "labor" used by Virgil as meaning eclipse. "Labor," on the other hand, is a more dignified term than "work." "He's trying to work you."

To some both terms are odious. Let us now quote from the romance, "Pyrotechny," by Artemus Ward:

> Industry is a very fine thing.
> It is one of the finest things of which we have any knowledge.
> Yet do not frown, "do not weep for me" when I state that I don't like it.
> It doesn't agree with me.
> I prefer indolence.
> I am happiest when I am idle.
> I could live for months without performing any kind of labor, and at the expiration of that time I should feel fresh and vigorous enough to go right on in the same way for numerous more months.

"Work" and "Labor."

As the World Wags:

Let the Rev. Mr. Brooke reflect that, although the mountain labored and brought forth a mouse, it refused to be worked by Mohammed when that gentleman commanded it to come to him.

I disagree with Mr. Brooke's comparison. An occupation may be pleasurable as well as useful, but is not work unless it is compulsory. What one does because of necessity or cupidity is work or labor. What one does for pleasure—no matter how wearisome it may be—is not. The moment this activity brings a reward (except perhaps a prize or token, valued because of its sentimental and not because of its material value, it becomes work. It is no longer wholly pleasurable.

This is merely my own opinion. I cite no authorities. But in connection with this a study of the long-lasting controversy in re what constitutes a professional, as distinguished from an amateur, may be interesting. H. J. L.
Boston.

As the World Wags:

In reply to the article in Friday morning's Herald by the Rev. Babblington Brooke. In Crabb's Synonyms I find: "Work is the general term as including all that which calls for exertion of mere strength. Labor differs from it in the degree of exertion required; it is hard work. A man wishes to complete his work; he is desirous of resting from his labor." E. W. M.
Boston, April 7.

That Missing Period.

As the World Wags:

In reply to the communication signed "H. W., Malden," asking for information as to the origin of the custom of omitting the period from the end of display headings in newspapers, the titles of books, etc., I am credibly informed that the custom originated right here in Boston. It seems that a certain newspaper, a contemporary of the Herald, began to run short of display type (and funds), and, as periods are easily broken off, or, on account of size, are frequently lost, they were driven to the necessity of filing down commas and cutting the upper dot off from the colon. Finally, in the interests of economy, it was decided to discard the system of putting periods at the end of captions, and many other newspapers throughout the country soon followed suit.

Another version which is vouched for by an old-time Worcester printer is to the effect that a certain printer-editor of that city, of the Horace Greeley type, was accustomed to "railroad" news matter, afterward stopping the press to correct errors in the type. One day, while substituting a period for a comma at the end of a line his assistant prematurely started the press, and the editor's long beard became entangled in the ink rollers, necessitating amputation of the appendage before the press could be started again. The accident made them 30 minutes late in going to press, and the editor swore by his missing beard that he would eliminate the period in future as far as lay in his power. The custom has rapidly spread, and the newspaper of today that follows the old style is a rarity. W. L. L.
Melrose.

Lawn Butter.

As the World Wags:

We received a catalogue displaying a patent lawn roller, being a cylinder to be ballasted with water to the desired weight, from 200 pounds up. My good wife, who admires Fontaine Fox, suggested that we might fill it with milk and sell butter to the neighbors.
J. D. K.

MISS FARRAR AND SCOTTI APPEAR IN "LA TOSCA"

Both Sustain Reputations for Operatic Acting.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Puccini's "La Tosca" by the Metropolitan opera company. Mr. Polacco conducted.

Floria Tosca.....Miss Farrar
Mario Cavaradossi.....Mr. Botta
Baron Scarpia.....Mr. Scotti
Cesare Angelotti.....Mr. Rossi
The Sacristan.....Mr. Malatesta
Spoletta.....Mr. Bada
Sciarrone.....Mr. Reschiglian
Jailer.....Mr. Laurenti
Shepherd.....Mme. Braslau

Before Sarah Bernhardt became a queen of the movies she once expressed an opinion that the future standard of stage works would be a play completely supported by illustrative music. "Tosca" closely approaches requirements. A melodrama of intimate appeal to people today, its orchestral speech is sharply accented music of the theatre. Nothing in the score is magnificent or beautifully poetic, or truly superb. But it is all vivid and truly expressive of dramatic action. Much of it would be admirable support for pantomime. It magnetizes the vertebrae of the crowd.

Last night the opening scene went heavily, for Mr. Botta was a Mario ineffective vocally and unimpressive physically, while Miss Farrar acted and sang with less than usual warmth. From the beginning of the second act the performance was one of increasing vitality in leading members of the cast. And the orchestra responded with the sharply dramatic accompaniment demanded by Puccini's somewhat strident score.

In the roles of Floria and Baron Scarpia Miss Farrar and Mr. Scotti, respectively, sustained their reputation as operatic actors, to the delight of numerous and applausive admirers. Corrupting influence of the movies, which so disturbed Mr. Caruso in Carmen, did not tempt Miss Farrar to muscular extravagance in Floria's struggle with Scarpia. Again it was the moving exhibition of tortured love and homicidal impulse. Ternina was vocally a better Floria, but no singer has surpassed Miss Farrar in poignant quality of impersonation. The role is one that suits her voice and, excepting the opening scene, last night she was in good voice.

Scotti's Scarpia, like his Iago, is an impersonation of subtle color and strongly sinister quality. Last night he died again with ghastly eclat, and his singing was finely significant. Mr. Botta somewhat atoned for his earlier indifferent singing by moving fervor in the third act duet that precedes Mario's execution. Mr. Malatesta was a properly unctuous sacristan. Praise is due the chorus for its tempered zeal in singing outside the Palazzo Farnese.

The audience was large and deeply interested.

April 13 1916

IN 'RIGOLETTO'

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Afternoon performance of Verdi's "Rigoletto," Metropolitan Opera Co., Mr. Polacco conducted.

Il Duca.....Enrico Caruso
Rigoletto.....Giuseppe De Luca
Gilda.....Maria Barrientos
Sparafucile.....Adamo Didur
Maddalena.....Flora Perini
Giovanna.....Marie Mattfeld
Monterone.....Giulio Rossi
Marullo.....Bernard Begue
Borsa.....Angelo Bada
Ceprano.....Vincenzo Reschiglian
The Countess.....Minnie Egener
The Page.....Emma Borniggia

This was an uncommonly interesting performance. Mr. Polacco gave an excellent reading of Verdi's score. It is the custom with many conductors to treat this opera lightly. Either they have not discovered the many dramatic points in the score or they take their task jauntily, sniffing at everything in opera except Gilda's florid air and the quartet. Now "Rigoletto" was far ahead of its period in Verdi's dramatic treatment of the text, in the boldness and significance of the recitative, witness Rigoletto's soliloquy after Sparafucile has made his offer, in the orchestral intensity of many pages, an intensity gained by simple means. Mr. Polacco read the score with the care, intelligence, enthusiasm that he would bestow on "Otello" or "Falstaff." For the first time we became acquainted with orchestral strokes that have so long in Boston passed unnoticed.

It was interesting to hear the duet of the dying Gilda and her father. We do not recall having heard this duet in any American or German opera house. Whether it is worth while to restore this duet; whether for the purposes of the stage the customary ending is not more effective, are subjects for academic discussion.

Mr. De Luca gave a carefully composed impersonation of the jester. Original, it was consistent throughout, often impressive. Especially striking was his acting in the first scene, where he was quietly and slyly malevolent, thus all the more malignant in his mockery of Monterone. When the curse was pronounced, he did not at once feel the full horror of it, nor did he, as some we have seen, gibber and mow, sprawl and flounder with distorted face. He tried to be the buffoon; but now and then, there would be the dread of something impending, a foolish dread to be laughed away, yet it haunted him. When the curtain fell he was still outwardly gay.

Seldom have we seen an actor in this part deliver the soliloquy before his door with so fine dramatic intelligence or convey his sentiments and emotions with so marked abstinence from melodramatic tricks. Few actors have shown so simply and pathetically the jester's paternal tenderness, so vividly his fear and suspicion. Mr. De Luca did not rise to a supreme tragic height in the scene with the courtiers; but, listening to Gilda's story of how she was undone and in his vow of vengeance, he moved and thrilled. In this scene there were unusual bits of business, as his hurriedly dragging Gilda through a door when Monterone's voice was heard without. And in the final scene there was no ranting over the sack containing, as he thought, his victim. Mr. De Luca sang the music as an accomplished singer. There was a moment of false intonation in the third act, but for the most part Mr. De Luca's performance was as impressive vocally as it was by its vivid and subtle acting.

The Gilda of Mme. Barrientos was something more than a young women waiting patiently for her florid air and the expected applause. While at times in a flowing melodic line she would spread a tone so that it lost quality, she sang as a rule with delightful tonal purity and with the engaging simplicity of the true artist. She gave a brilliant performance of "Caro Nome." This brilliance, however, was not the hard hearted recklessness of the coloratura singer who cares for nothing but this air. Mme. Barrientos's light voice was overweighted in the quartet. In the final scene her tones were fraught with pathos.

Mr. Caruso sang freely and often with rich, full tones. It is not necessary to dwell on his mannerisms, on his abuse of the sob and the slur. In the first three acts he had many stirring moments. His Duke, however, lacked distinction, elegance, and in the scene in the tavern this Duke of Mantua sang and acted as a rough man of the people. Here he took liberties with the music, bore himself in the scene with Sparafucile and his sister in a manner unworthy of his reputation and of the opera house to which he belongs. His parodying the voice of Sparafucile and his handling of Maddalena were as coarse as his singing of the beautiful music in which he woos her.

Mme. Perini was a seductive Maddalena; Mr. Didur a capital Sparafucile. The minor parts were unusually well taken. The chorus was excellent. The opera was handsomely mounted. The management of the thunder storm was remarkably effective. There was a very large and enthusiastic audience.

This evening Goetz's "Taming of the Shrew" will be performed for the first time in Boston.

Owners of the summer palaces on mountain slopes or by the sea may even now be planning Italian or English gardens, not content with the procession of wild flowers through the season. For their benefit we quote from a letter written by John Evelyn, Esq., to Dr. Thomas Browne in 1657.

"The modell, which I perceive you haue seene, will aboundantly testifie my abhorrency of those painted and formal projections of our cockney gardens and plotts, which appeare like gardens of past-board and March pane, and smell more of paynt then of flowers and verdure: Our drift is a noble, princely and universal Elysium, capable of all the amoenities that can naturally be introduced into gardens of pleasure, and such as may stand in competition with all the august designes and stories of this nature, either of ancient or modern tymes; yet so as to become vsefull and significant to the least pretences and faculties. We will endeauour to shew how the aire and genious of gardens operat vpon humane spirits towards

...tue and sanctitie, I mean in a re...te, preparatory and instrumentall ...king. How caues, grotts, mounts and ...togular ornaments of gardens do con...n.ute to contemplatiuve and philoso...call enthuslasme; how elysium, ant...i, nemus, paradysus, hortus, lucus, ..., signifie all of them rem sacram et ...vinam; for these expedients to in...ence the soule and spirits of man, ...d prepare them for converse with ...d angells; besides which, they con...bute to the lesse abstracted pleasures, ...ylosophy naturall and longevitie."

Concert Reforms.

...the World Wags:

It seems to me that the suggestion ...hich Mr. Andrew Isley offered in ...ur column this morning rather re...cts on him. In fact it convicts him of ...tronizing the movies—surely a grave ...harge against so strict a Bostonian as ... appears to be. Subdued lighting for ...rilling photo plays, accompanied by ...most invisible orchestras, is just what ...ou get in most of the cinema palaces. ...am surprised that he does not reveal ...he source of his idea plainly. He should ...ropose that Symphony Hall be dark...ned, to allow the score to be flashed on ...a curtain high above Dr. Muck's head. This would give a further intellectual interest to Mr. Isley's concerts now that he has outgrown the gallery of the Harvard undergraduate gods.

REX J. HOWARD.

Cambridge, April 8.

Title Pages and Points.

As the World Wags:

The question raised by H. W. on April 5 is an interesting one. In his "Title Pages as Seen by a Printer," published in 1901, the late Mr. Do Vinne said: "Points of punctuation in olden time were held to be as important in title pages as in the text of a book, but since 1[illegible] they have been much neglected." Thi[illegible] is too indefinite to be of much use. The title page of Pickering's "The Poetical Works of John Milton,' London, [illegible], has only one point—a period after an abbreviation. The title page of "Chambers's Journal" for July-Dec., 18[illegible], has many points; that for Jan.-June, 1855, has no points. The title page of the Atlantic Monthly for 1873 has many points; that for Jan.-June, 1874, has only two points, and that for July-Dec. 1874, has no points. Points disappeared (except a period after the number of the volume) in the title page of the Gentleman's Magazine for Jan.-June, 1877. The Harvard commencement program for 1861 (like all previous programs) has many points; that for 1862 has no points; those for 1863-4-5 have periods in "LL.D." and "S. T. D.," and two commas in the middle of lines. In 1868, a different system was adopted and has been followed ever since. There are no points at the end of a line, but there is a point after each abbreviation (except at the end of a line), the point being a period not on the line, but raised a little.

It appears, then, that the fashion of "pointless" title pages, instead of "Just getting into vogue among us," has been known for over 60 years in England, and over 50 years in this country.

But another aspect of this matter is of interest. Engraved titles, now rare, were not uncommon in the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries. Here is one:

A Concent of Scripture by H: Brovghton 1596

Here there is a single point only. Various engraved titles of the 17th and 18th centuries have no points at all, though the printed title pages of the same works have many. This difference between an engraved title and a printed title is worth remarking.

The abolition of useless points in titles, headlines, etc., is a great gain in common sense and in the typographical appearance of a page, and, in view of the facts as to engraved titles, it is a little strange that the change did not come earlier than it apparently did in printed title pages.

A. M.

Boston, April 11.

"Hooligan."

As the World Wags:

I am surprised that no one has replied to your query of over a week ago as to the Russian equivalent of "hooligan." As in the case of so many foreign accretions, the word has been taken over bodily—with, however, not inconsiderable allowances for phonetic differences; Thus, "choollgan" ("ch" as in German, and accent on the last syllable). A Mr. Reynolds, who has written a book entitled "My Russian Year" (N. Y., 1912), says (p. 277) that the ruffians who took part in a pogrom in Byelostok, which he visited, were invariably dubbed by the survivors "hooligantzy" (only it should be "chooligantzy").

BERNARD SNYDER.

Cambridge, April 7.

The Final Worst.

As the World Wags:

There is but little to be added to the explanatory note subjoined to "Inquirer's" request for an elucidation of the passage he quotes from King Lear, iv., 1, beginning: "The worst is not." Worst is merely a relative term in most instances and may mean much or little, according to circumstances. The old proverb: "The worst that could happen is the best that could be," sums up the experience of many human lives. [illegible] makes King Richard II. say: "Death is the worst." That, [illegible] most of us, would, indeed, be the final worst, unless some of us were to wake up and find ourselves where Milton found his fallen angels. Then we might cry out with Moloch:

"What can be worse
Than to dwell here, driven out from
bliss, condemned
In this abhorred deep to utter woe."
—(Paradise Lost, bk. II.)

CHARLES J. DELAMAINE.

Dorchester.

"IL TROVATORE" AT BOSTON OPERA HOUSE

Verdi's Opera Performed for Enthusiastic Audience.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Verdi's "Il Trovatore" by the Metropolitan Opera Company. Mr. Bavagnoli conducted.

Leonora	Mme. Rappold
Azucena	Mme. Homer
Inez	Mme. Mattfeld
Manrico	Mr. Martinelli
Count Di Luna	Mr. Amato
Ferrando	Mr. Rothier
Ruiz	Mr. Audisio
A Gipsy	Mr. Cottino

Ho.4

While a new opera may bring forth expressions of greater admiration and delight, it takes the old familiar songs to kindle real enthusiasm. With the new, comes the necessity of waiting for something to create pleasure, but in "Il Trovatore" everything is fore-ordained. The audience last night was not only one of the most enthusiastic of the present season, being very generous in applause at the close of each scene and even at the end of the better known songs, but applauded the rise of the curtain in each act in appreciation of the joys it knew were in store.

For "Il Trovatore" is tuneful from start to finish and it needs no diagnosis to discover the melodies with which it teems.

The honors of the evening were Mme. Homer's for this great singer was in rare voice and her acting was a pleasure. Mr. Amato sustained his reputation as a master in the role of Count di Luna, while Mr. Martinelli was at times excellent though his voice was not always true. The singing of the chorus added greatly to the entertainment.

April 14 1916

'THE TAMING OF THE SHREW'

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—First performance in Boston of "Der Widerspenstigen Zähmung" ("The Taming of the Shrew"), opera in four acts; libretto adapted by Joseph Victor Widmann from Shakespeare's comedy. Music by Hermann Goetz. Artur Bodanzky conducted.

Baptista	Otto Goritz
Katharina	Margarete Ober
Bianca	Marie Rappold
Hortensio	Robert Leonhardt
Lucentio	Johannes Sembach
Petruchio	Clarence Whitehill
Grumio	Basil Ruysdael
A Tailor	Albert Reiss
Major Domo	Max Bloch
Housekeeper	Marie Mattfeld

This opera was chosen by the management of the Metropolitan Opera Company as appropriate to the Shakesperian commemoration. Perhaps it was more convenient to produce this opera than "Otello" or "Falstaff" in honor of the dramatist. Some might say that Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet," weak as it is in certain respects, should have been preferred to "The Taming of the Shrew." The latter was produced at Mannheim in 1874. Mr. Bodansky came to New York from that city, and no doubt he had a voice in the matter. The memory of Goetz is cherished there, and it is natural that there should be an act of piety in keeping this opera in the repertoire. Whether the opera should have been brought out in this country, after it met with little success in New York, when it was sung in English 30 years ago, is another question.

When we saw "The Taming of the Shrew" at the Dresden Opera Hose in the early 80s, with Mme. Clementine Schuch and Paul Bulss as Katharina and Petruchio, the stage settings were conspicuous for their beauty. It is said that the scenery of last night was brought from Mannheim. Surely the setting of the second act will be remembered long after the music is forgotten. Nothing more hideous in design and color scheme has been seen on any stage in Boston for many years.

Widmann's libretto is a good working adaptation of Shakespeare's comedy, or farce. He has brought into prominence the wooing of Bianca by rival suitors in order to give relief to the blustering of Petruchio and the railing and snappishness of the shrew. It probably is not his fault that Baptista Minola, described by Hortensio in the play as "an affable and courteous gentleman," was turned last night into a low comedy parent, reminding one of the father in "Girofle-Girofla." Mr. Goritz, an excellent actor, might thus have thought to enliven the scenes.

The librettist provided an introduction of his own for musical purposes with the rival serenaders, the chorus of angry servants, the women on the balcony and the entrance of Petruchio. In the second act we have Petruchio's stormy wooing. In the third Lucentio and Hortensio, as tutor and musician, court Bianca. There is the return from the wedding wtih Petruchio's hurried exit bearing with him his sulky bride. The servants and the wedding guests give opportunity for chorus music. In the fourth act the tailor is introduced, Katharina is finally tamed, and there is the praise of the loving and obedient wife.

Unfortunately the music of Goetz does not fit the libretto. A sound musician, with a lyrical fancy, depressed by poverty and sickness, he was hardly the man to write in comedy vein. He was of a symphonic rather than an operatic nature. While the music in his opera shows the influence of Weber, Schumann, Mendelssohn, he evidently had "Die Meistersinger" in mind as an example of what comic opera should be. His music for the voices is too often declamatory, not melodic, and he depends too much on the orchestra to give vitality and character to the sentiments and the situations. But he was not a Wagner, and in his adopted method he fell between two stools.

There is agreeable music in the opera as music without particular regard to what is doing on the stage. There are some charming orchestral pages of a lyric nature, as in the opening scene. But "The Taming of the Shrew" is a comedy, and there is little of the comic spirit in the opera; little vivacity, little lightness. Goetz took his task seriously; he was too much concerned with making music; there is too much music in the opera; it did not flow and bubble and sparkle. There are times when the music for farcical scenes is persistently in the minor key, music that is in every way melancholy, at times lugubrious. It would have been better if Goetz had studied as his model comic operas by Rossini, Auber, even Lortzing. Or he might have spent hours over the great finale in "The Marriage of Figaro."

Nor as a melodist in the few romantic moments of hte opera was Goetz successful. There is not much that is salient; that gives immediate delight or leaves a pleasing impression. As a whole, however well it may be acted or sung, this opera is dull. There is no dramatically musical characterization.

The singers, principals and chorus, and Mr. Bodansky and the orchestra did everything in their power to give life and character to Goetz's work. Mr. Whitehill sang and acted with great spirit. His impersonation alone would have excited admiration, and he sang the music, for the most part inexpressive and ungrateful, with dramatic significance and vocal skill. Mme. Ober showed an uncommon range, handled her voice effectively, and was sufficiently shrewish. She did not, however, raise Katharina the shew above the level of a common scold, whereas Katharina in spite of her temper was a well-born woman, imposing and seductive even when her tongue was bitterest and her arm raised in anger. Mme. Rappold also sang well and played the part of Bianca with graceful lightness.

It was a pleasure to hear the voice of Mr. Sembach and recognize his art. Mr. Leonhardt was an amusing Hortensio, with every now and then a suggestion of Beckmesser in walk and diction. We have spoken of Mr. Goritz, who was incongruously amusing. The minor parts were generally well taken, and the chorus work was admirable, as was the management of the stage. There was a large audience; there were the customary curtain calls.

Tonight "Carmen" will be repeated, with Mmes. Farrar and Mason, and Messrs. Martinelli and De Luca.'

Principals in "Taming of Shrew"

Mr. Whitehill as Petruchio ; Mme. Ober as Katherine.

"H. P. C." asks: "What is the derivation of the word 'windjammer'? I do not find it in the Century Dictionary."

The earliest example of the use in print that we find is in the Athenaeum (London) of Feb. 8, 1902. "The author shows the proper sailorman's contempt for smokestacks; and to this day would sooner travel in a 'wind-jammer' than a P. & O. boat—or one of his readers is mistaken." In Falconer's dictionary of marine terms (1769) "jamming" is defined as the act of inclosing any object between two bodies so as to render it immovable.

Looking up "jam" in the dictionary we find interesting words. Does any one in Boston sport a "jambee" cane? What is the origin of the word "jamboree"? It is a pity that "jamby," meaning strong on the legs, has disappeared from the language as it is known today. Did children in New England ever wear a "jam"? Why has a burglar's crowbar been called a Jemmy, James or Jimmy for over a hundred years? Why is a sheep's head known in some places as James?

Old Time Songs.

As the World Wags.

Some one has sent me the program of a minstrel show given here a few

[illegible] ago. As the audience was [illegible] invited to [illegible] in singing all the [illegible], it is evident that the selections are the [illegible] minstrel songs of the day. These include "Leading the Mandy [illegible]," "Back Home in Tennessee," "M[illegible] Lovely Lorena" and "Come [illegible]."

As showing how different were the [illegible] popular more than two generations ago, I have read through Joseph A. Cave's life and noted the Negro songs that he mentions as common in England. Mr. Cave states that years ago at the Surrey Theatre, a performer named Yankee Smith, who was accompanied by a lad called Pickaninny Coleman, introduced for the first time to the London public the song "Jim Along Josey" and the "Squash Hollow Hornpipe" and "Grape Vine Twist." The Yankee sang the song and the boy danced the others. Mr. Cave saw the performances of the Yankee and the Pickaninny and instructed the property boy in dancing, with the result that for many weeks the English singer gave these three pieces to crowded houses. This was his first venture in Negro minstrelsy. Next he made popular "My Skiff Is on de Shore" and "Rosa Lee." Mr. Cave [illegible] that Benjamin Webster sang "De [illegible]" at the St. Peter's Gardens, Margate and the Colburg Theatre two or three years before T. D. Rice made his first appearance in London at the Surrey Theatre in 1836. Mr. Rice opened in a sketch in which he sang "Jump Jim Crow," which became the rage at once. Jim Crow hats, Jim Crow pipes, Jim Crow tobacco, and, in fact, Jim Crow everything pleased the Londoners. Some years later "Sich a Gettin' Upstairs" and "Clar de Kitchen" became very popular. In the forties a "Negro vocalist and banjo player," Joseph Sweeney by name, sang "Lucy Long," "Jenny Get Your Hoe Cake Done" and "Zip Coon," and these songs became as well known as any that had preceded them.

Mr. Cave met many of the most interesting players in England, and often put his knowledge of Negro songs and dances to good use. Thus, when he was rehearsing "Uncle Tom's Cabin," he introduced Negro business with a company of well trained singers which gave that time-honored play a longer run than was expected.

J. B. CLAPP.

Boston, April 6.

Forgotten Traditions.

As the World Wags:

The visit of the French players to the Toy Theatre recalls pleasant memories of years when we were annually favored by the opera bouffe companies in repertoire, including "La Jolie Parfumeuse," "La Fille de Mme. Angot," "La Vie Parisienne." Who can forget Mlle. Théo singing the "Pretty Maid Milking her Cow" in English, or those inimitable comedians, Messrs. Duplan and Mezieres, in "La Jolie Parfumeuse," or with this couplet from "La Vie Parisienne":

"Son habit est craque dans le dos,
Dans le dos."

It seems to me that it would pay an enterprising manager to give Boston a short season of French comic opera in place of some of the musical comedies that the public endures at present.

ALLSTONUS.

We sympathize with "Allstonus" in his [illegible]. We go back to Mlle. Tostee and the excellent Aujac; but, alas, the traditions have not been preserved. Even in Paris revivals of operettas by Offenbach have been dreary affairs, and nothing was more lamentable than "La Perichole" in English, with Lillian Russell as the heroine.—Ed.

April 15 1916

21ST CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE.

The 21st concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Humperdinck, Overture to "The Forced Marriage"; Dvorak, Concerto in A minor for violin; Haydn, Symphony in D major (B. & No. 2).

Dvorak's concerto is not apparently a favorite with violinists. Franz Ondricek, we believe, was the first to play it. Published in 1883, it was played by Mr. Bendix in Chicago eight years later; Maud Powell played it in New York in 1893, the year that Mr. Listemann gave it with piano accompaniment in Boston. It has been performed at Symphony concerts in this city by Mr. Adamowski (1900) and by Mr. Elman (1910). On the whole, it is perhaps not an ingratiating work. When the composer is himself, characteristically naive, delighting in color and sharply defined rhythms, he is heard with pleasure. But there are pages when he is revealed saying to himself, "Now I must be scholarly. I must show them that I am something more than a simple child of nature." This ambition is [illegible] carefully in the first movement, where there is a mass of detail laboriously ingenious. Yet even here there are some charming effects of orchestral color. The Romanza is more easily appreciated by an audience, on account of its frankly exposed sentiment. In the final movement, the Rondo, Dvorak is safely on Bohemian soil. There is rhythmic piquancy, out-of-door melody. The wonder is, however, that he did not go on for another 15 minutes as one intoxicated by his own verbosity.

What would have happened to Dvorak, if he had not been praised by Hanslick, who urged him to study Brahms; made much of in England as a glory of provincial music festivals? Left to himself, he had a barbarian's pleasure in gorgeous color and rhythmic repetitions. More than this, there was a genuine emotional appeal, as in his gypsy songs. The sophisticated Dvorak was an inferior being, uncomfortable, inwardly fretting at academic restraint, writing in an alien tongue.

Mr. Noack played the concerto in a more spirited manner and with more emotional feeling than has been his wont with other concertos, in which he has distinguished himself chiefly by accuracy, a certain smoothness approaching elegance, and fine musical taste. Yesterday his performance was spirited, at times brilliant, and expressive throughout. It was an interesting performance that deserved the hearty applause that followed. It is needless to say that Dr. Muck and the orchestra gave him a most sympathetic accompaniment.

Humperdinck's overture was played here late in 1907. It is the overture to an opera based on "Les Demoiselles de Saint-Cyr," by the elder Dumas, ~~who fought [illegible] with [illegible] about it.~~ The overture was composed for a performance in Munich. At the production in Berlin there was only a short introduction. Humperdinck wrote one opera that has given many pleasure, "Haensel and Gretel," a work that reminds one of Goldsmith's remark to Dr. Johnson, that in a certain event he would make little fishes talk like whales. In the overture to "The Forced Marriage" there is solid workmanship, contrapuntal ingenuity, everything that should excite the respect of his professorial colleagues; but there is not the light touch appropriate to high comedy, and melodic invention is not conspicuous. There is one dramatic stroke, that is in the nature of a brilliant surprise—at the very end.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week is in commemoration of the 300th anniversary of the death of Shakespeare: Smetana, "Richard III.," symphonic poem; Berlioz, "Queen Mab," "Garden Scene," and "The Ball at Capulet's," from "Romeo and Juliet"; Tschaikowsky, "Hamlet," overture-fantasia; Mendelssohn, overture, nocturne, and scherzo from music to "Midsummer Night's Dream"; Dvorak, overture "Othello."

"CARMEN" BRILLIANTLY GIVEN AT OPERA HOUSE

This Afternoon There Will Be a Double Bill, Beginning at 2 O'Clock.

There was a brilliant performance of "Carmen" last night by the Metropolitan Opera Company at the Boston Opera House, which was completely filled from top to bottom with an enthusiastic audience. The chief singers were Mmes. Farrar, Mason, Garrison, Braslau and Messrs. Martinelli, De Luca, Leonhardt, Bada, Rothier and Laurenti. Mr. Polacco conducted.

April 16 1916

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

We read about the four-masted schooner Fred W. Thurlow which left Boston March 25 "filled with New England rum for the Gold Coast of Africa." Ah, how this brings back the good old times when pious New Englanders made fortunes by sending out rum and bringing back black ivory!

Then and Now.

As the World Wags:

Count me a sympathizer with your lively contributors who berate and convict the launderers. They do tear, rot, bleach, burn and dismantle our cotton and linen, of course not deliberately, but persistently and needlessly, and I fancy they deserve public lambasting. When in the early Seventies I boarded, four in a room, at Squire Studley's on Harrison avenue, we boys on the way to work carried our soiled raiment under our arms to the old Adams House laundry (in the rear) and left it, calling for it Thursday or Saturday. Shiny collars and bosoms were then de rigeur; indeed, many of us, unabashed, wore paper collars and cuffs. The laundry girls kindly sewed on buttons and sometimes stitched up rents. Ten cents paid for washing a stiff bosomed shirt. The wretched "negligee" was as yet unheard of. Now I pay as high as 15 cents for a shirt and a correspondingly high rate on the other raiment without which one is subject to criticism and possibly arrest. Per contra, we paid $3 each for shirts made to order, while today $1 buys a well-fitting ready-made article. As on shoes, prices have dropped tremendously on suits and hats. Let's aim to be just and cover the subject fairly. I earn more in one day now than I then earned in a week, but, like many, still amateur financiers, I save less in a year than then! That's one of the thousand and one oddities of our complex civilization in town and country. Who now darns our socks? No one; they go undarned. But as there is never a sigh that is not to be matched by a smile, we grin and bear it. We enjoy life in this, truly the golden, age—using the phrase in its sweet and not its sordid sense; and while, as the late Josh Billings said, every one wants to go to heaven, none of us (Bostonians) are in much of a hurry to start.

WILLIAM B. WRIGHT.

Brookline, April 13.

A Collector.

As the World Wags:

Your questions about the Latin edition of "Robinson Crusoe" interested the members of the Lambs Too Club, so I took the book to the club the other evening, where it received much attention from some of the more erudite members. My copy of the first Latin edition published in America came from the library of C. C. Moreau, a collector who for more than half a century brought together rare prints and books. His library was sold in New York a year ago and his Latin copy of "Robinson Crusoe" was extra-illustrated with steel engravings from an English edition. The title page reads:

Robinson Crusoeus.
Latine Scripsit F. J. Goffaux,
Humaniorum litterarum Professor in Lycaeo imperiali.
Pueris dant crustula blandi
Doctores, elementa velint ut discere prima.
Hor. Sat. 1.
Editio Prima Americana.
Philadelphia;
Ex typographia J. Maxwell.
1820.

There is a title page in English inserted but unfortunately it is not dated. It is from an edition of De Foe's work published in Philadelphia by R. Desilver of Walnut street and T. Desilver of Decatur street. This title page does not give De Foe's name.

According to the "Lectori," Goffaux followed in his translation the German version of Henricus Campe as it was not so diffuse as the English narrative. You are right in believing that the book begins "Erat Hamburgi, in urbe apud Germanos celeberrima, vir quidam, cui nomen Robinson," and that it was made for a text book, as the translator says that he has used simple language.

My copy of "Robinson Crusoe" in German was published in Leipzig in 1873. The translator was Dr. C. L. Lauckhard and the translation follows closely the English. It is the "Vierte verbesserte Auflage."

Although for 20 years I have been collecting data about plays founded on "Robinson Crusoe" I began to collect editions of the book itself only a few months ago and so far have succeeded in getting. 40 or 50 different copies. There were several editions published in New Hampshire 70 or 80 years ago, but only the second volumes of these imprints have been offered me. Evidently the first volume of these sets was worn out by children who took little interest in Robinson's later adventures.

ERNEST SEEKER.

Boston.

'LA SONNAMBULA'

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Evening performance by the Metropolitan Opera Company. Bellini's "La Sonnambula." Mr. Polacco conducted.

Count Rodolfo	Adamo Didur
Teresa	Flora Perini
Amina	Maria Barrientos
Elvino	Giacomo Damacco
Lisa	Lenora Sparkes
Alessio	Giulio Rossi
A Notary	Pietro Audisio

Bellini's idyl is lost in a large opera house. The music demands most accomplished singers with fine voices. The part of Amina was never intended for a light coloratura voice. When the opera was produced at Milan in 1831, Mme. Pasta was the heroine; the great Rubini was the tenor; and the Count was played by the admirable Mariani. Bellini wrote for Pasta, whose voice of uncommon range allowed her to sing music for a contralto. It was at first a harsh and rebellious voice but study made it a superb organ. Stendhal wrote that made her great success was not due to compass, surprising flexibility, or to any extraordinary quality; but her singing came from the heart. As an actress she swayed audiences and excited the admiration of Talma.

No wonder that, sung by her and other women of the grand style, Bellini's melodies, beautiful in their tenderness and plaintiveness, melodies that were loved by Chopin and Wagner, made their irresistible appeal to thousands.

The performance last night was conspicuous by reason of the chorus, the accurate, florid singing of the accomplished musician, Mme. Barrientos, and one of the finest waterfalls that we have seen on the stage. The music of Elvino should not have been intrusted to Mr. Damacco. His voice is not agreeable and he has little skill. Instead of dwelling upon his performance, let us quote from an old libretto the description of the costume worn by Elvino in the thirties: "Claret-colored Swiss jacket trimmed with blue braid, straps across the breast, light blue breeches trimmed with claret-colored braid, striped stockings, shoes, blue epaulets." Mr. Didur acted the part of the Count in an irreproachable costume and with dignity. In the bedroom scene—a spacious bedroom, by the way, for a village inn—he behaved in a most gentlemanly manner. The music might have been sung with more elegance. The singing of the chorus was remarkably good, and Mr. Polacco made the most of the simple orchestration which is well suited to the voice parts.

"La Sonnambula" was performed in Boston for the first time by an English company headed by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Wood at the Tremont Theatre Dec. 28, 1835. The opera had been adapted for the English stage by Bishop. Wood took the part of Elvino; his wife that of Amina; Brough, an Irish singer, was the Count; Mme. Otto, Liza. Other singers were Mrs. Smith and Miss Fisher. The opera was enormously popular from the first night. The Transcript, reviewing the first performance, said: "The dress circle, which is proverbially cold, was warmed into more applause than could possibly have been anticipated, and we have not known the paterre so pleased since the first production of 'Cinderella.' Mrs. Wood was in her element and kept the audience in constant excitement between delight and wonder." Col. Clapp wrote that Wood's "presentment of 'Still so Gently' has seldom been surpassed even by Italian singers of the highest grade."

Nor was this enthusiasm merely local. Richard Grant White in his "Opera in New York," speaks of the success of "La Sonnambula" and the Woods. The opera was "the delight of all music-loving people, cultivated and uncultivated, from North to South, from East to—but then there was no West. Nothing but 'Still so gently o'er me stealing,' or 'Hear me swear now' was heard from the throats of singers, the fingers of pianoforte thrummers, and even the lips of whistlers; for never before was there such a pathetic puckering." Mrs. Wood was Miss Paton, who created the part of Rezia in Weber's "Oberon." A "fine woman but not handsome," according to White, she had so large a mouth that when she opened it, "it became cavernous with stalactic teeth, but her eyes were bright and her face when she was acting pleased the audience."

Think of the noble dames of song that have been seen as Amina in Boston: Louise Pyne, Colson, Carlotta Patti, Caroline Richings, Annie Milner, Clara Louise Kellogg, Rose Hersee, Albani, Gerster, Sembrich, Nevada, Peri, Alma Fohstrom—the list is by no means complete. If we are not mistaken, Minnie Hauk made her first appearance in Boston as Amina, Nov. 14, 1866. She was then billed as "The young American novice, Amalia M. Hauch."

The last performances of "La Sonnambula" we find noted were those in English at the Castle Square Theatre in October, 1907. On the 14th the chief singers were Mmes. Alice Kraft Benson, Lois Hall, Louise Le Baron and Messrs. Tallman and Murray.

After the opera last evening there were ballet divertissements. The graceful dancing of the excellent Miss Galli gave great pleasure, and her academic proficiency was duly admired. Mr. Bonfiglio and the corps de ballet also met with approval. Mr. Scuri conducted.

"Madame Sans-Gene," an opera in four acts, text based by Renato Simoni on the play of the same name by Sardou and Moreau, music by Umberto Giordano, will be performed for the first time in Boston next Monday night. The first performance on any stage was at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, on Jan. 25, 1915. Giordano was then known in that city by his operas, "Andrea Chenier," "Fedora" and "Siberia." He was born at Foggia in 1867 and studied at the Naples Conservatory. Other operas by him are "Mala Vita," "Regina Diaz" and "Marcella."

It is hardly necessary to tell the story of the opera, for it follows in the main the familiar play. The composer introduces certain songs of the revolution, the "Carmagnole," "Ca ira," the "Marseillaise," also a dance tune, "La Fricassee."

But it is interesting to know how Sardou came to collaborate with Emile Moreau. The real Madame Sans-Gene was an orphan, Therese Figueuer, who at the age of 18 in 1793 donned trousers and enlisted in the army. She followed Napoleon, was wounded more than once, and died peacefully in an asylum in 1861. Moreau made a play with her as heroine, and read it to Sardou. The

[illegible] irrupted [illegible]. What a [illegible] would make if, instead of this obscure vandiere, you took Catherine Hubscher who was a regimental laundress, and became the wife of Sergeant Lefebvre, he won the baton of a marshal of France and made her a Duchess." Moreau, pleased, said: "Let us write it together and I will throw this away."

The play was intended for the Grand Theatre in Paris. The house failed and the play with Mme. Rejane, for whom the part of the heroine had been written, was brought out at the Vaudeville, Paris, on Oct. 27, 1893. It was revived in 1900. On Oct. 31 of that year it was played for the 600th time in Paris.

In the early nineties great interest was taken by the French in everything pertaining to the First Empire. Perhaps the success of Marbot's "Memoirs" incited Sardou, always quick to catch the prevailing fashion. A [illegible] "Madame la Marechale," by Alphonse Lemonnier, with Catherine Hubscher, a washerwoman, who followed the fortunes of her husband, and thus became the Marechale Ravinel, was produced at the Ambigu-Comique, Paris, on July 8, 1891, with great success. It was transferred that year to the Theatre des Menus Plaisirs. In 1892 it was performed at the Chateau d'Eau.

An English version of "Madame Sans-Gene" was produced at the Broadway Theatre, New York, Jan. 14, 1895, with Kathryn Kidder, Augustus Cook, Harold Russell, Wallace Shaw and James [illegible] Hackett in the chief parts. Mme. Rejane appeared in the play with a French company at Abbey's Theatre, New York, the next month. In 1898 there was a German version at the Irving Place Theatre, New York, with Anna Braga as the heroine and Emil Marx as Napoleon. Ada Rehan played the part at Daly's Theatre, New York, on Jan. 3, 1899; the leading male parts were taken by George Clark, Charles Richman, Sydney Herbert and White Whittlesey, but her performance was not successful.

An adaptation by J. Comyns Carr was produced at the Lyceum Theatre, London, on April 10, 1897, with Henry Irving as Napoleon and Ellen Terry as Mme. Sans-Gene. Miss Terry has little to say about the performance in the story of her life. "On the first night I acted outrageously and fairly well. Every one seemed to be delighted. The old Duke of Cambridge patted, or rather thumped, me on the shoulder, and said kindly 'Ah, my dear, you can act!' Henry quite effaced me in his wonderful sketch of Napoleon. 'It seems to me some nights,' I wrote in my diary at the time, 'as if I were watching Napoleon trying to imitate H. I., and I find myself immensely interested and amused in the watchings.'" Miss Terry and Irving were seen in the play at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, Oct. [illegible], 1901, when Laurence Irving took the part of Fouche and J. H. Barnes that of Lefebvre.

A light opera, "The Duchess of Danzig," book adapted from the play, by Henry Hamilton, music by Ivan Caryll, was produced at the Lyric Theatre, London, on Oct. 17, 1903. It has been seen in Boston.

Kathryn Kidder was seen as Mme. Sans-Gene at the Boston Theatre Feb. 17, 1896.

Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera" will be performed at the Boston Opera House on Tuesday night. The performance of this opera will be the first by the Metropolitan Opera Company in Boston. The visiting company announced one for April 4, 1903, at the Boston Theatre, but "Carmen" was substituted. The last performance in this city was by the Boston Theatre Opera Company, Oct. [illegible], 1914, when the chief singers were Mmes. Lynbrook, Fox and Ardini and Messrs. Opezzo, Blanchart, di Biasi and Florian.

The story is founded on the assassination of Gustave III., King of Sweden, by Ankarstroem. The indefatigable Scribe based a libretto on this fact. Gustave was killed as the result of a political conspiracy, but Scribe attributed the cause to an outraged husband. Auber's "Gustave III." with its famous galop, was produced at the Paris Opera in 1833. The scene was in and near Stockholm.

Verdi wrote his "Ballo in Maschera" for Naples in 1857. It was his 23d work for the stage. The libretto was adapted from Scribe's by Antonio Somma, a Venetian lawyer. These titles were in turn adopted: "Gustave III.," "La Vendetta in Domino," finally the present one.

The opera was in rehearsal at Naples when the news came of Orsini's attempt to kill Napoleon III. The license to produce Verdi's opera was at once withdrawn, on the ground that the assassination on the stage of Sweden's King might set a bad example. Verdi, known throughout Italy as a republican, was asked to put his music to another libretto. He could not be persuaded by bribes or threats. Naples espoused his cause. The Count of Syracuse begged Verdi to allow him to introduce him to his brother, Ferdinand II. Verdi declined the honor. The manager of the Apollo Theatre at Rome asked leave to produce the opera. Verdi made the condition that Franschini should sing; he also made a concession; the scene should be transferred from Stockholm to Boston, Mass., and a Count Warwick, "Governor of Boston," should be the victim of the husband's vengeance. The opera was produced at Rome, Feb. 17, 1859, with great success. The chief singers were Mmes. Dejean, Scotti and Sbriscia and Messrs. Fraschini and Giraldoni. The women were inadequate. When Verdi reproached the manager, he answered that it was his intention to provide better and better singers, so that the success each time would be even greater.

When the opera was produced in Paris at the Theatre Italien in 1861, the scene was Naples, for Mario, the tenor, was unwilling to wear the sober costume of a Puritan.

The first performance in the United States was at the Academy of Music, New York, Feb. 11, 1861, with these singers: Mmes. Colson, Phillipps, Hinckley and Messrs. Brignoli, Ferri, Colletti and Dubreul. The opera then had "a greater success than any opera since 'Il Trovatore.' In the height of its popularity it was withdrawn in order to permit Miss Kellogg to make her debut in 'Rigoletto.'"

Miss Kellogg in her memoirs says that after the dramas of Bull Run, Big Bethel and Harper's Ferry, the opera season was paralyzed. "Maretzek, 'the Magnificent,' so obstinate that he simply did not know how to give up a project merely because it was impossible, packed a few of us off to Philadelphia to produce the 'Ballo in Maschera.' We hoped against hope that it would be light enough to divert the public at even that tragic moment. But the public refused to be diverted. Why I ever sang in it I cannot imagine. I weighed barely 104 pounds and was about as well suited to the part of Amelia as a sparrow would have been. I never liked the role: it is heavy and uncongenial and altogether out of my line. I should never have been permitted to do it, and I have always suspected that there might have been something of a plot against me on the part of the Italians. But all this made no difference, for we abandoned the idea of taking the opera out on a short tour. We could plainly see that opera was doomed for the time being in America." This being interpreted means that Miss Kellogg did not make a hit as Amelia.

The first performance of "Un Ballo in Maschera" in Boston was at the Boston Theatre, on March 15, 1861. The theatre was packed from top to bottom. The chief singers were Mmes. Colson, Phillipps, Hinckley and Messrs. Brignoli Ferri, Barili, Dubreul. On Feb. 23, 1863, the opera was performed here by Mmes. Kellogg, Morensi, Cordier and Messrs. Brignoli and Amodio. There was a performance at the Globe Theatre June 1, 1871, with Mmes. States, Ilmela, Ridgeway and Messrs. Villani, Buongiorni, Bacelli and Locatelli.

Performances in English have been as follows: Boston Theatre in March, 1889—Mmes. Natalie, Poole, Varini and Messrs. Bassett, Stoddard, Knight and Langlois. Castle Square Theatre in December, 1907—Mmes. Noldi, Ladd and Hall and Messrs. Tallman, Alberti, Guthrie, Boyle and Pringle.

As there are two versions of the opera, the assassin is either Renato or Rheinhardt, a Creole. The page is named indifferently Oscar or Edgar, the Governor's wife, Amelia or Adelia.

A correspondent writes as follows about William H. Crane, who will come to the Majestic Theatre in "The New Henrietta" a week from tomorrow. This will be Mr. Crane's last appearance here in the play.

Mr. Crane was born in Leicester, Mass., April 30, 1845. Soon after his birth his family moved to Boston, where at the old Brimmer school, which overlooked the stage entrance to the Hollis Street Theatre, he was sent to be educated.

He was better at mimicking his fellows and his teacher than at his lessons, because he would mimick and he wouldn't study. One vacation his father got him a job in a music publishing house. Nothing seemed to go right in the store after Crane entered it. All of the employes appeared to have a great deal to do in the basement. The proprietor found that young Crane was the magnet. As often as he could steal away from his work the youth would give imitations of the actors he had seen, and would sing the songs which were popular at the time. He lost his job.

"You're a good singer," one of his companions told him one day. "Come and see my mother. We are actors, and maybe you can go with us."

The boy's mother was Mrs. Harriet Holman, a celebrated actress in her time. She had formed a little company of her own and used to tour the country with a repertoire of plays, farces, pantomimes and operettas. In the company were three of her own children. Perugini was also a member, as were William Davidge, Jr., Charles Drew and others who later became prominent.

After Mrs. Holman had heard Crane sing, she sent for his father. The result was that he was apprenticed to her. He was to give his services in return for his training and board. Speaking of this bargain, Mr. Crane said recently:

"Mrs. Holman always said she got the worst of it. I had a wonderful appetite at the time Mrs. Holman insisted my provender kept her poor."

After his apprenticeship, Mr. Crane remained with the Holmans for five years, succeeding to the comedy roles in the operas they gave in those days. His first character was that of the notary in "The Child of the Regiment." This was at Mechanics Hall, Utica, N. Y., July 13, 1863. In those days a bill for an evening would, as a rule, include a little farce, a comedy, a pantomime and a one act operetta. In addition to appearing in all of these, Mr. Crane would sing and dance between acts.

Leaving the Holmans, Mr. Crane became the low comedian of the Alice Oates Company. Mr. Crane believes that Mrs. Oates was the first to start the musical comedy idea. She would insert in some of the comedies, airs from the operas, and her success was pronounced.

Between seasons with this company, Crane returned to Boston, and Edward E. Rice engaged him to play the part of Le Blanc in "Evangeline."

Mr. Crane next "joined out" with Hooley's stock company in Chicago. He had something of a reputation as a comic opera comedian by this time, but he saw no future in that branch of the stage, so he decided to be a "straight" comedian at considerable loss of salary. Louise Hawthorne, Nate Salisbury, James O'Neill, Nellie McHenry, John Webster were with the Hooleys, Mr. Crane had to start at the bottom. He soon became stage manager and worked his way forward rapidly.

His next engagement was in a play called "Our Boarding House." "An actor named Stuart Robson was engaged for the same part," Mr. Crane said in telling of this, "and there was a misunderstanding. I found that Robson had the prior claim and I gave way to him. The role of M. T. Elevator in the same farce was then tendered to me. We played a season, and this was the beginning of the team of Robson and Crane."

At the end of the season the two men decided to star together. They secured "Forbidden Fruit." Then came "Sharps and Flats," "Our Bachelors" and "The Comedy of Errors." The latter was such a success that the two actors decided to stage a number of classics on a larger scale. They presented the "Merry Wives of Windsor," and following that play brought out their greatest success, Bronson Howard's "The Henrietta."

The actors separated in 1889, and Mr. Crane thereafter devoted himself to the production of American plays. Among these have been "Newport," "The Senator," "On Probation," "For Money," "The American Minister," "Brother Jim," "The Pacific Mail," "His Wife's Father," "A Fool of Fortune," "A Virginia Courtship," "Worth a Million," "The Head of the Family," "Peter Stuyvesant," "A Rich Man's Son," "David Harum," "The Spenders," "Business Is Business," "The American Lord," "The Price of Money," "Father and the Boys," "The Senator Keeps House," and others.

To the Editor of the Herald:

Your editorial under the caption, "Opera in Boston,' in today's issue is very much to the point. You say: "It is not possible that a local company will be organized with the plan of the first year of the late company prudently carried out without extravagance in low or high places?"

It is quite possible, but mighty improbable—for the simple reason that those who might make it possible are, apparently, still obsessed with the idea that opera is a luxury to be appreciated and enjoyed only by the rich, and that it cannot be carried out without extravagance in both low and high places. It is perfectly well recognized that opera, as at present conducted in this country, cannot be otherwise than a losing proposition in the long run. Wealthy men of public spirit or parvenus with social ambitions may subsidize it for a time, but there is a limit to the losses they are willing to stand. If New York does, perchance, get by for a season without heavy losses to some one the fact is due, primarily, not to the limited number of season box holders, but to the less well-to-do who love opera for its own sake, and especially to the ever-present horde of tourists who go to the metropolis for the express purpose of spending money, and who patronize the opera not in spite of, but rather because of, the expense, so that they can impress "the folks back home" on their return.

If New York wants opera on the present scale and some one is willing to foot the bills, no one begrudes it. But no other American city, least of all Boston, can or will support it. That is evident. Support must come, if it come at all, largely from the permanent population of the city and its suburbs, among whom are thousands of music lovers who would patronize good opera even without the Carusos, the Scottis, the Gardens, the Farrars and the rest of the thousand-dollars-or-more-a-performance stars, for a season of six months or longer. A competent, well organized company, with an adequate orchestra and chorus, even if the leading roles were taken by hundred-dollar-or-less-a-performance singers, would be acceptable to these people, provided they could enjoy it at prices ranging from fifty cents to two dollars a seat instead of from two to five dollars.

Mr. Jordan and his associates were entitled to much credit for their laudable attempt to give Boston first-class opera, but they would have been entitled to much more if they had not attempted to do the thing on quite so grand a scale—if they had taken into account these thousands above mentioned, who would be satisfied with something a little less sumptuous. Let New York keep the big guns, giving us a week or two at the end of the season, as at present, for those who will have nothing but the best and are willing to pay for it, but let the People (with a capital P) have the best which can be furnished at the price they are able and willing to pay. If not much money were made, at least less would be lost in the experiment.

To quote further from your editorial: "That there is a widespread and genuine desire for operatic performances is shown by the eagerness with which men and women of moderate circumstances secured the cheaper seats long in advance." There you are. Most of us are in that class. Is it not possible that it may dawn upon the powers that be in music and opera that we are a much more dependable audience in the long run than the more fortunate class to whom price is no object?

Just a word, on the same line, of the drama. This has been called a fairly prosperous theatrical season. Every attraction worth seeing has been on the two-dollar-a-seat scale. But no one who has been much to the play can have failed to note that the two-dollar seats have not been filled, and to those in the know the hiatus of from two to eight rows of empty stalls across the middle of the orchestra floor tells plainer than words that the audience in the rear thereof, to the limit of the two-dollar section, is all "paper." Only "Chin-Chin" and a few others of its ilk (more's the pity!) can fill the house many nights at that scale of prices, while even Mr. Sothern, Miss Anglin and others who are worth the money have played to far from capacity houses. What shall we say, then, of the minor stars, to see whom from a decent seat we are asked to give up two per?

Perhaps we are a cheap town, though the same holds good elsewhere outside of New York, and even there is many cases. But on the other hand, perhaps we are wise in refusing to pay too much for our whistle. If the "legit." is to meet the serious competition of the movies, it must come down a bit from its high horse, stars must be satisfied with fair salaries, and the people who, caring little for the movies, have practically given up theatre-going on the ground of expense must be won back.

Two-dollar opera and one-dollar drama is the answer—except, of course, for the very best, which is worth all it will bring.

W. F. M.

Boston, April 12.

Is the Cinema a World of Inanity?

A correspondent of the London Times has much to say about the cinematograph show, its nature and influence, also about the people that have the mania for attending these entertainments.

It is a pity that so many people should feel that the entertainment offered by a picture palace is beneath them. It is not that they are mistaken; a great many, and perhaps most, of these entertainments are beneath and unworthy of the attention of any sane or intelligent person. One reason must be that sane and intelligent people do not patronize them enough to make their influence felt in the entertainment offered. There is no dislodging the picture palace; it has become one of the institutions of modern life. Its strong appeal lies in the fact that it is cheap, that it is available not at any fixed hour, but continually, that it is dark and restful, and that it affords entertainment on the easiest terms ever devised by man. You have not even to think—only to look. In addition, it provides or is supposed to provide variety; nothing lasts long; and if you do not like one thing you wait in hope for the next.

But really the variety is more apparent than real. If you go to a cinematograph show you soon perceive that you have strayed into an entirely different world from that to which you are accustomed. This world of the cinema seems to me to be getting further and further away from the world of real life, and the conceptions of life and the world which those who are being educated by it must entertain are necessarily false. This is important; because there is no unfairness equal to that of teaching a child that various facts and conditions in the world are so when they are not so. Not only are the so-called "dramas of human life" a travesty of human nature, but the mere aspect of things, men walking, horses trotting, motor cars gliding, are commonly so falsified as to make people almost more familiar with the untruthful aspect of things than with the truth. This is a fault quite apart from the influence of the cinema in being a kind of substitute for life, in the sense that it so familiarizes people with wonders that they need not take any trouble to discover them. Instead of taking the trouble to study things for himself, and instead of saving up his time and money for journeys to see things beyond his own immediate circle, the cinema man needs only to sit in a plush armchair and smoke a cigarette, and all these things will be added unto him. Besides the wonders of this grand second-hand entertainment, his own poor first-hand researches will soon seem not worth making.

It is indeed a strange world, inhabited chiefly by Americans, stern-faced men, and women with surely more than the usual number of teeth. I seem constant-

[illegible] Downing [illegible] it [illegible] are opening in offices and [illegible] them into a ball in their [illegible], and I am not surprised when I [illegible] letter which is [illegible] thrown upon the screen [illegible] constantly seeing corners of rooms [illegible] with the peculiar kind of [illegible] carved furniture which is the only furniture in the cinema world, where people play out the drama of their lives round the corner of a table [illegible] conveniently close to the door. Here the American butler ushers in with [illegible] smile the guest who arrives with his luggage in a small handbag, which he takes with him into the drawing room. Here both his hands are [illegible] grasped by the hostess: here, hard by the upright piano, he falls a victim to the charms of the daughter of the house, here he is discovered kissing her by a venerable but passionate [illegible]. And then the flood of movement is released. Automobiles start and within the space of a few moments are traveling at about 500 miles an hour. Men and women approach, loom up enormous, and are apparently cut off in the prime of life. Trains come up like nightmares and literally pour past your astounded vision, and sitting in your seat you become breathless at the alacrity of movement displayed on the screen. Or perhaps the drama is of the 'powerful' or thoughtful type, when the intensity of thought is sought to be expressed in the acreage of face displayed: big thoughts, a great deal of face; little thoughts, only a small piece of face. Perplexity is expressed by a very large portion of human face; and malice by the regard of eyes so huge that the eyelashes seem to be made of wire and the eyelids of carved stone. Or you have that wonderful revelation of the simpler facts of existence. A man is seen approaching a door from the outside and putting his hand upon the handle; there is a break in the film and he is seen upon the other side, again with his hand on the handle in the act of closing the door. With such beautiful clarity is it revealed and indeed demonstrated to you that there are two sides to a door, and that in entering a room you pass from one side to the other.

All this nonsense may be fairly harmless: I am not by any means sure of that. These entertainments are all standardized to suit the conventional kind of morality which is the only kind considered by their censors, but there are more kinds of immorality than that which incites people to steal or murder or otherwise misbehave themselves. There may, for example, be such a degree of stupidity as to amount to immorality. And there are to be discovered by any explorer in the world of cinema such whole continents of inanity, such vaults of vacuity, such bottomless quagmires of stupidity and nonsense as are hardly discoverable in any other region of human enterprise. The cinema has proved that it can do beautiful things, wonderful things, useful things; but unless it does them in rather larger measure it would be as well that the highly explosive substances of which these thousands of miles of celluloid film are made should be employed not against ourselves, but our enemies.

"The Canterbury Pilgr[ims"] the Metropolita[n]

P.H.

Mr. Reginald de Koven is in town conferring with Mr. Gatti-Casazza about the production of "The Canterbury Pilgrims" at the Metropolitan Opera House next season. Mr. De Koven for nearly 20 months has been at work in Europe on this grand opera. He completed it at Vevey.

The libretto is by Mr. Percy Mackaye. Mr. De Koven informed a representative of the Herald last week that the book originally contined 17,000 words. For the limit of three hours in the opera house, a libretto should not have more than 5[illegible] words. Mr. Mackaye with "a charming acquiescence" cut the book down to 7,000, later to the required number. Mr. De Koven became acquainted with the libretto in the following manner. His wife was on a committee to choose a play for performance on the East side, New York. Mr. Mackaye's play was among the number handed in, and she, reading it, saw the possibility of an opera.

Mr. De Koven is enthusiastic over Mr. Mackaye's work. Chaucer figures in it as do some of the characters in the famous pilgrimage. Thus the Wife of Bath is the principal figure, searching her sixth husband. But, to quote Mr. De Koven's own words, "the story that gives to the work the rareness of its charm, a subtle delicacy of poetic touch, is the romance of Chaucer and the Prioress. The latter is a half-religious, half-secular figure, of the world and of the church, for it was customary in those days for great ladies to [illegible] the life of [illegible] without [illegible] extreme vows. How was the [illegible] of such a character to be [illegible] without offending the [illegible] of anybody? It could be done only through the most delicate suggestion. My thought was that there must be no sense of the physical in it, and yet that there must be a tremendous love interest. And what I have created, I believe, is the expression of a love of the highest type, an ethereal romance, as it were, that soars 'way up above the clouds, that has no place with the common things of earth. It is spirituality personified, and I have tried, and I believe I have succeeded, to make it stand out against the rest like a gold-tinted cloud at sunset."

As is well known, Mr. De Koven is a zealous advocate of English opera. President for a long time of the Society for the Propagation of Opera in English, he believes first of all in original operas in English, then in English as the language for foreign operas in American opera houses. At the same time he realizes that all English is not suited to opera. "Much of it could sound nothing else than ridiculous when set to music." The libretto of "Mona," for example—an opera with music by Prof. Parker produced at the Metropolitan—is wholly unsuited to operatic purposes, whatever may be thought of it as literature. Mr. De Koven cannot say too much about Mr. Mackaye's work. The book was to him an inspiration. "For poetry of thought, clarity of expression, unity of idea and rapidity of action, this dramatic poem of his is better than anything that has been done in the last 25 years. I make this statement unreservedly. His work is distinctive, forceful, magnificent—and how it does lend itself to musical expression!" Becoming colloquial, he added: "Oh, I tell you, it is a big thing!"

And how about the music of Mr. De Koven? "I had several problems. The libretto is practically a lyric comedy, rich in humor with the delicate love story to which I have already referred. The first problem was to preserve the humor and yet to maintain the dignity. The danger was that the treatment might be too light. And then, how should I bring out the subtle points of shading? I started with this idea: first of all to be melodious. Your Strausses and Debussys do not write melody because they cannot. It isn't worthy, this Strauss stuff, of even a tiny shelf in the musical world. In a generation or two, you mark my words, Strauss and Debussy will have been forgotten. They cannot endure, because they give you nothing that will live. Melody only is what endures. The melody of 'The Canterbury Pilgrims,' I believe, is melody that will live.

"I have not tried to be archaic. I have not attempted to be contemperaneous with the period of the action. There are some old English dances, there is a drinking chorus—but my treatment throughout is modern. I think I have done something new in the use of recurrent themes. The leitmotif as used by Wagner is inconsequential when employed by lesser men. Wagner wrote a sword motif, and in every appearance of that motif you cannot help seeing the sword. What was I to do, in order to obtain continuity and suggestion? Recurring melody was the answer. Not that the treatment of the melody must be the same to suggest what has gone before. The treatment is varied each time, but the melody instantly calls to mind the salient points of the characters as they move from act to act, or it suggests the relation of one part of the opera to another.

"There was another essential point: to make the metrical caesuras synonymous with the musical caesuras. The book is wholly in dactyllic hexameter. At first I said it would be impossible to get beyond the slavery imposed by inexorable rhythm; but I found that the hexameters could be broken up into twos, threes, fours or even sixes. The result is a delightful smoothness, an entrancing evenness."

There are about 30 speaking parts in the opera, 11 of which are principal and six primary. A male chorus is formed of 16 smaller parts. The opera calls for a large cast and great scenic effects.

GIVE DOUBLE BILL AT AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE — Metropolitan Opera Company in Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci," preceded by Humperdinck's "Haensel und Gretel." Mr. Bavagnoli and Mr. Hageman were the conductors.

H.W.

Nedda	Ida Cajatti
Canio	Enrico Caruso
Tonio	Pasquale Amato
Beppe	Angelo Bada
Silvio	Riccardo Tegani

An enthusiastic audience completely filled the Opera House. Many came to hear Humperdinck's charming fairy opera, others wished to listen to Mr. Caruso in one of his most conspicuous roles.

It is the fashion today to exalt the singing-actor. Modern audiences are exacting. In other times it was enough that an artist have extraordinary vocal gifts. He was not also expected to have the histrionic skill of an accomplished tragedian. There were, of course, exceptions, but as a rule acting in opera was a secondary matter. If the border line of conventionality was not crossed, if there was merely fluency to traditional business no one complained.

Mr. Caruso's singing has for many years thrilled thousands. His golden voice has stirred by its quality and by his free use of it. This voice has naturally paid its toll to the passing years, yet the announcement of his name is still sufficient to insure crowded houses. Yesterday afternoon he was vocally well disposed. No tenor of today voices the sorrows of the chief actor in Leoncavallo's grim little tragedy with a more irresistible fervor, a greater vocal opulence.

His impersonation of Canio has certain striking features. His exuberance in the first act makes it a sharp contrast with the tragedy to come. He is care free, boisterous, with the rollicking gaiety of the mountebank. He has a childlike faith in Nedda, a good natured contempt for Tonio. Hearing his wife and her lover laying their plans, this man becomes a tragic figure, until in the closing scene, though struggling to maintain the spirit of the comedy he is acting, Canio is an agonized human being, jogging fate's elbow, setting his house in order. Mr. Caruso's singing of the famous aria was moving. When in the miniature Theatre he wiped the clown's make-up from his face and became a man, when he made his final appeal to Nedda, when, the double murder accomplished, he runs frenzied from the scene, were among the many fine moments in the performance.

Mr. Amato sang the prologue with much sonority and without undue exaggeration. Others have given a more effective performance in the role. Mr. Baklanoff with his apple is not forgotten. Mr. Scotti's impersonation is more cynical. Mr. Amato's Tonio is a sentimentalist. He weeps on hearing Nedda and Silvio exchanging vows and grief is followed by thoughts of revenge.

Mme. Cajatti's voice is agreeable and she sings easily. She was a comely figure, competent in song and action. The work of the chorus was admirable and Mr. Bavagnoli conducted with spirit.

Mmes. Mattfeld and Mason were the boy and girl in the preceding opera. Both were vocally pleasing, but their more sedate performance in no way effaced pleasant memories of Mme. Swartz and Miss Fisher, truly childlike in voice and joyous demeanor. Mme. Homer was an amiable witch who chuckled at the bare idea of the feast to come. Mr. Goritz was amusing and Miss Robeson an excellent Gertrude. The opera was attractively staged. Mr. Hageman conducted with full regard for the beauties of the score.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

MONDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Piano recital by Miss Claire Forbes. Brahms, Rhapsody op. 79, No. 1; Beethoven, Sonata, op. 78; Schumann, Aufschwung; Chopin, Impromptu, No. 2, op. 36; Preludes, op. 28, Nos. 23, 24; Ballade, F minor, op. 52; Debussy, Reflets dans l'eau; G. Faure, Impromptu, No. 2; Liszt, Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 10.

TUESDAY—Steinert Hall, 3:30 P. M. Concert by George C. Vieh, pianist, and George E. Raseley, tenor. Piano pieces: Beethoven, Sonata op. 28; Schubert-Liszt, Du bist die Ruh; Schumann, In der Nacht; Chopin, Nocturne C sharp minor, op. 27, No. 1; Etude op. 10, No. 12; Arensky, Caprices op. 43, Nos. 4 and 5; Griffes, Scherzo, E flat minor, op. 6, No. 3. Songs: Come Let's Be Merry, Early One Morning, The Bloom is on the Rye, The Plague of Love; Massenet, La Reve from "Manon"; Pierne, Ils etaient trois petits chats; Duparc, Extase; Brahms, In Waldeseinsamkeit, Botschaft; Vieh, By an Inland Lake, Sea Lyric, Love's Wayfaring, Song for Candlemas.

Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Fourth concert of the Apollo Club, Emil Mollenhauer conductor. Part songs: Mendelssohn, Invocation; Abt, On the Water (baritone solo by Edmund B. Snow); Gruenwald, Trust to Me, My Love; Leoncavallo, Gentle Friend Pierrot; Tate, Somewhere a Voice Is Calling; Cesek, Slumber Song; Cook, Swing Along! Mendelssohn, The World Went Forth; America. Mr. A. Torello, virtuoso on the contrabass viol, now of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, will play these solos: Vails, Fantasy Caprice; Koussewitsky, Chanson Triste; Torello, Variations. Frank H. Luker will play Rachmaninoff's Prelude in G minor, and George H. Boynton will sing "Ingemisco" from Verdi's "Requiem."

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. 22d concert (A) of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. 22d concert (B) of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.

April 18 1916

"B. L. T." quotes from the Yreka, Cal., Journal: "Fair pedagogues and stalwart men mingled in the dreamy cohesive waltz." This is excellent, but we have a fondness for a sentence from the complete works of Artemus Ward: "At the Howard House the man of sin rubbeth the hair of the horse to the bowels of the cat, and our girls are waving their lily-white hoofs in the dazzling waltz."

A Philadelphian.

As the World Wags:

Richard Harding Davis came of a literary family. His father, L. Clark Davis, long a conspicuous editor in Philadelphia, was a man of taste and ability in letters, and Rebecca Harding Davis, his wife, the mother of Richard, was the author of many short stories much liked for charm and subtlety by magazine readers of something less than 50 years ago. As to Richard Harding Davis, he never fully kept the promise of his first few vivid and freshly-written short stories. Success came too soon, and his best work in fiction was done before he reached 35. I have heard that he earned nearly $20,000 by his first novel, and it was not a very good novel, either; in fact, he never did a bit of long fiction that approached the quality of his short stories, and his brother, Charles Belmont Davis, who has written many clever short stories in a distinguished style not in the least like that of Richard Harding, has just shown in a novel that his gift, too, is probably not for long fiction. Richard Harding Davis could never quite get over being a Philadelphian. The disease is chronic and almost incurable, and in him it was sometimes also acute. I always thought that this Philadelphian quality, and the envy of some who saw him surpass them in the journalistic profession, accounted for his unpopularity as a young man. Newspaper row in New York used to teem with tales of his deficiency in tact. One of his enemies described his sanguine countenance as suggesting a bust carved out of raw beef. But Davis was brilliant, clean, vigorous in body and mind, and enormously industrious. His very latest things, even after the terrific strain of his adventures in Flanders, had the vivid charm of his youthful work.

SENEX.

Cambridge Amenities.

As the World Wags:

During my matutinal stroll today I encountered my venerable friend Mr. Andrew Isley. His face was purple with rage. He shook his cane under my nose.

"Sir," he shouted, "what do you mean by alleging over your signature in 'As the World Wags' that I am a frequenter of moving picture houses? Sir," said Mr. Isley, "I deny flatly that I have ever committed the vulgarity of gazing at a cinematographic reproduction!"

Truly, his demeanor terrified me. It was with very great difficulty that I convinced Mr. Isley that I had not written the slanderous letter.

The letter is obviously the work of that fellow, Amos Ribaldi. It is characterized by his habitual atrocity, the use of a pronoun without definite antecedent. "Subdued lighting for thrilling photo-plays is what you get in cinema palaces." What barbarisms! Is this English?

Mr. Isley and I met Mr. Ribaldi at a tea some months ago. "You have no idea," said he, "how you will miss your ant till she is gone." His use of the pronoun without antecedent, hanging in mid-air as it were, together with his allusion to his mother's sister as his "ant," so offended my ears that I was led to say, "I should never have believed such language could come from the lips of a citizen of Cambridge." Mr. Isley animadverted that one must expect anything in this period of debased culture. Since that day I have not recognized Mr. Ribaldi.

There should be some drastic law for dealing with those who sign the names of others. At the thought that my signature has been appended to a pronoun without definite antecedent my very soul is revolted.

REX HOWARD.

Cambridge, April 13.

"Hooligan."

As the World Wags:

I beg to differ with Mr. Bernard Snyder in his rendering into English phonetics of the Russian equivalent of our word "hooligan." The Russians, in adopting this word bodily into their language, have spelled it as phonetically as their alphabet allows. Having no letter "h" and no diphthong "oo" in their alphabet they have represented these sounds by their guttural sign "x" and their hard vowel "u," thus: "xuligan" in the singular, "xuligani" in the plural, and "xuligantsiya" for the collective noun:

Now since the Russians are trying their best to represent our "hoo" sound by their "xu," why should we not represent their "xu" by a simple return to our "hoo"? But Mr. Snyder would have us represent it with the German guttural "ch," making it thus: "chooligan." But this would be exceedingly misleading and confusing for two reasons.

In the first place, Mr. Snyder would have to label his "ch" as German, and explain to the non-German reader that it is pronounced like a strongly aspirated English "h," or the said reader is likely to pronounce his "chooligan" like "choo-choo-cars." In the second place, the Russians have a letter like an inverted "h" which is exactly represented by the sound of English "ch" in "choose" or in the above "choo-choo-cars." If we adopt the German "ch" for the guttural sound, then we should have to go farther and adopt the German "tsch" for the sound of "ch" in choose or chair.

Russian spelling is strictly phonetic and extraordinarily logical, simple and easy. Why make it difficult for English readers by using a combination of letters which presuppose in them a knowledge of German?

HENRIETTA SKINNER.

Boston, April 13.

Mme. Farrar Gives Delightful Impersonation of Madame Sans-Gene in First Perform-

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE. First performance in Boston of "Madame Sans-Gene," opera in four acts; libretto adapted by Renato Simoni from the drama by Sardou and Moreau; music by Umberto Giordano. Metropolitan Opera Company. Mr. Polacco, conductor

Caterina Huebscher (Mme. Sans-Gene)	Geraldine Farrar
Tonietta	Lenora Sparkes
Giulia	Rita Fornia
La Rossa	Sophie Braslau
Lefebvre	Giovanni Martinelli
Fouche	Andrea de Segurola
Vinaigre	Max Bloch
Count Neipperg	Paul Althouse
Queen Carolina	Vera Curtis
Princess Elisa	Minnie Egener
Despreaux	Angelo Bada
Gelsomino	Riccardo Tegani
Leroy	Robert Leonhardt
De Brigode	Vincenzo Reschiglian
Napoleone	Pasquale Amato
Roustan	Bernard Begue

When the play of Sardou and Moreau was produced in Paris it was described as a historical vaudeville. Giordano's opera might be described as an entertaining comedy with music that does not seriously injure the play.

There is little in the music that calls for serious discussion. In the first act Giordano makes use with considerable effect of famous revolutionary airs. When at the end of this act troops marched without to the music of "Marseillaise," the large audience applauded enthusiastically with thoughts of the heroic French now defending their land against the invaders.

In the second act the trio for male voices has genuine charm, and in fact all of the music for conversation and comedy is here not only well suited to the situations, but it has lightness and grace. There are some stirring moments in the scene where Lefebvre tests his wife by mentioning to her Napoleon's suggestion that he should divorce her. But otherwise there is little in the score that has musical or dramatic value. When Giordano attempts the heroic or the deeply emotional, he is dull or noisy, or noisy and dull. Nor is there any archness or gaiety in the music that accompanies the reminder of the laundry bill still unpaid by the Emperor. How insignificant the music for the scene with Napoleon's sisters! And in the long reply of Caterina the effect was made by the singer, not by what she sang.

There is little characterization of the leading persons by the music. Napoleon at least might have had a heroic theme for his appearance seated at his desk; but there is only orchestral fret and din when he is in sombre or lightsome mood. In the last two acts the singers are overpowered, and not even Mr. Polacco could soften the score as it stands.

Thus the enjoyment last evening—and the opera was greatly enjoyed—depended on the play itself, the excellent performance, and the beautiful stage settings.

Mme. Farrar gave a delightful impersonation of Madame Sans-Gene. [illegible] indisputable talent as a comedienne. At the beginning she excited [illegible] by her ability to follow in detail the realistic stage business in the laundry and at the same time give [illegible] to the vocal patter and [illegible]. Amusing in the dancing lesson, she was charming in her reply to Lefebvre testing her fidelity, spirited and moving in her recountal of the army's deeds and in her defiance of the [illegible], censorious sisters, her exit was masterly. She played the laundry bill scene capitally, and if she was afterwards less engrossing as a comedienne, it was because librettist and composer failed her.

We have seen Mme. Farrar in many roles. Her Nedda in the first act was [illegible] good, her Elizabeth was not sufficiently appreciated. In other roles she has been loudly applauded by the public. We are inclinded to think that her Madame Sans Gene is so far her most thoroughly artistic impersonation.

The part does not favor her vocally as well as that of Carmen, for pages of Giordano's music make demands on the [illegible] portion of her voice where her tones lack quality, but she sang last night with dramatic intelligence, now with appropriate vivacity, now with an [illegible] that vitalized the conventional or [illegible] music and gave body and [illegible] to Puccinian echoes.

Mr. Martinelli was an excellent Lefebvre, gallant, spirited, free-voiced. Mr. De Segurole as Fouche gave another of his striking charaterizations.

We all have known from boyhood this [illegible] man who plumed himself on looking like Napoleon. He would walk as he had read Napoleon had walked. In church or at the theatre, not knowing what an ass he was making of himself, he would sit as Napoleon pictured on the rock of St. Helena. When an actor takes the part of the Corsican, the first question naturally is "Does he look like Napoleon?" Mr. Amato bore a sufficient resemblance. He walked impatiently; he was brusque; he drank coffee, of which Napoleon was immoderately fond; he pinched the ear of Madame Sans-Gene, for Napoleon indulged in this habit with his favorites. But Mr Amato did more than this; he sang, in spite of Giordano's music, as the Amato of earlier years. His tones were more concentrated, more euphonious; he sang with a fine sense of dramatic nuances. Mr. Althouse did much with the part of Neipperg, vocally and dramatically.

[illegible], especially those of the washerwomen and the male trio in the second act, were well taken. As we have said, the stage settings were brilliant beautiful; the costumes were brilliant—witness the gorgeous scene in the second act; the stage management was irreproachable, and Mr. Polacco made the most of Giordano's score.

The opera tonight will be Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Mmes. Gadski, Duchene and Garrison and Messrs. Caruso, Amato, Rothier, De Segurola. Mr. Polacco will conduct. There will be a very large audience.

(Photograph by Mme Dupont.)
Geraldine Farrar as Mme. Sans-Gene.

COLONIAL THEATRE—"Watch Your Step," return engagement in the same localium, with the one slight change in cast, of Bernard Granville for Vernon Castle, now in England and about to become a punitive aviator.

There are many likeable features in "Watch Your Step." Some of them are old-fashioned, some are ultra-modern. For instance, Harry Kelly, lugubriously humorous, takes us back to the old days when Dan Daly was preeminent as a comedian. It matters not if Mr. Kelly is seeking to perpetuate the elongated D. D.'s memory, by mimicking his methods, or if he seeks to establish a present day vogue of his own. It pleases us to believe that he is so close and intimate a reminder of Mr. Daly that so long as he plays the part of Ebenezer Hardacre, or any other role along similar lines, he will be persona grata with at least the old guard of theatre goers.

Mr. Granville, who replaces Mr. Castle, is at first hand a conglomeration of Donald Brian, George Cohan and Harry Pilcer. After he settles down he becomes Bernard Granville, and thereby is amusing, even though his methods at times seem labored and lacking in spontaneity. Then comes Frank Tinney. He cannot offer criticism because not mentioned before. He does not appear in the first act at all. In the second and third acts, as the coat room boy, the Pullman porter and the carriage caller at the opera—and as carriage caller he really comes first—he is at all times comparatively funny. When conjoined with Mr. Kelly, or Mr. Granville, or that unknown manipulator of the drums and traps in the orchestra, his comicality becomes superlative.

There remain, then, Miss Elizabeth Brice and Charles King, who introduce specialties or mannerisms which have made them familiar figures in vaudeville; Miss Gertrude Rutland, who dances with Mr. Granville in "The Dancing Teacher" in the first act, and whose lightness of foot and personal charm are entitled legitimately to honorable mention and Mrs. Castle, who with principal aids or "pupils" demonstrates in the second and third acts, the fox trot, the old fashioned polka, and a waltz which seems to call for hunched shoulders and lateral wavings of the hands suggestive of the East Side or the Orient, according to the illusiveness of the stage settings.

Mr. Smith's book is steadily comic, in so far as it may be identified with the man who has written in the past score of years many of the most successful of librettos. Mr. Berlin's music is no more than he has claimed for it, delightful syncopation, with here and now actual harmonic phrases. To Mr. Dillingham, debonair producer and flaneur, when all is said and done, belongs all the credit for one of the most sprightly, diverting and amusing entertainments yet provided for sated theatric appetites. He has given up, through Mr. Burnside, sane scenic effects; his men choristers really give an impression of masculinity and of vocal merit; his ladies of the chorus are clear visaged and clean limbed. In short, the ensemble effect is that of wonderful good taste in its ocular appeal; of rare humor in its individual interludes; of zestful rhythm in its tunes and dances.

KEITH'S THEATRE

Marion Morgan and her troupe of classic dancers concluded the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre last evening, there was a large house and a demonstrative one. The program was as follows: Ballet Egyptienne, Liebesfreund, Greek Bacchantes, Arabian Slave Dance and the Roman Games. Each of the dances is supplemented by a tableau that appears in relief against a black background. The effect is more than striking, and there is the convincing suggestion of a frieze.

Miss Morgan has surrounded herself with a group of dancers that are fleet of foot as well as graceful and there is the youth and exuberance so essential to completing the picture. Perhaps the most striking number was the Ballet Egyptienne, with the oddly rigid and angular movements.

One of the funniest acts seen in a long time at this theatre was that of Ben Ryan and Harriette Lee in the sketch, "You've Spoiled It." The piece is nonsensical, yet there is an abundance of action and dialogue. Miss Lee is uncommonly pretty; thus her physical charm heightens her baby speech and again there is surprise that one so dainty could toss herself about in such a perilous manner as she does in her eccentric dancing. Mr. Ryan has a colloquial style that places him quickly in the good graces of the audience.

Jasper, "the marvelous dog actor," was one of the features of the bill. That the dog may not be accused of following a stereotyped routine in his performance, his master invites the audience to share in the suggestions that make up Jasper's act. Thus the dog is put through many stunts that are amazing in the intelligence shown.

Anna Chandler was heard in a group of songs that included many dialect features which were uncommonly faithful to the types suggested.

Frank McIntyre and company in "The Hat Salesman," by George V. Hobart, was a good laugh-getter. Mr. McIntyre's breezy and well-known style stands him in good stead in this playlet; nor is he lacking in rising to the flippant speech the author has provided.

Others on the bill were Warling, in an interesting act at the piano, Palfrey, Hall and Brown, in an acrobatic cycle act; Donald Kerr and Effie Weston, in songs and eccentric dances, and the Five Juggling Normans, in an excellent club juggling act.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"Rosedale," drama in five acts, by Lester Wallack.

Elliot Gray	William P. Carleton
Matthew Leigh	Theodore Friebus
Bunberry Kobb	Donald Meek
Sir Arthur May	Henrietta McDannel
Miles McKenna	Frederic Ormonde
Colonel Cavendish May	George Ernst
Coporal Daw	Robert Capron
Lady Florence May	Betty Barnicoat
Rosa Leigh	Justine Adams
Tabitha Stork	Vida Croly Sidney
Sarah Sykes	Augusta Gill
Mother Mix	Marion Royston

MISS FORBES GIVES PIANO RECITAL AT JORDAN HALL

New Bedford Young Woman Makes Favorable Impression.

Miss Claire Forbes, pianist, gave her recital postponed from March 23, yesterday afternoon, in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Brahms, Rhapsody, op. 79, No. 1; Beethoven, Sonata op. 78; Schumann, Aufschwung; Chopin, Impromptu No. 2, op. 36; Preludes, op. 28, Nos. 23, 24, Ballade, F minor op. 52; Debussy, Reflets dans l'eau; G. Faure, Impromptu, No. 2; Liszt, Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 10.

Miss Forbes, a young pianist, whose home is in New Bedford, played there two or three seasons ago at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and made a favorable impression by her general technical proficiency and marked musical instinct. She announced a recital here last month, but an accident prevented her from playing until yester day. There was an interested audience of fair size.

Her program, although it contained only familiar pieces, was not too cut-and-dried, nor was it too ambitious for her present acquirements. She played intelligently, in a truly musical spirit. Her touch was agreeable; melodic passages were sung, not declaimed or hammered; and while there was plenty of strength, when force was demanded, there was no undue exertion. All in all she proved herself to be a pianist who may well excite hope for a successful future.

April 19 1916

'UN BALLO IN MASCHERA' AT

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE – Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera." Metropolitan Opera Company. Mr. Polacco conducted.

Riccardo	Enrico Caruso
Renato	Pasquale Amato
Amelia	Johanna Gadski
Ulrica	Maria Duchene
Oscar	Mabel Garrison
Silvano	Vincenzo Reschiglian
Samuel	Andrea De Segurola
Tom	Leon Rothier
A Judge	Angelo Bada
A Servant	Pietro Audisio

To many in the audience last night "Un Ballo in Maschera" was an unknown opera except for the superb air "Eri tu." There was a performance two seasons ago at the Boston Theatre, but it was unnoticed by the crowd of opera goers. The performance in English at the Castle Square with that was the only one for many years.

It seems strange that this opera has been so neglected of late years. There was a time when it was more popular than "Rigoletto" and "La Traviata," which preceded it. Perhaps the fact that there was talk about it as marking a transition in Verdi's style prejudiced some against it, but the average lover of opera is little concerned about such matters.

There are pages that seem today conventional and conventionally dull. There is little in the first act to excite attention. The music of Ulrica is not important, and one remembering what Verdi did for Azucena wonders why his invention failed him when he treated her distant relation. But the first great ensemble in this act is worthy of the later Verdi, who in "Ballo in Maschera" showed an advance in his use of chorus and orchestra and built his ensembles on a grander scale.

After this act there is much that is admirable in conception and expression, truly dramatic. Here and there are pages of the Verdi before his famous three operas—music that is only plausibly

[illegible] arias and duets in a form that is obsolete and even in the late Italian had no real vitality.

Verdi himself seldom equalled for dramatic significance the finale of the second act, with the mocking refrain of the conspirators "E che Buccano," the voice of Amelia soaring above it in a long line of affecting lamentation, while Renato stands aside bewailing his fate and muttering revenge. How effective the ending, as the voices are heard in the distance still in mockery, with Renato imperiously waving his wife forward! Nor is it necessary to speak of the many powerful dramatic strokes in the scenes that follow.

It must be conceded, however, that Riccardo, no longer Governor of Boston in this version, and Amelia compel little or no sympathy or even awaken interest by their passion except as singers. On the other hand Renato is a fine fellow, this Creole, deceived, mocked and then the avenger.- Samuel and Tom are also welcome apparitions. Think for a moment what bores they might have been if Verdi had not treated them better than Meyerbeer treated his three Anabaptists in "The Prophet." Then there is Oscar, the Page, one of the most pleasing characters in opera whose billthesome nature is so well portrayed in the music.

The performance last night interested a very large audience, interested it and awakened enthusiasm.

Mr Caruso was more like his former self. In excellent voice he sang with a fervor and a care for his reputation that he had, unfortunately, seldom shown in the first two weeks. Furthermore, he was not indifferent in action; dignified, he abstained from taking liberties with the audience, and did not attempt to tax the good nature of his admirers. So Mr. Amato was the singer of the early visits, before Ruffo's success with the unthinking had persuaded even baritones of natural good taste and artistic aspirations that they must shout and howl if they would win favor. Not only was Mr. Amato's singing of "Eri tu" deserving of admiration; throughout the opera he was dramatically eloquent, without ceasing to be musical.

Miss Garrison was a charming page who at once won the sympathy of the audience on her light but pure and agreeable voice, her technical skill, the ease and elegance of her singing, and her graceful carriage. Nor are the conspirators, Samuel and Tom in the most melodramatic of makeups to be forgotten. "E che buccano"—we hear the refrain now—it will be long before it is forgotten.

Mme. Gadski was at first apparently ill at ease, faint-voiced and insecure in her intonation. Later she sang with more assurance, but the voice was hard and cold. In the mediocre air that Verdi gave her in the fourth act she had happier moments. On the whole, her impersonation was inadequate, and the spectator was wholly indifferent to her fate. Mme. Duchene was unimpressive as the sorceress, in spite of certain rich tones, but here Verdi was partly to blame.

Again the chorus and orchestra were excellent; again an opera was handsomely staged.

The laurels of Mr. Burbank will not let Dr. Carlecue of the Porphyry sleep. He announced to admiring fellow members last Sunday that he was at work developing a new breed of pigs which should lay eggs, so that ham and eggs could be prepared with less trouble and at less expense by the prudent housewife.

A New Opera.

As the World Wags:

You may aa a musical pundit be interested. I understand that President Lannin (in collaboration with Honus Wagner) is composing an opera entitled "Tristam und Isoldhim," to be produced in the open air at Fenway Park. Much interest is felt, outside of musical circles, in the score. It is arranged for nine batters, nine fieldera, two umps, and the usual fans, with muted anvils.

PHILIP S. MARDEN.

Lowell, April 15.

In the Concert Hall.

As the World Wags:

I have read with surprise the criticisms of several of your correspondents in this column in regard to the deportment of the members of the Boston Symphony orchestra in concert. It has been my privilege to hear many of the concerts of this admirable orchestra, but I have never seen one of its musicians comport himself other than with perfect dignity and propriety during a performance. It may sometimes be necessary for a player to exchange a word with his next neighbor, but your correspondents evidently do not know that when an orchestral musician is not playing, he is kept busy counting the measures in order to make his next entry at the right moment, a mental exercise which effectually prevents wandering attention on his part.

Those music lovers who want the performers invisible, and the auditorium darkened can easily secure their desire by the simple act of closing their eyes. But the majority of the audience would lose much of the pleasure of a Symphony concert if they were unable to see the graceful motions of the violinists, the classic beauty of the harp, the gleam of the brass, the rhythmic beat of the timpani player or the interpretive gestures of the conductor; and are devoutly grateful for the beneficent rule which has eliminated the broad hat brims and nodding plumes which formerly concealed the performers from their line of vision, and deprived them of this enjoyment. MRS. THEODORE THOMAS.

Cambridge, April 17.

Mr. Perabo.

Mr. Perabo will celebrate today the 50th year of his musical activity in Boston. Dwight's Journal of Music published the fact on Feb. 3, 1866, that Mr. Perabo, having returned from Leipsic, where he had taken the highest honors at the Conservatory, had given concerts in Cleveland and other cities of the West. It reminded its readers that "the gifted boy" eight years before had excited admiration by his playing in piano warerooms and private houses. A fund was raised by Messrs. Scharfenberg and Dresil to send him to Europe.

On April 19, 1866, Mr. Perabo, then 20 years old, played the piano part of Hummel's sextet at a concert of the Harvard Musical Association, and on April 21 he gave his own recital.

During these fifty years Mr. Perabo as pianist and teacher has contributed largely to the cultivation of musical taste in this city. Conservative in the latter years, he has kept alive an interest in composers who in his younger days as a virtuoso were regarded as radical, if not dangerous. Many tributes of respect and gratitude will be paid him today.

Not the Same.

As the World Wags:

Last night, at "Carmen," I heard Edith Mason sing Micaela. In April, 1898, I heard the same role rendered by a like-named girl. Are these two appearances of the same prima donna?

WARREN H. CUDWORTH.

Norwood, April 15, 1916.

The Edith Mason you heard in 1898 at the Boston Theatre in the week beginning April 19, was the wife of Thomas H. Persse, a tenor, who with her figured prominently at the Castle Square Theatre. The real name of Miss Edith Mason of the Metropolitan Opera House is Edith Barnes. She studied in Boston and during the season of 1912-13 at the Boston Opera House took the parts of Irma (in "Louise"), Nedda and Zerlina. She also sang there in concert. Ed.

"Allows."

As the World Wags:

If you have influence in the office—and I understand that critics of music and the drama are not without some influence during the open season on passes—won't you corner Dr. Hallahan, the statistician, or make a definite appointment with Prof. Flatley, the actuary and word nuancist, and ask them why a pitcher "allows" a batsman a hit? "He allowed six (or some other number) hits" is an every-day expression in the baseball articles. Now I suppose that you have seen baseball games; I can even imagine you banging out a two-bagger. Anyway, you must know that a pitcher "allows" no hits at all.

Unfortunately Rogel is not nearby and Crabb is no sport, so I have no synonym to offer; maybe Col. Hapgood, if he isn't too busy with "Elijah" al fresco, can suggest a correction of the journalistic evil.

J. SULLIVAN FUDGE.

Boston, April 17.

APOLLO CLUB GIVES EXCELLENT CONCERT

Four hundred persons were present in Jordan Hall last night at the fourth concert of the Apollo Club and, judging from the applause, thoroughly enjoyed the excellent program. The club was assisted by Sig. A. Torello, virtuoso, on the contrabass viol, a member of the Philadelphia Symphony orchestra. Encores were demanded and given. The singing of the club, conducted by Emil Mollenhauer, was as good as usual, from the rollicking "Gentle Friend Pierrot" to the more serious numbers.

The solos of Mr. Snow and Mr. Boynton were well received. At the conclusion of the program the audience joined in singing "America."

The program follows:

Part songs: Mendelssohn, Invocation; Abt, On the Water (baritone solo by Edmund B. Snow); Gruenwald, Trust to Me, My Love; Leoncavallo, Gentle Friend Pierrot; Tate, Somewhere a Voice Is Calling; Cesek, Slumber Song; Cook, Swing Along, Mendelssohn, The World Went Forth. Mr. Torello played the following solos: Valls, Fantasy Caprice; Koussewitsky, Chanson Triste; Torello, Variations. Frank H. Luker, pianist, played Rachmaninoff's Prelude in G minor, and George H. Boynton sang "Ingemisco" from Verdi's "Requiem."

HEAR 'BARBER OF SEVILLE'

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: Evening performance. Rossini's "Il Barbiero di Siviglia." Metropolitan Opera Co. Mr. Bavagnoli conducted.

Count Almaviva.....Giacomo Damacco
Dr. Bartolo.....Pompilio Malatesta
Rosina.....Maria Barrientos
Figaro.....Giuseppe De Luca
Basilio.....Adamo Didur
Fiorello.....Vincenzo Reschiglian
Berta.....Marie Mattfeld
An Official.....Pietro Audisio

Rossini's opera is one hundred years old this year. Already the centenary has been duly observed at the theatre in Rome where on the first performance the opera failed, fell, as it was thought, never to rise again. Yet a hundred years old, this opera is as fresh and sparkling as in its youth, nor does the enjoyment of it depend merely on a celebrated soprano. Yesterday afternoon a comic opera by Richard Strauss was performed. What will be its fate? Will it be in the repertoire a hundred years from now, or fifty? Rossini was right when in his retirement, speaking of his own work, he said that he thought "The Barber of Seville" would live and he hoped that two acts of "William Tell" would not be forgotten.

The performance last night gave pleasure to an audience of good size. Mme. Barrientos was a charming Rosina. Few, if any, have sung the music better during the last 25 years; no one as well vocally and at the same time as an expression of the sentiments and situations. She was arch, roguish, and high bred. He have seen some Rosinas that sang effectively but were conscious of it on the stage. Their chief care was to excite applause by "Una voce poco fa" and the interpolated air in the singing lesson. Others have turned Rosina into a soubrette, never so happy as when she twirled her skirts. Mme. Barrientos did not forget that Rosina was a Spanish maiden of proud blood. She might be coquettish, headstrong, deceitful in dealing with her guardian, but she could not be common. She was not hoydenish.

In "Lucia," in "Rigoletto," even in "La Sonnambula" Mme. Barrientos was at times deliberate in her performance of florid music, too careful, if not anxious. In "The Barber of Seville" she did not sing her first air as a bravura concert piece; it was the sly expression of her thoughts, a song in action. And with all of Rossini's music her singing was delightfully spontaneous. When she came to the interpreted air, Strauss's "Voce di Primavera," which she sang brilliantly, there was the evident effort to be brilliant: that is, she took her time, there was no joyous rioting with staccato notes, with embellishments.

There are few tenors today that can do justice to the music for the count. Mr. Bonci in this part sang in a way to convince one that the old tales of male singers' agility and grace were not legends. Mr. Constantino, a tenor of a lower class, sang with pleasing lightness. Mr. Damacco made little of the air in the scene of the serenade. He labored through the florid measures; yet in recitative he had the appropriate quickness of speech.

Mr. De Luca was an admirable Figaro as actor and singer, the best that has been seen here for a long time. He did not depend merely on volubility; he was more than a master of patter and chatter. Mr. Didur was amusing as Basilio, sometimes at the expense of Rosini's music. Giving the text emphatic significance, he however failed in facial expression and gesture to portray the extreme maliciousness of the man, nor did he show his sardonic nature. Mr. Malatesta was somewhat dry as Bartolo. We prefer a more unctuous comedian, one palpably foolish in his suspicions and his tyranny. Let Mr. Malatesta's view of the character be accepted, it follows that his performance was excellent.

And all worked together in the comedy. For once the recitatives were not at all boresome. The glibness of the comedians was equalled by their distinct enunciation.

After the opera came ballet divertissements, with Miss Galli and Mr. Bonfiglio as the leading dancers.

We read of marvels in the carving of today. Has any surgeon practised recently the "method of curation" propounded by Daniel Becker (De Cultrivoro Prussiaco, 1636) and approved by the professors of Leyden? The case as reported was that "of a young man of Spruceland that casually swallowed a knife about 10 inches long, which was cut out of his stomach, and the wound healed up; in which cure, to attract the knife to a convenient situation, there was applied a plaster made up with the powder of loadstone."

Garters.

We have received from Mr. Herkimer Johnson a letter that was addressed to him. The letter is as follows:

Respected sir:

I am told that one of your proudest boasts is that your classic leg is innocent of the rubberoid circlet and your hose still remains as tight and unruffled as hose should properly remain in these days of the decline of Shakespearian tragedy and the passing of an older and more picturesque, if less sanitary, usage. I was inclined to doubt this. I believed that no one who could claim any decency of deportment would go about with his half-hose decorating his uppers until on a recent day, after spending a perfectly comfortable eight hours in Boston, I went to my humble cot to find my garters resting on the bathroom shelf. I had been without them all day and had not known it. I have joined you in the anti-garter crusade. More power to you! HENRY CLAY ONELINER.

Roslindale, April 16.

Mr. Johnson has written on the back of the letter: "I don't understand this. How should any one know whether I garter my hose? I make no crusade against any fashion or opinion. Let us be tolerant. We are all poor mortals, miserable sinners. There may have been objection in early New England days to garters as offensive luxuries unmeet for any colonist of staid views and godly conduct, but some one made a present of garters to my great-grandfather, 'a pair of Jerusalem garters which cost above 2 pieces 8 in Algeria.'—so they are described in his will. My uncle Josiah used to wear snakeskin garters to keep off cramp in the leg. He also took long draughts of rum by the clock during the day for the same reason. He was a man of regular habits."

"2 pieces 8." Pieces of eight, moidores, doubloons, ingots—were the friends, of Mr. Johnson's great-grandfather, a Salem pirate. A piece of eight was a Spanish dollar, eight reals, and the coin was marked with a figure eight. But what were "Jerusalem" garters? We know Jerusalem artichokes; we have read about the "Jerusalem jump," or voodoo dance. There is the Jerusalem cross—but why Jerusalem garter?

Bloodthirsty.

As the World Wags:

Extract from a letter received from a Californian cousin—her grandfather a native of Kentucky, later a neighbor and friend of Abraham Lincoln in Springfield, Ill., where together they raised a company of volunteers in the Black Hawk war (the original roster with their signatures as captain and lieutenant is one of the family's treasures); her mother a dear little lady, one of the two in three remaining survivors of that Donner Party whose terrible suffering resulting in starvation and death for the majority, when overtaken by winter on the shores of what is known as Donner Lake, Nevada, have often been told.

"Tell C. I shall write him as soon as Villa is captured. Gen. Pershing is man to do it * * * We westerners have the right spirit. S. heard a man express it on the car yesterday: 'We'll just eat 'em alive, eat 'em raw,' said without a smile. * * * 'This is a terrible war.' 'Yes,' answered the Irishman, 'but 'tis better than no war at all.' * * * The President came out victorious in his set-to with Congress. We have to register again and I shall declare myself a Democrat. Don't want to be identified with the Non-Partiaans of California, led by Johnson." But my aunt says that she wishes to vote only once before she dies—to abolish the woman suffrage in California.

Boston. C. H. C.

The Boston Climate.

As the World Wags:

Truly your contributor "Hiems" is worthy of the title you bestowed on him—"A Cheerful Soul." It is hard, however, to refrain from saying that he must have some way of "seeing things" when he declaims of rich sunsets and soft grey skies in November. But let us accept his general rebuke with contrition.

New Englanders will have to admit that they utter many harsh words about their climate. And yet it only takes about 45 years to get used to it. After that a week of decent steady weather produces an unhappy feeling of discontent, eight days at the most, suffices to bring the thoroughly acclimated New Englander into the state of mind of Mr. Gilbert's character who sang:

O don't the days seem lank and long,
When all goes right, and nothing goes wrong;
And isn't your life extremely flat,
With nothing whatever to grumble at!

Nevertheless a very safe bet on the financial result could be placed in the event that the dreamed-of "few hundred thousand of free capital" were to be invested next January "in a new sort of hotel here with hearth fires all over the house, provision for every kind of winter sport," etc. Which end of the bet would you take? H. J. L.

Medford.

A Jeremiad.

As the World Wags:

Would you kindly ask Mr. Herkimer Johnson to give a little thought to the current manifestations of the ability of

the great American people to govern itself?

I would like to have him give ear for a little while to the sweet harmony that resounds in the halls of Congress; I would be glad if he would take a mental snapshot of the position of the President upon the leading questions of the day. (I suggest a snapshot because a time exposure would be likely to blur the film.)

I would like to have him consider with circumspection the psychology of the rampant and heroic Teddy, and, if he can discover it, of the gentle Bryan; finally, I would like to have him pick at random about 5,000,000 voters from the dear people—who are always right—and see if he can find one single one of them who knows enough about the internal affairs of this country—to say nothing of its foreign affairs—to warrant his being trusted to choose a legislator to make laws, or an executive to administer them.

And when Mr. Johnson shall have considered all this, including his complete failure in the last mentioned task, I would ask him to clarify his brain with a cup at the Porphyry and honestly say whether all that needs be printed in the forthcoming Elephant folio on the subject of Politics cannot be comprehended in those wise words of Chimmie Fadden: "Wot t'ell."

JOHN ALGER.

Cobbosseecontee, April 14, 1916.

Murderous Humor.

The blue-faced mandrill which, or who, has ended an unhappy life in his solitary cage at the zoo, was a victim to the human sense of humor—the sense that is disproportionately honored in the world just now. He had a long, broad, light blue nose with a pink stripe down the middle. The nose always caused a laugh. And when, in acute irritation, he turned his back upon the inevitable guffaw, the bright blue thighs, edged with rose-color, raised a new shout of delight. He knew perfectly well that the laugh was the laugh of derision—the third and lowest of the forms of human fun. He visibly hated his visitors. Nature had so colored him to enchant the eyes of a mate, but men have other eyes than hers. Swift, in his days of failure and despair, might have looked with the look of the indignant mandrill.—Daily Chronicle, London.

April 21 1916

"H. P. C." asked in this column: "What is the derivation of the word 'windjammer?' I do not find it in the Century Dictionary." We have received the following letters:

"Windjammers."

As the World Wags:

To one who grew up within sound of hammer and axe from Maine shipyards this word and question bring memories of the past.

"Windjammer has always been another name for a square rigged ship, a word which has its forcible place in every deep sea sailor's vocabulary. The author of that most interesting and instructive sea yarn "The Cruise of the Ship Pitcairns" frequently refers to American sailing ships as Yankee "hot boxes," windjammers.

The sailing ships surely jammed the wind some, when a line captain not caring to anchor nights, had some good money up as a wager on time or number of days he would be on voyage from Liverpool to San Francisco or from New York to some Chinese port.

The many yards along to the tall, graceful masts and worked by braces, enabled the ship to jam the wind, to sail right up into the eye of the wind when the wind was dead ahead of the vessel. The yards were braced or jammed so sharp into the wind that the pressure of wind on the immovable sails allowed the ship to hold her course, and not to be blown off, as often happens to the big modern four, five, and six masted schooners which have their immense spread of canvas fastened to boom and gaff, fore and after, so-called. It is nothing unusual for one of these otherwise graceful schooners trying to make a quick run from Breton to the Norfolk coal dump to be blown to Bermuda, because these schooners have not the wind jamming rig.

Some windjammers could, for some unexplained reason, sail a few points nearer the wind than some other ships could do.

The ships built at Bath, Me., and at East Boston were not only windjammers but windclippers as well—making often steamboat time because of this style of square rigging.

DR. EDWARD E. BRIRY.

Bath, Me.

As the World Wags:

The late Frank Bullen used the word "windjammers" in his "Men of the Merchant Service," published in 1900. The following passage in chapter IV.—"The Master of a Sailing Ship"—may be quoted: "But perhaps we have had enough of steamers for a little while. For my part I shall be only too glad to quit that portion of my subject for the far more congenial one of the 'windjammer,' as she is contemptuously called by steamer-men."

The word refers, with a half-contemptuous, half-ironic implication, to a sailing ship's necessity of sailing close to the wind, when making passages against opposing winds, "jammed up against the wind," so to ssy, as opposed to the steamer's ability to make straight passages in the teeth of nearly everything the sea can offer. The term may be compared with the word "lime-juicer," which came into use about this time as a generic name for all British vessels, owing to the allowances of lime-juice served out to the crews, by board of trade regulations, as a preventative of scurvy.

To judge from Edward Noble's "The Bottle-Fillers," the British are apparently having just as much trouble with unscrupulous shipowners and ship-knackers, as in the days when Charles Reade in "Foul Play," was writing of ships sent to sea overloaded, with their planking held to the frames chiefly by "devil-bolts." CAPT. BRASSBOUND.

Boston.

A New Englander.

We quote from Joseph Wright's "English Dialect Grammar": "The following nouns, though remaining singular in form, take the plural form of the verb and pronoun and are used after 'few,' etc., as: broz, broth, brouis, gruel, porridge, soup." In Wright's "English Dialect Dictionary," Vol. II., article "Few," you will find many curious illustrations after the definition: 'Little in quantity, used mostly as certain liquids, esp. in phr. 'a few broth.'" Porridge was often used as a plural. "They're gude parritch enough," Scott, "Old Mortality."

"Thou wilin't sup thy porridge toneght; they'll be naught but lumps," Brontë, "Wuthering Heights."—Ed.

GERALDINE FARRAR ILL; OPERA CHANGED

"La Behome" Substituted for "Madama Butterfly."

Mme. Geraldine Farrar is suffering from a septic sore throat. Yesterday morning her physician told her it would be impossible for her to sing. She went immediately to New York, and in all probability will be unable to fulfil her engagements next week in Atlanta, Ga., where the Metropolitan Opera Company will give their annual performances.

It was therefore necessary last evening to substitute "La Boheme" for "Madama Butterfly" at the Boston Opera House. Mme. Alda, about to leave New York for a concert tour, was summoned. Mr. Scotti, suddenly called on to take the part of Marcello, was obliged to borrow and improvise a costume. The cast was as follows:

Rodolfo ..... Mr. Botta
Marcello ..... Mr. Scotti
Schaunard ..... Mr. Tegani
Colline ..... Mr. Didur
Benoit ..... Mr. Malatesta
Mimi ..... Mme. Alda
Musetta ..... Miss Sparkes

Mr. Bavagnoli conducted an unusually spirited performance. Mme. Alda repeated her charming impersonation of Mimi. She sang with tonal purity, skillfully and emotionally, and was sympathetic in action as in song. Mr. Botta was in fine voice. Mr. Scotti was an animated Marcello, giving character to the part, and adding materially to the effectiveness of the ensemble. Mr. Didur's voice emphasized the music of the philosophic book lover. Miss Sparkea was an improvement on her predecessor. The performance, one to be remembered, gave immediate pleasure to an audience of good size.

"Parsifal" will be performed this afternoon. The performance will begin at 1 o'clock sharp. The chief singers will be Mme. Kurt and Messrs. Sembach, Braun, Whitehill and Goritz. Mr. Bodanzky will conduct.

The opera tonight will be "Marta," with Mmes. Barrientos, Perini and Messrs. Caruso, De Luca, Maletesta, Tegani and Reschigilan. Mr. Bavagnoli will conduct. April 22. 1916

SHAKESPEARE PROGRAM BY SYMPHONY

By PHILIP HALE.

The 22d concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; Dr. Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program, selected in commemoration of the 300th anniversary of the death of Shakespeare, was as follows:

Symphonic Poem "Richard III." ..... Smetana
Queen Mab, Garden Scene and Ball at Capulet's from "Romeo and Juliet" ... Berlioz
"Hamlet," overture Fantasia ... Tschaikowsky
Overture, Nocturne and Scherzo from music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" ..... Mendelssohn
Overture "Othello" ..... Dvorak

For the commemoration there was a mass of music at hand. Take "Richard III.," for example. There was Volkmann's overture with the anachronistic introduction of "The Campbells Are Coming," performed here nine years ago, not to mention the overtures by Rosenfeld and Titl.

Tschaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet," familiar here, is among his most imaginative compositions, but there are overtures by Freudenberg, Schlottman, Pierson, Raff, Svendsen, not to mention introductions to operas founded on the tragic story.

And "Hamlet." There is Liszt's symphonic poem, which, we believe, has not been performed in Boston. There are overtures by Joachim, Gade, Emanuel Bach (not the son of Johann Sebastian, it is needless to say), Henschel; Mathias; there is the wonderful funeral march for Hamlet by Berlioz, which has been performed here, led by Mr. Longy; there is the symphonic poem of Lekeu; there is MacDowell's "Hamlet and Ophelia."

Fibick wrote a symphonic poem "Othello,"; Krug is the composer of a symphonic prologue to the tragedy; there is an overture by Raff.

Other tragedies and comedies of Shakespeare have incited many composers to gird up their loins for the task. The late John K. Paine wrote a symphonic poem "The Tempest"; he also composed an overture to "As You Like It." Nicolai's overture to "The Merry Wives of Windsor" might well have tempted Dr. Muck. We should have preferred it to Dvorak's "Othello." We were spared Richard Strauss's "Macbeth," also Rheinberger's overture to "The Taming of the Shrew," also Rubinstein's overture to "Antony and Cleopatra."

The list of purely orchestral works inspired by Shakespeare is a formidable one. What has become of Ebermein's overture to "Macbeth," once very popular; or Bruell's overture to the same tragedy—it has been played here. Does any one remember the overtures to "Julius Caesar" by Schumann and Hans von Buelow? The "King Lear" overture of Berlioz still has vitality, but where is Radecke's overture to "King John," once applauded in Berlin and in the Gewandhaus of Leipsic? Louis Ehlert was not contented with being a critic: he wrote an overture to "Cymbeline." Balakireff's overture to "King Lear" might be worth hearing. We doubt if this could be said of Albert Schaefer's overture to "The Winter's Tale."

Building his program on the music of Berlioz, Dr. Muck, passing over Tschaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet," was obliged to choose between his "Hamlet" and "The Tempest" if the Russian was to be represented. Neither of these works shows Tschaikowsky at his best. There are only a few impressive moments in "Hamlet," which had not been heard here since 1900. The appearance of the Ghost at midnight is well conceived; the themes associated with Ophelia have a decided profile, and the march measures—do they refer to Fortinbras?—are out of the common. The introduction is labored; the thematic development is for the most part uninteresting; the instrumentation seldom attracts attention by originality or color.

Smetana's "Richard III" had not been played here for many years. It was composed when he was in Sweden (in 1858), and evidently impressed by Liszt's symphonic poems. In a letter to Liszt, enclosing the beginning of "Richard III," he said that the emphasis of his music fitted the action of the tragedy; the attainment of the goal, the overthrowing of all obstacles, the triumph, and then the monarch's fall. The earnestness and directness of this music, its energetic quality, the abstinence from everything extraneous even in the way of ornamentation that might be legitimate, command respect; more than this, there are strokes of vivid imagination. Some passages might be considered naive, if not awkwardly expressed, but the virility of the musical spirit carries the composer safely to the end, which is peculiarly effective.

It is a pity that we cannot hear the whole of Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet," or at least all the nobler pages. It would be impertinent at this late day to expatiate on the exquisite Sherzo, the wondrously beautiful love music, or Romeo's pathetic theme so finely played yesterday by Mr. Longy. Only the ball music reminds us of 1839. It suggests the engagement of the Verona brass band by Capulet for the coming-out of his daughter. No composer, to our knowledge, has written music suitable to this festival. That of Berlioz, as that of Gounod, might be compared to the supper of the evening as characterized by Capulet: "We have a trifling foolish banquet towards."

The performance of the orchestra throughout was brilliant.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week is as follows: Rimsky-Korsakoff, overture to "The Betrothed of the Tsar"; Chadwick, "Tam O' Shanter" (first time here); Strauss, "Thus Spake Zarathustra."

BODANZKY PLEASES AS CONDUCTOR OF "PARSIFAL"

Sembach Heard for the First Time Here in Title Role.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE — Wagner's "Parsifal," performed by the Metropolitan Opera Company, Arthur Bodanzky conducted.

Amfortas ..... Clarence Whitehill
Titurel ..... Basil Ruysdael
Gurnemanz ..... Carl Braun
Parsifal ..... Johannes Sembach
Klingsor ..... Otto Goritz
Kundry ..... Melanie Kurt

The feature of the performance yesterday afternoon was the admirable reading of the score by Mr. Boganzky, who conducted this opera for the first time in Boston. It was a great pleasure to hear this music undisturbed by Mr. Hertz's orchestral frenzy and superfluity of gestures. Mr. Bodanzky has a firm control of the orchestra. He also has imagination and poetic feeling. In certain respects, as in his control of rhythm, in his sense of continuity, in his expression of detail without checking the melodic flow, his conducting recalls that of the late Gustav Mahler. Yesterday his interpretation was striking in the respect paid to the singers, in fine gradations of tone, in exquisite sense of proportion. The orchestra, responsive to his demands, was constantly eloquent, now in support of those upon the stage; now as a commentator on the unfolding of the drama.

Mme. Kurt took the part of Kundry for the first time in this city. Her voice, opulent in quality, is not always artistically controlled. As a whole her impersonation might justly be characterized as conventional. Repentant, she was more effective than in the seduction scene. Mr. Sembach was heard for the first time here as Parsifal. He sang excellently and gave both character and dignity to the role.

Mr. Whitehill as Amfortas again pleased by the beauty of his voice, his skill in using it, his dramatic eloquence and sincerity. Mr. Braun's noble voice was well suited to the part of Gurnemanz while he was appropriately unctuous in manner. Mr. Goritz was a sinister incarnation of evil. His Klingsor is vocally and dramatically one of the finest portraits in his repertoire.

The chorus in the temple, the flower maids, enchanting in song, the admirable stage management, added to the merits of an impressive performance. A large audience was appreciative.

BRILLIANT AUDIENCE HEARS OPERA "MARTHA"

Splendor of Entire Performance Inspires Enthusiasm.

At the Boston Opera House, last evening, Flotow's opera, "Martha," was sung. Cast:

Lady Harriet ..... Maria Barrientos
Nancy ..... Flora Perini
Lionel ..... Enrico Caruso
Plunkett ..... Giuseppe de Luca
Sir Tristan ..... Pompilio Malatesta
The Sheriff ..... Riccardo Tegani
A servant ..... Vincenzo Reschiglian
Three maids, Frieda Martin, Nazzarena Malaspina, Emma Bornigia.
Conductor ..... Gaetano Bavagnoli

"Martha," the tuneful, the beautiful, the ever popular, the choice old setting in which that universally admired gem, "The Last Rose of Summer," shines, drew a remarkably brilliant audience that filled every seat in the house. A feeling of pleased expectancy was in the air before the overture began and found vent at its close in hearty applause. The playing of the orchestra was superb at the very start. It continued so throughout the performance and contributed much to that splendor of the whole performance which inspired a constantly growing enthusiasm.

Mme. Barrientos as Lady Harriet, the Martha of the market place escapade, gave keen satisfaction throughout and her singing of "The Last Rose of Summer" was so insistently applauded that she repeated it.

Mme. Perini was a charming Nancy and her voice was pleasing from beginning to end.

Caruso was at his best as Lionel. It is doubtful if he ever sang better or acted with more earnestness and sincerity. His kittenish ways were only let loose when he came before the curtain to answer tumultuous plaudits.

M. de Luca's Plunkett was admirable in conception and execution.

The chorus in the main gave efficient aid in the making of a perfect performance, but the huntresses with the long spears were noticeably lacking in fire or vigor. There was nothing Amazonian about them.

Mr. Bavagnoli's work as conductor was recognized by frequent applause.

April 23 1916

JOSEF MARTIN IN PIANO RECITAL

By PHILIP HALE.

Josef Martin, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Schumann, Scenes from Childhood; Grieg, Sonata, op. 7; Rubinstein, Barcarolle, F minor, op. 30, No. 1; Liadoff, Etude, F major, op. 37; Iljinsky, Berceuse; Sauer, Impressions in the Forest; Barglel, Elegie, Prelude, G minor; Chopin, Preludes, D flat major, D minor, E minor, Valses,

minor, A flat major, Op. 69, No. 1. Nocturne F minor, op. 55, No. 1, Scherzo B flat minor op. 31.

Mr. Martin, if we are not mistaken, came to this country in November, 1914, having left Berlin on account of the war. He played at the Boston Theatre last June in daily concerts.

Yesterday he played on a stage that, as it was a dark day, at first was lighted. The lights were turned out and the plants was dimly seen. Now if he suffers from weak eyes, we have nothing but sympathy for him. If his eyes are in normal condition, much might be said. Perhaps he had been reading articles about concert reforms published some years ago in Germany; that the hall should be feebly lighted; that the pianist, violinist, singer, orchestra, should be unseen. If he is a convert to these ideas, if he thinks the sight of a pianist disturbing, why did he not play behind a screen? Or perhaps he did not wish teachers or students in the audience to become acquainted with certain secret tricks of pedalling. Whatever his motive, the stage was dismal to the eye; the general effect was depressing.

Mr. Martin's playing was curiously full of contradictions. In Liadoff's Etude, fashioned after the manner of Chopin, he showed facility, finesse and brilliance, as he did in Sauer's salon piece. The little Berceuse of Iljinsky was played with pleasing tenderness and sentiment. In the pieces by Schumann and in Grieg's Sonata, like Edward Young of the "Night Thoughts" he took "no note of time, but from its loss." There were disturbing halts, delays, fresh beginnings. Mr. Martin has an agreeable touch; he sang his melodies; every now and then he played effectively even in the more important pieces to which we have referred. On the other hand there was too often the suggestion of an amateur who is "fond of music" and so insists on playing. The suggestion was due to destructive liberties in time and rhythm; also to recurring exhibitions of sentimentalism, and phrasing that, striving after emotional expression, was really unmusical.

FINE WORK OF MALE STARS MARKS AFTERNOON OPERA

Metropolitan Company Pleases in "Die Meistersinger."

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Wagner's "Die Meistersinger von Nuernberg," performed by the Metropolitan Opera company. Mr Bodanzky conducted.

Eva ..... Johanna Gadski
Magdalene ..... Marie Mattfeld
Walther von Stolzing ..... Johannes Sembach
Hans Sachs ..... Hermann Weil
Beckmesser ..... Otto Goritz
Pogner ..... Carl Braun
Kothner ..... Carl Schlegel
David ..... Albert Reiss
Night Watchman ..... Robert Leonhardt

A large audience enjoyed the performance yesterday afternoon, which marked the final matinee of the present season. The performance was a brilliant one as regarded the leading male singers, the superb work of the chorus, the excellent stage management and the conducting of Mr. Bodanzky.

The personages of this opera are sympathetic, not mere lay figures, allegorical or borrowed from mythology and endowed with mortal emotion. Honest Hans Sachs, the stately Pogner, Walther, ambitious yet a poet; Eva awakening to romance are all ingratiating. Beckmesser, sour, malicious, a bad loser, provides contrast. Nor should David, as impersonated by Mr. Reiss, be forgotten. Then there are attractive pictures of life in Nuernberg with its quaint customs. The joyous apprentices, the watchman on his rounds, Hans Sachs plying his trade, the midnight brawl, the festival gaiety all lend local color.

Mr. Sembach took the part of Walther for the first time in this city. He sang with skill and intelligence. At all times a picturesque figure in the voluminous attire of the period, his acting was something more than conventional, while his facial play was significant.

Mr. Weil's Sachs was appropriately good natured. He was not deceived by Beckmesser's strenuous efforts to dishonor the new applicant for the prize. Young at heart, he befriended the lovers. He rejoiced in the deserved promotion of David. Mr. Goritz was an amusing Beckmesser, entertaining in song and action, but without undue exaggeration of the man's eccentricities. Mr. Braun sang Pogner's music with much sonority and bore himself as a father, with dignity. Mr. Reiss, an excellent and versatile artist, was spontaneous as David, the mischievous apprentice. Mme. Gadski's colorless impersonation of Eva is familiar.

The chorus, admirably trained, was constantly effective. In the street scene there was animation. Confusion was realistically simulated. Mr. Bodanzky conducted with glowing warmth, with marked feeling for the beauties of the score.

METROPOLITAN OPERA SEASON COMES TO AN END

"Aida" Given for Second Time—Company Goes to Atlanta.

The engagement of the Metropolitan Opera Company at the Boston Opera House ended last night with an engrossing performance of Verdi's "Aida." It was the second performance of the opera during the engagement. The chief singers were Mme. Rappold, Aida; Mme. Homer, Amneris; Mr. Martinelli, Radames; Mr. Amato, Amonasro; Mr. Rossi, the King; Mr. Scott, Ramfis. Mr. Bavagnoli conducted.

Not so many years ago this superb opera did not draw crowds to the theatre either here or in New York. Of late it has been one of the most popular operas in the repertoire and with good reason. Perhaps the time will come when Verdi's "Othello" and "Falstaff," which with "Aida," are among the chief glories of the lyric stage, will also be magnets in the box office.

The Metropolitan company will be in Atlanta this week, but the illness of Mme. Farrar who now, it is said, is suffering from tonsilitis, has changed the scheme of performances.

Remarks about the engagement at the Boston Opera House will be found in another section of this issue.

The Metropolitan opera company faithfully kept its promises, and Mr. Gatti-Casazza and Mr. Charles A. Ellis are to be congratulated on the success of their undertaking. The operas were produced as they are at the Metropolitan, as far as scenery, costumes, chorus and orchestra were concerned, and with all the leading singers that had been announced. The Herald has already spoken of the magnitude of the undertaking, the transportation of settings for so many operas, the bringing so great an operatic force. There has not been a parallel case in the history of opera.

There was only one substitution of an opera for another, and that was unavoidable on account of the illness of Mme. Farrar.

Statements made in New York would lead an intelligent visiting foreigner to believe that Bostonians had not appreciated the character of the performances and had not heartily supported the enterprise. The statements were not well founded.

"Appreciation" is not synonymous with adulation. There were some points in the performances to which reasonable exception was taken. If a singer of high reputation sang in a slovenly manner or acted indifferently, as Mr. Caruso sang and acted in the last act of "Rigoletto," where he behaved at the tavern as if he were frolicking in farce comedy, it was not to be expected that Bostonians, not wholly unacquainted with opera and operatic traditions, should applaud wildly simply because Mr. Caruso had deigned to take the part of the Duke. If some were disappointed in "Boris Godounoff"—not in the performance, but in the opera itself—that showed at least an open, unprejudiced mind.

Bostonians have contributed most generously to various relief funds since the breaking out of the war. They have had many calls upon them. The incomes of many have been seriously diminished on account of investments in certain railroads that have had trouble; nor are many in this city actively engaged in the manufacture of munitions for the allies. It should be remembered that eight performances a week for three weeks are enough to try the stoutest souls, and the third week was Holy Week. Mr. Arthur Whiting described the Boston Opera House of the first year as "The First Unitarian Opera House in Boston," referring no doubt to the staid demeanor of the sitters in the boxes and in the orchestra chairs, their family pews. The description was shrewd and amusing. But all opera-goers are not Unitarians.

A disinterested observer would say that in view of all the conditions, the people of this city and the neighborhood handsomely supported the visiting company. There were small audiences—that is, paying audiences—for "The Taming of the Shrew" and "La Sonnambula." For many of the operas the theatre was completely filled.

"Boris Godounoff," "Der Rosenkavalier," "The Taming of the Shrew" and "Madame Sans-Gene" were performed here for the first time. To the younger generation "La Sonnambula" was practically unknown, and there were some who were not familiar with "Un Ballo in Maschera," for performances of the two operas had been rare during the last 25 years and there had been none by a first-class company. It is not necessary to speak at length of the new operas. Mr. Didur's impersonation of Boris was a commanding feature of the season. Strauss's opera gave pleasure and the singing and acting of Miss Hempel will long be remembered. "The Taming of the Shrew" is dull, hopelessly dull. "Madame Sans-Gene" is an amusing comedy with unimportant music invented without fancy or dramatic instinct and poorly written. The comedy was greatly enjoyed. Mme. Farrar's impersonation was excellent; it was thoughtfully composed and admirably carried out, though some thought that in the second act her comedy came dangerously near being farce. They quoted the example of Mme. Rejane; but a play is one thing, a drama with music is another; and conceptions about the precise character of the washerwoman as duchess may well differ. "La Sonnambula" is an opera for a small theatre. It demands singers that now unfortunately are hard to find; yet in the performance at the Boston Opera House the singing of the chorus was unsurpassable. "Un Ballo in Maschera" gave Messrs. Caruso and Amato an opportunity of showing that they still have the power to excite admiration by artistic singing, not merely by vocal stress and fury.

Newcomers of reputation were Mmes. Kurt, Ober, Barrientos. We regret to say that we did not hear Mme. Kurt. Mme. Ober was a delightful Octavian in Strauss's opera, a Cherubino with more practical experience than the youth of Mozart's opera, but tenderly sentimental with Sophie, and humorous in the farcical scene in the third act. Mme. Barrientos, an unusually accomplished coloratura singer, on the whole the finest we have heard for years, a woman with a singularly engaging personality, in "The Barber of Seville" acted and sang with a spontaneity that were not so apparent in "Lucia" and "La Sonnambula." In these two operas her voice was not large enough nor her tones sufficiently sustained for the long and expressive melodic lines of Donizetti and Bellini. Mme. Alda gave a beautiful performance of Mimi. Miss Edith Mason, once as Miss Barnes, a young member of the Boston opera company, gave pleasure by her voice and singing, as did Miss Mabel Garrison, a dainty page in "Un Ballo in Maschera." The new tenor, Mr. Demacco, did not please. Yet he was one chosen out of many applicants in Italy. Mr. Polacco and Mr. Guard agree in this: That the art of singing in Italy is now in its decadence. Mr. De Luca, an uncommonly good Figaro, sang for the most part well in other operas, but in them made less of an impression.

Mr. Sembach, who had appeared here before only in concert, sang with a skill and an artistic reserve unusual with tenors of his nationality; voice, art and an agreeable presence made him conspicuous.

Mme. Farrar, as was the case with Mr. Caruso, was a magnet at the box office. There was curiosity to see her Carmen, especially after her excursion into Filmland. Those that hoped to see a sensational performance were sorely disappointed. While her impersonation of the heroine was not conspicuous for characterization, and was too often on soubrette lines, she sang Bizet's music with tonal beauty—this music is well suited to her voice as it is today—and with rhetorical significance.

Mr. Martinelli was especially successful in Giordano's opera, in which he displayed a spirit and a virility that gave force to the vapid music. Mr. Althouse, previously known as a singer in oratorio, made a good impression. Mme. Rappold's Bianca in "The Taming of the Shrew" was a charming impersonation, while Mr. Whitehill's Petruchio was a striking performance. Mme. Cajatti, a new comer, is by no means of high rank.

This may be said: the general excellence of singers in minor parts—parts that reckoned minor are nevertheless indispensable to a memorable performance—was a prominent feature of the season. So, too, the work of the chorus throughout was remarkably good—and "remarkably" is not here too strong a word. Nor is the orchestra of the Metropolitan probably equalled in any opera house. Not only has it uncommon routine; for plasticity, homogeneity, and euphony it is extraordinary. Fortunate is this orchestra in its conductors—Mr. Polacco, who succeeded Mr. Toscanini, and Mr. Bodanzky, the successor of Mr. Hertz. Mr. Bavagnoli, a conductor of less experience, has natural gifts.

The stage settings and the stage management were worthy of the warmest praise. There was only one setting that was impossible: that designed in Mannheim, for the second act of "The Taming of the Shrew"—a nightmare of a scene, one that might haunt the victim of delirium tremens after the blue monkey has been driven from the footboard of the sufferer's bed. Yet the street scene preceding in the opera was unusually effective.

We have not spoken at length of certain singers whose work was already familiar: Messrs. Caruso, Urlus, Reiss, Botta, Amato, Whitehall—whose Amfortas in 1910 at the Boston Opera House made a lasting impression—Weil, Rothier, Leonhardt, Goritz, Braun, De Segurola, Mmes. Gadski, Homer, Fornia and others.

Some will ask whether the Metropolitan Opera Company will visit Boston again. Time will answer this question. There is already talk of other operatic visitors. Mr. Rabinoff, whose company with Mme. Pavlowa's, has been prospering in the West and has engagements for a month ahead, would like to try his fortune here next winter. May he come at a more convenient season than that of last fall; may he come and meet with the success that he then deserved! There are rumors of a season with [illegible] of London as the director. Will the Boston Opera House be where it stands today, ready as an opera house to welcome any impressario greatly daring.

To the Editor of The Herald:

Notwithstanding Mr. William Gillette's firm belief that in these latter days life elements are required on the stage, that the merest slip from life-simulation is the death or crippling of the character involved, Mr. George Arliss upholds the theory that acting is a "bag of tricks," and the thing to learn is how to be unnatural, and just how unnatural to be under given conditions. This is a little confusing until you think you discover that the aim is the same—the absolute necessity on the stage for the actor to appear natural, however unnatural he may actually be. Somebody has said that no people seem so thoroughly to disagree as do those who are in substantial agreement. At any rate, one thing is certain, and that is "the perfectly obvious methods of character assassination such as the sing-song or reading intonation, the exaggerated and grotesque use of gesture and facial expression, the stilted and unnatural stride and strut," are no longer regarded with toleration. They have had their day and have gone to their final resting place along with many other of our cherished delusions. Regarding the proposition that acting is merely a "bag of tricks," Mrs. Siddons once said: "My brother John in his most impetuous bursts is always careful to avoid any discomposure of his dress or deportment; but in a whirlwind of passion I lose all thought of such matters"—and this forgetfulness of self, Macready says, was one of the elements of her surpassing power. As for Garrick, his fame spread rapidly because "his natural acting charmed a public grown weary of theatrical rank and affectation.

Speaking of natural acting, it was a pleasure to find the name of N. D. Jones in a recent communication in these columns. Isn't it a tradition that "Nat" during his long and active career, played every part in the romantic drama of "Monte Cristo?" That was an arduous task, a feat to be proud of, even if not accomplished all in one evening. It reminds me of a professional acquaintance, a fellow of infinite variety, who declared that in a windy city somewhere in the Wild West, in a half score years he played 691 different parts from Macbeth to Mother Hubbard, which was certainly some repertoire even for the boundless prairies. Many of the plays were melodramas, so restful to William James, wherein virtue swiftly triumphs over vice to the keen delight of the applauding multitude. A philosopher, whose name has escaped me, long ago said: "Men are impatient, and for precipitating things"—but, "conscience and the present constitution of things are not corresponding terms; it is conscience and the issue of things which go together." The trouble with melodrama is that it breeds scepticism. As they grow older people discover that things do not work out in that way, and they become cheaply cynical. We are such stuff as dreams are made of, yet, although romance may be its corner-stone, life is no fairy tale. Human affairs are on a vast scale and it takes time to adjust things so that wickedness gets its deserts. Justice is inevitable, but it will not be hurried. In this respect our law courts are thoroughly consistent and in harmony with nature, whereas melodrama is all for taking a short cut to set things right and confound the ungodly. The popular nemesis has seven league boots and gets there in a hurry. But who can blame the habitually overhasty but even cool-headed philosophers in our own day, and in this very city, cry out: "How long, O Lord, how long?" Let us cheer up! "Though the mills of the Gods grind slowly," etc. This recalls "Nicodemus," a favorite plantation song in the minstrel halls in the 60's. Can anyone recover the words? It began:

Nicodemus was a slave of African birth,
He was bought for a bagful of gold;
He was reckoned as a part of the salt of the earth,
And he died years ago very old.

He had predicted the freedom of his race, but died in bondage, leaving explicit directions that when the day of liberation came he was to be wakened by his descendants. So, when Massa Lincoln launched the emancipation proclamation, they got busy and started out to summon Nicodemus from his grave. I heard the song sung at Buckley's and also at Morris Brothers, if my memory serves; and often as I read my daily paper in my easy chair before the fire, and fall into my customary doze, I rouse up with a start thinking I hear familiar voices singing the stirring refrain:

There's a good time coming, it's almost here,
It's long, long, long on the way;
Then run an' tell Elijah for to hurry up Pomp,
For to meet me at the gum tree down by the swamp,
For to wake Nicodemus today!

West Roxbury. J. W.

As we remember the song, it began:

Nicodemus, the slave, was of African birth
And was bought for a bagful of gold;
In his time he was reckoned the salt of the earth,
And he died years ago, very old.

The song is easily obtained today, and any one that takes the trouble to look the matter up will probably find that neither "J. W." nor we are letter perfect. Did not H. C. Work write the music?—Ed.

The Italian Futurists, under Signor

[illegible] The [illegible] fourteen dramas of concentrated impressionism, shorn of conventional technique, were played the other night at Milan, says the Daily Chronicle's correspondent to a crowded house. The most successful comedy was one wherein there were no human actors, but only a dog; this piece being closely run by another in which only the legs of the players appeared behind a half-raised curtain.

Raymond Roze, who is remembered here through his association with the Boston Opera House, wrote dialogue and music for "Arabesque," produced at the Coliseum, London, last month. Harlequin, Columbine and Pierrot are the characters. "It would have been a thousand times better if Mr. Roze, content with his quite adequate, though not very freshly-inspired, music, had left his trio either as the dumb figures of modern pantomime or as the chattering Improvisatori of their heyday. * * * Mr. Roze's dialogue is bad, bad, bad. To hear Harlequin refer to Colombine as '[illegible] milk' and Pierrot apostraphize '[illegible] sweet brown eyes true'—all three '[illegible]' and 'thouing' each other the [illegible] was like drinking ginger pop out of Venetian glass."

Many letters praising "L'Enfante Prodigue" have been published in the London journals. Mr A. J. Wilson, president of the National Deaf Club, having been stone deaf for 46 years, thinks the pantomimic action marvellously well done. "The only criticism we have to offer is that the shaking of the right forefinger is too frequent to indicate different meanings. In the sign language, as used by the deaf and dumb, the horizontal shaking of the right forefinger means nothing but the word what, but in the play the horizontal shaking of the right forefinger is used in many different situations. But we were all delighted with the play from beginning to end."

It was stated at the London sessions yesterday that two boys who were charged with housebreaking had been influenced by picture palaces. Sir R. Wallace, K. C., remarked that he had not the slightest doubt of it. "These places are the curse of London," he said, "as is proved by the multitude of cases which come before me which have their origin in the pernicious influence of scenes and incidents depicted at cinema entertainments."—Pall Mall Gazette.

A trio for two violins and viola by the American Templeton Strong, now living in Switzerland, was performed in London on March 30 at an "All-British" concert. The trio is "attractive music, though it is difficult to be impressed with the alleged humor of the movement describing a scene between a village bandmaster and a pair of unruly pupils. We far prefer the confidential moment of retrospect wherein the teacher dwells on affairs of the heart. It is more human."

Raymond Hitchcock was welcomed in London in "Mr. Manhattan" at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, March 30. "Mr. Hitchcock is a joy. He has humor of the very best American kind—and American humor at its best is as bracing as mountain air. His method is dry and quiet, but he sparkles. He is not afraid of his audience—bien au contraire, he takes it into his confidence, and talks to it, but nobody minded. And, in short, Mr. Hitchcock was a thorough success from start to finish." Thus the Pall Mall Gazette. The Daily Telegraph said: "He makes his points quietly—he was inclined, perhaps, to make them a trifle too deliberately. But in his happiest moments he was very diverting in his individual, intimate engagingly-confidential fashion."

Princess Mechtild Lichnowsky, wife of the late German ambassador in London (who shed tears when she left Carlton House-terrace on Aug. 6, 1914), is the authoress, says the Mail, of a new tragedy just produced at the Lessing Theatre in Berlin, called "A Game of Death." It is written in blank verse.

Genevieve Ward was 79 years old on March 27. A representative of the Daily Telegraph talked with her in her dressing room at the St. James Theatre, where she is playing the Duchess in "The Basker." Of course, she was asked how she kept young. She answered that she had lived much in the open and was brought up by her sturdy parents of Massachusetts stock on a plain, wholesome diet. For years she has hardly eaten any meat. She relies on vegetables and fruit, and her only drink is milk. "Age is so much more a matter of temperament than of years. You know the famous saying, 'Whom the Gods love die young.' To me that does not mean that the best and cleverest are called early away, but rather that they keep all brightness and vigor and happiness of youth up to whatever age they may depart, and thus, they never grow old." Her mother lived to be 84 and at 82 she recited for a charity.

Eugene d'Albert has naturalized himself a Swiss. Born at Glasgow, he has French, Scots, Prussian blood in his veins, and he has in turn been a Briton and a German. There was a time when with fine respect for his mother he encouraged the gossip about his having Carl Tausig for a father.

J. S. Shedlock for 40 years music critic of the Athenaeum, London, having retired, received a gold watch from his colleagues on March 22. He was a pupil of Lalo. At one time he contributed to the Daily Telegraph. His knowledge of musical history is exhaustive, but not [illegible]ing.

Masse, known as the chef de claque in variety theatre land, was seriously ill in a London hospital a fortnight ago. Until about 10 years ago he was a popular performer in West End variety theatres. A man long associated with him said to a reporter of the Daily Chronicle: "His faithful activities were often the means of bringing success to those who engaged his services. Masse was not a little proud of his position as London's 'Chief de Claque.' Indeed, he had engraved on his business cards 'Organisateur du Succes,' a sonorous and interesting title. Artists—those who wished to take London by storm—were accustomed, almost as a matter of course, to invoke the aid of M. Masse, who directed an enterprise of considerable proportions. The members of his claque were always scattered about fairly good parts of the theatres wherein Masse's employers were to appear. Each claquer received a ticket of admission and one shilling as a reward for each performance professionally attended. Both men and women served in the claque, which at times was certainly very useful. I believe the Empire and Alhambra were often the scene of Masse's endeavors, but in the end the metier of claques fell into abeyance, possibly because of managerial objection."

Justin Huntly McCarthy, whose romantic drama "Stand and Deliver," based on the story of "Claude Duval," was produced at His Majesty's Theatre, London, March 30, says that his chief reason for writing historical plays is that he likes writing them.

The Statesman on the Stage

The performance of "Disraeli" in a London theatre will be a curious novelty in the relations between politics and the stage. It is more than a generation since the great rival of the Tory premier was presented in feature, though not by name, in one of Gilbert's burlesques—a frolic which delighted "the town," but was promptly suppressed by the lord chamberlain. Taste and prudence alike veto the treatment of living personalities with domestic license. But if the playwright is debarred from the handling of contemporary politicians, he seems to find no temptation in those who are dead. In "The Dynasts"—which is big enough to break all rules—Mr. Hardy has given us a set scene of debate in the House of of Commons and taken the trouble to turn speeches of Pitt, Fox and Sheridan into blank verse. But, significantly enough, it was not among the passages selected for the interesting stage performances of 18 months ago. The politician does not seem to conform any more easily to the artistic requirements of the stage than the nether garments of his sex in modern times satisfy the conceptions of the sculptor.

The difficulty of idealizing prime ministers and secretaries of state lies perhaps in the system which obscures their personality in the sphere of action. They may speak as individuals, but they seldom do anything except collectively. The most brilliant and daring stroke that might be conceived by a member of the present cabinet would have to divide its responsibility before the world between himself and 22 colleagues. The imagination resents vulgar fractions and declines to bewilder itself with the intricacies of popular government. Shakespeare, it may be recalled, shows a uniform and profound contempt for the wisdom of the "masses," and the defiance of public opinion makes a far more effective attitude for all dramatic purposes than its courtship. The politician, who, like the actor, must "please to live," can seldom look forward to any "limelight" but that of his own particular stage.—Pall Mall Gazette.

About the Shakespeare Tercentenary

Mr. William Poel will celebrate the Shakespeare tercentenary next month by producing Ben Jonson's comical satire. "The Poetaster; or, His Arraignment"—first played at the old Playhouse in Blackfriars—at Apothecaries' Hall, which covers, as nearly as possible, the site of the original building, and is a few yards from the Times office. Jonson wrote the play, as we learn from the first speech in it, in the 15 weeks immediately preceding its production, and the title-page to the 1616 folio is good evidence that that event took place in 1601. It would appear that Mr. Poel's revival will be the first for more than 300 years. The work is much better known to scholars than to actors, though it is sometimes mentioned in discussions on the appliances of the Elizabethan stage as evidence that traps were in use as early as the beginning of the 17th century; for one of the characters, acording to the original stage direction, is seen "arising in the midst of the stage," and afterwards "sinks" out of sight. From students, in the last 10 or 12 years, "The Poetaster" has received a good deal of attention. An edition was published in 1905 as one of the Yale College studies in English, with an introduction and notes by Dr. Herbert Mallory. Another American scholar, the late Roscoe Addison Small, had already done a good deal of work on the play, which was also the subject of researches by two French experts, M. Maurice Castelain and M. Jusserand, in 1907. The action of the play is supposed to pass in Rome, and it has a pseudo-classical setting; but for all that, it is a play about London of Jonson's own time, its theatres and celebrities. In Horace, the audience could not fail to recognize Jonson himself. They might see in Crispinus, John Marston the satirist and poet; in Demetrius, Thomas Dekker the playwright, and in Virgil, Shakespeare. The identification of Shakespeare with Virgil gives "The Poetaster" a special appropriateness to the Shakespeare Tercentenary season. It is disputed by Dr. Mallory, but is endorsed by such scholars as William Gifford, Prof. George Brandes, J. A. Symonds and Sir Sidney Lee; and there is not much doubt that in Histrio and certain other characters, Jonson was alluding to players in the Lord Chamberlain's Company, of which Shakespeare was an acting member, and which was at this time established at the Globe Theatre on Bankside. One can appreciate the effect the first performance of "The Poetaster" must have had by trying to imagine the production in our day of a play by, for instance, Sir James Barrie, in which he, Sir Arthur Pinero, Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. George R. Sims, Mr. Henry Ainley, and, perhaps, Charlie Chaplin, were introduced under assumed names, but unmistakably labelled, and were eulogized or held up to ridicule as the author's fancy might direct. In an after-piece, or "Apologetical Dialogue," Jonson explains why certain characters are attacked in "The Poetaster," and says that it was in the hope of shaming them to desist from the attacks which for three years they had made upon him. Mr. Poel's performance will reproduce as closely as possible the conditions that prevailed when the play was first performed by the Children of the Chapel Royal in 1601; these children and their immature performances and extravagant popularity are the objects of the amusing reference in "Hamlet" to "an aerie of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of question and are most tyrannically clapped for't; these are now the fashion, and so be-rattle the common stages—so they call them—that many wearing rapiers are afraid of goose-quills, and dare scarce come thither."—London Times, March 31.

You knew that the Germans would take care not to be left out of it. The Shakespeare tercentenary is not to pass without a mournful blast from the German trumpet. On April 23 the German Shakespeare Society will gather together in Weimar and do its best in the uncomfortable circumstances of the time. For a century or so good Germans have been much irritated by the carelessness of Shakespeare in letting himself be born English. That curious and characteristically German passion for proving that everybody who has ever done anything comes of German race has, of course, not let Shakespeare escape. But the president of the German Shakespeare Society is to celebrate the tercentenary by going one better at Weimar. "Goethe in Weimar sleeps——" it is just as well. The theme of the president's discourse will surprise even those who are familiar with the eccentricities of German scholarship. "The Origin of a German Shakespeare through German Labor" is the new frightfulness with which he means to stagger humanity. If the allies do not make peace after that surely they never will. You may have recovered sufficiently to inquire what the good president means by this horrid but mysterious menace. It is probable that he does not propose the manufacture and subsequent dumping of Ersatz-Shakespeare, substitute Shakespeares, each one warranted as good as the real article, in all countries not protected by a tariff. That would be the natural interpretation of his words; but let us always remember that he is a German scholar. Perhaps what he does mean is that the Shakespeare approved in Germany is a creation of German scholarship and German exegesis and German aesthetic appreciation. For it is one of the canons of German literary faith that nobody ever cared about Shakespeare till German critics had expounded him. This is no place to amuse ourselves with that strange delusion. But on one matter we may agree with the coming orator of Weimar. The "German Shakespeare" of German criticism is certainly a very different creature from Shakespeare in puris naturalibus. He has been translated indeed. If anyone doubts that let him be condemned to wrestle with the works of Gervinus.—Daily Telegraph, March 30.

Did Lady Macbeth Love Her Husband?

The Pall Mall Gazette, reviewing "Shakespeare's Industry," by Mrs. C. C. Stopes, asks: "Did Lady Macbeth love her husband? Whether we think of her as with the empiry of Siddons or the softer womanliness of Ellen Terry, did she really love him? One asks the question, confessedly, with a sense of shock.

"Through all these years it has been taken for granted that the one redeeming quality of the 'guilty pair' was their unbounded and fatal affection for each other. Who shall dare to disbelieve? But it is one of those burrlike doubts which, once caught, refuse to be plucked from the mind.

"The remarkable thing is that it clings all the more strongly after reading the three illuminating chapters consecrated to 'Macbeth' in this delightful book (worthy of a far better title) by our greatest woman Shakespearian. Remarkable, because Mrs. Stopes, who probably knows more about the actual, fictional and critical history of Lady Macbeth than any one living, strenuously opposes any belief that Shakespeare's Lady Macbeth was fitly described in Malcolm's now discredited speech as the 'fiendish queen' of a 'dead butcher.' 'Lady Mac' was, we hear, 'a sunny little woman, bright, dainty, graceful, tender . . . with a passionate, self-forgetting heart, devoted to her idolized husband—not only a true woman, but a great one.'

"In short, Mrs. Stopes comes out as Lady Macbeth's complete and all-pardoning apologist. 'Poor Lady Macbeth!' she pleads, 'may her faults lie gently on her!' Nay, more! For Lady Macbeth's sake, Mrs. Stopes, whom we all know for one of the most gentle and unoffending of women, goes so far as to view murder of all kinds with quite surprising condonement. 'If the victim be good, he is sent the sooner to God's peace; if he be evil, he is restrained from piling on more sins.' This from Mrs. Stopes. Who would have thought it?

"Yet of Lady Macbeth, by the strangest paradox, Mrs. Stopes's very wealth of knowledge helps to suggest a clean contrary image to the one her woman's heart would beguile us with. She takes us back, for instance, to the real Lady Macbeth, to that stark old story of Queen Gruoch—no wonder Shakespeare never called her by her real name! Gruoch was, it may be remembered, sole survivor of the ancient royal line of Scotland. After her father and brother had been slaughtered and her first husband burned alive by Macbeth's usurping grandfather, Gruoch fled with her baby, Lulach, through the snow, and in despair threw herself upon the mercy of Macbeth himself. He, with the typical shrewdness of a Cromarty man, secured his more than shaky right to the throne by marrying her, despite the blood feud between them.

"One cannot be quite sure how much of this Shakespeare knew. It is certain, anyhow, that he had Holinshed before him. And Holinshed's only information regarding Lady Macbeth (Mrs. Stopes admits) that she 'urged her husband to destroy Duncan, as she burned with unquenched desire to bear the name of Queen.'

"Suppose, now, we turn to the play. Does not this old history suggest a relationship between Macbeth and his lady which solves a host of problems? Macbeth obviously loves her—or at any rate makes good show of it with his 'dearest chuck,' and so on. But why is it that no word of similar affection passes Lady Macbeth's lips, though she mingles abuse with a certain amount of possibly sarcastic flattery. Why is it that Lady Macbeth has to remind her own husband that she has been a mother? Do not all these things point to a conclusion that there had never been any true mutual understanding between them?

"Was there any real passion for Macbeth on her side? If she had loved him with the utter 'self-forgetfulness' Mrs. Stopes discovers, would she have nagged and rousted him to the murder-point as she did? Would she not have quietly arranged the taking-off of Duncan on her own account—a mere drop of poison would have done—and said nothing about it?

"Do we not seem to see the whole thing in a flash—the throneless queen, still athirst for her rights, finding a means in the already-tempted ambition of this brave, but cautious, canny, but not very clever, primitive Scot, whom she could twist round her finger, but whom she did not love, and whose family, as she would hardly forget, had put her father, brother and the father of her child, each to a horrible death?

"Of course, she misjudged both herself and her man. She overrated her own strength and underrated his faculty for crime. She was to find that she had started an avalanche which she was helpless to control, while he went on from murder to murder. In which course he showed precious little of that 'milk of human kindness' she had taunted him with—she, who had confessed herself unable to kill Duncan because he resembled 'my father while he slept'! The woman's tragedy remains—the woman's tragedy of power by proxy.

"There is, one must add, a deal of value in the book besides these 'Macbeth' chapters. There are, for instance, those in tribute to Shakespeare's bookshelf, already enlarged upon by Sir Sidney Lee. In particular there is a well-supported hint at the possibility of Shakespeare having come to town to take part against the armada—if he did not actually sail in Drake's fleet—and an excellent paper refuting the idea that Sir Thomas Lucy was the original of Mr. Justice Shallow together the wonder is not only Shakespeare's 'right happy and copious industry,' but Mrs. Stopes's hardly less, in its own way."

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 7:30 P. M. Handel's [illegible] performed by the [illegible] Haydn Society, Emil Mollen[illegible] H. G. Tucker, organist [illegible] singers will be Miss Kaiser, Mrs. Woodcock, Mr. Kingston and Mr. Martin.

MONDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert [illegible] Sandby, 'cellist, and George Har[illegible] 'Cello pieces: Valentini, Sonata [illegible] Tschaikowsky, Rococo Variations; Schu[illegible] Dvorak, Indian Lament; Sibe[illegible] Frisie. Sandby, Danish Folk [illegible] and Rosel[illegible]. Songs: Schubert, [illegible] Du bist die Ruh, Dass sie hier [illegible] Leben und Weinen; Gretschaninoff [illegible] Steppe; Borodin, The Sea; Rach[illegible] Memories, Believe Me Not; Sandby, [illegible] Balcony, Wild Geese, The Ship [illegible]

TUESDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Concert [illegible] Miss Marian Clark, soprano, and Miguel [illegible] Spanish guitarist. Songs: E. Purcell, [illegible] Rye; J. Hook, Mary of Allendale; [illegible], Jardin d'amour, Entrez la Belle [illegible]; Brahms, Wehe so willst du, Bot[illegible] Strauss, Zueignung; Poldowski, Spleen; [illegible] le Matin; MacDowell, The Blue Bell; [illegible], Song of the Blackbird. Guitar pieces: [illegible] Tarrega, Caprice Arabe; Coste, [illegible] Granados, Danse Espagnole; Bach, [illegible] Tarrega, Fantaisie Espagnole.

Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Song recital by Miss Helen True, soprano. Songs by Monro, Brown, Schubert, Hermann, Liszt, Delibes, [illegible], Dell' Acqua, Manney, Lond, Townsend, Sullivan, Burton, and a group of children's songs.

THURSDAY—Huntington Chambers Hall, 3:30 P. M. Miss Hostrom's song and plastic dance recital. Mrs. Helen Allen Hunt, Miss Phyllis [illegible] and others.

Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Song recital by Miss Ethel Frank. Salter, The Tanager; Puc[illegible], In quelle trine morbide, from "Manon Lescaut"; Babb, Maedchen mit dem roten Muendchen; Rimsky-Korsakoff, Chanson Indoue; [illegible], Where Are Rome and Nineveh? Gounod, Ho Messo nuove corde al mandolino; Ross, A Babe's First Cry; Strauss, Traum durch die Daemmerung, Heimliche Aufforderung; Handel, Lusinghe piu care, from "Alessandro"; Brogi, Notte Bianca; Carpenter, The Sleep That Flits on Baby's Eyes; Scarlatti, Violette; Salter, the West Wind.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M., 23d concert (A) of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor. See special notice.

Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Song recital of Mme. Martha Atwood Baker, assisted by E. Fenr, viola. Songs by Cesti, Legrenzi, Vivaldi, Moussorgsky, Rachmaninoff, Engel, Cesti, Loeffler, Mahler, Reger, Strauss, Tschaikowsky and others.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Harold Bauer's last piano recital. Chopin: Nocturnes in C sharp minor, op. 27, No. 1, F sharp major, op. 15, No. 2; Polonaise in F sharp minor, op. 44, Sonata in B minor, op. 58, Ballade in F major, op. 38, Berceuse in D flat major, op. 57, Fantasie in F minor, op. 49; Three Etudes, F minor, A flat major, D flat major, op. posth; Etude in C sharp minor, op. 1[illegible], No 4; Waltz in A minor, op. 34, No. 2, and in G flat major, op. 70, No. 1; Scherzo in C sharp minor, op. 39.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M., 23d concert (B) of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor. See special notice.

April 24

'MACCABAEUS'

Handel's "Judas Maccabaeus" was performed last night in Symphony Hall by the Handel and Haydn Society, Emil Mollenhauer, conductor. The solo singers were Miss Kaiser, Miss Whitcomb, Mrs. Woodcock, Mr. Kingston and Mr. Martin. Mr. Tucker was the organist. The Boston Festival orchestra assisted.

When "Judas Maccabaeus" was first performed by the Handel and Haydn Society in 1847 the oratorio did not attract sufficiently to pay expenses. Charles E. Horn was the conductor, the Englishman whose songs are still heard in the concert hall. The chorus, according to report, had been carefully drilled and it sang well at the first concert. Fault was found with it and with some of the solo singers at the four following concerts. A critic wrote: "'See the conquering hero,' suggested Bombastes Furioso, for the drum came in with such force as to bear down chorus and orchestra, both of which were out of tune."

This oratorio has probably been sung more often in England and Germany than any work of Handel except "Israel in Egypt" and "The Messiah." As a matter of fact we know little about Handel's oratorios in Boston except by name. There has been a performance of "Belshazzar" since Mr. Mollenhauer's reign, but the great drinking chorus was then omitted, possibly out of deference to stern prohibitionists among the officers and singers.

"Judas Maccabaeus" was demanded from Handel by Frederick, Prince of Wales, to celebrate the return of his brother, the Duke of Cumberland, who in 1746 had won the battle of Culloden. Morell, the librettist, wrote a fawning dedication to the duke, speaking of "this faint portraiture of a truly wise, valiant and virtuous commander," and likening him to the duke as "the possessor of the like noble qualities." Did Morell write this dedication with his tongue in his cheek? Perhaps politics had something to do with the great success of the oratorio which was performed by Handel 33 times. On the 30th the receipts amounted to more than £400. The subject pleased the Hebrews also.

Mr. Romain Rolland thinks that no one of Handel's oratorios is more popular by reason of its style; and no one contains grander ensembles, or pages in which the solo parts are more intimately associated with the chorus. Remembering that Gluck was in London in 1745-46, M. Romain finds that there are analogies between his greater operas and the "Judas" of Handel.

"The pathetic accents and harmonies of 'Orpheus' are found in the two funeral scenes of the first and the second act of 'Judas Maccabaeus.'" And again, praising the fusion of solo parts with the chorus M. Romain finely says: "In this victorious epic of an invaded people that revolts and sweeps away the oppressor, individuals are scarcely to be distinguished from the heroic soul of the nation, and the chiefs of the people are only chorus leaders whose songs put in motion these enormous ensembles, which mount up by heavy and irresistible progressions as the giant steps of a triumphal staircase. It also happens that the orchestra adds to the dialogue of solo voices and chorus a third element of dramatic psychology. Sometimes in opposition apparently to the first two, as in the second act where the orchestra, sounding the frenzy of battle, is in contrast with the chorus, nearly funereal, which are put above it; or better, the orchestra completes the picture. Close to death is glory."

When Charles Sumner pronounced a eulogy on Lincoln soon after the assassination, the Handel and Haydn sang, with other appropriate compositions, the chorus "Mourn, ye afflicted people," from "Judas Maccabaeus." Mr. Dwight wondered how the oratorio had escaped performance during the civil war, "for it was the very music which we wanted, to 'fire the Northern heart.'" It was performed on Nov. 8, 1865, when it was thought worthy of note that there were bassoons in the orchestra. (The solo singers were Miss Houston, Annie Louise Cary, Mr. Farley and Mr. Rudolphsen). The performance was not a good one, according to Mr. Dwight. "But the memories of the war were still fresh. No texts to which great music could be set could more insure its appeal to all our hearts than these, to which Handel wrote his patriotic, his heroic oratorio par-excellence. But it is always interesting, seldom out of season; if it was not heard in those dark days, it was well to hear it now." And some might say that "Judas Maccabaeus" is at this moment music for the time.

The performance last evening was a fine one. The leading singers, experienced and vocally well endowed, sang with taste. Mr. Kingston was particularly effective as Judas. The great chorus, responsive to the will of Mr. Mollenhauer, sang with spirit and impressive volume of tone. An audience of good size was appreciative.

Dr. E. H. B. reminds us that "windjammers" is a term applied by soldiers to members of regimental bands. In English theatrical slang a player of a wind instrument is a windjammer.

We recently asked if any one knew the derivation of jamboree. Prof. Hurleton of the Pophyry informs us that the word comes from jaborandi, an African plant, from which the natives extract a juice that drunk even in moderation sets them whooping. Now jaborandi is the name given to the dried leaflets of a plant that grows in Brazil—where the nuts come from. The plant is known to the natives as the Tupi Guarani. The word is jaburandi or jaburandiba, known to scientists as pilocarpus pinnotifolius. The leaves have diuretic and sudorific properties, not intoxicating. We fear that we shall have to guess again about jamboree.

This reminds us that after a long-winded discussion of the origin of the term "Boche," a learned counsellor-at-law remarked that in his opinion the talk was all bosh.

In the Herald of last Friday a paragraph headed "A New Englander" was a case of the cart before the horse. The paragraph was an answer to a correspondent who discussed "Them molasses," "A few broth" and "Those porridge." We answered, with the help of Dr. Wright's Dialect Dictionary, that certain words in English, as broth, porridge, have been used as plural and are still so used in parts of Great Britain.

That Amherst Song.

Mr. Sydney Harrocks of Westminster things that the song, "The Pope he leads a merry life, He eats raw oysters with his knife," quoted by Mr. Lemuel Sheldon in the Herald of April 10, is probably a parody of the old German song: "The Pope he leads a merry life." Mr. Harrocks gives a free translation. Thackeray paraphrased the song under the title, "Commanders of the Faithful."

The Pope he is a happy man,
His Palace is the Vatican,
And there he sits and drains his can;
The Pope he is a happy man.
I often say when I'm at home,
I'd like to be the Pope of Rome.

Then follows the verse about the Sultan Saladin, and a third verse brings the conclusion that the singer is happier than either.

"A. M. Herst" of Brockton writes that the song, for a long time a favorite with glee clubs representing Amherst College, was written by Dr. Robert Palfrey Utter, a professor of English at that college. The first verse as quoted by Mr. Herst follows the old German song, "The Pope he leads a jolly life." The other verses, reflecting on the table manners of potentates, are original, and some are rather amusing.

The Sultan better pleases me,
He takes tobacco in his tea;
He drinks a quart, and sometimes more,
And spits the tea leaves on the floor.

The Czar of Russia, so they say,
Drinks whiskey sours night and day;
And every time he [illegible] a drink
He throws the lemon in the sink.

The King of England is, I've heer'd,
Spills egg and coffee on his heard;
He turns his saucer upside down,
And bangs his teacup on his crown.

But Kaiser Wilhelm is the best,
He dribbles oatmeal down his vest;
He greets each waiter with a whoop,
And rests his elbow in the soup.

The Bey of Tunis, I confess,
At eating scallops is a mess;
He bites his loaf of bread across,
And smears his face with tartar sauce.

Eyetalian Kings, they are so proud,
They eat spaghetti long and loud;
They like to wind it round their thumbs,
And then lop off the goo and crumbs.

The Chinese Emp'ror thinks it nice
To stuff his cheeks with sugared mice,
And then sit back and roll his eyes
In vain attempts to Fletcherize.

She Doesn't Know.

As the World Wags:

"Why the Jerusalem garter?" asks Mr. Herkimer Johnson.

Search me! SADIE.

Boston, April 2.

Charlie Chaplin.

What has old England done that "Charlie Chaplin" should honor her by proclaiming his British nationality? And what has "Charlie Chaplin" done that old England should have gone its unwonted course in ignorance of the lustre which her distinguished son was shedding upon her? We should have mistaken him for a typical product of America. Well, both sides know the facts now, and we are sure this preoccupied country will try to live up to its new responsibility. After all, it is something to have a son who can play with £134,000 contracts, and, circumstances being what they are, we must suppress all references to the military obligations of single Britons, lest we give offence to our powerful new kinsman.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Sound Talk.

As the World Wags:

The following remarks made by Frederick G. Pettigrove (at that time chairman of the Boston school board) at a reunion of the Quincy School Association, seem to me to be particularly appropriate at the present time. They are full of that good, sound, common sense which characterized all his public remarks.

"The public school is the nursery of democracy. It is there that religious dissension finds a ready means of elimination. It enables people of different religious faiths to grow up good American citizens. It is in the schools that the great work of harmonizing discordant elements is begun. It is in the schools that it is made possible for those of different creeds and political faiths to grow up and dwell in harmony."

JOSEPH MATTHEW SULLIVAN.

Boston.

As the World Wags:

Your correspondent, "H. P. C.," who asked about "windjammer," was not thorough in his use of the Century Dictionary. The word is defined in the supplement to vol. X. of the Century, edition of 1911. The definition given is: "A common term for a merchant sailing vessel (colloq.)" Quotations are given from Dolf Wyllard and Cutclyffe Hyne. No derivation is mentioned.

When I read this question and your comments thereon, I had a strong impression that I had seen the word before 1902, the date which you stated was the earliest on which (so far as you had been able to find) the term was printed. I have, however, looked over the books in which I thought I had seen it, and have finally come to the conclusion that I must have confused the term with "lime-juicer," which was referred to with more or less contempt by Capt. Nares in one of his conversations with Mr. Dodd on the voyage to Midway Island in search of the "Flying Scud," as described in "The Wrecker."

Medford. H. J. L.

"Them Molasses."

As the World Wags:

The note from "The Doctor's Wife," giving the term "sap molasses" to maple syrup reminds me of a somewhat similar designation used in the South many years ago. A naturalist friend of ours told us that while studying in Kentucky, his host remarked to him at breakfast, "Won't you have some of these molasses? These are tree molasses." This use of the plural is also to be found among the natives of New England. I haven't heard it applied to molasses, but my father remembers as a boy hearing an old New England woman speak of making "a few broth." David Balfour's dreadful uncle in "Kidnapped" uses the plural form in speaking of "parritch." "They're fine halesome food, they're grand food, parritch," he says to David. In this case, as in that of broth, the excuse of the final letter "s" as in molasses is lacking, and causes me some perplexity. "Sap sugar" is sometimes heard in New England.

April 19

PIANIST AND TENOR GIVE AFTERNOON CONCERT

Small Audience Applauds Messrs. Vieh and Rasely.

By PHILIP HALE.

A concert was given yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall by George C. Vieh, pianist, and George E. Rasely, tenor. The program included these piano pieces: Beethoven, sonata, op. 28; Schubert-Liszt, du bist die Ruh; Schumann, In der Nacht, op. 12, No. 5; Chopin, Nocturne, C sharp minor, op. 27, No. 1; Etude, op. 10, No. 12; Arensky, Caprices op. 43, Nos. 4 and 5; Griffes, Scherzo E-flat minor, op. 6, No. 3. Mr. Rasely sang these songs: Old English, "Come, Let's Be Merry," "Early One Morning"; Bishop, "The Bloom Is on the Rye"; Arne, "The Plague of Love"; Massenet, "Le Reve," from "Manon"; Pierne, "Ils Etaient," "Trois Petits Chats"; Duparc, "Extase"; Debussy, "Le Temps"; Brahms, "In Waldeseinsamkeit," Botschaft; Vieh, "By an Inland Lake," Sea Lyric, "Love's Wayfaring," Song for Candlemas." Henry E. Wry was the accompanist.

We are informed that Mr. Vieh, born in St. Louis, was graduated at the Vienna Conservatory, a pupil of Dachs and Bruckner. He is now at the head of the piano department at Smith College. "He has played with the Boston Symphony Orchestra twice at Northampton, with the St. Louis Symphony orchestra and with the Kneisel quartet." Mr. Rasely has been for some years tenor of the Old South Church. In the spring he will leave this city for a church position in New York.

Mr. Vieh might be characterized as a sound and careful pianist—sound and careful as to the notes on the page, also with regard to the published indications of the composer. He is undoubtedly a safe man for the position he holds—for his playing is matter-of-fact, not romantic. No doubt, too, he is a good teacher of the letter, if not a quickener of the spirit, and is able to acquaint the young ladies at Smith College with cheerful facts about the sonata and rondo forms.

Mr. Rasely has a naturally good voice. He sings with evident enjoyment of the chosen music. His voice would repay thorough and patient study in the art of singing.

There was a small and friendly audi-

April 25 1916

'PRINCESS PAT'

By PHILIP HALE.

PARK SQUARE THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Princess Pat," a comic opera in three acts. Book and lyrics by Henry Blossom, music by Victor Herbert. Produced by John Cort. Mr. Herbert conducted. Brought out at Atlantic City Aug. 23, 1915, with Eleanor Painter as the Princess.

Marie	Leonora Novasio
Thomas	Martin Haydon
Bob Darrow	Sam B. Hardy
Tom Schmalz, Jr.	Robert Ober
Si Perkins	Alexander Clark
Grace Holbrook	Eva Fallon
General John Holbrook	Louis Casavant
Anthony Schmalz	Al. Shean
Princess Di Montaldo (nee Patrice O'Connor)	Ruth Welsh
Prince Antonio Di Montaldo	David Quixano
Bertie Ashland	Ralph Riggs
Gabrielle Fourneaux	Katherine Witchie

Mr. Herbert's invention seems inexhaustible. Perhaps the music of "The Princess Pat" has not always the delicacy and grace, the distinction of the music to "The Only Girl," but there are broader effects, more humor in the instrumentation—witness, for instance, the Fox Trot—and everywhere are fine orchestral touches; nor are melodies that have character and charm at all lacking. What a relief it is to hear Mr. Herbert's music after the conventional slap-bang, rush and fury of the ordinary musical comedy with its crowd of show girls, wiry-voiced and bare-backed!

The libretto of "The Princess Pat" is not strikingly original, nor is it intensely humorous in itself; but the story is at least coherent and it is amiably told. Fortunately the company is strong in comedians of various types and they make the piece amusing, not by the introduction of vaudeville acts, not by horse play and ancient wheezes, but legitimately. Grace Holbrook is to marry old Schmalz because he is rich and her uncle is a bankrupt. Young Tony Schmalz, a convivial lad, turns up with one Darrow, an acquaintance picked up when Tony was heavy with champagne. The two ran an automobile at furious speed. Perkins the sheriff is on the track of the speeders, but cannot identify them. Now Darrow is a sort of adventurer. No one knows where he came from; he makes friends with everyone; he might be introduced as the cool of the evening.

To protect Tony from arrest, he insists that Tony should pass for his valet. This Darrow is a skilful regulator of affairs. At the Holbrook's house party are the Princess Pat and her Italian husband. She complains that she is neglected. A sentimental woman, also passionate, she thinks the Prince has cooled. He is grieved because she cares for sport, not for improving books and art. Darrow sees to it all. To fan the dying flame of the Prince he urges Patrice to flirt with old Schmalz. Meanwhile Tony and Grace fall in love and elope, for old Schmalz is thrown over. Prince and Princess are reconciled. Darrow remains everybody's friend, and he has money in his pocket, bills, checks and notes.

Mr Hardy as Darrow was entertaining by reason of his aplomb, his refined humor, a humor with delicious dryness. He made his points neatly. He gave the audience credit for some intelligence, and did not bawl his lines, or hammer them into the spectators, or put his trust in mugging. Mr. Shean had a lilt, fruity German accent and played with discretion a part that would have tempted many to extravagance. Mr. Clark took the part of Perkins with an extraordinary trick leg. Amusing in speech, walk and facial expression, he sang the song of his married woes with genuine humor, and was capital in the "elder" scene. Mr. Ober was an acceptable Tony; Mr. Casavant sang his song with gusto. Mr. Quixano sang with marked effect and played in a sufficiently Corsican manner.

Miss Welsh was better in the second and third acts than in the first, where she did not carry herself as a dashing horsewoman. While her voice was not always of sympathetic quality, she sang freely and often well. In the scenes with old Schmalz she was arch in a curious way. In certain constrained attitudes, even in the awkwardness of her gestures, there was something piquant. Miss Fallon made little impression as Grace, while Miss Novasio should have had more to do. The chorus girls, guests of the Holbrooks, looked as though they had a right to be there. Refined in appearance girlishly fresh, they wore their costumes as if they had been accustomed to them.

The stage settings were tasteful, not vulgarly sumptuous. One of the many features of the performance was the dancing of Miss Witchie and Mr. Riggs. The orchestra played well under Mr. Herbert, who at the end of the second act made a short speech of thanks.

The large audience was greatly pleased. The performance was unduly protracted by Mr. Herbert's good nature in the matter of encores. There were times when he almost anticipated the applause.

Mr. Arthur M. Harrington of Douglas, Arizona, writes as follows: "Sometimes a sad, homesick feeling comes over me, when I compare the prevailing style of ancedote found in the school literature of today, with the old McGuffey brand, so well known to school children years ago. Today our juvenile literature, it seems to me, is so transparent and unimaginative, so utterly lacking in didactic trend, that I am not surprised to notice in the rising generation, signs of lawlessness and disrespect to established authority. In the parlor of a Silver City, N. M., hotel, I picked up an old book a few evenings ago and the following was among those present."

George Pilgarlic.

One day as George Pilgarlic was going to his tasks, and while passing through the wood, he spied a tall man approaching in an opposite direction along the highway.

"Ah!" thought George, in a low, mellow tone of voice, "whom have we here?"

"Good morning, my fine fellow," exclaimed the stranger pleasantly. "Do you reside in this locality?"

"Indeed I do," retorted George cheerily doffing his cap. "In yonder cottage near the glen, my widowed mother and her 13 children dwell with me."

"And is your father dead?" exclaimed the man, with a rising inflection.

"Extremely so," murmured the lad, "and, oh, sir, that is why my poor mother is a widow."

"And how did your papa die?" asked the man, as he thoughtfully stood on the other foot a while.

"Alas, sir," said George, as a large, hot tear stole down his pale cheek and fell with a loud report on the warty surface of his bare foot, "he was lost at sea in a bitter gale. The good ship foundered two years ago last Christmas, and father was foundered at the same time. No one knew of the loss of the ship and that the crew was drowned until the next spring, and it was then too late."

"And what is your age, my fine fellow?" quoth the stranger.

"If I live till next October," said the boy in a manly voice, "I will be seven years of age."

"And who provides for your mother and her large family of children?" queried the man.

"Indeed, I do sir," replied George in a shrill tone. "I toil, oh, so hard, sir, for we are very, very poor, and since my elder sister Ann was married and brought her husband home to live with us, I have to toil more assiduously than heretofore."

"And by what means do you obtain a livelihood?" exclaimed the man, in slowly measured terms.

"By digging wells, kind sir," replied George, picking up a tired ant as he spoke, and stroking it on the back. I have a good education, and so I am able to dig wells as well as a man. I do this daytimes and take in washing at night. In this way I am enabled barely to maintain our family in a precarious manner; but, oh, sir, should any other sisters marry, I fear that some of my brothers-in-law would have to suffer."

"And do you not fear the deadly firedamp?" asked the stranger, in an earnest tone.

"Not by a damp sight," answered George, with a low, gurgling laugh, for he was a great wag.

"You are indeed a brave lad," exclaimed the stranger as he repressed a smile. "And do you not at times become very weary and wish for other ways of passing your time?"

"Indeed I do, sir," said the lad. "I would fain run and romp and be gay like other boys, but I must engage in constant manual exercise or we will have no bread to eat, and I have not seen a piece of pie since papa perished in the moist and moaning sea."

"And what if I were to tell you that your papa did not perish at sea, but was saved from a humid grave?" asked the stranger in pleasing tones.

"Ah, sir," exclaimed George in a genteel manner, "I am too polite to tell you what I would say, and, besides, sir, you are much larger than I am."

"But, my brave lad," said the man, in low, musical tones, "do you not know me, Georgie? Oh, George!"

"I must say," said George, "that you have the advantage of me. Whilst I may have met you before, I cannot at this moment place you, sir."

"My son! Oh my son!" murmured the man, at the same time taking a large strawberry mark out of his valise and showing it to the lad. "Do you not recognize your parent on your father's side? When our good ship went to the bottom, all perished save me. I swam several miles through the billows, and at last, utterly exhausted, gave up all hope of life. Suddenly I stepped on something hard. It was the United States. And now, my brave boy," exclaimed the man with great glee, "see what I have brought you." It was the work of but a moment to unclasp from a shawl strap which he held in his hand and present to George's astonished gaze, a large forty-cent watermelon, which until now had been concealed by the shawl strap.

MAUDE ADAMS

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—Maude Adams in "The Little Minister," a comedy by J. M. Barrie. Cast:

Gavin Dishart.....Dallas Anderson
Lord Rintoul.....Martin Sanda
Captain Halliwell.....Morton Selten
Lady Babbie.....Maude Adams
Feelice.....Elise Clarens
Thomas Whammond.....David Torrence
Rob Dow.....J. M. McFarlane
Micah Dow.....Gladys Gillen
Snecky Hobart.....Wallace Jackson
Andrew Mealmaker.....R. Peyton Carter
Silva Tosh.....Charles Gay
Joe Cruikshank.....C. Gay
Nannie Webster.....Ada Boshell

Thruma sleeps as soundly as of old under the April moon, and rouses as suddenly against the Redcoats when the young minister, beguiled by the bewitching gypsy girl, sounds the signal on the horn.

The elders were never more dour, never harsher in their judgments or more tender-hearted in relenting. The minister himself is as impulsive and persistent as on other visits, and, above all, Lady Babbie has lost none of her bubbling buoyance, none of her flashes of seriousness, none of her quick changes from grave to gay and back again. All in all, "The Little Minister" is as delightful as ever, with its enlivening mixture of Scotch sterness, delicate satire, warm young love and happy outcome from threatening situations.

The passing of time and unnumbered repetitions has taken no particle of the bloom and freshness from Miss Adams's Lady Babbie. Her skill is still marvelously keen in the atmosphere of reality with which she clothes the kaleidoscopic shifting of Babbie's charming moods. Whether she is masquerading as the gypsy, or pretending to try to conceal her love for the minister, or going into raptures over Nannie Webster's bonnet and merino, or beguiling her father or getting into danger in order to comfort little Micah Dow—in all her contradictions and whimsicalities one never thinks for a moment that it is not all actually happening in Thrums. Therein lie the appeal, the strength and the charm of her performance.

Miss Adams is efficiently supported by the whole company in keeping every spectator hypnotized into the belief he is living with the Scotch weavers and taking part in the stern trials and joyous deliverance of the kirk from the awful blow that hung over it in the impending downfall of the "meenister."

Mr. Anderson shows some signs of stiffness from the strong character of the young pastor, yet many times he meets its requirements with real illumination and vigor.

Mr. McFarlane is most excellently gusty as Bob Dow in his bursts of temper, his depths of remorse and his splendid loyalty to the minister.

The elders are all just the sort of pillars of the kirk that they ought to be. Mr. Torrence as Whammond, the chief and straightest pillar, and Mr. Carter as Wealmaker, are particularly engaging.

Martin Sands as Lord Rintoul, Babbie's father, looks and acts the part to perfection and seems to have stepped into life from a fine old portrait of the time represented.

Mr. Selten, as the jilted Capt. Holliwell, is somewhat too indifferent, but that is his way, both in voice and manner.

Ada Boshell, as Nannie Webster, working at the loom, serving tea in her cottage for the little minister, getting out her books, showing Babbie her choice finery, gives one of the finest touches to the picture.

"The New Henrietta" at the

MAJESTIC THEATRE—William H. Crane, supported by Thomas W. Ross, Maclyn Arbuckle, Amelia Bingham and Edith Taliaferro, in "The New Henrietta," founded on Bronson Howard's comedy, and modernized by Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes.

Musgrave.....Malcolm Bradley
Hutchins.....J. H. Huntley
Watson Flint.....Edward Poland
Mark Turner.....James J. Ryan
Rose Turner.....Miss Rosalind Coghlan
Bertie.....Thos. W. Ross
Nicholas Van Alstyne.....Wm. H. Crane
Agnes Gates.....Miss Edith Taliaferro
Rev. Murray Hilton.....Maclyn Arbuckle
Mrs. Cornelia Opdyke
Miss Amelia Bingham
Dr. George Wainwright.....Arthur S. Hull
Hattie.....Miss Zeffie Tilbury
Edward.....John A. De Weese

We are told that this is Mr. Crane's final appearance in Bronson Howard's remarkably long-lived comedy. We know also that on Sunday next Mr. Crane observes, in a very quiet way, his 71st birthday. Considering that as far back as 1887, at the Union Square Theatre, New York, Mr. Crane and Mr. Robson first appeared in the original production, it bespeaks a certain sentimental action on the part of Mr. Crane that in the year of 1916, when he is about to retire permanently from the American stage, he chooses the comedy in which he at least played a part which later brought him fame and reputation.

Those of the old school of playgoers will easily recall Mr. Crane's Old Nick, and they as easily will recall Mr. Robson's Bertie. Mr. Robson is dead, and with him have passed many of the cheerliest memories of the stage. Mr. Crane still is with us; and our wish is that he, like Rip Van Winkle, may live long and prosper. Certainly last night he was as sprightly, as resourceful, as theatrically effective, as in the days when Robson and Crane were in their prime. Whenever in the scene, he dominated it, no matter how strongly opposed by his so-called co-stars.

Mr. Ross, if we may say so, was not so effective as was Mr. Fairbanks, in that it seemed impossible for him to assume the vacuous, wholly innocent demeanor of Bertie. He was, if anything, too manly. Mr. Arbuckle had what is known as a soft part as the Rev. Murray Hilton, and more is the pity that he felt compelled to drag in a variation of the line which made him famous in "The Round Up," when he exclaimed, just before the final curtain, "Nobody loves a fat clergyman." It was too much like a realization that the actor had passed from something big to something beneath him, in characterization.

Mr. Ross played industriously up to his role, yet never quite reached expectations. To those who recalled the unctuous, innocent, lisping lines of the late Mr. Robson, his efforts were far beside the mark. Miss Bingham, who evidently designed her own gowns, made a prepossessing widow, and it is small wonder that Old Nick, in the person of Mr. Crane, finally succumbed to her charms. Miss Taliaferro, in the old-fashioned role of Agnes, gave rare artistry to lines which in even the latter-day manuscript must be very dull. The remainder of the cast was adequate.

There was a large and appreciative audience, thanks to the especial significance of the occasion dramatically and to the popularity of the beneficiary of the evening, Mr. McGrath, the manager of the theatre. The engagement is for the week only, and those who have a fondness for plays of sterling worth will do well to see "The New Henrietta," and the players who make it still vital and entertaining.

LOUIS MANN

WILBUR THEATRE: "The Bubble," comedy drama in three acts, by Edward Locke. Cast:

CAST.

Gustave Muller.....Louis Mann
Emilia Muller.....Mme. Mathilde Cottrelly
Rose Muller.....Miss Laura Walker
Richard Graham.....George Wellington
Joseph Mahlen.....Ivan R. Miller

"The Bubble" is a rather flimsy story, but it gives the star a good chance for his broken German dialect, and as Bostonians are always glad to see him in anything, it didn't make much difference what the name of the play was.

Mr. Mann played the role of the delicatessan dealer who worked from 6 A. M. to 10 P. M. After many years of hard work he and his plodding wife have saved $25,000. The daughter is in love with a young newspaper reporter, who offends the father by writing a dialect story in which the pickle seller thinks he sees himself reflected.

One evening while everything is running smoothly in the household, a mine promoter comes on the scene and informs the delicatessan proprietor that his (the promoter's) grandfather and the d. p.'s father were pals in Germany. One thing leads to another and the pickled-lime dealer sinks all his earnings in wildcat mining stock. His investment has piled up to nearly half a million (in his mind) when the bottom falls out of the stock and the promoter is arrested—as sometimes happens to mining promoters.

The delicatessan dealer nearly goes insane, thinking he has lost every cent. Enter the reporter, who, unknown to the old man, has met the daughter, and, having a tip that the mining man was to be arrested, arranged a clever scheme for getting $50,000 from the promoter before the raid and arrest. Father hails him as a "smart son-of-a-gun" when he learns that he did not lose, after all. The curtain falls with

hter in the arms of the reporter, accepts a large chunk of the $50,000 dowry.

There are many laughs in the play, most of which are produced by Mr. Mann's lines and facial expressions.

Mme. Cottrelly was a clever German housewife, and the others did well in their parts.

SANDBY AND HARRIS APPEAR IN JORDAN HALL

Tenor and Violoncellist Give Concert—Mrs. Cole Accompanies.

Herman Sandby, violoncellist, and George Harris, tenor, gave a concert at Jordan Hall last evening. Mrs. Ethel Cave Cole was the accompanist. Mr. Sandby played these pieces: Valentini, Sonata No. 10; Tschaikowsky, Rococo Variations; Schumann, Adagio; Dvorak, Indian Lament; Sibelius, Valse Triste; Sandby, Two Danish folk songs. Mr. Harris sang these songs: Schubert, Am Meer, Du Bist die Ruh, Dass sie hier gewesen, Lachen und Weinen; Gretschaninoff, Over the Steppe; Borodin, The Sea; Rachmaninoff, Memories, Believe Me Not; Sanby, Under the Balcony, Wild Geese, The Ship Starting.

Mr. Sandby made his first appearance in Boston last evening. Born at Copenhagen in 1881, he studied at Frankfort. While in his early teens he appeared in concerts in Scandinavia, England, Germany and America. He is well known in London and Berlin. For some years he was the first 'cellist of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra.

Mr. Sandby is a musician of the first rank. His tone is warm, flexible, elastic, at times sensuously beautiful. His technic is well developed. His melodies are alluringly sung. There is the sense of reserve force. He wields his instrument cunningly with the alternate resourcefulness of effectively simulated lightness and a well stocked palette. His playing has the vitality of youth. The hearer was not immediately tempted to leave the hall after curiosity had been satisfied.

Giuseppe Valentini was a violinist and composer at the Florentine court. His sonata was played by Mr. Sandby with due observance of classical purity in style. Tschaikowsky's variations provided opportunities for an exhibition of tonal suavity and technical skill. The shorter pieces were of a more emotional nature. The two Danish folk songs have been agreeably arranged by the artist for his instrument. As a composer of songs Mr. Sandby is less fortunate, his musical personality is not so sharply defined.

Mr. Harris sang with accustomed skill, with his usual aesthetic sensitiveness. The Russian songs sung in Russian were the most effective. The melancholy of the Steppe was strikingly suggested by the singer; the native sadness of the other songs was eloquently voiced. An audience of good size was interested and applauded heartily.

COPLEY THEATRE

The first of the matinees for children at the Copley Theatre under its new management took place yesterday afternoon when Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's "Racketty-Packetty House" was given for the first time in Boston.

The play was acted for the most part by children. It concerns Cynthia, a pampered little girl of 9, and her heartless treatment of her old-fashioned doll's house and its inmates when her affections turn to the modern palace, Tidy Castle, with its titled and haughty inhabitants.

The Racketty-Packetty dolls, Peter Piper, Gustibus, Ridikils, Kilmauskeg, Meg, Pegs, Mr. Mouse and the two robins, though relegated to the gloom of the nursery's alcove, are joyous and kind-hearted. The pert new mouse suggests that they be burned, but Queen Crosspatch and her attendant fairies protect them. Peter Piper falls madly in love with Lady Patsy, the most charming of the aristocratic young ladies. There is an elopement, and all ends happily.

[illegible] with spirit [illegible] the leading roles displayed [illegible] sportively and lack of self-[illegible]siness. The settings were qualnt. [illegible] of good size, chiefly com[illegible] of children, enjoyed the perform[illegible] in holiday mood. The piece will [illegible] daily at 3.45 P. M. There will be special performances on Satur[illegible] evenings at 8.15.

CASTLE SQUARE PLAYERS GIVE ROMEO AND JULIET

Two Thousand Children Attend Afternoon Performance.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE. Romeo and Juliet. Tragedy in six acts, by William Shakespeare.

Escalus ..... Frederic Ormonde
Paris ..... Robert Capron
Romeo ..... John Craig
Mercutio ..... Theodore Friebus
Benvolio ..... Bert Young
Montague ..... Al Roberts
Capulet ..... George Ernst
Peter ..... Donald Meek
Tybalt ..... William George
Friar Laurence ..... Frederic Ormonde
Friar John ..... Henry Wilmington
Balthasar ..... Justine Adams
Lady Capulet ..... Betty Barncoat
Lady Montague ..... Dorothy Dickinson
Nurse ..... Vida Croly Sidney
Juliet ..... Mary Young

Modern audiences demand that Shakespeare's plays shall be acted in a pictorial manner. The many eyes that saw the two performances of "Romeo and Juliet" at the Castle Square yesterday, for the opening of the Shakespeare festival as arranged by John Craig and Mary Young, were completely satisfied. What they saw was Verona in a series of stage settings that were noteworthy for beauty and accuracy. And both the afternoon and evening audiences took pleasure in this production and performance. The matinee was attended by more than 2000 school children from Cambridge, who showed great interest. It revealed to them a meaning in Shakespeare that cannot be obtained from mere book knowledge. "Romeo and Juliet" is doubtless, with the possible exception of "Hamlet," the most popular of Shakespeare's tragedies. The evening audience, no less than that of the afternoon, manifested the keenest interest in it during the more than three hours required to act it.

There are many characters in "Romeo and Juliet," but the hero and the heroine command almost the entire attention of the audience. Juliet is, of course, the leading figure, for the woman in a love story always commands the most attention, and as Juliet Miss Young was a delightful figure. She looked the girlish character as few actresses are able to, and, better still, she acted it with an emotion that grew steadily from maidenly happiness to the passion and emotion to its end. Mr. Craig's Romeo is romantic in figure and bearing, passionate in speech and action, and vivid in his suggestion of all that made the young man one of the greatest of Shakespeare's lovers. A word must suffice for the rest: for Mr. Friebus's volatile Mercutio, for Mr. Meek's laughable Peter, for Mr. George's forceful Tybalt, for Mr. Capron's fine Paris and for Mr. Ormonde's impressive Friar Laurence.

Only today and tomorrow, both afternoon and evening, will "Romeo and Juliet" be repeated at the Castle Square. Beginning Thursday matinee, "As You Like It" will be acted for the rest of the week. Next week, for the last performances of the Shakespeare festival, "Hamlet" and "The Taming of the Shrew" will be given.

IRENE FRANKLIN HEADS THE BILL AT B. F. KEITH'S

Lew Dockstader, Roger Gray and Others Contribute.

Irene Franklin was the headliner at B. F. Keith's Theatre last evening. She has a new group of songs, but, owing to the insistence of the audience, there was a return to some of the old favorites. Her songs included a plea for the suppression of the obtrusive members of the family, a story of a young business woman, the protest of a grimy infant and two tales of a chorus lady's career. Then there was the ever welcome plaint of the well-to-do child who wished to be a janitor's daughter. Miss Franklin was accompanied at the piano by Burton Green.

Lew Dockstader was heard in a monologue as Teddy in "My Policies." Both in make-up and speech Mr. Dockstader left no doubt in the minds of his auditors as to the distinguished person he was burlesquing.

The big fun number on the bill was the sketch of Roger Gray and company. The act has much that is new in the dancing line and there is an abundance of comedy. Mr. Gray, not unlike DeWolf Hopper in looks and physique, has many attributes of a well schooled comedian.

Others on the bill were Mlle. Vera Sabina, assisted by Cleveland Bronner, in a dancing act; Mary Shaw and company, in an amusing sketch, "The Dickey Bird"; Leo Beers, in an act at the piano; Derkin's dog and monkey circus, Frank Parish and Peru, eccentric dancers, and Jessie Keller and Tommy Weir, in a singing and bicycle act.

FORBES-ROBERTSON

Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson began his engagement at Sanders Theatre, Harvard University, last night, in "Hamlet" on the Elizabethan stage, especially erected for this occasion. Students in the costume of Shakespeare's day filled the pit and boxes and the theatre proper was crowded. Two more performances will be given tonight and tomorrow night, when the famous actor makes his farewell appearance on the American stage. Miss Laura Cowie is seen as Ophelia. This is her first appearance in this neighborhood. The performances commence at 8 o'clock.

April 26 1916

MISS CLARK AND MR. LLOBET GIVE

By PHILIP HALE.

Miss Marion Clark, soprano, and Miguel Llobet, guitarist, gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. Songs: H. Purcell, "Passing-Bye"; Hood, "Mary of Allendale"; old French, "Jardin d'Armour," "Entrez la Belle en Vigne"; Brahms, "Wehe so Willst du," "Botschaft"; Strauss, "Zuelgnung"; Poldowski, "Spleen"; Chausson, "Les Papillons"; MacDowell, "The Blue Bell"; Quilter, "Song of the Blackbird." Guitar pieces: Sor, Menuet; Tarrega, Caprice Arabe; Coste, Etude; Granados, Danse Espagnole; Bach, Bourree; Tarrega, Fantaisie Espagnole. Richard Epstein was the accompanist.

Miss Clark, who came from New York, is an interesting singer, although her technic is faulty. Her voice is naturally full and expressive; her intonation is secure; her enunciation is distinct. She has it in her to be an interpreter. At present she is in need of sound instruction. She has not yet control of breath. Her tones, to use a homely phrase, are windy. They are not concentrated; the upper ones in forte passages are spread and without quality. She sings with gusto and can be emotional. Her program was delightfully unconventional in selection and arrangement. It was a pleasure to find her putting the good, old English songs at the beginning and not at the end. What a relief from the established group of 18th century Italian songs to start with and English songs deferred to the end, as though the singer should say to the audience: "Now that I have gone through the foreign languages and shown you what I can do, I'll deign to sing some trifling songs in English."

Miss Clark substituted Chausson's "Papillons" for Bizet's "Matin," and sang it so lightly and prettily that she was obliged to repeat it.

Mr. Llobet is a virtuoso and a musician. He put on his program a piece by Sor, who shortly after the Peninsular war went to London, made a sensation there and brought the Spanish guitar into favor. Did Mauro Giuliani, who wrote a concerto for guitar and orchestra, write smaller pieces that now would be pleasant to the ear? The guitar is foolishly disdained by some who really believe that the piano is in itself a musical instrument. Paganini learned much from the guitar in striving after perfection as a violinist, and Berlioz, dreaming of gigantic works, played the guitar, probably none too well.

Mr. Llobet not only did surprising things as a master of technic, he displayed a fine taste and true musical feeling.

A small audience was deeply interested.

MANY CHILDREN ENJOY "PETER PAN" MATINEE

Miss Maude Adams gave the first of her "Peter Pan" matinees at the Hollis Street Theatre yesterday. A very large audience, in which were many children, enjoyed Barrie's charming story of the little boy who never grew up. The adventures of Wendy and her brothers in "The Never, Never, Never Land" and on the pirate ship were attentively followed. Nana, the crocodile; the lion and the other animals were realistically impersonated.

Miss Adams's Peter is ever youthful. She plays the part with accustomed spontaneity and boyishness, with many charming and fanciful touches peculiarly her own. The supporting company was efficient. Mr. Carter as Hook was effective in make-up and amusing in characterization.

The play will be repeated tomorrow afternoon and next Tuesday.

The lips wax cold, and look leth pale and thin
The teeth fall out as nuts forsook the shell,
The bare bald head but shows where hair hath been,
The lively joints wax weary, stiff and still,
The ready tongue now falters in his tale;
The courage quails as strength decays and goes.

A Predecessor.

The Chicago judge who ruled that Bacon wrote the plays of Shakespeare, a matter that evidently is out of the jurisdiction of the Chicago court, was not the first, nor was the first Baconian the first. Joshua Barnes, editor of Homer, Euripides and Anacreon, a laborious person, who left behind him nearly 50 unfinished works, many of them epic poems, intended to be in 12 books, wrote a poem with the design to prove that Solomon, in all his glory, was the author of the Iliad. As for that, Samuel Butler believed that a woman wrote the Odyssey, and put his belief into a five shilling book: "The Authoress of the Odyssey, who and what she was, when and where she wrote, etc."

The Discobulus Poem.

Some one asked the Montreal Star where he could find Samuel Butler's poem, "O God! O Montreal!" saying that he could not locate it in Butler's works. "I have appealed without success to no less a reservoir of intelligence than the Boston Public Library."

The Montreal Star of April 21 answered that the poem "apparently is not by Samuel Butler but by William Henry Hurlbert and it was written about 1864."

The poem was written by Samuel Butler when he was in Canada in 1875. Butler was in the habit of reciting it. He gave copies of it to his friends. One was given to Mr. Edward Clodd, who read it to Charles Anderson. He in turn lent it to Matthew Arnold when he was inspecting Anderson's schools. Arnold lent it to Richard Holt Hutton, and Hutton, with Butler's consent, published it in the Spectator of May 18, 1878. We refer the Montreal Star and the Boston Public Library, "a reservoir of intelligence," to "The Note-Books of Samuel Butler," edited by H. F. Jones and published in London by Fifield (1912), pp. 379, 388, 389. Butler wrote the following introduction to the poem:

"The city of Montreal is one of the most rising and in many respects most agreeable on the American continent, but its inhabitants are as yet too busy with commerce to care greatly about the masterpieces of old Greek art. In the Montreal Museum of Natural History I came upon two plaster casts, one of the Antinous and the other of the Discobolus—not the good one, but in my poem, of course, I intend the good one—banished from public view to a room where were all manner of skins, plants, snakes, insects, etc., and, in the middle of these, an old man stuffing an owl.

"'Ah!' said I, 'so you have some antiques here; why don't you put them where people can see them?'

"'Well, sir,' answered the custodian, 'you see they are rather vulgar.'

"He then talked a great deal and said his brother did all Mr. Spurgeon's printing."

Butler's poem, "A Psalm of Montreal," is in seven verses. The following are especially pleasing:

And I turned unto the man of skins and said unto him,
"O thou man of skins,
Wherefore hast thou done thus to shame the beauty of the Discobolus?"
But the Lord had hardened the heart of the man of skins
And he answered, "My brother-in-law is haberdasher to Mr. Spurgeon."
O God! O Montreal!

"The Discobolus is put here because he is vulgar,
He has neither vest nor pants with which to cover his limbs;
I, sir, am a person of most respectable connections,
My brother-in-law is haberdasher to Mr. Spurgeon."
O God! O Montreal!

Then I said, "O brother-in-law to Mr. Spurgeon's haberdasher,
Who seasonest also the skins of Canadian owls,
Thou call'est trousers 'pants,' whereas I call them 'trousers,'
Therefore thou art in hell fire and may the Lord pity thee!"
O God! O Montreal!

The poem as published by the Montreal Star is garbled. Butler wrote: "Preferrest thou the gospel of Montreal to the gospel of Hellas." The Star has it: "Preferrest thou the gospel of Judea to the gospel of Hellas." There are other substitutions for Butler's words.

Wind Jammers.

We have a childlike faith in the knowledge of our contributors, especially when we are short of copy. Dr. Briry's answer to the inquiry about wind jammers was to us law and gospel, for we have done little business in great waters, although we have in our youth reeled to and fro and staggered like a drunken man. "Remember not past years."

And here comes Mr. George G. Wasson of Kittery Point, Me., to demolish the excellent doctor:

As the World Wags:

It is much to be hoped that your correspondent, Dr. Edward E. Briry, knows more about measles, chicken pox, and kindred subjects, than he does about sailing vessels. Square riggers are certainly windjammers, as are all craft dependent upon wind, but every sailorman knows well that a fore-and-aft rigged vessel, or schooner, can head much closer into the wind than any square rigger. The latter rig has without doubt great advantages on long ocean voyages, but in the stunt of sailing to windward is not in a class with the schooner type. As for a rig which enables a vessel to "sail right up into the eye of the wind," that most desirable combination has yet to be solved.

Let Dr. W. E. Crockett of Boston have his little say:

As the World Wags:

Dr. Edward E. Briry's article on wind jammers makes me smile; especially his reasons why square-riggers were not blown off the same as the modern four, five and six-masted schooners are. A new thing when we are to learn that a square-rigger can lay nearer the wind than a fore-and-after. And his intimation that the captain did not anchor nights is too funny for anything. But 'tis never too late to learn, and I had my 83d birthday the 15th. Now I want to know what devil bolts are.

W. E. C.

See Smyth's "Sailor's Word-Book": Devil bolt. "A bolt with false clenches, often introduced into contract-built ships."

MISS HELEN TRUE SINGS AT STEINERT HALL

Miss Helen True, soprano, gave a recital last evening at Steinert Hall. The program was as follows: Monro, My Lovely Celia; Brown, Shepherd, Thy Demeanous, Vary; Schubert, Du list die Ruh; Hermann, Ich Hab mir mein Kindel; Liszt, O Lieb; Dellbes, Pour quoi from "Lakme"; Hahn, Si Mes Vers; Dell Aqua, Villanelle; Manney, Blue Hills Far Away; Loud, Flower Rain; Townsend, The Night Has a Thousand Eyes; Burton, The Lake Sheen, My Bark Canoe; Gaynor, The Discontented Duckling; Lehmann, The Owl; Woodman, Mr. Dreammaker; Del Riego, Shadow March. Angus Winter was the accompanist.

At present Miss True's singing does not invite meticulous comment. Her voice is light and limited in range. It has little body or color, while lack of skill in breathing forbids her placing tones effectively. She sang with prevailing insecurity of intonation. There was a constant tendency to drag each song and thus destroy its character, while there were other marked evidences that Miss True is not yet ready to appear in recital.

PLAYERS' LEAGUE GIVES PROFESSIONAL MATINEE

Original Comedy and Original Tragedy on Bill.

The Park Square Theatre was well filled at the professional matinee which was given there yesterday by the Players' League of Boston. The program consisted of an original comedy in one act, entitled "The Parrot," by Henrietta M. Wyeth; the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet"; "The War Child," an original tragedy in one act by Jane Seagrave and "Nubi," and Egyptian fantasy in three scenes, created and produced by Marshall Hall.

"The Parrot" and "The War Child" were produced under the personal direction of Henry Jewett, who also coached William Connolly as Romeo and Lucy Hamilton Crandon as Juliet.

Adeline Adler, who played the part of Rosa, the mother of the "war child," proved that she has not lost any of her old time ability since retiring from professional life. Her interpretation of the role of a revengeful mother was given with great feeling and received enthusiastic applause.

Her supporting company included Hubert Pierce, Charlotte Louise Read, Sidney Mason and John Dutton.

Marshall Hall gave an excellent exhibition of interpretative dancing in "Nubi," which was accented by clever scenic and lighting effects. He was assisted in the pantomime by Melba Proctor, Florence Fowle Adams, Lucy Hamilton Crandon, Madeline Cox, Mildred Charles, Abbie M. Mackay, Newton Shriver, George A. Libby, Ramona Gwin, Beatrice Pool, June Delight Edwards, Dorothy Lee Bull, Lillian Southard, Mona Rawding, Pauline Dunn, Richard Hussey, Mildred Morris, Flora Yeo, Charles Urlass, Calbraith Perry, Gwendoline Ridgeway, Marguerite Ridgway, Florence Barker, Lilla Gabe, Edith Gwin, Esther Bennett, Grace Howland and Ethel Caine.

The cast of "The Parrott" included Gertrude Morrison, John Dunton, S. A. Hendry and William Wolff.

Dr. Percy W. Long of Harvard presented a huge bouquet of roses, the gift of members, to Mrs. D. Henry Cram, president of the Players' League. The music for "Nubi" was written by Grace Warner and Albert Stoessel.

TO GIVE CONCERT FOR BELGIAN RELIEF FUND

Excellent Program Arranged for This Evening's Entertainment.

A concert will be given this evening in Symphony Hall for the New England Belgian Relief Fund by the Cercle Musical Instrumental of the Union Belge Inc. Modeste Alloo, conductor. The soloists will be O. Langevin, bari-

tone, E. Ferir, viola, G. Longy, oboe, Miss Renee Longy, piano, C. de Mailly, flute, and Stuart Mason, accompanist. Messrs. Alloo, Ferir, Longy, and de Mailly are members of the Symphony orchestra. Mr. Alloo served in the Belgian army prior to the outbreak of the war, being a member of King Albert's regiment the "Grenadiers." He was in Belgium for about aeven weeks, having been called back as a reservist shortly after the war broke out and would have been in the army again had he been able to qualify. A graduate of the Brussells conservatory he comes of a musical family, both his father and grandfather having been musicians. At one time there were four members of his family playing in one orchestra and representing three generations. Messrs. Ferir, and Longy are leading artists of the Symphony orchestra and the talent of Mr. de Mailly is already recognized. The program will be as follows:

Marsch Militaire.....Saint-Saens
Overture, "Egmont".....Beethoven
Reverie.....Ferir
Le Menetrier.....Ferir
Serenade.....Pierne
Danse Rustique.....Hana
E. Ferir.
Four Flemish Dances.....Blockx
Elegion.....Saint-Saens
Aria from "Bevenuto Cellini.....Diaz
Prologue to "Pagliacci".....Leoncavallo
O. Langevin.
La Feria.....Lacombe
Sonata D minor.....Loeillet
Mr. Longy, Miss R. Longy and Mr. de Mailly.
Norwegian Carnival.....Svendsen

April - 19 10

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

Do smokers in Boston always avoid the lighting of three cigars or cigarettes with one match? It appears from Notes and Queries (April 1) that there is a superstition in England which is explained in various ways. Here is one: "Some officers, during a war, were in a supposed place of safety, and thought they would smoke. One of them, after lighting the cigarettes of two men, was in the act of lighting his own (with the same match) when he was shot dead by the enemy. The idea was that if the match had been extinguished after the second man had 'lighted up,' the third man would not have been seen and shot. The light lasted just that fraction of a second too long. Hence the superstition that it is unlucky to light three cigarettes with one match."

Mr. Gradgrind might say that the third smoker would probably burn his fingers with the match; but Mr. Gradgrind is sadly prosaic in spite of his fondness for moving-picture shows.

The Mad Hatter.

As the World Wags:

Mr. Trench H. Johnson says that the phrase "mad as a hatter" is a corruption of "mad as an atter." Atter expresses the Saxon for a viper or adder. The word "mad" was anciently used in the sense of venomous; henco this expression really meant "venomous as a viper.' Is there anything in this?"

S. M. G.

Boston.

Put not your trust in T. H. Johnson. Mr. Herkimer Johnson is your man, but where is he? In his absence we humbly reply.

(1) The old English word for "adder" was "naedre." The initial "n" was lost in middle English (1300-1500) through the erroneous division of "a naddre" as "an addre,' "but there is nowhere any form confusion between 'naedre' serpent and 'nether' venom." The word "atter," still used in English dialect, never meant adder; it stood for venom, morbid matter, proud flesh, a dry sore, scab, the epithelium produced on the tongue, in cases of fever.

(2) Was "mad" ever used in the sense of "venomous"? We doubt it. Please find a quotation.

(3) In English dialect, "hatter" in the phrase "like a hatter" is an intensive, in the sense of vigorously, boldly.

When tyrant Death grim o'er him stood
He faced him like a hatter.

In Northumberland, a man is said to fight like a hatter. In Lanark a man runs like a hatter.

(4) Here are other phrases associated with madness: As mad as a bear with a sore lug, mad as a hare, mad as a hedge, mad as a March hare, mad as a piper, mad as a power hand, mad as a tup, mad as a wasp; if a man is very angry, he is as mad as wheelbarrows (West Cornwall). In these phrases mad often means "angry," and we have the phrase "mad angry."

No, "mad as a hatter" needs no explanation. "Why should a hatter be mad?" Why should wheelbarrows be mad? In the thirties of the last century, John Bellenden Ker, Esq., wrote a book to prove that English popular phrases and nursery rhymes came from the Dutch and had political, satirical, political significance. See how he treated the phrase "He is as mad as a March hare": "Applied to some domineering vexatious personage; some abuser of delegated authority, and consequently a nuisance and torment to those within his reach. 'Hij is als mad als er mae's heer'; q. e. 'he acts like maw-worm when it has possession of the stomach'; he rages and torments like the worm which has got possession of a place where it ought not to be. The worm alluded to is that which is generated in the under bowels, but has slipped into the stomach, where it is a more disquieting concern even than when in its proper place," etc., etc.

Sunbeams from cucumbers! No, in spite of Mr. T. H. Johnson—too much Johnson— we cling to the Mad Hatter who sat at table with Alice and the Dormouse—would that we had been of the company!

Not of Both.

As the World Wags:

It has been stated in the public press that Sunday, April 23, was not only the tercentenary of the death of Shakespeare, but the tercentenary of the death of Cervantes, but that is not correct, for the death of Shakespeare did not occur till 10 days after the death of Cervantes.

Brookline. ONLOOKER.

Let us quote from Mr. James Fitzmaurice-Kelly: "Cervantes died as he had lived, brave, confident and blithe, prodigal of promises and invincible in hope. It delights us to forget that our own calendar was unreformed, and to assert that he died on the same day with Shakespeare: April 23, 1616. Like Saul and Jonathan, they 'were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided; they were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than lions.'"—Ed.

Those Garters.

As the World Wags:

Sadie's flippant plea of ignorance with regard to Jerusalem garters calls to mind some garters I saw in Lowell in a jewelry shop. The clasps were made in the form of a watch dial with all the hours.

ASA K. YOOTUMBLE.

But what were "Jerusalem" garters? —Ed.

"Bull"

As the World Wags:

An entirely new slang expression has recently dawned upon my mental horizon. I do not remember of ever hearing it until a fortnight or so ago, though I am assured by my sister that it has been in common use for some time. It is the word "Bull!" or "Bool!"—I cannot make out exactly what it is. When I first heard it, I thought it was "Booh!" used in a slightly different sense for what I had been used to hearing it, that is—as an interjection instead of an epithet. It seems to be used with an idea of contempt mingled with disbelief. Within the last week I have heard it used three times; once in a musical comedy; once by a street car conductor who was conversing with a drunken man, and once by a young lady who sat opposite me at a dinner party. I took the trouble to ask this young lady what the derivation of the expression was. She said there was no derivation—or if there was, she had never heard of it. I have asked one or two friends what the word comes from, what the history of its use in the current slang significance is; but they are as much in the dark as I am. One said it sprang up originally with the Progressive party. When a person not in sympathy with the Progressives had reason to doubt or sneer at the words of another he uttered the expression "Bull-moose!" which was later shortened to "Bull!"—meaning that he had as much faith in what he heard as he would have in the bullmoose platform. To me this seems a far-fetched derivation. Can you tell me through your column if this is so—or if not, what the true derivation is if it is known. I have looked it up in the "Dictionary of Phrase and Fable" and it is not there.

Cambridge. K. E. L.

April 28 1916

How then can man bee justified with God?
Or how can he be cleane that is borne of a woman?
Behold even to the moone, and it shineth not.
Yea the starres are not pure in his sight.
How much lesse man, that is a worme:
And the sonne of man which is a worme?

An Easter Problem.

As the World Wags:

On Easter Sunday I walked round the Common and counted exactly 22,417,863 (or 64) drowned worms on the sidewalk. Why is this thus? Why do the worms come out to drown themselves on Easter of all days in the year? Do they attach any religious significance to the occasion? Do they consider that a worm who commits suicide on Easter is sure of going straight to Abraham's bosom? What does the soul of a worm look like, and what kind of an angel does a worm make under favorable circumstances? We're all worms, aren't we? Speculatively yours,

ONE OF SUCH.

Boston, April 24.

We have never seen the soul of a worm pictured, but William Blake sketched the ghost of a flea, and a most unpleasant sight it is. While Blake was completing the drawing the flea told him that "all fleas were inhabited by the souls of such men as were by nature bloodthirsty to excess, and were therefore providentially confined to the size and form of insects; otherwise, were he himself, for instance, the size of a horse he would depopulate a great portion of the country." Thus did he anticipate the motive of an ingenious romance by Mr. H. G. Wells.

Now as to the worms coming out of the ground.

We urge our speculating correspondent to consult "The History of Serpents, or the second Book of living Creatures; wherein is contained their Divine, Natural and Moral Descriptions, with their lively Figures, Names, Conditions, kindes, and Natures of all venemous Beasts; with their several Poysons and Antidotes; their deep hatred to Mankinde, and the wonderful work of God in their Creation and Destruction. Necessary and profitable to all sorts of Men: Collected out of divine Scriptures, Fathers, Philosophers, Physitians, and Poets: Amplified with sundry accidental Histories, Hierogliphycks, Epigrams, Emblems and Aenigmatical Observations," by Edward Topsell. (Folio, London, 1658).

Of Earthworms.

"When there falleth any showre of rain," says Topsell, "then this kinde of worm creepeth suddenly out of the earth. * * * In rainy weather they are whiter a great deal than at other times. * * * Lucretius in his second book writeth that worms are bred most when it showreth, as in rainy seasons and moist weather. And to this opinion of Lucretius, Nicander seemeth to lean, when he affirmeth, that these worms are nourished altogether of the earth that is moistened with long rain, or with some smoaking shower." We pass over recipes for the taking of worms, powdered, or in decoctions and confections as remedies against dropsy, epilepsy, jaundice, the stone, tertian agues, diabetes, earache, ulcers, wounds, kibes in the heels and chilblains on the hands, erysipelas and other ailments of the complaining millions of men.

"The people of India, if we will credit Monardus, do make of these worms divers juncats, as we do Tarts, marchpanes, wafers and cheese cakes, to eat instead of other daintics. And the inhabitants of West India do devour them raw, as Francia Lopez testifieth. The people of Europe in no place that ever I heard or read of, can endure them to be set on their tables, but for medicinal uses only they desire them.

"Earthworms do also much good to men, serving them to great use in that they do prognosticate and foretell rainy weather by their sodain breaking or issuing forth from the ground; and if none appear above ground over night, it is a great sign it will be calm and fair weather the next day. The ancient people of the world have ever observed this as a general rule, that if worms pierce through the earth violently, and in haste by heaps, as if they had bored it through with some little Auger or Pierce, they took it for an infallible token of Rain shortly after to fall. For the earth being as it were imbrued, distained, made moist, and moved with an imperceptible motion, partly the south winde and partly also a vaporous air, it yieldeth an easie passage for round worms to winde out of the inward places of the earth, to give unto them moist food, and to minister store of fat juyces, or fattish jelly, wherewith they are altogether delighted."

But how do earthworms make their way through the stone slabs of sidewalks while it is raining? Here Mr. Edward Topsell fails us.

A Sign of Trouble.

Our correspondent noted a great number of earthworms on the sidewalk Easter Sunday when there were wars and rumors of wars. Let us again quote the excellent Topsell:

"In the year of our Lord God one thousand one hundred and four, there were seen divers fiery and flying Worms in the air, in such an infinite multitude that they darkened the light of the Sun, seeming to deprive men's eye-sight thereof, and shortly after this monstrous and unnatural wonder, there followed other strange and seldom-seen prodigious sights on the earth; and what a boistrous storm of troubles, and raging whirl-wind of War and bloud-shed shortly after ensued, the event thereof did plainly manifest."

Is it not possible that this mass of humbler and crawling worms may also be taken as a sign and a portent? Mr. Topsell, alas, says nothing about the soul of the earthworm, but there are very old and very wise nations that give a soul to every living thing.

MISS ETHEL FRANK GIVES HER FIRST RECITAL HERE

Miss Ethel Frank, soprano, gave a recital last evening at Steinert Hall. Mrs. Mary Shaw Swain was the accompanist. The program was as follows: Salter, the Tanager; Puccini, In quelle trine morbide; Babb, Maedchen mit dem roten Muendchen; Rimsky-Korsakoff, Chanson Indone; Huhn, Where are Rome and Nineveh?; Gounod, Ho messo nuove corde al mandolino; Ross, A Baby's First Cry; Strauss, Traum durch die Daemmerung, Heimliche Aufforderung; Handel, Lusinghe piu care; Brogi, Notte Bianca; Carpenter, The Sleep that Flits on Baby's Eyes; Salter, The West Wind.

Miss Frank, who made her first appearance here in recital, is unusually gifted. She has abundant vocal resources, intelligence, an emotional nature. Her voice is agreeable, of liberal compass. It should be an easy matter for her to still further equalize the tones, to increase their volume, not by destructive forcing but by a more perfect control of breath. The singer's diction is clear, her phrasing polished.

Already Miss Frank displays marked originality in interpretation. Her program was unconventional. She was generally imaginative and fortunate in suggesting a variety of moods. Her tones were for the most part significantly colored. In the merchant's song from Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Sadko," however, Miss Frank was too literal. There should be no thought of a guide extolling the wonders of his country before the gaping traveller. This song, exotic with oriental fragrance, requires the utmost suavity, unfailing clearness yet warmth of tone. The singer's voice on this occasion was not topically mellow nor was her technic wholly equal to the besetting difficulties.

On the other hand the two songs by Strauss were eloquently sung. A large audience was interested and justly appreciative. With her present attainments and natural ability Miss Frank should have a bright future.

CRAIG PLAYERS GIVE "AS YOU LIKE IT"

Second Offering in Shakespearean Festival Pleases.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—Shakespeare's "As You Like It." The cast:

The Duke.....Frederic Ormonde
Frederick.....William George
Jaques.....Theodore Friebus
Amiens.....Bert Young
Le Beau.....Robert Capron
Orlando.....John Craig
Oliver.....Henry J. Doermann
Jaques de Bois.....Frederick Cairns
Charles.....Edwin Daniels
Adam.....George Ernst
Dennis.....Charles Whitcomb
Touchstone.....Donald Meek
William.....Al Roberts
Celia.....Miss Rose Lee
Phoebe.....Miss Justine Adams
Audrey.....Miss Betty Barnicoat
Rosalind.....Miss Mary Young

Mr. Craig chose the poet's comedy for the second offering in his Shakespearean festival. With the exception of "Twelfth Night," there are many who prefer this work to all of the bard's comedies. Last night there was a good sized audience and many curtain calls. It was a pleasure to note this enthusiasm, for here is an opportunity that those of a lean purse might profit by. Mr. Craig is to be congratulated, for the performance was uncommonly smooth, there were no boresome waits between scenes or acts, and despite the 12 scenes the performance was over at a seasonable hour. The drop scenes were used in the production, but this does not mean that the sylvan scenes and atmosphere were slighted; on the contrary the forest of Arden and the duke's garden and terrace were given an imposing setting and there was the proper illusion and perspective.

To many, Mr. Craig's Orlando would seem on first analysis to be a bit rigid. To use the thunder of Jaques: "And thereby hangs a tale." Yesterday at rehearsal Mr. Craig was injured in the wrestling scene, sustaining a sprained and painful knee. Thus at the two performances yesterday the wrestling scene was eliminated and the curtain lowered for a moment to denote its completion. Mr. Craig's Orlando was otherwise an interesting performance. An ardent lover, there was always the mental picture of Rosalind before him. Nor was he the less interesting in the excellence of his diction.

Miss Young's conception of Rosalind was studiously prepared. Was there ever a Rosalind that was satisfyingly secure in her mask, in throwing Orlando off his guard? Many, no doubt, last evening felt that the actress' disguise was too thinly veiled; that this Orlando was a keen fellow and that he would easily have penetrated the deception. Yet to Miss Young's credit, it must be said that she clearly differentiated the boy from the woman. How nicely she prepared herself for her first encounter with her lover in the masculine garb! Womanly as Rosalind, the womanly instinct always rose to the surface, but at moments that found Orlando napping.

Mr. Frieda's Jaques was a polished performance. His philosophizing at the table in the forest of Arden was something more than rhetorical. An interesting fellow from the start, the audience always welcomed his speech.

Mr. Meek's Touchstone was played in a low comedy vein rather than as that of a fellow of slippery speech, and it is a pleasure to recall the excellence of Frederic Ormonde's Duke. The remainder of the cast was uniformly excellent, and, for the benefit of Shakespeare lovers and novices, let it be said that the intent of the text was lucidly conveyed.

April 29 1916

Burns's "Tam o' Shanter"—Program Will Be Repeated This Evening.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 22d concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Rimsky-Korsakoff, overture to "The Betrothed of the Tsar,"; Chadwick Ballade for orchestra, 'Tam o' Shanter' (first time in Boston); Strauss, "Thus Spake Zarathustra."

Mr. Chadwick conducted his Ballade, which, composed in 1914, was first performed at a concert of the Litchfield County Choral Union festival, held at Norfolk, Ct., June 3, 1915. Since then it has been played by the Symphony orchestras of Minneapolis and Chicago.

This Ballade must be ranked with Mr. Chadwick's more original and most characteristic compositions. He has written well for orchestra in classic and academic forms. His "Melpomene" overture has nobility and emotion: an overture that would be creditable to a composer of rank in any country. There are other works of long breath that show the workmanship of the skilled musician but certain individual qualities, qualities that reveal a strong and peculiar personality, are to be found rather in the Scherzo of his second symphony, his "Symphonic Sketches" and "Tam o' Shanter." In these pieces there is humor that might justly be called American, a freedom of expression that is delightful recklessness, a devil-may-care spirit in the invention, and in the harmonic and orchestral expression, while at the same time these compositions are the recreations of a thoroughly grounded, well-equipped, thoughtful musician.

His latest orchestral work is in illustration of Burns's poem. Although a description of the Ballade, said to be inspired by the composer, has been printed in the program books from the start, there is no need of a description in words for him that knows the poem. Mr. Chadwick's exposition of the various episodes is clear and unmistakable in his music. First there is the storm without the ale-house, and here as in all sections of the Ballade but one, the moderation of the composer is artistic. This storm, vividly portrayed, is not one of tragic import. There is the suggestion, however, of weather that would keep any man on any night snug by the "ingle," whether he were alone or with his souter Johnny. The Tam o' Shanter theme is a happy inspiration—a chorus in the manner of a Scotch tune that might be sung by malt worms and toss pots, brave two-handed drinkers. The beginning of the ride is deftly indicated and the "trotting figure" is not abused. The church is reached. We hear a choral theme taken from the old Scotch tune, "Martyrs," one of the tunes sung by Burns's cotter. "Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame." A pause leads one to think of Tam, astonished at the sight of the church in a blaze of light. He watches the warlochs and witches in their dances—hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys and reels. The tunes have demoniacal life; the instrumentation is appropriately fantastical. With Tam's famous applause for "Cutty-Sark," the ride is resumed with the witches in pursuit.

All this is excellent. According to the program "the music now loses its descriptive and realistic character and becomes more subjective." This epilogue seems to us too long and at times too sentimental. What is the moral as told by Burns?

> Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd
> Or Cutty-Sarks run in your mind,
> Think ye may buy the joys o'er dear,
> Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

The Tam o' Shanter theme is now heard as a quiet, sustained melody. We doubt if Tam was lyrically inclined the next morning. Ten to one he had a severe katzenjammer. A little music indicating remorse—say the Tam o' Shanter theme transformed into something doleful, penitential—might better round the work. Strauss, in the prelude and epilogue of "Till Eulenspiegel," is heard saying at first "once upon a time," and at the end "Now I have told you the story," etc., but these measures are few in number.

Rimsky-Korsakoff's overture is of a light nature as a prelude to a grim opera dealing with treachery, love potions, poison, madness and murder. The opening section is the most striking section of the composition, the theme has character; there is a national flavor; the treatment is interesting. But the flowing second theme might have come to any writer of operettas as he was lathering his face before breakfast, and the contrapuntal tricks of the composer do not save him.

Dr. Muck and the orchestra gave an unusually impressive performance of Strauss's huge "machine," to quote the slang term of Parisian studios. The new 32-ft. reed in the organ enlarged the solidity of the foundation in the more majestic moments. Every member of the orchestra was an accomplished virtuoso in the ensemble. Yet in spite of the performance this tone-poem of Strauss again seemed inferior to "Don Quixote" and even "Heldenleben," far less romantic and moving than "Till," "Death and Transfiguration," and "Don Juan." There are more pages here than elsewhere that are fundamentally common, vulgar. If the fugued section "Of Science" is a joke at the expense of all knowledge, it is a dismal one, intolerably long-winded and dull.

Mrs. Martha Atwood-Baker,

By PHILIP HALE.

Mrs. Martha Atwood-Baker, soprano, assisted by Emile Ferir, violist, and Wells Weston, accompanist, gave a concert last evening in Steinert Hall. The program was as follows: Cesti, Intorno all' idol mio; Legrenzi, Che fiero costume; Vivaldi, Un certo non so che; Moussorgsky, Trepak, Chef d'armee; Tschaikowsky, Sous ta fenetre; Rachmaninoff, The Islet; Engel, Lecture du Soir; Crist, C'est mon ami; Loeffler, La cloche felee (with viola); Colburn, Her Songs, Song of the Slave Girl; Mahler, Fruehlingsmorgen; Strauss, Seitden deln Aug'; Reger, Zwei Maeuschen; Palmgren, Die Stadt; Reger, Ein Taenzchen; Mahler, Scheiden und Meiden.

Mrs. Baker's voice is lyric, not dramatic. Her choice of the songs by Moussorgsky, which began and ended her second group, was not a prudent one. If they are to be sung by a woman at all, she should have a commanding voice and authoritatively dramatic power. The Berceuse section of "Trepak," in which Death lulls to sleep the wretched peasant, was sung with much feeling by Mrs. Baker, but the preceding wild measures were ineffectively interpreted on account of natural vocal limitations. Her upper tones were shrill, and other tones were forced so that they lost agreeable or firm quality. In "Chef d'Armee" the imprudence of her choice was still more apparent.

But the group of old Italian songs was sung with delightful purity of tone, vocal skill, and with genuine expression. In these songs, and in others later in the evening, Mrs. Baker was an intelligent interpreter. The song of Legrenzi, for instance, was sung with pleasing lightness and archness. Tschalkowsky's song, in a French vein that recalled Gounod and Massenet, was daintily interpreted, and the quiet sentiment of Rachmaninoff's Islet was skilfully maintained. Engel's "Lecture du Soir" would have admitted a faster pace. It was a pleasure to hear Loeffler's song again. And it may here be asked, why do singers neglect the songs of this composer, songs that are to be ranked with the best of those by Duparc, G. Faure and Debussy? It is true that they demand singers who are musicians and romanticists, but so do those of Frenchmen that beginners put gayly on their programs.

Crist's music to "C'est Mon Ami" is no improvement on the familiar melody by Godard.

Mrs. Baker has greatly improved as an interpreter since last season. She still has much to do with her upper tones, for unless she takes them lightly they have no body. At present she is most successful when her songs are of a purely lyrical nature and of gentle or playful sentiment.

Mr. Ferir's beautiful tone and consummate art enhanced the value of Loeffler's "Cloche felee." For solo pieces he played his own "Reverie" and "Le Menetrier."

An audience of good size applauded heartily singer and viola player.

We gladly make room for Dr. Briry's good-natured reply to his critics. And with this reply the discussion of windjammers is at an end.

Dr. Briry Replies.

As the World Wags:

Out of the dialect of the sea has been coined these expressions: "If you want plenty of work and a plenty to eat, ship aboard a clam Yankee windjammer," "If you want little work and little to eat, ship aboard a limejuicer." "If you want plenty of work and little to eat, then ship aboard a sauerkrauter." But poor Jack was seldom given his choice of vessels or nationalities. A rousing drink to his health the night before generally landed this sailor often the worse for wear many miles from land on a windjammer on a four months' cruise, which he soon discovered when the effect of the "tonic" had passed off.

When sending to your column our definition of a "windjammer," it was farthest from our thought to hurt the feelings of any champion of the fore-and-aft schooner class of sailing vessel.

For the benefit of your Kittery Point correspondent, Mr. Wasson, who no doubt honestly wishes to get the schooner rig of sailing vessels included with the square riggers in the next edition of the Century Dictionary and have it called a windjammer also, I am pleased to say that the money received from treating cases of measles and chicken pox and much money received since from the successful treating of many other diseases in a busy practice covering now nearly a third of a century has all been invested in pieces of fore-and-afters. The largest load of coal ever landed at the Kittery Navy Yard was discharged during the summer of the Spanish war from a handsome four-masted schooner bearing at bow and stern the writer's name, a schooner which has had during the 20 successful years of her life very few equals in the big sail rig. The writer has always been a great champion of schooners as a money investment, but not for their style of rig. To quote the exact words of an old deep-water captain, "It is a beastly rig for a vessel of 1800 tons."

The writer has made many pleasant trips on these big schooners and seen these sailing vessels do some sliding off when heating to windward. A schooner is modelled with a very flat bottom, which allows her to carry her canvas when returning to a port light. The square-rigged ship was built along different lines. A ship would immediately capsize were it not for some ballast. A ship has depth of keel and other features in model which have made her the windjammer sho is referred to as being in every novel of the sea. It remains for some future Dana to describe the schooner rig of vessels as windjammers. To overcome this sliding off feature in the schooner rig the big centreboard was introduced, which was to be of great benefit to schooners entering shallow rivers. The writer, then a boy, earned good money with hammer and shingle nails preparing the hard pin which was to rest in the centreboard well. Mr. Wasson probably knows why this centreboard idea for large sailing schooners was later abandoned. The writer would like to see it worked out still more thoroughly, the superiority of ship or schooner rig in sailing up into the eye of the wind. The writer has always been a close reader of shipping items. The only time to his knowledge when ship and schooner ever threshed it out was when the four-masted steel ship Arthur Sewall and the five-masted steel schooner Kineo raced to Manila a few years ago, the ship winning over the schooner by more than a month's time. Capt. Frank Patten of the schooner Kineo, a near neighbor to the writer, a sailor man who delighted in telling he learned his trade of bluff Capt. Jim Murphy—and when he got into a calm hole he just hunted around until he found some wind—Capt. Patten told the writer that the ship won over the schooner by being a better windjammer.

The writer is always interested in anything and everything the medical profession has to offer. Dr. W. E. Crockett writes, quoting in part from our definition in length of a windjammer, "that the captain did not stop to anchor nights is too funny for anything. Knowing that As the World Wags column is asking for quaint expressions I purposely mentioned "some captains on long voyages did not stop to anchor nights," and I have waited with much interest to hear just who swallowed the bait. Did pictures of ships throwing their mud-hooks off the cat-heads and anchoring in mid-ocean form in Dr. Crockett's brain? Really? Too funny for anything. "Anchoring night," like the word "windjammer," is from the Sailor's Dictionary. Dr. Crockett is dead easy. Some captains, more fond of their bed and sleep than of staying on deck nights to make quick passages, take in much sail, shorten sail, to quote sea language correctly. Such captains, because their long voyages are accused by other captains, sometimes by their managing owners, of "anchoring nights." Here is another bait for my professional brother to swallow. Capt. Jim Murphy of American ship Shenandoah fame used to tell with very sober face to a room full of home neighbors, that every time he reached Cape Horn weather, 40° to 40° so-called, he always had an irresistible longing come over him for lobsters and clams, so he always made it a point to anchor the ship, send the mate ashore in the boat to pull some lobster traps and to dig some clams; that he always attributed his record-breaking trip between San Francisco and Liverpool to that delicious lobster stew and clam chowder eaten off the end of Cape Horn.

Next July I would suggest to Dr. Crockett that he take passage on a schooner bound for the coal shutes at Curtis Bay; when at Baltimore to drop into the office of a prominent ship brokerage firm and listen to the remarks passed from one schooner captain to another schooner captain about long passages and "anchoring nights." This expression, "anchoring nights," was most common where square rigged windjammers were engaged in the New Orleans-Liverpoon cotton trade, when freight rate was a penny a pound on cotton, just after the rebellion. All captains of such ships taking 60 to 100 days to make this Atlantic voyage were accused of "anchoring nights," and this sea phrase stuck to such captains for the rest of their life when they had retired from the sea.

DR. EDWARD E. BRIRY.

Bath, Me., April 26.

April 30 1916

The death of John F. Runciman, for many years the music critic of the Saturday Review, is to be deplored, for his mental strength was unabated and his style was still trenchant. Perhaps he did himself injustice by the violence of his writing in the earlier days. Even Mr. Ernest Newman, who fought valiantly by his side, once applied to him the line of William Blake: "Did He who made the lamb make thee?" But this ferocity, this truculence, put an end to the smug complacency of the English academicians. Mr. Runciman, with Vernon Blackburn, who is dead, and Mr. Newman, who, fortunately, is still writing, broadened the horizon. It is true he had his hobbies and his prejudices. He disliked the modern Italian opera and cared little for what the French are doing. Too often in his sacred fury he used a bludgeon; but there are fine pages in his "Old Scores and New Readings," fine in spirit and noble in expression. He will be remembered and be a vital force when Messrs. Bennett, Fuller-Maitland and Hadow are only names in a catalogue consulted by some plodding antiquarian.

Vincent d'Indy's "Song of the Bell" will be performed for the first time in this city next Thursday night in Symphony Hall by the Cecilia Society Chalmers Clifton, conductor. The solo singers will be Miss May Peterson, soprano, and Johannes Sembach, tenor. There will be a full orchestra. It is said that this will be the first performance of the work in this country.

In an account of his compositions that M. d'Indy sent to us some years ago he described "The Song of the Bell" as "a romantic symphony for solo voices; double chorus and orchestra," composed in 1879-1883. The text is his adaptation of Schiller's poem. For this work d'Indy was awarded in 1885 the grand prize for composition offered by the city of Paris.

The first performance was on Feb. 25, 1886, at a Lamoureux concert in Paris. The solo singers were Mme. Brunet-Lafleur and Ernest Van Dyck.

The scene passes in a town of northern Switzerland at the end of the 14th century and the beginning of the 15th. A colossal bell has been cast by Wilhelm, the master of a foundry. He nearly at the end of his days, wishes to see the chief events of his life in which bells have played the important part. D'Indy's poem is therefore a sort of symbolical drama with the struggles and triumphs of the artist as the subject.

"The Song of the Bell" was performed as a dramatic work with scenery and costumes at the Monnale, Brussels, Dec. 22, 1912.

Mr. Clifton, a pupil of d'Indy, has received encouragement from him in the preparation of this concert. A short time ago Mr. Clifton talked about the poem and the music. We now quote from his remarks. (He was mistaken, by the way, in giving 1885 as the year of composition.)

D'Indy has divided his romantic symphony into seven scenes and a prologue. The Cecilia will omit the fifth. The first depicts Baptism, illustrated by church chimes. The second is Love, where the sound of the Angelus is heard. Vision involves the spirit of all the bells. After that is Death, and the final scene is called Triumph.

"A particularly interesting thing about 'The Song of the Bell' is that it in some way is illustrative of the life of d'Indy. It is something of a declaration of faith by his music, which is too little known in America. I often wonder why d'Indy is not better known in the United States. In Paris, Berlin, Brussels, Amsterdam and Petrograd, and all the great European capitals, he has been recognized by both officials and civilians to be very great."

Mr. Clifton should look over the programs of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the orchestral club led by Mr. Longy and programs of chamber of concerts given here by the Kneisels and others. The orchestral and chamber music of d'Indy is well known in this city. And honor was paid him by inviting him to lead the Boston Symphony Orchestra not only here, but in New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore and Brooklyn. Nor have the works of the composer been ignored in Chicago.

"Music is changing rapidly now, and so for a time a man like d'Indy is apt to be overlooked because he is a man who loves the work tremendously and does not want his music to be classified under any grading or any particular orientalism of art. He wants to express himself in symbols real to him, whether or not what he is saying is absolutely original.

"In 'Le Chant de la Cloche' you will find a strong and devout religious influ-

[illegible] for d'Indy is deeply religious and does not hesitate to practise the old simple faith. To every devout Christian he believes music is very essential, but pagan music he believes to be wicked. He believes that music that does not have a message to people does not make them better. In this d'Indy is Tolstoian.

"One characteristic of d'Indy is his love for young musicians. Young musicians have a hard path, unless they have genius. Their elders in the profession are apt to look down upon their work, perhaps because they do not adopt the same form as they did in their early days. They have to get along in spite of their elders in music rather than on account of them. But d'Indy believes that he has something to say, and he believes he knows what he is doing, and that he can be of immense value to young musicians. He has formed a remarkable school in Paris called 'Schola Cantorum,' in which young men and young women, at a cost so small as to be astounding to extravagant Americans (about $60 a year), are entitled to all the instructions which the 'Schola Cantorum' has to offer. Some of these courses are remarkable and all first-class, and you are entitled to as much of d'Indy's time as you can justify. If you can write five or six symphonies during the year he will look over these in detail with you; that is, you get as much of his time as your output justifies. I sang at the revival of 'Le Chant de la Cloche,' in Paris, under the direction of the composer.

"In some measure, what a man Mr. d'Indy is, what he stands for, what he wants to do, is shown in the role of Wilhelm, the hero of 'Le Chant de la Cloche.' Wilhelm, the protagonist, is constructing a bell. This bell is not precisely of the type that other bells have been. The only thing that makes Wilhelm willing to work on the bell is his faith that he is going to aid the production of a great work of art, and throughout the founding of this bell he has this faith. Finally he dies, and the prayer is one of the most beautiful bits in the piece.

"After Wilhelm's bell has been completed the crowd gathers in the market place filled with admiration and wonder over the beautifully chased Gothic emblems. The more orthodox of the bell founders are jealous of Wilhelm and raise objections to the way he made the bell. They came to the market place to criticise. With the usual fickleness of crowds, they turn from enthusiastic adoration to a raving horde. They start out for his house, bent on violence, when the priest appears and announces that Wilhelm is dead. At the funeral at the church, the requiem is sung ("Credo in unum Deum") of the Catholic creed, and the bell suddenly begins to ring without the aid of any human agency. The people prostrate themselves in prayer, repentant and sorrowful of their lack of faith.

"The work ends in a blaze of glory with the peals of the bell heard through the orchestra. To reproduce the bell in the orchestra is a difficult thing; in fact, it is impossible to give the effect of the bell of the bell, which, under the atmospheric conditions prevailing in the church tower, differ from the indoor atmosphere of Symphony Hall, but I will say that d'Indy, who is a past master of orchestration, has as nearly succeeded in producing the effect as any one can.

"As to the style, I will warn you against something. When I played this score for two or three musicians they said 'Oh, that is like Wagner!' Everything written from 1880 to 1895 is like Wagner. Wagner had that irresistible personality that no one who wrote in those times could possibly fail to absorb the effect. All music is Wagnerian now. Even those people like Debussy, who is the last word in modern composition, shows in many places that he has been influenced by Wagner. In 'Pelleas and Melisande' there are traces of Wagner. The Russians are the only people who seem to have missed the influence of Wagner. These people worked apart from the German music. It is only fair to say that the tableau called 'Fate' is distinctly reminiscent of 'The Meistersingers.' There is also a place in the second act.

"In the tableau called 'Baptism' there is none of Wagner either in theme or text. Occasionally there is that same seductive quality we find in a man like Massenet. You will find things in d'Indy that remind you of Massenet, but that is because he is absolutely French.

"The work opens with a chorus of bell founders. Then comes the theme of 'Baptism.' In this theme is shown d'Indy's extraordinary use of the orchestra notable in the 'Credo in unum Deum.'

"The next tableau called 'Love' is reminiscent of 'Tristan and Isolde.' It is one thing to be reminiscent, but another to know how to be. In the second scene d'Indy has used a very beautiful Wagnerian theme. The music is full of feeling in the passage where Wilhelm declares his love for Lenore. The entrance of the tailors is full of humor; they are followed by the blacksmiths. There is an amusing combination of the two. Goldsmiths come in and then the tailors' theme comes in once more. On the very last page they are all humming together. It ends up with a grand blaze of life. The score here calls for instruments that are little used in our Symphony orchestra. The French saxophone is obtainable, but the players together with the French saxophones are unobtainable, so we are using the Wagnerian tuba, which takes the place of the French saxophone, which is more brilliant.

The scene omitted is that of "Fire."

Andreas Romberg set music to Schiller's poem, and his cantata was popular with choral societies along with his "Power of Song," "Transient and Eternal" and the Chevalier Neukomm's "David."

To the Editor of the Herald:

Mr. T. O. Edmands, the former popular band leader of Boston, sends me from Hingham, where he is enjoying a well earned retirement, the following interesting communication:

Dear Mr. Ryan: Your reminiscent letter in a recent Sunday Herald interested me very much. The reference to the "Three Fast Men" and the Western Sisters in the cast (who was it that played Jerry Blossom?) carried me back to the "Old Naish" days. There was at one time a comedian in the company named Robinson—"Jack," they used to call him—who made a great hit singing "Vilikins and His Dinah." He was no great vocalist, and, if any of the songs had unusual modulations, he was apt to wander from the key. I remember one in particular with quite a difficult minor passage that at rehearsal he could not sing properly. Mr. Holloway, the orchestra leader, said to him: "Jack, if you don't sing that better tonight, the audience will rotten-egg you." "Never you mind, Mr. Holloway," replied Robinson, "that will be all right." At the evening performance of the song, just before he reached the difficult part, he began making a series of facial contortions—"mugs," he used to call them—that set the house in such a roar that his false intonation was unheard and unnoticed. That was the way he used to cover up any defects in his singing.

"Jimmie" Ring and "Old" Spear. Ah! how those names bring back the days of long ago. Do you remember when Spear had a benefit announcement in the form of a picture of the world, with his head protruding from it, and underneath the words, "Help a fellow through"? Brigham's old "Concert Hall"—I have been told that Washington once danced in it—many a night have I played there. It had a spring floor that would rise and fall to the rhythm of the music to an extent that would make it almost impossible to walk over it, when filled with dancers. Mr. Brigham told me that the vibration caused by so many years of use had pulverized the mortar in the 24-inch walls so that, when they were taken down, many of the bricks were in a bed of powder. There was another institution on the opposite corner called the "Bella Union."

* * *

T. O. EDMANDS.

The Jerry Blossom of the "Three Fast Men" was Thomas Hampton, a once favorite comedian. The character had for its prototype Jerry Hawthorne of the old play of "Tom and Jerry," which was founded on the book of the same name descriptive of London sporting life in the forties of the last century. William B. English, an old newspaper man, the stepfather of the Western sisters, wrote the first mentioned play without stating from whence he derived his inspiration. It was loud enough in its way, but not half so shameless as many commentators, who probably never saw it, would have their hearers think. I have heard some speeches ascribed to it that would have secured its banishment from the stage even in the days of Dryden and Congreve.

Peter B. Brigham of Court street concert hall fame, who was once an alderman of Boston, must not be confounded with his nephew, Robert Brigham, who kept on Washington street, opposite Boylston street. There was no love lost between them, but both have honorably perpetuated their names by leaving large sums for the founding of hospitals. Peter was a bachelor and lived with his sister for many years in the old-fashioned mansion at the corner of Allston and Bulfinch streets. JOHN W. RYAN.

Dorchester.

The novel to which Mr. Ryan refers is Pierce Egan's "Life in London." It was published in 1821, not in the forties. The "Tom and Jerry days" was the period of the Regency, also when George IV. was King. Corinthian Tom and Jerry Hawthorn are represented by Egan as seeing life, and a nice life they saw. If we are not mistaken, a loud person named Kate associated with them. "Corinthian," meaning in Shakespeare's time a rake, a loose liver, also a lad of mettle, and sometimes a fashionable strumpet, was applied in the early part of the 19th century to a man of fashion, also a dandy—hence "Corinthian" Tom. The Corinthians, as Thackeray put it, were the brilliant predecessors of the swell of the fifties. "Tom and Jerry," was played in New York as early as 1824-25.—Ed.

We have received the following poem written by Mr. Hazleton Spencer, formerly of Jamaica Plain, now living in Citra, Porto Rico:

TO SHAKESPEARE.

Shakespeare, thine eternal throne
Is the more than marble stone
Wrought so rapturously by thee
In the name of Poetry.
Where thou sittest in the shade
Looking back on what was made,
Dost thou see us while we wait
By the half-way opened gate
Calling softly through the gloom
That foreshadows our own doom
Trying to empierce the dark around, above thee
To tell thee how we love thee?

Dost thou see the gifts we bring?
Dost thou hear the songs we sing?
Dost thou feel the encircling bays
Round thy brow to press our praise?
Dost thou know those plays of thine,
More than Marlowe's mighty line,
More than all that Jonson knew,
More than all that Mermaid's crew,
Touch our hearts and steal our tears
After these three hundred years—
Start our tears sometimes, and sometimes bubbling laughter,
And tears again thereafter?

If thou knowest, thou must be
Happy in that far countree,
Glad to know that human fears
Seek thee after all these years,
Glad to know that toiling men
Drink of thee and turn again
To the struggle which thou viewed,
Still the same, though oft renewed,
Glad their hearts yearn unto thee,
Who knew their inmost mystery,
As one who on this Easter Day beyond Death's portal
Is proving man immortal.

The Louisville Courier Journal tells us how a Kentucky colonel once knocked out the Baconian theory:

When Ignatius Donnelly was a member of Congress—morbidly obsessed by the Baconian theory of the Shakespeare authorship, and on that account avoided by many of his colleagues as a literary bore—Proctor Knott resolved that he should have a hearing, and with this purpose in view, he asked a distinguished company to meet the Minnesotan at dinner.

Inevitably the then Kentucky Representative, Joseph C. S. Blackburn, and the renowned Kentucky humorist, Col. Richard C. Wintersmith, were of the party.

Delighted with his opportunity, the Baconian enthusiast proceeded to state and elaborate his hypothesis and expound and elucidate his cryptogram. Col. Wintersmith listened with the courteous attention which was his characteristic. But, as the story lengthened and the argument thickened, the wine, which at a certain point usually made the colonel at least abruptly frank, got in its work. At length he could stand it no longer. "Mr. Donnelly," he said, "I cannot allow you to go any further on this line, because I know, as a matter of fact, that William Shakespeare of Stratford-on-Avon wrote those plays—every one of them." Donnelly, startled, said: "How could you know that, Col. Wintersmith?" And, without a moment's hesitation, but with an air of finality, the colonel replied: "Because I was there, sir, and I saw him write them." Though knocked almost speechless, Donnelly found voice to murmur: "Why, Col. Wintersmith, it was 300 years ago," and, turning placidly to Mr. Blackburn, the colonel said, as if exchanging a pleasantry, "Joe, how time passes!"

To the Editor of the Herald:

In his speech on "Shakespeare and the Jew" at the Temple Israel last Sunday the Rev. Dr. Harry Levi advocated the elimination of "The Merchant of Venice" from the public school and the stage on the ground that the character of Shylock teaches disrespect for the Jew.

If Shakespeare did desire to teach, was it not to the Christian as well as the Jew that he addressed the lesson of "The Merchant of Venice"? He plainly set forth the nature of the Jew's hatred for the Christian, and equally laid bare the Christian's hatred for the Jew. Shylock would be an angel among men if he did not hate Antonio, who abuses him at all times, and, even at the very moment of asking aid, does not conceal his contempt for him. But Shylock does not persecute in Antonio the foe of usury, but the foe of his faith. "He hates our sacred nation. . . . Cursed be my tribe if I forgive him!" Herein, it would seem, Edwin Booth found the key to the character of Shylock, and his virile and wholly human impersonation of the character was moulded on this high plane. It is not Shylock who is impeached by the judgment of Portia. In reality that judgment condemns the law of retaliation that washes blood with blood. Shylock would sacrifice money to avenge his race, and he learns and teaches that gold is not the monarch of the world, but that love is mightier than avarice.

Says Victor Hugo: "Shylock has gained what is better than his cause—he has gained the cause of an entire people. He has caused the rights of his race to be recognized."

Would not the thousands of intelligent citizens, who realize that this great literary treasure is a legitimate heritage to their children, resent its unjust exclusion from the curriculum of the schools? EDWARD VROOM.

Mr. Greenwood's Inquiry Into the Shakespeare Problem

G. G. Greenwood, M. P., is the author of "Is There a Shakespeare Problem? With a Reply to Mr. J. M. Robertson and Mr. Andrew Lang. The book is reviewed in the Daily Chronicle by Arthur Lynch, M. P.

"It appears that Mr. Greenwood, in his youth, fortunate in the enjoyment of an impeccable education at school, fell nevertheless upon the poems of Shakespeare, and straightway conceived a violent admiration of these works, and erected in his mind an ideal representation of the poet. Eagerly he sought for details of Shakespeare's life, and he found, as we all have done, that these, though scanty in extent, were largely disappointing in effect. He concluded, therefore, that the personage to whom these earthy tales attached was certainly not the author of the poems and the plays, and he distinguished between Will Shakespere, the Stratford player, and William Shakespeare, the national poet of England.

Let us look at some of Mr. Greenwood's leading notions. He begins by rather overestimating "Venus and Adonis" in order to dissociate it from the player. But if we read apart from that hypnotic air produced by the words Great National Poet, we find "Venus and Adonis" and "Lucrece" saved from mediocrity only by the Stratford touches of zest in the hunting scenes and frank appreciation of feminine plastic charms. Then Mr. Greenwood very learnedly appreciates and makes the most of the classical allusions in these poems and in the dramas, and hence, he concludes, a Stratford clown could not have written them.

But, after all, the onus lies on Mr. Greenwood to prove that young "Shakespere" could never have had the opportunity of acquiring sufficient Latin for his purpose. What we know of him even as an actor shows an alert and resourceful mind, and, moreover, he lived in the company of men whose very jargon teemed with classical allusions. Olympus was more familiar than Saffron Walden. Further, Mr. Greenwood has somewhat exaggerated the height of scholarship implied in these illusions.

In his discussion of Shakespeare's legal knowledge he writes with great acumen, and makes it evident that the author—supposing that there was but one author—of the dramas had his mind charged with legal metaphors. But if Mr. Greenwood by this argument seeks to exclude the Stratford man, he must again take more on his shoulders than he has done in his book. It is for him to show that the player never had the opportunity of acquiring the necessary knowledge, and this in spite of the evidence of the litigiousness of John, the father, and William, the son.

Then we have the question of the actor's will; he did not mention books explicitly, and Mr. Greenwood exclaims: Shakespeare without books! But here our author makes one of those assumptions which in others he justly condemns. Shakespeare names his son-in-law, John Hall, and his daughter, Susanna Hall, as residuary legatees, and whatever books there were in the house would go to them.

Then we have what are called sordid details of the actor's life, but there Mr. Greenwood hardly does himself justice as an accomplished man of the world. One is reminded of the story of Charlotte Bronte shocked at seeing her idol Thackeray consuming peas, or of the ecstatic words of a young lady who finished a torrent of admiration of Rossini by crying: "Master, what shall I call you?"—to which the composer replied, "Call me your little rabbit."

On the other hand what positive evidence have we that the Stratford actor wrote the plays. It is, in the first place, an argument, not to be lightly passed over, that until recent years it never occurred to any one to question the belief. Due weight must also be given to the traditions of the career of William Shakespeare, certain of which were committed to paper within two generations of the player's death. Then in contemporary writings we have a series of allusions to Shakespeare which seem fairly well to identify the player with the dramatist. It is true that no contemporary whose writings have come down to us says distinctly: Know ye all men by these presents that William Shakespere, the Stratford actor, is no other than William Shakespeare, the author of "Love's Labour's Lost" and of "Hamlet."

And even if such a piece of evidence were to be found, I can imagine the "Anti-Williams" saying: What does that prove? Simply that the writer believed, as most people did, that the two persons were one. And then in exasperation we others, plain, simple folk, cry out: Produce your William Shakespeare! Who is this effigy who wrote immortal works and left it to Miss Delia Bacon to give the firht hint of his existence? Where is this William's will? And what care had he of his books? Pfeuh, I am getting as hot as the pundits!

We have the diatribe of Robert Greene in his "Groatsworth of Wit," which—allowing, as I think Mr. Greenwood does, that "Shake-scene" means Shakespeare—refers to him as an actor, and even in a passage not usually quoted, as a peasant, and a budding dramatist, who used the material of others. And that is the manner in which Ben Jonson describes him in the Poet-Ape. Nor is there any real discrepancy—pace Mr. Greenwood—between Ben Jonson's set and public eulogies and the opinions expressed in his private jottings.

And yet I do not think that Shakespeare wrote all the plays, or, rather, all of the plays. One might have easily suspected that these were plays based on old stories, for instance, early Italian novels, cast into dramas, and brought to Shakespeare, the actor, manager and playwright, who passed over them and gave them "a touch ethereal, a new birth." Nor is this merely imaginative,

[illegible] corresponds to all that is known [illegible] ly to the definite assertions of [illegible] and Ben Jonson.

Notes About the Theatre and Concert Hall

The London Times said of "Disraeli," produced at the Royalty Theatre in London, April 4, with Mr Eadie as "Disraeli": "How dull the historical Disraeli, even with all his brilliance, his romance, his flamboyancy, compared with this spy-collecting figure, who shams sick on sofas and bluffs the governors of the Bank of England! Besides did not Aristotle point out long ago that poetry is more philosophical than history as dealing with possibilities beyond the narrow range of mere fact? And therefore, is not Mr. Parker more philosophical than Mr. Monypenny or Mr. Buckle? It is to be hoped this reflection will not prejudice vol. iv. of The Life which is understood to be shortly due. . . . Mr. Parker was called, to be congratulated on his revelation of a Disraeli beyond our wildest dreams.

A new farce, "The Girl from Upstairs," by Stanley Cooke was produced at the Strand Theatre, London, April 9. The Pall Mall Gazette was not pleased. "A sense of infinite relief seemed to pervade the countenance of Mr. Cooke when an unfaltering voice hurled at him from the gallery the single word 'Rubbish'! Of coure, the piece was rubbish! Probably he had striven at all odds to make it as much so as possible, with the horrible obsession haunting him that rubbish is what the public demand. With this apparently in view, he had concocted a naughty pseudo-French farce, with a bedroom scene, and ladies' night gowns handed about, and a tangle of divorce and co-respondents, and a general air of everybody being flagrantly immoral. It was chiefly the obvious insincerity of this conventional, conscientious naughtiness—this attempt on the part of a decent and clever author and a little crowd of decent and clever players to pretend to revel in the unclean for your sake—that made the whole thing pointless."

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt played at the Coliseum, London, a fortnight ago, "Une d'Elles," a war play in one act by Miss Lysianne Bernhardt, her granddaughter. A French countess, parting with her younger son, accepted for the army, receives in the same evening news that her elder son is wounded. "The strain is too much for her already diseased heart, and she dies while her companion is reading her once more her soldier son's letter. She dies in the belief that he is not only wounded, but dead, and the doctor, fearing the shock to her system of learning the glad tidings that she will not meet her son immediately in the next world, refuses to allow the colonel, who has brought the news, to undeceive her." The Times says that the countess does not give an example of that heroism in suffering which is characteristic of the Frenchwoman. She carries on wildly. She makes a terrible fuss. The Daily Telegraph called the play artificial. "All the beauty of Mme. Bernhardt's art could not quite commend the play; but her acting had its old invincible appeal. She was the mother of soldiers, and nothing else mattered very much. In her voice, in her eyes was the power to wring your heart. This grave, quiet woman, who bore the penalty of love in her anguish, this was what 'ma mere' means in France today."

The high ideals which inspired the famous Taglioni's art are illustrated in some pleasant stories, and are worth recalling at a time when dancing is apt to grow more and more audacious. As Taglioni's father used to say: "Il faut que les femmes et les jeunes filles puissent te voir danser sans rougir; que ta danse soit pleine d'austerite, de delicatesse et de gout." "This," adds Mrs. Fraser, "recalls, also, a reprimand that Marie administered to one of her admirers at Milan. The young man requested her to shorten her skirt 'just a very little,' to which she replied haughtily, 'Signore, I do not dance for men; I dance for wives and daughters.'"

One night at the Opera House (it was either in Moscow or Petrograd).

The Emperor and Empress were watching the ballet from the royal box, when one of their friends who had been sitting in the stalls came up and told the monarch that it was impossible to see the premiere danseuse's knee. This the Emperor could scarcely believe, so, to judge for himself, he accompanied his friend to the stalls. On rejoining the Empress he declared: "It is perfectly true. One absolutely cannot see her knee." And thus people gradually became aware that Marie Taglioni never wore a skirt that permitted of her knee being seen.

This, of course, was some time before the vogue of the revue.

Mme. Melba is in Australia, but she will not sing there for some time on account of the recent death of her father and an uncle.

Mr. de Pachmann is incorrigible. Playing Chopin's F minor concerto with the London Symphony orchestra, he had a "little preliminary comic business with the piano stool, a by no means unfamiliar Pachmann episode." After that he went through his task in a subdued and serious manner. His playing was described as "a marvel of delicacy, refinement and poetic feeling."

Here is a new phrase for music critics. Speaking of William Murdoch, a pianist, the Pall Mall Gazette said: "Except when he falls into the undignified expedient of creating a spurious iridescence by means of the sustaining pedal, he has a directness of expression that carries all before it, and makes even his failings tell."

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 7:30 P. M., 19th annual concert of the People's Choral Union of Boston Mr Dunham, conductor. Verdi's Manzoni Requiem. Soloists, Mme. Anita Rio, Miss Henriette Wakefield, James Harrod, Wilfred Glenn, Herman A. Shedd, organist, Miss Mildred Vinton, pianist.

MONDAY—Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert by Harrison Keller, violinist, and Stewart Wille, pianist. R. Platt, Sonata for violin and piano (miss., first time). Piano pieces: Scriabin, Etrangete, op. 63, No. 2; Korngold, The Brownies; Chopin, Impromptu, op. 36, Etude, op. 10, No. 5. Violin pieces: Chanson Louis XIII, et Pavane, Novacek, Perpetuum Mobile, Chopin-Auer, Nocturne, E minor; Paganini-Kreisler, Prelude, Allegro; Franck, Sonata, A minor, for violin and piano.

TUESDAY—Copley Theatre, 8:15 P. M. Fifth and last concert of the Russian Music Society. Mme. Martha Atwood Baker, soprano; George Copeland, pianist, and a chorus of 70 members of the Harvard Glee Club and Radcliffe Choral Society. Mme. Baker will sing these songs: Moussorgsky, Trepak, Chef d'Armee; Tschaikowsky, Sous la Fenetre, J'aime et c'est du Bonheur; Rachmaninoff, The Isolet; Gretchaninoff, Cloches du Soir; Cui, Trois Oiseau A. Mr. Copeland will play these pieces: Moussorgsky, Nos. 6, 8, from "Tableaux d'une Exposition"; Rachmaninoff's Preludes in G major and B minor; Stravinsky, Berceuse from "Oiseau de Feu." The choruses, prepared by Mr. Davison and conducted by Winfield H. Roope, will be these: Tschaikowsky, Legend; Rachmaninoff, The Lonely Pine, Sleeping Waves; Borodin, Serenade (male voices); Moussorgsky, At Father's Door; Traditional, Ballad of the Volga. Olin Downes will make introductory remarks.

THURSDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Vincent D'Indy's Song of the Bell, performed by the Cecilia Society. See leading article.

Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert by Mrs. Dagmar Clewe, mezzo-soprano, assisted by Charles H. Weathers, basso cantante; W. Frank Ames, tenor, and Frank E. Doyle, accompanist. Songs by Elling, Johnson, Speaks, Cadman and a group of Norwegian folk songs (Mrs. Clewe), Metcalf, Dix (Mr. Weathers), L. Lehmann, Fisher (Mr. Ames).

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M., 24th and last concert (A) of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.

Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Song recital by Miss Mary Tracy, soprano, assisted by Charles de Mailly, flute (of the Boston Symphony Orchestra), and Miss Rae Kibner, harp; Margaret Gornam Glaser, accompanist. Songs by Mailleson, Handel, Moussorgsky, Mozart, Sybelin, Schumann, Cornelius, Brahms, Wolf, Salter, Campia, Taubert an Irish folk song and a French one. Verdalle's Romance for harp and Andante and Presto for flute by Enesco.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. "Folk Songs and Tales of the Hebrides," a recital by Mrs. Marjory Kennedy-Fraser and Miss Patuffa Kennedy-Fraser. These songs were collected by Mrs. Kennedy-Fraser in some of the Hebridean Islands. The songs are sung, some in Gaelic, some in English, some accompanied on the Gaelic harp. Mr. Krehbiel, who heard them in New York last month, says they are "genuine folk songs, with no more sophistication than came from a simple harmonization which left their primitive character intact, and they were sung with a simple, soulful directness and sincerity which made them strangely moving." Granville Bantock has used two of the songs to be sung Saturday as themes for his "Hebridean" Symphony.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M., 24th and last concert (B) of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.

BAUER GIVES CHOPIN RECITAL AT JORDAN HALL

Large Audience Finds Pianist in Happy Vein.

Harold Bauer, pianist, gave a recital of Chopin's music yesterday afternoon at Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Noeturne, C-sharp minor, Op. 27, No. 1; Nocturne, F-sharp major, Op. 15, No. 2; Polonaise, F-sharp minor, Op. 44; Sonata, B-minor, Op. 58; Ballade, F-major, Op. 38; Berceuse, D-flat major, Op. 57; Fantasia, F-minor, Op. 49; Etudes, F-minor, A-flat major, D-flat major (Op. posth), C-sharp minor, Op. 10, No. 4; Waltz, A-minor, Op. 34, No. 2; Waltz, G-flat major, Op. 70, No. 1; Seherzo, C-sharp minor, Op. 39.

Mr. Bauer was in his happiest vein. Seldom has he played with a greater display of imagination, a more delightful quality of tone. His performance of the first number on the program was a feature of the concert. In this not too familiar Noeturne Mr. Bauer gave a remarkable exhibition of art in phrasing and nuanees.

Other pieees were played with the pianist's aceustomed brilliance, rippling clarity and admirable sense of proportion. There were fine moments in the sonata. The scherzo was treated with the utmost delicacy. The opening page of the Ballade was charmingly mysterious, as though a prologue to a strange story. In the Fantasia there were revelations of virtuosity. A large audience was hearty in its expressions of appreciation.

By PHILIP HALE.

SHAKESPEARE has moved many composers to write music. The New Shakespeare Society published in 1884 "A List of all the Songs and Passages in Shakespeare which have been set to Music." A volume of 102 pages, it is no doubt incomplete. We learn from it that one Richard Simpson set music to all the Sonnets. Some were published in 1878 after his death. Songs for a voice, duets, trios, part songs, madrigals, glees—these can be found in abundance.

So too the number of orchestral works, overtures, symphonic poems, etc., suggested by Shakespeare's plays is very large. Lists of these compositions have been drawn up by indefatigable Germans possessed of that indispensable quality known as "Sitzfleisch." One of the best of these catalogues is to be found in the year books of the German Shakespeare Society. Concert goers in Boston will easily name Berlioz, Mendelssohn, Tschaikowsky, as illustrators of Shakespeare in music, and perhaps recall the names of Richard Strauss ("Macbeth"), Volkmann, Smetana, Paine, Henschel, Bruell, Krug, Dvorak, MacDowell and others.

Many Operas but Few That Endure

Many operas have been composed based on Shakespeare's plays, but few have had long life, few have done justice to the text. "J. S. S.," writing about Shakespeare in opera (Monthly Musical Record, London, April, 1916), goes so far as to say:

"Neither for opera, and still less for music and drama in the modern sense, are books based on plays of Shakespeare suitable. The latter should be left untouched, except for certain reasonable, and occasionally indispensable, cuts. The traditional settings of the songs should be retained, and, if unknown, the style of the period could be imitated. In many passages which call for instrumental music it ought to be of brief, subtle, atmospheric kind, such as would appeal to gifted men like Bantock, Delius, or Elgar, or even to some younger composers. In this way the art of music, now so rich in color and power of expression, might, if used with restraint, prove a valuable addition. It would not prove disturbing like Mendelssohn's 'Midsummer Night's Dream' music, which, though clever and beautiful, is out of the picture."

Yet Verdi's "Othello" and "Falstaff" are among the chief glories of the operatic stage.

The First Shakespearian Opera.

Probably the first Shakespearian opera was Purcell's "Fairy Queen," based on "A Midsummer Night's Dream." The libretto was a disarrangement of the comedy by some one unknown. No one of the words to which music is set is by Shakespeare. The opera was produced at Dorset Theatre, London, in 1692. The score was lost. There was an advertisement for it in 1700, when a reward of 20 guineas was offered. The score was found in the library of the Royal Academy of Music in 1901, and there was a performance in St. George's Hall on June 15 of that year. Before the production of "The Fairy Queen" Purcell had written music for Shadwell's alteration of "The Tempest," and "Come unto These Yellow Sands," and "Full Fathom Five," are famous today, but the greater part of the music is wedded to verse that is not Shakespeare's.

Francesco Gasparini's opera "Amleto" was produced in Italy in 1705 and brought out by Handel in London in 1712. Burney described the work as a pasticcio of poorly chosen songs. Where are other "Hamlets" of the 18th century—Domenico Scarlatti's, Caruso's, those later by Mercadante, Faccio, Hignard, Marczek (known in this country as Max Maretzek), Stadtfeldt?

The only one that keeps the boards is that of Ambroise Thomas (1868), and that by reason of Hamlet's drinking song and Ophelia's mad seene. Mr. Polacco, speaking here of Titta Ruffo's impersonation of the Prince, said pleasantly that it consisted of a eadenza in the drinking song. Mme. Calve was anxious to be seen in Boston as Ophelia, but the inexorable management doomed her to Carmen. She also wished to be heard here in "Mefistofele."

Musical Versions of "Romeo and Juliet."

"Romeo and Juliet" has been a favorite subject. Verdi shortly before his death, wished that he had chosen the subject before he was too old, when his blood was still warm. The Germans laid hands on Shakespeare's play—Benda (1772) Schwanburg, Rumling, Steibelt, Leopold Damrosch (in manuscript)—all forgotten. Mareschalchi's opera is forgotten; Dalayrae's libretto was arranged to suit the "French conversation taste." An air from Zingarelli's—"Ombra adorata," was long famous. Who knows anything about Guglielmi's, which once had life in Italy. Bellini's "Capuletti ed i Montecchi," with some beautiful melodies, has been performed in Boston, probably with Vaccai's last act. Bellini's Romeo was for many years a favorite role with contraltos. Marchetti's opera had little success. The Marquis d' Ivry, an amateur, wrote "Les Amants de Verone."

Gounod's opera at first met with no success in New York when it was first brought out there. The performance, however, was of poor quality. In Boston it attracted little attention until the De Reszkes, Plancon, Mmes. Melba and Eames took part in it. There are charming pages, but the opera as a whole is fast fading. Some Frenchman complained that it was one long love duet. The scene in Juliet's chamber and the Potion music show Gounod at his best, and a tenor with a vibrant voice will always excite applause by the song of exile. Harry Rowe Shelley's "Romeo and Juliet" has been performed, we believe, in concert form.

Mme. Schroeder-Devrient made a sensation as Lady Macbeth in Chelard's opera. It is said that the text adapted by Rouget de l'Isle was well suited to the stage. Verdi's "Macbeth" (1847) is not ranked among his better works, but at Florence Mme. Barbieri-Nini by her singing and acting caused the opera to triumph. In Venice the next year it excited patriotic excitement and manifestations, for a Spanish tenor, Palma, sang the air "La Patria Tradita," with amazing fire. In New York in 1849 the chief singers were Mme. Bosio and Badiali. In Taubert's "Macbeth" Johanna Wagner created the part of Lady Macbeth and Carl Formes that of Macduff.

How "Richard III." Dies in Opera.

"Richard III.," an opera by Salvayre, was produced at Petrograd (1883). The adapter of the libretto, Blavet, did not allow Richard to die on the battlefield; he reserved him for a more horrible fate. The last scene begins with shouts of the populace near a cathedral: "Hurrah pour Richmond!" Richard, a high baritone, is exceedingly distressed by the evident pleasure of his enemies, and determines to die on the cathedral steps, but like Charles II. and Tristan he is a long time a-dying. His last words are: "La mort, la belle affaire! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!" and with three more "Ahs," "Le Roi Richard est un grand Roi!" Were the operas by Meiners (1859), Canepa (1879) founded on Shakespeare's tragedy?

Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar" appeared in opera as early as 1710. There is a "Julius Caesar" by Handel, one by Perez. "Julius Caesar" by Carlo (M. Carl of Gotha) has not been produced.

Music has been written for "King Lear," the play, but I know of no opera. Verdi made sketches for one.

Bishop wrote, after his fashion, a "Henry IV."

Popularity of "Otello."

Rossini's "Otello" was for a long time famous, for itself and by reason of the great singers that took part in it. Mme. Malibran's singing the Willow Song has passed into

history. The song of the gondolier, heard by Desdemona in her woe, is beautiful in sentiment and form. The libretto, however, outrages the feelings and appeals to the humor of any English-speaking person. Byron hearing the opera in Venice was enraptured by the music and amused by the perversion of the play. It is not necessary to speak of Verdi's opera. Some remember Campanini and Galassi at the Grand Opera House in Washington street. The tenor, out of admiration for the opera, lost the greater part of his earnings in producing it in this country. Many of us remember the superb performance by Tamagno, Maurel and Mme. Eames. Later Slezak, Zenatello, Mme. Alda, Mme. Villani, Scotti, Amato, Baklanoff, Blanchart were seen at the Boston Opera House. Nor should the tenor, Alvarez, at the Boston Theatre pass unnoticed.

Just's "Merchant of Venice" was performed at Amsterdam in 1787. Pinsuti, whose songs are still heard in drawing rooms, treated the same subject (Bologna, 1873).

"The Tempest."

"The Tempest" tempted Dr. Arne and J. C. Smith in the 18th century, but these works would hardly be called operas today. The Germans, Rolle, Aspelmayer, Fleischmann, Reichardt, Zumsteeg, Emmest, chose this subject, as did Rung in Copenhagen. Ambroise Thomas turned the play into a ballet. Caruso, Luigi, not Enrico, the tenor, wrote his "Tempesta." Halvey's "Tempest" was produced in London (1850) with Henriette Sontag as Miranda and Labiache as Caliban. The libretto was by Scribe. It was shown to Mendelssohn, who declined to write the music. Scribe made his libretto to suit the prevailing taste. Thus at the opening of the third act Ferdinand meets Miranda:

Mir: Ha!
Fer: What is this I see?
Mir: Quick beats my heart.
Fer: Oh! lovely vision!
Mir: What strange surprise is this!
Fer: Do my eyes mock me?
Mir: Is it but a dream?

Lumley gives an entertaining account of the production under his management. "Never, perhaps, had any new opera been received with such frenzied acclamation." It seems that Dr. Arne's air "Where the bee sucks" was introduced for the pantomimic music of Ariel. After the performance the foreign artists all congratulated Halevy on it: "How beautiful! How charming! How exquisite is this theme!" They all hummed Arne's tune. Scribe, it appears, made a "situation" out of "the odious pursuit of Prospero's daughter by Caliban," to quote Chorley, who always felt that "La Tempesta" had more real merit than the world agreed to award it. Chorley thought Labache's Caliban was remarkable as "a piece of personation and of good taste. Had it not been so, the very hazardous scenes of the Monster's persecution of Miranda could not have been allowed on the stage."

The Winter's Tale" inspired, to a greater or less degree, Barbieri, Max Bruch and Goldmark.

"Twelfth Night" has been used. There is Stein Kuehler's "Cesario," Taubert's "Cesario," and Aresen's "Viola." In the last named opera a singer doubled Viola and her brother. Mme. Olitzka took the part of Olivia. This was at Hamburg in 1893. Smetana worked on a "Viola." Did Heuberger complete his "Viola"?

Verdi's Unappreciated Opera.

Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor" has been performed here, but is now known in Boston chiefly by the joyous overture. Peter Ritter and Dittersdorf chose the same subject at the end of the 18th century. Salieri and Balfe each wrote a "Falstaff" long before Verdi composed his glorious opera still unappreciated by the crowd.

Goetz's "Taming of the Shrew," a dull work, was heard here so recently that it is not necessary to dwell upon it. The performance was worthy of a better opera. Other operas on the same subject are by Soler (1785) and Le Rey (1896).

Antony Choudens wrote a "Cymbeline."

Were the operas, "Coriolano," by Cavalli, Ariosti, Treu, Lavigna, Niccolini, based on Shakespeare's tragedy? Graun's text was made by Villati from the French sketch of Frederick the Great.

Wagner's "Youthful Indiscretion."

Wagner's "Liebesverbot" is a version of "Measure for Measure." The opera completed in 1836 was performed once at Magdeburg. It was a dismal failure; according to Wagner's confession, it was a youthful indiscretion.

Berlioz's "Beatrice et Benedict" is a very free adaptation of "Much Ado About Nothing." "Antony and Cleopatra" has been a favorite subject—but it is not easy to determine how many of the operas thus named are based on Shakespeare's tragedy. The writer of the article quoted at the beginning, "J. S. S.," asserts that "since Verdi, the only important Shakespearean opera was from the pen of a British composer, Sir Charles Stanford—viz., 'Much Ado About Nothing,' produced at Covent Garden." But where is it now?

The list of operas given above is by no means complete. Out of the mass, named and unnamed, how many are now in the repertoire?

Difficulties of Adaptation.

Verdi's "Othello" and "Falstaff," Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet," Thomas's "Hamlet" live; in Germany Nicolais "Merry Wives of Windsor," Goetz's "Taming of the Shrew," are still heard, and there have been occasional performances of "Beatrice et Benedict."

Chorley thought it an unhappy idea of arranging "The Tempest" in the form of an opera. "To start merely one difficulty—who can present the invisible Ariel on the stage, save as the outburst of a fountain, or as a flash of volcano-fire, or as lightning, or as the shooting of a star? A mime must do it; and, however well it be done (and we have seen it as well done as it can be done), the dream is gone." It might be asked with greater reason what composer could succeed with "King Lear," "Hamlet," "Macbeth"? Theatregoer as Charles Lamb was, he asked how the agony of Lear in the storm could be mimicked on the stage. Only one composer has approached Shakespeare on his own ground: Verdi, as a Shakespearean master of tragedy and comedy.

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Mr. J. Eastman Chase points out in a letter to the Evening Post (N. Y.) that Mr. Masters may have derived the suggestion of his "Spoon River Anthology" from Thomas Hardy's poem "Friends Beyond," in which eight people speak their post mortem wishes from their graves. Others have said that Mr. Masters remembered a tale by Maupassant.

One might say that Mr. Masters had been greatly influenced by the extraordinary chapter "Bohok," in Dostoievsky's "Journal of a Writer." In this ghastly story, if story it can be called, the narrator, having been to a burial "to distract himself," remains in the graveyard. There, alone, he hears the dead talking. A noble dame is disgusted because she lies near a shopkeeper. Avdotia Ignatievna welcomes a newcomer as "a charming and delicious" young man. "I already love him," she cried enthusiastically; "can he not be placed near me?" And there was strange, wilder talk, until the listener happened to sneeze. "Everything was then still, as in graveyards inhabited by less garrulous guests. I shall come back to visit these people when they will no longer be on their guard."

This journal was published in Paris by Charpentier in 1904. Ten to one, Mr. Masters never read it. Nor do we think that he is greatly indebted to Hardy or Maupassant.

Jamboree, Etc.

As the World Wags:

Jamboree, corroboree and the hurrah's Nest, interesting hyphenated Americans, are frequently found associated together in the elliptic hours, but they came before the immigrant shed record.

There is a certain amount to be said for the connection between jaborandi and jamboree. The word was originally spelled jamborandi, and the Century and Watts Chemical dictionaries give Jamborandi, Jaburandi and Jaborandi as equivalents.

As regards its incompetence to put the necessary kick into the gentle aborigine's toddy, the older Watts Supplement states that the principal constituent is jaborine or jamborine, and that its effects resemble those of atropin, and produce "hallucinations and delirium, frequent pulse and dilated pupils" (see also Century dictionary). Surely enough for any gentleman, and I have often regretted it that I failed to utilize my honorary membership of the Aboriginal Club at Parimaribo; it might have been interesting after 1 A. M.

That Jaborandi has reformed and is now merely a sudorific may be due to the fact pointed out by Watts, that it was not originally the name of a plant, but of "yarbs" of a number of plants of different species, and that the term was even applied to species of pepper and other alkaloid bearing plants, some of which are well known in Africa. As the drug was first brought to Europe in 1874, (Watts) it is possible that the plant now known as jaborandi, and which contains pilocarpine mostly, is not the same as that originally known by the name; one easier to catch and gather.

So the case is not so bad after all, and it is at least suggestive that "jamborangwa" (jambu-copra, kola nut meat and similar seeds, and borangwa, ordinary plain drunkard) is today a pretty good equivalent of our "cocaine fiend" in the Lunkundu dialect spoken in the districts surrounding the Congo Bakola mission. (See their publication, Boston Public Library, "The Lunkundu Language.")

As regards "Corroboree," this is of course Australian for a big dance. And the Hurrah's Nest seems to be a compatriot, as the Australian Bower bird is known as the Hura Bird.

Brookline. NOMONOMADIKOS.

"Hurrah's Nest" has been in use for nearly 100 years. Does "Nomonomadikos" believe for a moment that Dana's sailors or Longfellow before them used a phrase derived from the Australian Bower bird, whose bower, by the way, built of odds and ends, is a run or play house, not a nest?—Ed.

A Conservative.

As the World Wags:

Subjoined I desire to record my humble impression regarding modern music.

I first penned these verses when the vogue for modern music came into being, but did not publish them thinking it wise to submit them to the iron test of time.

After struggling through successive seasons of this stuff and now at the close of another, chamber, symphonic and operatic, I see no reason to alter my first impression and submit it to a long suffering musical public, feeling that it will strike a responsive chord in many an outraged auditor.

THEN AND NOW.

In Mozart's or Beethoven's day
The simplest means withal—
A Viol's sigh,
Or Hautboy's plaintive cry,
Might mark a Hero's fall.

But now the Moderns bold hold sway,
Crass Discord reigns on high;
A brazen blare,
And shrieks and groanings rend the air—
And all to kill a fly!

Roxbury, April 27. M. E. S.

"Preventative."

As the World Wags:

I see that Capt. Brassbound in his last letter to your column uses that good old word "pre-ven-ta-tive." W. B. J.

Medford, April 29.

We take it that "good old" is ironical. Yet "preventative," the noun, was used by Adam Smith, De Foe, Sydney Smith, Bulwer Lytton, Lewes, Southey, John Henry Newman and other writers of fair ability. Gen. George Washington in 1793 wrote: "Wearing flannel next the skin is the best cure for and preventative of the rheumatism I ever tried."

CHORAL UNION PRODUCES VERDI'S MANZONI REQUIEM

Large Audience Enjoys a Very Satisfactory Performance.

Verdi's Manzoni Requiem was performed last evening at Symphony Hall by the People's Choral Union of Boston at its 19th annual concert. Mr. Dunham conducted. The soloists were Mme. Anita Rio, soprano; Miss Henrietta Wakefield, contralto; James Harrod, tenor; Wilfred Glenn, bass. Members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra assisted.

There was a large audience. Verdi's Requiem retains a commanding position among choral works. It was recently performed in London with a great service for the dead was held. The music is rich in expressive melody, there is a constant emotional appeal.

The performance last evening was a credit to the union. The choral numbers were sung with warmth. The soloists were experienced singers. In the case of Mr. Harrod, and of Mr. Glenn, there was not a mere display of vocal skill. The beauty and richness of their voices at once commanded attention. Miss Wakefield, whose voice was less remarkable still, uncommonly good, sang with much authority and expression. Mme. Rio has been heard to better advantage. Her tones were not always free and extreme upper notes were sometimes pinched and lacking in quality.

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'THE DAWN'

By PHILIP HALE.

COLONIAL THEATRE: First performance in Boston of "The Dawn," a play in three acts by George D. Parker. Produced in New Haven, Ct., on April 27, 1916, by A. H. Woods.

Thomas Beloat.....Edward See
Mrs. Mary Ayres.....Sarah McVicker
Helen Wright.....Kathlene MacDonell
Willard Moore.....Everett Butterfield
Miss Sarah Paulton.....Helen Lowell
Mrs. Georgiana Moore.....Jane Eustace
John Sterling.....Robert Edeson
Dr. Henry Robertson....Forrest Robinson

Helen's mother ran away from a little southern town with an artist. She found out too late that in addition to the too artistic temperament he already had a wife. Then she wished to return home, but her parents would have nothing to do with her. John Sterling, who had loved her, promised her on her death bed to care for Helen. He sent the child to a convent, where the good nuns were not successful in chastening her temper or teaching her the manners of polite society.

John brought her to his house, where he had lived a lonely life. She promptly fell in love with a peculiarly disagreeable cad named Willard Moore, the nephew of the excellent John. Hiding behind a tree, she heard Willard's mother and a spiteful old maid, Miss Sarah, discussing her mother as a shameless person who had sinned against the Lord and southern conventions. No, Willard should never marry a baseborn girl. Willard was indignant that Uncle John should have been the means of his meeting her. Helen having learned that she was not born in wedlock, came from behind the tree and was naturally hysterical. Whereupon John in his chivalric way said he would marry her.

He did marry her, but for some months their relations were not those of man and wife. Willard's mother and Miss Sarah spent an evening at the Sterlings', where Helen was shockingly rude. Dr. Robertson was there, a physician of the school now unfortunately almost extinct, an old-fashioned family doctor. The doctor, having found out in the course of conversation that John and Helen were living as brother and sister, protested violently. He preached a sermon of a gynecological nature, having much to say about the call of sex. He also invoked the Deity. John admitted that he had made a mistake. Helen had pouted because John told her he was sorry he had married her—meaning that he had not made her happy.

She wished to be loved for her own sake, not for her brother's. John went out with the Doctor. While Helen, in a gloomy and morbid state, was playing prettily on the new grand piano, Willard, who had been in Europe, came in through the window. For some time he told his love and met only with scorn and reproach. At last, reminding her that she was unhappy, he urged her to run away with him. She was consenting when John came back for the "scene a faire." He threw Willard down, drove him out of the house, and recalling the advice of the physician, tried to follow the example of the cave man who wooed his bride with a club. He was about to drag Helen into a chamber, when she escaped him with a shriek of horror and slammed the door in his face.

John did not sleep that night. At dawn he was in the garden, depressed by his thoughts and the fallen leaves. A happy thought struck him. By a lie, which the doctor would support, he would console Helen and put an end to the nasty attitude of Georgiana and Miss Sarah toward her. He told them and Helen that her mother was married to the artist. A detective had found the record in a foreign town. Willard reasonably asked why he had not said this before. Then he reproached his mother bitterly and made a hasty exit. John told Helen that he had not expressed his love in a more tangible manner because he thought she was still in love with Willard. Helen said she never told her love for John because she thought he had married her for her mother's sake, not for her own. After these satisfactory explanations, the curtain fell on a rapt embrace.

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Mr. [illegible] told this queer story in an inexperienced manner. In the [illegible] the facts about Helen's mother are [repe]ated at least three times by different persons, as in Wagner's "Ring" in which time is wasted, particularly by Wotan, in repetitions of the same story. The story drags. There is little or no action; there is little delineation of character; there is a pathetic reliance on old formulas. At the beginning we meet the gardener Thomas and the housekeeper Mary, who begin the story after the manner of our old friends, the coquettish parlor maid dusting the furniture and the comic man-servant. Miss Sarah, the malicious busybody, is also an old friend; the mother with her family pride ditto. We have all seen the old doctor on the stage, the genial philosopher friend, the type of a character useful as a mouthpiece for the dramatist's theories, the man dear to Dumas the younger and later to Mr. Pinero.

John no doubt was chivalric but he was a good deal of a prig. Helen, however, is interesting as an eccentric young woman, whose conduct is at times farcical rather than intelligible. The dialogue reminds one occasionally of Cooper's novels when the white men and women are in conversation. Miss Sarah has the conventional tart remarks, the customary pharisaical observations. The passage of arms between her and Helen in the parlor is an exhibition of rank rudeness, not of touch-and-go repartee.

The company did its best to give life to the dramatist's characters. Miss MacDonell in the lighter moments of the first act was girlish and charming. In the emotional scene that followed it was evident that she was acting. She carried greater conviction in the second act. The scene at the piano—she played it, by the way, with a charming touch and in the appropriately absent-minded manner—was capitally acted. Only when she was required to express deep and genuine emotion, did she fall to impress one with her suffering or awaken sympathy. Mr. Edeson had little to do except to be constantly chivalric in a heavy manner. After the second act in answer to many calls he made a few remarks. Mr. Robinson played the part of the doctor in a kindly, humorous, human spirit. Miss Lowell excited laughter by her venomous speeches. Her costumes were well studied. The play was handsomely staged. There was a large audience.

Some days ago "F. E. L." asked the meaning of the slang term "bull," which he assured us was now heard in drawing rooms, at formal dinners, everywhere in "polite society." That very day, well-informed persons sat down to inform the readers of the Herald. We regret that some of the letters cannot be published in full.

"An Ag" of Boston tells us that the phrase in its primitive form originated in the Union Stock Yards of Chicago. Later the form "slinging the bull" took its place. He describes a merry prank of students at the University of Illinois, when they gave a circus performance. "In its pristine purity the expression was used in Baltimore and other Southern cities before it came up North. So far as the writer knows the expression first broke into literary society in that greatest of all publications, the Saturday Evening Post. . . . It has arrived, and in a democracy it doesn't do to press the question of ancestry, but doesn't this suggest that many of our other slang phrases are refined a bit before we bandy them about amongst ourselves?"

As the World Wags:

Gentle "F. E. L.'s" mental horizon must be distinctly limited in regard to current slang to be suffused with a great light by the expression "bull." Alas, like the colonel's discoveries, there is nothing really new about it after all. It is a phrase meaning an inflated conversation made with no belief in its sincerity or truth. Its origin may be briefly traced to one of those rugged little anecdotes of Anglo-Saxon stock which form the folklore of our people, but which, owing to a strange rigidity in our moral code, are rarely published, although they flourish with great luxuriance at "smokers" and among a certain type of after-dinner raconteurs. I have no doubt "F. E. L." may satisfy his or her virginal curiosity outside the Public Library. I wonder if "F. E. L." knows that the expressions "twenty-three" and "passing the buck" have had a similar vogue and a similar origin in the 20th century.

Cambridge. PROPHYLAXIS.

As the World Wags:

Replying to F. E. L.'s inquiry in this morning's column in regard to the origin and meaning of the slang expression "Bull." I take pleasure in informing this gentleman that the expression, in its original amplified form, was adopted in the navy and was current there in 1867. It rapidly found favor throughout the country as an emphatic expression of absolute disbelief. It is not an abbreviation of the Bull-Moose. It is not astonishing that the young lady at the dinner party would not divulge the secret of the origin of this bit of slang.

Everett, April 27. C. R. L.

We are indebted also to "W. B. W." of Brookline, Aug. C. Knight of West Medford and "J. P. K." of Boston. The last named alludes delicately to the "mot de Cambronne."

An "Appreciation."

We have received from Washington, D. C., an "appreciation" of Ratan Devi, who sings Hindu songs. "This music is entirely strange to our ear. It expresses the very reverse of our restlessness and anxiety. It contains all human experience in itself. There is nothing to hope and nothing to fear, because everything has already happened so often before. Also, everything is illusion. The manifested universe is only the magic veil upon the limbs of the Great Dancer—God. That such ideas should be appreciated in America is a sign of the great revolution in the whole character of our thought which I believe to be at hand."

Let us add that this fervent appreciator signs himself "All Ways, Stuart." Just "Stuart," as Napoleon and Sumichrast.

At the bottom of the page we find a notice to whom it may concern:

"X—This is neither 'Smart' nor 'Sturat' but the mark of Stuart, Henry Clifford."

A Budding Genius.

A firm of music publishers in Boston received the following letter, which it regards as enigmatical and wishes to find a solution:

"Dear Sir: What chords, intervals and notes start out in piano pieces, also what rhythm together? How can a person compose an Indian symphony, thereby putting in all their customs more or less? Or how can a person compose an oriental dance, etc., etc.? Please give me some guide if you can as to composing as to style and resemble my work to that of other composers you see. I would like to have a guide to the style of a cantata, chant, anthem, oratorio, concerto, but preferably opera and operetta and one thing and another. Is a song hard to compose? What I mean is the voice part has its part you see. Have studied music almost all my life. I feel confident you will give me the information I wish.

With a "B"

The presence of the Serbian Crown Prince in our midst should induce us, if merely out of courtesy, to spell correctly the name of the country over which he will one day rule. The Serbs themselves spell it with a "b," and from their first appearance on this side of the Carpathians the Greeks described them as Serbloi. The current misspelling, which has prevailed here for centuries, arose from the popular error that "Slavs" and "slaves" were the same word, and as the latter is "servi" in Latin, the substitution of "v" for "b" in "Servia" is explained. But, as Gibbon protested, "the national appellation of the Slaves has been degraded by chance or malice from the signification of glory to that of servitude." For the name is derived from "slava," which means "praise" or "glory," and is in Latin "laus."—Daily Chronicle (London).

WARM WELCOME GIVEN ON RETURN OF "THE ONLY GIRL"

Musical Comedy Promises to Repeat Early Season Success.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—Reproduction of "The Only Girl," a musical comedy, adapted from Frank Mandel's comedy, "Our Wives," book by Henry Blossom, music by Victor Herbert. Cast:

Alan Kimbrough (Kim)..........John Park
Sylvester Martin (Corksey)..Richie Bartlett
John Ayre (Fresh)..........Jed Prouty
Andrew McMurray (Bunkie)
..........Ernest Torrence
Ruth Wilson..........Wilda Bennett
Saunders..........John Findlay
Birdie Martin..........Louis Kelley
Margaret Ayre..........Olga Roller
Jane McMurray..........Vivian Wessell
Patrice La Montrose..........Leona Stephens
Ruby..........Marion Sitgreaves
Violet..........Eleanor Masters
Viola..........Antoinette Morton
Paula..........Marjorie Eggleston
Pearle..........Gertrude Thurston
Renee..........Janet McIlwaine

K.P.

It is a distinct, unusual pleasure to record the return of this fortunate piece and the big audience at the Majestic last night showed with oft repeated zest that it was mightily glad to see it again, too.

For "The Only Girl" is, indeed, most fortunate. Not by reason of its success, for that is an effect, not a cause, but because, in the first place, it had the good fortune to have so bright and sensible an author and a composer who could write music for it so befitting the lyrics and situations—real music that is "light" and "tuneful" and is something more, too.

Then, it is fortunate in having as its main theme one that has an appeal to practically all of man and womankind—an elemental theme that began to be common experience of the race shortly after that apple was eaten "somewhere in Mesopotamia," the discovery of men and women that there are thorns among the roses of matrimony. Again it was fortunate in having sponsors who knew how to pick actors for the several parts and could find the ones who exactly fitted their allotted characters. If the play bill had said it was an "all-star cast" it would for once have told the exact truth.

Portray Live Beings.

And these actors! They are fortunate also because the author and composer have given them live, individual, human beings to portray, and they know how to do it. Besides, they do it with animation and interest and just enough zip to keep the delightful story tripping merrily on its way every minute.

Wilda Bennett continues as charmingly naive and sings as beautifully as ever as Ruth, the composer. Leona Stephens could be called more vivacious and fetching than before as Patrice, if that were possible. John Park fills the role of Alan, the librettist, admirably, and all three of his fellow-bachelors who fall by the wayside into the thorns of marriage are just the boys they are supposed to be.

Then there is John Findlay's Saunders—Saunders, the even faithful and sympathetic old valet, whose kindly interest in all the fun that is going never flags or falters. There is only one Saunders.

The wives, too, are inimitable, each in her own special way, and the same, strange to say, can be said of the chorus ladies, every one of them, from Ruby down to Renee. That is why their names are all printed.

B. F. KEITH'S

Miss Eva Tanguay, the irrepressible, was the headliner at B. F. Keith's Theatre last evening. No doubt there are many who question the histrionic ability of this actress; there is no disguising the fact, however, that she is popular. Last night there was a crowded house and one had to thread his way through the lobby to avoid the serpentine line of ticket purchasers.

Miss Tanguay is slighter than on her last visit. Her songs are mostly given to the theme that makes light of her style and herself; but this year there is more work for the orchestra. She comes with new costumes and some glaring head-dresses. All are examples of wild incongruity, and their only purpose appears to be to excite laughter. The actress concluded her program with her old success, "I Don't Care."

An act that reminded us of the good old days was "A Forgotten Combination," a farcical sketch of domestic bickerings, introducing Charles E. Evans, the famous partner of "Old Hoss" Hoey of "A Parlor Match" fame. Mr. Evans appeared with all his old-time skill as a comedian. The sketch is one that gives him a splendid opportunity. After a riotous time in looking for his collar button, he held the stage for full two minutes without a word being spoken. He was ably assisted by Miss Helena Phillips.

Truly Shattuck and Martha Golden have a singing and talking act that is always interesting. Miss Shattuck has lost none of her well known attributes, and Miss Golden was a pleasure in her eccentric way, and her burlesques of Vesta Victoria, Anna Held and Mrs. Leslie Carter were clever. The success of this act was helped by the alert and versatile Mr. Welhe of the orchestra.

Grace Carlyle and Jules Romer were seen in a novel singing and instrumental act. Comfort and King, who have had their experience in the minstrel world, were seen in a burnt cork act, "Coon Town Divorcons." The sketch was amusing, and gave Mr. Comfort an opportunity to use his light but musical tenor, and Mr. King an opening as a black-face comedian.

Frank Milton and the DeLong sisters in the comedy with music, "The Diamond Palace," gave a sketch that, besides being funny, was novel. Ethel Hess and Hattie Hyde danced and chatted in a style that is now much overworked. The Musical Johnsons were heard in classical selections and medleys of popular songs on the xylophone, and the Six Tumbling Demons were seen in a thrilling acrobatic act.

AUDIENCE APPLAUDS KELLER AND WILLE

K.W.

Young Violinist and Pianist Show Competent Training.

Harrison Keller, violinist, and Stewart Wille, pianist, gave a concert last evening at Steinert Hall. The program was as follows: Platt, Sonata, B minor, for violin and piano, Mss., first time; Scriabin, Etrangete, op. 63, No. 2; Korngold, The Brownies; Chopin, Impromptu, op. 36, Etude, op. 10, No. 5; Couperin-Kreisler, Chanson Louis XIII et Pavane; Novacek, Perpetuum Mobile; Chopin-Auer, Nocturne, E minor; Pugnani-Kreisler, Prelude-Allegro; Franck, Sonata A minor, for violin and piano.

The two young men were evenly matched as to talent and attainment. Both gave evidence of competent training and showed the result of serious study. Both give promise for the future. Mr. Keller, a pupil of Mr. Witek, has an agreeable tone and a well grounded technic. As yet he displays no marked individuality as an interpreter but is content with his neatly observing the wishes of the composer. Mr. Wille has a firm touch, and a feeling for rhythm.

There were two novelties on the program. Mr. Platt's sonata played from manuscript is laid out on a pretentious scheme. The first movement is graceful, the second has a certain melodic freshness, while the chief theme of the third has marked character. Scriabin's Etrangete is curiously akin to the music descriptive of the Fire bird in Stravinsky's "L'Oiseau de Feu." An audience of good size applauded heartily.

MR. AND MRS. CRAIG PLEASE AS 'HAMLET' AND 'OPHELIA'

Shakespearian Tragedy Given at Castle Square Theatre.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—Hamlet. Tragedy in five acts by William Shakespeare.

Hamlet..........John Craig
Claudius..........Henry J. Doermann
Ghost of King Hamlet..Frederic Ormonde
Polonius..........Donald Meek
Laertes..........Theodore Friebus
Horatio..........Bert Young
[illegible]..........Robert Capron
Guildenstern..........Cecil Drummond
Osric..........Justine Adams
First Grave Digger..........Donald Meek
Second Grave Digger..........Al Roberts
First Player..........William George
Second Player..........George Hunt
Player Queen..........Augusta Gill
Gertrude..........Vida Croly Sidney
Ophelia..........Mary Young

"Hamlet" proved that it is a play for the stage, not merely a play to be read and studied in the quiet of the library or classroom. "Hamlet" is, above all else, a drama. It is filled with action.

As revived at the Castle Square yesterday, the tragedy had every scenic advantage. Livingston Platt's scenery was used. By simple methods, Mr. Platt secures results of the greatest pictorial value, and each successive scene was acted against a background and in the midst of stage appurtenances that contributed no small share to the dramatic value of the entire production.

Despite its length, its complexities of incident and action, "Hamlet" never fails to prove itself, in the hands of competent actors, a drama of moving force. Mr. Craig's Hamlet is itself the centre of attention, both from the audience and from the other characters in the play. His reading of the lines is infused with sentiment and verbal beauty, but at the same time he represents Hamlet as a youth of action who has something more to do than to spout "words, words, words."

Miss Young's Ophelia is no less commendable. She brings out all the pathos of the woman in every scene, and in all her interviews with Hamlet she makes so touching an appeal to the feelings of the audience that Hamlet himself becomes a target for reprobation because of his conduct towards her. The Laertes of Mr. Friebus is a romantic figure. Mr. Meek's Polonius and the First Gravedigger are doubled with success and with a fine discrimination as to character, while Mr. Young is a likable Horatio, Mr. Ormonde an impressive Ghost, and Mr. Doermann an effective King Cladius. Mention is deserved by Miss Adams for her fine acting of Osric, a character seldom entrusted to a woman.

"Hamlet" will be repeated today and tomorrow at both matinees and evenings, and "The Taming of the Shrew" will conclude the week, beginning Thursday afternoon. Next week the play will be "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," with Doris Olsson as June Tolliver.

May 3 1914

Evening—Me in my room—the setting sun.
The setting summer sun shining in my open window, showing the swarm of flies, suspended, balancing in the air in the centre of the room, darting athwart, up and down, casting swift shadows in specks on the opposite wall, where the shine is.

For the Anti-Fly League.

For the benefit of the interstate anti-mosquito committee and the intrepid men and women of Boston who are banded together against the fly, we quote from William Cobbett's "Year's Residence in the United States of America."

In 1817 and 1818, Cobbett, living on a farm at North Hempstead, Long Island, kept a journal.

"1817, June 19. Fine day. But now comes my alarm! The musquitoes (sic), and still worse, the common horse fly which used to plague us so in Pennsylvania, and which were the only things I ever disliked belonging to the climate of America. Musquitoes are bred in stagnant water of which I have none. Flies are bred in filth, of which none shall be near me, as long as I can use a shovel and a broom. They will follow fresh meat and fish. Have neither; or be very careful. I have this day put all these precautions in practice; and now let us see the result.

"July 5. Very hot day. No flies yet.

July 12. No flies yet! No musquitoes!

"July 21. Fine hot day; but heavy rain at night. Flies a few. Not more than in England. My son John, who has just returned from Pennsylvania, says

they are as great torments there as ever. At a friend's house (a farm house) there, two quarts of flies were caught in one window in one day! I do not believe that there are two quarts in all my premises. But then, I cause all wash and slops to be carried 40 yards from the house. I suffer no peelings or greens or any rubbish to lie near the house. I suffer no fresh meat to remain more than one day fresh in the house. I proscribe all fish. Do not suffer a dog to enter the house. Keep all pigs at a distance of 60 yards. And sweep all round about once a week at least.

"July 27. Not more flies than in England.

"Aug. 1. Not a single musquito yet."

Illustrious Predecessors.

As the World Wags:

Mayor Curley's error, at the recent Shakespearean festival in the Boston Opera House, in speaking of Shakespeare as William Henry Shakespeare, recalls the fact that in the course of a lecture which Artemus Ward gave in a bar-room at Big Creek, Nev., the bar-keeper, who was one of Artemus's enthusiastic auditors at the lecture, repeatedly acclaimed him as William W. Shakespeare. "I had," says Artemus, in giving an account of the lecture, "a good audience at Big Creek, who seemed to be pleased, the bar-keeper especially, for at the close of any 'point' that I sought to make, he would deal the counter a vigorous blow with his fist and exclaim, 'Good boy from the New England States! listen to William W. Shakespeare!'" Not only was Shakespeare thus spoken of as William W. Shakespeare by that enthusiastic and effusive bar-keeper at Big Creek, but Artemus himself, in describing a visit which he made to a tomb in the Stratford churchyard which he supposed to be the tomb of Shakespeare, also speaks of Shakespeare as William W. Shakespeare: "'And this,' I said, 'this marks the spot where lies William W. Shakespeare.'" SPECTATOR.

Brookline, May 1.

An Intelligent Foreigner.

As the World Wags:

I arrive in your so beautiful city this morning by the sleep car. Ah that name! Again the American humor! I never shall I ever sleep again. But it is what you accomplish by this conveyance that I admire. Preparedness! And all done in the night. Work while you sleep, or should sleep, you others Americans. First the education in train accidents the engine with that at each station, beginning with smaller injuries; takes the longer and longer run and delivers more terrifying bumps. That is a wonderful provision and must in time render your whole population immune to death by shock or any sudden impact.

Then the midnight shriek! That blood-curdling war whoop, preserved [illegible] from the days of the Iroquois [illegible] that every engine journeying [illegible] country direction delivers as it [illegible] near your pillow. What an [illegible] for reviving the iron nerve of [illegible] on an Indian frontier in his [illegible] descendants!

And finally the horizontal toilet! A veritable preparation for trench warfare! Who has accomplished that gymnastic feat can live tranquil in the prospect of modern war. Life behind a [illegible] of six inches with death to who exceeds that limit of elevation, would be a simple affair to him.

When your M. Rosenfeld says "not prepared" he forgets, I am sure, your American sleep-car.

With assurance of profound respect, TARTARIN.

Boston, May 1.

That Hoary Old Error.

As the World Wags:

The quotation which you gave on Thursday from James Fitzmaurice-Kelly as to the dates of the respective deaths of Cervantes and Shakespeare, is, as I understand it, in accord with my statement that the death of Cervantes occurred 10 days before that of Shakespeare, but what you quoted is couched in terms so roundabout and indirect that I am inclined to think that hasty readers would be apt to understand it as a contradiction of what I said. Notwithstanding the indisputable fact that there was a difference of 10 days between the death of Cervantes and that of Shakespeare, the tradition, or myth, to the effect that they died on the same day has so long been current and has become so firmly fixed in the popular mind that it may well be doubted whether it will not always continue a tenet of popular belief. The Herald of yesterday had a full-page article on Cervantes, and that hoary old error to the effect that Cervantes and Shakespeare died on the same day is embodied both in the article's heading and in the first sentence of the body of the article, the heading saying that "The Author of Don Quixote and the Author of Hamlet Died on the Same Day," and the first sentence of the body of the article saying: "Curiously enough, not only did William Shakespeare die on the 23d of April, 1616, but another universal literary genius, the greatest writer of Spain, Miguel de Cervantes, the author of Don Quixote, passed away upon the same calendar day."

May 1. ONLOOKER.

RUSSIAN MUSIC SOCIETY AIDS ARMENIAN FUND

The Russian Musical Society of Boston gave its fifth concert of the season at the Copley Theatre last evening, in aid of the Armenian relief fund.

Members of the choral societies of Harvard and Radcliffe sang songs by Tschaikowsky, Rachmaninoff, Borodin and Moussorgsky. Mrs. Martha Atwood Baker, soprano, sang songs by Moussorgsky, Rachmaninoff, Tschaikowsky, Borodin, Gretchaninoff, and Mr. George Copland, pianist, played Moussorgsky's "Tableaux d'une Exposition," Rachmaninoff's Preludes in G major and B minor, and the Berceuse from Stravinsky's "L'Oiseau de Feu." Mr. Oulukanoff, baritone, and the chorus sang the Ballad of the Volga. An audience **of good size was interested.**

May 4 1916

James grew tired, for as Rousseau, in his admirable exposure of the folly of teaching by question and answer, observes, nobody likes to be questioned.

Personal.

We have received a letter from Willimantic, Ct., addressed "Bug House Department." We take a greater pleasure now in printing communications about all things knowable and other things.

"Bushwa."

As the World Wags:

Sir—The inquiry of your recent correspondent as to the meaning and origin of "bull," used as a slang exclamation, sent me on a fascinating etymological ellipsis. I discovered by ever so slight research that the equivalent of the expression, implying scorn of a statement made to the person who exclaims, is to be found in practically all modern languages that have any slang. Unfortunately, the French, Italian, German, Russian and Polish words are of so much less veiled meaning that I will not print them.

As to the derivation of the word, it comes undoubtedly from the Sioux—or Apache—"hushwa," a bit of true Indian slang, used with precisely the same signification as "bull." This in turn is not an aboriginal word, but is the Indian twist of the French voyageur's "bois de vache." I find nowhere any reference that indicates that the early French travellers ever spoke slightingly of this most valuable and constant appurtenance of life on the old prairies. It would not, indeed, have been like the French to be impolite towards what was usually their only fuel in the vast treeless expanses.

Anyway, your correspondent should tell his young woman dinner-table companion to drop it. OMIKRON P. ROE.

"Jake Keyser."

The New York Sun recently published an interesting letter about the old Bowery. The writer said nothing about the old Bowery songs. Does any reader know the one of the fifties that had a chorus quoted by John Phoenix

Oh my name is Jake Keyser, I was born in Spring Garden.
To make me a preacher, my father did try;
But it's no use a blowing, for I am a hard one,
And I am bound to be a butcher, by Heavens, or die.

Who wrote the song? What is its title? Or did John Phoenix invent the lines?

Some Words.

The April part of the Oxford English Dictionary—Turndun-Tzirid—has crossed the Atlantic. We learn from it that "typo," slang for printer, appeared as early as 1816 in the Massachusetts Spy: "(Thornton) [printers] will confer a favor on a brother typo." We are sorry to see the verb "type"—to typewrite—admitted as of good and regular standing. Is "twist," to eat heartily, ever heard in New England? "Twist like ploughjobbers, and swill like tinkers." The dictionary quotes a sentence from Cobbett. The whole passage, which is in one of his diatribes against potatoes, is amusing. "When broad-faced Mrs. Wilkins tells Mrs. Tomkins, that, so that she has 'a potato' for her dinner, she does not care a farthing for bread, I only laugh, knowing that she will twist down a half pound of beef with her 'potato,' and has twisted down half a pound of buttered toast in the morning, and means to do the same at teatime, without prejudice to her supper and grog." Under "two-handed" we miss "two handed drinker," but according to a definition in a slang dictionary of 1823, gin-twist is composed of hot water and gin, with sugar and lemon juice, or orange ditto. "Turndun" and "Tzirid" are words that might stump even the bright-eyed little Augustus at the head of his class. Turndun is a native Australian word: "A flattish, fish-shaped piece of wood fastened by one end of a thong, which when whirled round makes a peculiar penetrating roaring sound; a bull-roarer." "Tzirid" is an obsolete form of "jerid," a wooden javelin. There is due attention to Robert Browning's use of a low, if not obscene, word in his "Pippa Passes," for he was under the impression, good soul, that the word denoted some part of a nun's attire; we find "tympanum," a drum or drum head; tympanist, a drummer; tympanitis, the disease from which Charles Fechter suffered cruelly, so that when attacked by it on the stage he was thought by the charitably-disposed to be heavy with wine or overcome by strong waters, but we do not find "tympani," meaning specifically "kettle-drums." Of words derived from proper names we find Turneresque, Turnerite, Turpinite, Turneraceous, Tyndallization. Was FitzGerald the **first in literature to characterize an** old-fashioned thick silver watch a "turnip" (1840)? We doubt it. Richard Ford spoke of a gourd in Spain, forming a metaphor "le ha dado Calabazas'; she has refused him; it is the 'giving' cold turnips' of Suffolk"; i. e., giving him the mitten, the cold hand. Under "turnip" we should like to see Dr. Johnson's quatrain quoted.

For Hot Coppers.

Soda water, which is to help swell the national revenue, is an older beverage than Thackeray would have us believe. After an overdose of punch at Vauxhall Jos. Sedley slakes his morning thirst with beer. "Soda water," says Thackeray, "was not invented yet. Small beer was the only drink with which unhappy gentlemen soothed the fever of their previous night's potations." As a matter of fact, in 1815—the year in which the opening scenes of "Vanity Fair" are laid—soda water had been known for close on 50 years, the exact date of its invention being 1767. The oldest bottle of soda water in the world is one retrieved from the wreck of the Royal George which foundered off Spithead in 1782. When sold by auction 10 years ago, this bottle realized 25½ guineas.—London Daily Chronicle.

May 5 1916

Produces Vincent d'Indy's Dramatic Legend, "The Song of the Bell," in French Text—

By PHILIP HALE.

The Cecilia Society, Mr. Clifton conductor, gave in Symphony Hall last evening the first performance in this country of Vincent d'Indy's dramatic legend, "The Song of the Bell." The performance of the text was in French. The chief solo singers were Miss May Peterson and Johannes Sembach. There was an orchestra of 70 Symphony players with Jacques Hoffmann, concert master.

Mr. Clifton and the society are to be congratulated on a creditable performance, a very creditable performance when all the circumstances are taken into consideration. The score calls for a large orchestra. At the first performance in Paris there was a chorus of 100, while the orchestra numbered 118. D'Indy wishes 40 violins and other instruments in proportion. Eight harps are named. Then there are saxhorns, which have an important part. It is needless to say that the orchestra required could not easily be gathered in Boston, even if any society were willing to pay the expense.

The performance of last evening, interesting as it was, could give only an approximate idea of the work itself. One of the seven scenes was omitted, the dramatic one, entitled "The Fire." The chorus, as the solo singers, sang in French. This was perhaps immaterial, for choruses in this city when there are complicated passages are seldom intelligible in English. Certain orchestral effects were necessarily absent; therefore it would not be fair to speak analytically of the instrumentation.

"The Song of the Bell" was d'Indy's first really important work. It was composed at a time when he was saturated with Wagner's theories and Wagner's music. He had visited Bayreuth as a disciple; he was one of the few Frenchmen that heard the first performance of "The Ring"; he heard "Parsifal" in 1882. The next year he began work on this "Song of the Bell."

That there should be many reminiscences of "The Ring," "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg" and "Parsifal" is not surprising. If d'Indy were now reproached for this he might answer with a smile, as Clive of India did when he was accused of looting: "Sir, I wonder at my moderation." But "The Song of the Bell" is much more than a youthful indiscretion. D'Indy had not yet fashioned his own musical speech; he had not yet formulated his peculiar idiom; but certain characteristics of his later works and his musical beliefs are plainly to be observed in this Legend: his high ideals, a touch of mysticism, a fondness for symbolism, a devout spirit that has ruled his life and his art.

In a way this Legend is experimental. The composer was feeling his way, now following in the footsteps of Wagner, even echoing at times his phrases; now speaking with his own voice, but as one that did not have it under control. There are passages that are amateurish; there are pages that are dry, and [illegible] not to be [illegible] found with the noble austerity that characterizes certain later compositions. Perhaps the most disappointing section of the work is that entitled "Love." Here the music is neither sensuous nor ecstatic; it is not even beautiful by reason of euphony. Among the most effective pages are those of the chorus—the Bells and the Dream Spirits—in the section "Vision." Here is genuine fancy in thought and expression. But how dry, how futile the rambling address of Lenora's ghost that follows! The writing for the chorus as a rule is with a firmer, surer hand than that for the solo voices.

The performance of the chorus last night was excellent by reason of decisive attack, balance of tone, dynamic contrasts, musical phrasing and vocal quality. Miss Peterson, whose voice and art excited admiration, unfortunately had little to sing that was emotional. Mr. Sembach, whose voice has Italian warmth, mellowness and brilliance, sang intelligently and eloquently. Mr. Clifton has marked natural gifts as a conductor. A large audience was duly appreciative.

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

Mr. Overdone, reading his newspaper at the Porphyry, came across this sentence: "Some 100 or more square miles of terrain being no adequate reward for the enormous losses suffered." Looking over his glasses, and over those of the sitters opposite, he remarked: "How war brings new or unfamiliar words into the language! And many of them are unnecessary. Why couldn't the fellow say 'ground'?"

But in what sense did the writer employ the word? First of all, "terrain" has been in the English language for nearly two centuries; first as the standing ground or position of a horse; then, meaning a tract of country considered with regard to its natural features; "in military use especially as affecting its tactical advantage, fitness for manoeuvring, etc."; also an extent of ground, region, district, territory. As one Digby wrote to George Selwyn in 1766: "We rode to reconnoitre the terrain." James's "Military Dictionary" (1816): "Terrain, generally any space or extent of ground." Then there is the geological use of the word, although here the form "terrane" is usually preferred.

A Tubular Surprise.

As the World Wags:

I desire to file a caveat.

There are certain things which every man has done, such as putting the lighted end of his cigar in his mouth, putting the mucilage brush in the inkstand, or putting salt on his strawberries; but this is an age of progress, and the introduction of collapsible tubes has added vastly to the opportunities of life and expanded our possibilities in many ways, and I wish to claim priority in having squeezed vaseline on to my toothbrush instead of tooth paste. I do not say that it's not an easy thing to do, or that anybody might not have done it if they had thought of it; but they did not think of it. Right here is where I come in. I invented it. Patent applied for. State and county rights for sale. Yours for progress. ROAD-BREAKER.

Boston, May 2.

A Formidable Artist.

The critic of the Pleasant Valley (Ark.) Palladium recently went to a concert. He reviewed it as follows: "The third number on the program was a saxophone solo by Miss Birdie Puffer. Musicians are agreed that the saxophone is an instrument out of which but few can get real music, but Miss Birdie played it beautifully. She is a popular member of our most exclusive social set, and is also noted for having once whipt a gentleman who did not appreciate her saxophone playing."

No wonder that the criticism published in the Palladium was favorable.

This reminds us that Miss Tura A. Hawk, "the only woman blacksmithing student" at Iowa State College, won a prize for her extemporaneous speech, "Why Women Should Propose." She will not be rejected, even though the most fastidious courted may remember the line of the blacksmith Wooer in the old play: "Well, at any rate, you know I'm clean on Sundays."

On a Sunday.

As the World Wags:

"If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, but have not a huge $18,000-tabernacle, built in non-conformity to the laws of safety, my love for my brethren is of no effect for I am become a sounding brass or a clanging cymbal. And if I have the gift of prophecy and know all mysteries and all knowledge but do not pour it forth in volleys of mighty slang, my love doth not reach the hearts of my brethren, and I am nothing. And if I have all faith so as to remove mountains, but do not prove it to my brethren by accompanying my exhortations with athletic exhibitions, my love becometh unfruit-

[illegible] And if I [illegible] all [illegible] to feed the poor [illegible] am [illegible] a dwelling large enough to accommodate a retinue of 1. people, [illegible] nothing."

[illegible] May [illegible] AN OBSERVER.

Worms Again.

As the World Wags:

[illegible] is a gentleman and a [illegible] and his erudition on the subject [illegible] me with an admiration akin to awe.

Your correspondent "One of the Worms" suggests the idea of the rest of [illegible]—some twenty millions—going to Abraham's bosom. This excites the same sympathy as Mary Ann's epitaph:

He[illegible] Mary Ann.
[illegible] gone to the bosom of Abraham.
It is all very well for Mary Ann,
But it's pretty damn tough on Abraham.

If the biblical simplicity of the last line shocks any reader of the Herald, he may amend it by substituting the word "darn." I would not shock a reader of the Herald for anything in the world, and I don't want to get drawn into a theological controversy anyway.

Speaking of which—I mean worms, not theology—did you ever hear the "Spring Song of the Robin"?

I am the little robin
That keeps his head a bobbin',
I am the bird that gets the early worm.
I've eaten up his brothers
And half a million others,
And, golly! don't they tickle when they squirm!

ANOTHER OF THE WORMS.

Boston, May 2.

May 6 1917

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

By PHILIP HALE.

The 24th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Liszt, Symphony after Dante's "Divina Commedia"; Wagner, Prelude to "Tristan and Isolde," Funeral Music from "Dusk of the Gods," Prelude to "Parsifal." A female chorus from the Musical Art Club of this city assisted in the performance of the symphony.

Liszt's "Dante," was completed in 1856; his "Faust," with the exception of the final chorus, in 1854. Of these two symphonies the "Faust" is by far the greater in respect to thematic invention, workmanship and orchestral expression.

When the "Faust" symphony was heard here last season, it amazed the audience by its freshness, ingenuity, beauty and grandeur. There was little in it that seemed old fashioned or commonplace. This cannot be said of the symphony performed here yesterday.

The average reader of Dante's "Divine Comedy" is deeply impressed by the "Inferno"; he plods through "Purgatory"; then, if he has the courage to continue the appointed task, he yawns his way through "Paradise." But in Liszt's symphony the "Purgatory" section is the more musical and, in spite of repetition and the fugue, the more engrossing. It might be asked what composer could hope to illustrate Dante's "Inferno" in tones? What musical phrase could emphasize the dread proclamation: "All hope abandon, ye who enter in"? The stern conciseness of the poet, the simplicity of his pathos, the terror of his journey—are these to be expressed in music?

Liszt's "Inferno" is chiefly one of noise and bluster. The blasts of brass do not shake the soul as do the dismal lines of the poet with their "dolente" and "dolore." Nor is there tragic force in Liszt's musical expression of the "sighs, complaints and ululations loud." There is even little theatrical effect to rasp the nerves or chill the blood. The phrases for the brass are not so full of dread as the "Fate" motto in Tschaikowsky's Fourth Symphony. The Russian found more expressive music for Francesca after the wind storm than the labored section in which Liszt treats the famous episode. In his "Inferno" the composer fails in awakening horror and pity. His fretting and fuming are of one struggling for dramatic expression, but impotent; perhaps conscious of his vain endeavor; hence he is the more boisterous. There is a remark on one page of the score: "This whole passage should be understood as sardonic, blasphemous laughter." One does not hear this laughter, nor is the fault in ears or understanding. More than once is there a passage hopelessly commonplace, ordinary, as the thunderous descending figure, a pompous platitude. There is an old saying for a young composer: "When in doubt as to what should be done next, put in a unison passage."

But there are some beautiful pages in the "Purgatory" section. The opening is especially fortunate in the establishment of a peaceful, contemplative mood, in the creation of "atmosphere," to quote from the jargon of the studio. The simple melody for this and that instrument, as the oboe played exquisitely by Mr. Longy—over the rocking figuration the general expression of tranquillity, the sense of something mystic, wonderful—all this is finely conceived. There is diabolical ingenuity in the fugue; but who, hearing this fugue, can say with Richard Pohl that it expresses the remorseful and penitent looking back of sinners and their hope in the future? Nor is this "Purgatory" wholly free from an assumed naivete hardly to be distinguished from childishness, a straining after mysticism, as is found in many works of Liszt's later period; for instance, in his "Silent" Mass for the organ. This, however, is quickly forgotten by reason of the "Magnificat" for female voices, with the gorgeous orchestral responses. The peaceful close leaves an enduring impression.

The interpretation of this symphony for its splendor is comparable to that of the "Faust" last season. That the effect was not so overwhelming was due to the inherent inferiority of the music. The chorus, although Liszt preferred a boy choir, sang admirably.

We have heard more passionate readings of the prelude to "Tristan"; seldom, if ever, a more moving performance of the Funeral Music. The Prelude to "Parsifal" loses greatly in effect when it is played in a lighted concert hall and without intimate association with the drama.

Dr. Muck was warmly greeted and enthusiastically applauded after the symphony, after the Funeral Music and at the end. The concert will be repeated tonight.

Remarks on the season of 1915-16 will be found in the Herald of tomorrow.

He has misrepresented everything, or he would not have been very amusing. Sober truth is but dull matter to the reading rabble. The angler, who puts not on his hook the bait that best pleases the fish, may sit all day on the bank without catching a gudgeon.

The Silken Halter.

It has been stated in more than one newspaper that if Sir Roger Casement is hanged the halter will be of silk because he is a lord and therefore has privileges on the scaffold. There is no foundation for this statement. It is perhaps to be traced to an incident in the execution of Lord Ferrers in 1760 for murdering his steward. A contemporary account of the execution spoke of "his arms secured by a black sash and the cord put round his neck." Horace Walpole gave a long account of Ferrers, "a wild beast, a mad assassin, a low wretch," and his execution in a letter to Sir Horace Mann, May 7, 1760. The scaffold was hung with black, by the undertaker, and at the expense of his family. "He had come pinioned with a black sash, and was unwilling to have his hands tied, or his face covered, but was persuaded to both. When the rope was put round his neck he turned pale, but recovered his countenance instantly." After the executioner pulled Ferrer's legs until he was dead, as the machine was new and his toes touched the floor, "the sheriffs fell to eating and drinking on the scaffold and helped up one of their friends to drink with them, as he was still hanging. * * * The executioners fought for the rope and the one who lost it cried." Now Ferrers was the last peer hanged. Walpole would surely have spoken of a "silken" halter. He mentioned the fact that Ferrers on the way to Tyburn wished some wine and water. When the sheriff regretted he could not oblige him Ferrers said he was satisfied, adding: "Then I must be content with this" and took some pigtail tobacco out of his pocket.

Methinks, He Mocks.

As the World Wags:

Speaking of March hares, is not the dormouse of the immortal mad tea-party, and are not other dormice derived from the French "dormeuse"? It would be a very English adaptation: see Leghorn, Ratisbon (especially appropriate), etc., etc. To say that a March hare is a descendant or derivative of "ma chere"—on the ground that the exclamation "my dee-ah!" is especially appropriate to occasions of unconventional, and therefore presumably insane, behavior—may perhaps be fanciful. And yet—well—what do you think? PHIL O. LODGE.

Boston, May 4.

Mr. Lodge is not the first to suggest "dormeuse" as the etymon of "dormouse." Unfortunately "dormouse" goes back to the 15th century, and the French "dormeuse," the feminine of "dormeur," sleeper, was not known before the 17th century. The word "dormeuse" in English meant first a hood or nightcap, then a travelling carriage arranged for sleeping in, and lastly a kind of couch or settee. The origin of "dormouse" is obscure.—Ed.

Clara Louise Kellogg.

"H. W." of Malden asks whether Clara Louise Kellogg, "an accomplished and noted singer in her day," who afterward became Mrs. Strakosch, is living and where she abides.

She married Carl Strakosch in 1887. Her home is in New Hartford, Ct. In 1913 her book, "Memoirs of an American Prima Donna," was published in New York. Some of the chapters had previously appeared in the Saturday Evening Post. The book is an entertaining one, not without malicious anecdotes about other singers and with pleasingly derogatory remarks concerning their art.

Perils of Travel.

As the World Wags:

I observe with sadness and indignation that the New Haven railroad has begun to plaster the roofs of its cars with the same advertising horrors that have long offended our senses, while we strap-hang in the Boston Elevated packing cases.

Heaven knows! it is hard enough, when we raise our suffering eyes from the line of silly-looking boobs opposite, to have to gaze on the monstrosities and exaggerated freaks who are eating, drinking and wearing somebody's pet output.

One imported caricature in particular is ever staring at me. It has the body of a 4-year-old prize fighter, and the face of a senile degenerate. One moment it is crying to break its heart, and the next it is apparently laughing its fool head off. I hate that brat, and, besides, his skin is no better than mine, and I have never bought the particular stuff over which he is drooling.

I, therefore, protest through your valuable department against this latest move on the part of the New Haven railroad, and I suggest that the same pitiful revenue may be obtained by changing the names of their parlor cars from such meaningless and far-fetched cognomens as Saskatchewan, Schenectady, Abernethy and Yosemite to ones that are smooth-sounding and familiar.

Let the railroad rename its cars Castoria, Peruna, Pianola, Coco-cola, Uneeda, etc. These names roll smoothly off the tongue, and, in addition to the monetary return from their use, we should have some part of the consecrated old traps that would be up to date.

JOHN TILTON McCLINTOCK.

Boston, May 3.

Slips in Speech.

As the World Wags:

William "Henry" Shakespeare recalls to my mind a somewhat different kind of heterophemy which contributed greatly to the gaiety of Hartford, Ct., in the seventies of the last century.

E. S. Cleveland, Republican, was postmaster at Hartford, and a fine man he was, too. In the course of a political speech, attempting to say "the eagle of freedom," he twisted it to "the freagle of Edom" amid shouts of laughter, and ever thereafter the Democratic papers alluded to him with great levity as "The Freagle." Mr. Cleveland was liked for his kindly, honorable nature ad ready wit, and many droll stories (not Balzac's kind) were told about him. One of them was to this effect: He came home one night very late and Mrs. Cleveland called from the upper floor, "Edward, is that you?" and got for an answer: "Yes; whom were you expecting?" EMIL SCHWAB.

Arlington, May 3.

This story of the late return was often told of Mr. Travis.—Ed.

The Schoolmistress Abroad.

A publisher in Boston received the following letter from an "authentic schoolma'rm:"

"I am anxious to get a little playlet or dialogue for 8-year-olds. Something by Shakespeare it must be. It must be very, very simple. Perhaps you have something in that line. Will you kindly let me know by return mail?"

MISS MARY TRACY GIVES RECITAL IN STEINERT HALL

Miss Mary Tracy, soprano, gave a song recital in Steinert Hall last evening, before an audience as appreciative as it was friendly. She was assisted in her program by Rae Kilmer, harpist; Charles De Mailly, of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, flutist, and Margaret Gorham Glaser, at the piano.

Miss Tracy's numbers included four groups of songs, one group of three being to harp accompaniment. These included Sinding's "Sylvelin," "My Love's an Arbutus," an Irish folk song, and "Air Gai," from the old French, with flute obligato. Her other offerings covered a wide range of composers and styles, selected to reveal the varying beauties of Miss Tracy's voice, and incidentally making a successful test of her versatility. Handel and Mozart, Schumann and Brahms, and Salter, Campra and Taubert had places in the program, and the singer amply proved her ability to give artistic interpretations of the excerpts from each. Miss Kilmer contributed Verdalle's "Romance," and Mr. De Mailly demonstrated that the flute may be made delightful as a solo instrument, with two movements, andante and presto, by G. Enesco. Miss Glaser's accompaniments were marked by sympathetic and artistic qualities throughout.

May [illegible]

The 35th season of the Boston Symphony orchestra closed last night. The index published in the 24th program showed at a glance the work accomplished.

First of all, the catholic nature of the programs is seen. In the course of the season some commented carelessly on the "exclusion" of composers not Germans.

We find these French composers represented: Berlioz, 4 times; Bizet, 1; Cherubini (Italian by birth), 1; Debussy, 1; Dukas, 1; Enesco (Roumanian by birth, but long busied in Paris and associated with French music), 2; Ravel, 2; Saint-Saens, 1. Then there was a performance of Loeffler's "Mort de Tintagiles." Perhaps Mr. Loeffler prefers to be ranked with the French composers.

Nor were the Russians ignored. There were three works by Rimsky-Korsakoff and three by Tschaikowsky. (Dvorak, Liszt, Mendelssohn and Strauss received no greater attention.) Rachmaninoff was represented by his best symphonic poem; and two works by Sibelius, the Finn, were performed.

Then comes up the question of the American composer, the neglected and abused American composer, whose genius is crushed under the iron heel of foreign and despotic imported conductors, if we are to believe the wailing of certain contributors to music periodicals. Last season works by these Americans were heard: Carpenter (his Perambulator suite was played twice); Chadwick, Hadley, Hill, Kelley, MacDowell, Schelling. Mr. Stock, whose symphony was performed here for the first time, was born in Germany, and we do not know how he would like to be classified.

Beethoven led with seven performances; then followed Mozart five, Wagner five, Berlioz four, Brahms four; and these composers with three works, Dvorak, Liszt, Mendelssohn, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Strauss, Tschaikowsky.

The works performed for the first time at these concerts were as follows. (We give in parenthesis the date of some first performances elsewhere):

Oct. 22—Enesco: symphony in E flat major.
Nov. 12—Braunfels. Carnival overture to Hoffmann's "Princess Brambilla."
Nov 19.—Mozart: Concertante Symphonie for violin and viola—the second and third movements for the first time.
Dec. 24—Carpenter: Suite "Adventures in a Perambulator." (Chicago, March 19, 1915; Boston by the N. Y. Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 16, 1915.)
Dec. 31—Schelling: Impressions in Form of Variations on an original theme for orchestra and piano. First performance anywhere.
Jan. 14—Kelley: Symphony No. 2, "New England." (Norfolk, Ct., June 3, 1913.)
Jan. 21—Liszt: "Ce qu'on entend sur la Montagne." Symphonic Poem, No. 1. Weimar, Jan. 7, 1857.)
March 10—Stojowski. Pianoforte concerto No. 2. (London, June 23, 1913.)
March 24—Hill; Symphonic Poem, "The Parting of Lancelot and Guinevere." [After Stephen Phillips.] (St. Louis, Dec. 31, 1915.)
March 31—Stock: Symphony in C minor.
April 7—Hadley: "Lucifer." Tone poem after Vondel. (Norfolk, Ct., June 2, 1914.)
April 7—Sibelius: Nocturne, Serenade and Ballade from incidental music to Paul's tragedy, "King Christian II."
April 28—Chadwick: Ballade, "Tam o'Shanter." (Norfolk, Ct., June 3, 1915.)

Braunfel's overture was hardly worth while, and it was forgotten the next day. Enesco's symphony contained interesting pages. Carpenter's suite was amusing. There were sections of pleasing fancy and genuine beauty. Probably the most durable impression made by this suite on the audience was owing to the agility of the xylophone players. Schelling's Variations—there were too many of them—showed skilful workmanship and imagination.

Kelley's symphony disappointed admirers of his other compositions. It was the example of music "made in Germany." It was more doleful than the New England it sought to portray. Liszt's symphonic poem made a profound impression. The wonder was that it had not been performed here before. Stojowski's concerto was brilliant, and, as played by Mr. Paderewski, could not fail in exciting applause. Hill's symphonic poem and Hadley's "Lucifer" are not among the more significant works of these composers. The first was a mosaic without marked continuity or salient feature; the second was feeble and at the same time bombastic. Hazlitt said of the Marquis Wellesley's speech on India affairs in 1813 that he was "soaring into mediocrity with adventurous enthusiasm, harrowed up by some plain matter-of-fact, writhing with agony under a truism, and launching a commonplace with all the fury of a thunderbolt." Stock's symphony, conspicuous for its thoughtful and elaborate workmanship, suffered from undue length. The roaring apotheosis, with a remarkable performance by Mr. Neumann of the kettledrums, aroused enthusiasm. The stage music of Sibelius was in his Finnish idiom, yet as concert music of little importance. Chadwick's "Tam o' Shanter," with its graphic pages, is fresh in the minds of all.

The soloists were as follows: Singers—Mmes. Farrar and Melba. Violinists—Messrs. Kreisler, Noack and Witek. Violoncellists—Messrs. Malkin and Warnke. Pianists—Mr. Bauer, Miss Deyo, Mr. Gabrilowitsch, Mr. Paderewski, Mr. Schelling. Organist—Mr. Marshall.

Of these soloists, five were members of the orchestra.

The success of the Boston Symphon orchestra in a season of 24 concerts (1 in all) does not depend on the numbe of unfamiliar compositions produced o the number of the soloists.

It should be remembered that it is no now easy to obtain the orchestral parts of comparatively new works or ever the parts of old ones. (Thus it is said that no parts of Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony can be purchased at present in this country).

The soloist, as a rule, disturbs the concert. The chosen concerto or aria seldom fits in the general scheme of the program. If the soloist is a celebrated person, he or she becomes in the eyes of many the feature of the concert. What goes before the solo is heard with indifference; after the soloist leaves the platform the orchestral music, overture, rhapsody, what-not, serves as a hat-and-overcoat piece. But soloists are still necessary to attract some to the concert hall. The attraction is probably not so potent as in former years, when the first question asked was: "Who is the soloist this afternoon?" More are now interested in the purely orchestral music. It is true that some men, as Messrs. Caruso, Kreisler, McCormack and Paderewski, would draw a crowd to a Symphony concert, no matter what the character of the orchestral music might be. There is always a huge audience for a favorite prima donna.

Dr. Muck's programs have been adversely criticised. We have shown the injustice of one reproach: that they were "exclusively" German. But it has been said that they have been strangely [illegible]: that inferior music has been played. Some wish that well known symphonies by Haydn should be shelved and they wonder why one should be forced to hear at regular intervals the first and second symphonies of Beethoven. There were a few programs this season that were trying; that of April 14-15 for example: Humperdinck's overture to "The Forced Marriage"; Dvorak's violin concerto; Haydn's symphony in D major; truly a program to strike terror to the stoutest soul. Such instances, however, were few, very few. If there are some that grow restive at the thought of too many orthodox compositions in good and regular standing, to quote the old formula of letters applying for membership in a sister Congregational church, there are others who denounce all "ultra-modern" pieces, are hardly reconciled to Richard Strauss, and look on Debussy as Anti-Christ—poor Debussy who even now is becoming a classic, so swift is the march of the years, so shifting the expressive forms of music.

Any fair-minded person of a receptive nature, experienced in hearing orchestral concerts, will now remember familiar works that were made fresh and vital by the beauty of the performance. For it is not extravagant to say that the performance of the orchestra under Dr. Muck week in and week out has never been equalled in this city. Performances of this nature are in all probability not heard in any city, European or American. There may be a brilliant performance of this or that piece in Paris, Vienna, Dresden, London, Chicago, New York; but where are 24 concerts of a similar nature so conspicuous for technical perfection and intelligent interpretation to be heard? These concerts in Boston are so remarkable, they have been so remarkable under the leadership of Dr. Muck, that they are now taken by too many as a matter of course.

For the Boston Symphony orchestra is not merely one that contains certain accomplished virtuosos; the orchestra is a virtuoso. It is an instrument that, having been brought to a state of perfect mechanism by Dr. Muck, responds to his imaginative and poetic wishes. He stands there calm, undemonstrative, graceful, elegant, aristocratic; a man of singularly commanding and magnetic personality even in repose. The orchestra is his speech, the expression of the composer's music as it appeals to the conductor's brain, heart and soul.

It is now hardly possible to think of the orchestra without the vision of Dr. Muck at its head as the interpreter of beauty and brilliance. Fortunate, thrice fortunate, is he in having at his command this orchestra, largely his own creation, wholly the superb interpreter of composers as he understands them, and he shares in their own emotions, confessions, declarations, griefs and longings.

In 1817-18 the pugnacious William Cobbett lived on a farm in North Hempstead, Long Island. He published a book in three parts, "A Year's Residence in the United States of America." In the second part is a chapter, "Potatoes," in which Cobbett stated his reasons for thinking that the potato is "a great worse than useless."

And in this chapter, which includes a letter written at Botley in 1815 to the editor of the Agricultural Magazine, is this extraordinary attack on Shakespeare's plays.

"It is fashion, sir, to which in these most striking instances, sense and reason are yielded"—Cobbett has just discussed the Ireland forgeries—"and it is to fashion that the potato owes its general cultivation and use. If you ask me whether fashion can possibly make a nation prefer one sort of diet to another, I ask you what it is that can make a nation admire Shakespeare? What is it that can make them call him the Divine Bard, nine-tenths of whose works are made up of such trash as no decent man, now-a-days, would not be ashamed, and even afraid, to put his name to? What can make an audience in London sit and hear and even applaud, under the name of Shakespeare, what they would hoot off the stage in a moment, if it came forth under any other name? When fully has once given the fashion, she is a very persevering dame. An American writer, whose name is George Dorsey, I believe, and who has recently published a pamphlet, called 'The United States and England, etc.,' being a reply to an attack on the morals and government and learning of the Americans, in the Quarterly Review, states it, as a matter of justification, that the people of America sigh with delight to see the plays of Shakespeare, whom they claim as their countrymen, an honor, if it be disputed, of which I will make any of them a voluntary surrender of my share. Now, sir, what can induce the Americans to sit and hear with delight the dialogues of Falstaff and Poins, and Dame Quickly and Doll Tearsheet? What can restrain them from pelting Parson Hugh, Justice Shallow, Bardolph and the whole crew off the stage? What can make them endure a ghost cap-a-pie, a prince who, for justice sake, pursues his uncle and his mother, and who stabs an old gentleman in sport, and cries out 'dead for a ducat! dead'? What can they find to 'delight' them in punning clowns, in ranting heroes, in sorcerers, ghosts, witches, fairies, monsters, soothsayers, dreamers; in incidents out of nature, in scenes most unnecessarily bloody? How they must be delighted at the story of Lear putting the question to his daughters of which loved him most, and then dividing his kingdom among them, according to their professions of love; how delighted to see the fantastical disguise of Edgar, the treading out of Gloucester's eyes, and the trick by which it is pretended he was made to believe that he had actually fallen from the top of the cliff! How they must be delighted to see the stage filled with green boughs, like a coppice, as in 'Macbeth,' or streaming like a slaughter house, as in 'Titus Andronicus'! How the young girls in America must be tickled with delight at the dialogues in 'Troilus and Cressida,' and more especially at the pretty observations of the Nurse, I think it is, in 'Romeo and Juliet'! But it is the same all through the work. I know of one other, and only one other book, so obscene as this; and, if I were to judge from the high favor in which these two books seem to stand, I should conclude that wild and improbable fiction, bad principles of morality and politics, obscurity in meaning, bombastical language, forced jokes, puns and smut, were fitted to the minds of the people. But I do not thus judge. It is fashion. These books are in fashion. Every one is ashamed not to be in the fashion. It is the fashion to extol potatoes, and to eat potatoes. Every one joins in extolling potatoes, and all the world like potatoes, or pretend to like them, which is the same thing in effect."

To the Editor of the Herald:

A slip of the pen, last Sunday, made me imply that Pierce Egan's novel, "Tom and Jerry," was published in the forties of the last century, instead of the twenties. I suppose I was thinking of the time in 1847 or 8 when I first saw the book in the home on Franklin street of D. C. Johnston, a well known artist and caricaturist, who was called the American Cruikshank. His son, Thomas, and I, little lads, were much entertained with the pictures, though, doubtless, we grasped little of the meaning of the text. I remember that there was one character in the narrative called Bob Logic, who seemed to be a steadying wheel in the gyrations of his companions, who were somewhat fast as we would say nowadays.

The elder Johnston, by the way, was a near relation of Susannah Rowson, whose novel, "Charlotte Temple," made many of the great-grandmothers of present readers of fiction weep profusely. I came across it among my mother's stray books about the time I became acquainted with "Lafitte, the Pirate of the Gulf," and other predecessors of the dime novels of today. Not good reading for a schoolboy, of course, according to the moralists, but youngsters generally do not belong to the angelic choir. There was a sequel to the first-mentioned book called "Charlotte Temple's Daughter," but it never came within the range of my juvenile reading.

Mrs. Rowson is buried in the old St. Augustine cemetery in South Boston, and so, indeed, is D. C. Johnston. Both were on the stage for a time, and the latter's father had been the treasurer of the theatre managed in Philadelphia by the father of William Warren of Boston Museum fame, according to the information given me by the eminent comedian himself.

Thomas M. Johnston, my well loved boyhood friend, died in Paris 47 years ago. He made the first picture of Abraham Lincoln after his first nomination for the presidency of this country. He was sent to Springfield, Ill., by Charles H. Brainard, and the portrait, a crayon, was lithographed and used for campaign purposes.

The younger Johnston's portraits of Wendell Phillips and other eminent Bostonians are well remembered by old-timers. His beautiful painting, "Mary, the Morning Star," still hang in front of the choir gallery in the Church of the Immaculate Conception in this city.

JOHN W. RYAN.

Dorchester, May 2.

To the Editor of the Herald:

A little friend of mine came into my house late the other afternoon, after I had returned from a "Paganini" matinee, and, spying me in my armchair, eagerly ran up to my side, saying: "Isn't Shakespeare dead? Isn't Shakespeare dead?" "Of course he is," I replied; "he's been dead 300 years." "Well," came the startling question, "Isn't he getting a good deal of advertising for a dead one?" This typical American attitude of mind on the child's part brought to memory the western dame who, during a pilgrimage to Stratford-on-Avon, said to the rector of Stratford Church that "she had been a gooddle around, an' seen a good many places, but, for her part, for a place to live in she had seen nawthin like Louyville, in Kaintucky." Whatever it may be now, 40 years ago Stratford was a strikingly new-looking town, with a hard, progressive aspect, extremely annoying to the antiquarian who has only eyes in his head for things having the "tone of time." Richard Grant White when he went there put up at the Shakespeare Arms. He found that the rooms were not numbered according to custom from time immemorial, but were called after the names of Shakespeare's plays. He was lodged in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," which was furnished with an iron bedstead and a spring mattress, probably "made in America." Worst of all, the room was lit by gas. He says that the only place in England which he regretted having visited was that where Shakespeare was born and buried, and for him—"Shakespeare's scholar"—to have said this, he must have been thoroughly bored and disgruntled.

These pilgrimages to the homes of famous people are apt to be vexatious and disappointing. As a rule it is better for the old, at any rate, to sit quietly by the fireside and ruminate in comfort over the past and its glories. Modern plays that have to do with great historical personages are also apt to be disappointing, but I simply had to go to see George Arliss as Paganini, for I was sure that it would be well worth while. The famous violinist, so far as we know him outside of his music, is not an attractive character, but Mr. Arliss makes him so interesting, and his eccentricities so amusing, as to compel one to forget the disagreeable things stored away in the memory. I recently referred in these columns to Mr. Arliss's theory of acting, stating that he upheld the theory that acting is a "bag of tricks." To quote him as saying this without reservation is a little misleading, for it suggests that he does not consider it necessary to feel the emotion that the actor desires to convey to his audience, which is, I am convinced, entirely opposed to his theory as a whole. Nevertheless, the expression used by Mr. Arliss, "a bag of tricks," seems to me an unfortunate and undesirable one.

Now that "The Only Girl" is here again, we can, if we are fortunate, pass a few more hours in her delightful company. "Kim" and his musical friends are unusually effective gloom-dispellers.

West Roxbury, May 1. J. W.

Barrie's New Play "Shakespeare's Legacy"

Sometimes—nearly always—Sir James Barrie's jokes come beautifully off. Sometimes, however, they do not. His little "surprise" play, called "Shakespeare's Legacy," produced at yesterday's royal matinee at Drury Lane in aid of Y. W. C. A. canteens for women munition workers, was all too surely a case in point. The matinee itself was a very splendid and big affair, bringing in £2300, with Queen Mary and Queen Alexandra both present; also the prime minister and Mr. Lloyd George and a host of distinguished folk. It began well with Sir James Barrie's own familiar and delightful little play, "The New World," and it ended well with Mr. Louis Parker's munition pageant, "Through Toil to Victory," and chorus of actual "munitionaries." But the "new Barrie"—well, it may have had some super-subtle meaning or pungency, but it looked uncommonly like a mere hoax, a piece of arrant and conscious nonsense put together under a Shakespeare mystery title so as to attract an audience!

We are introduced to a young husband (Mr. Gerald du Maurier) and a young Scotch wife (Miss Lily Elsie) just back from their honeymoon. After some dalliance at the fireside the young wife says that she was once plain, but learned the secret of beauty from Shakespeare. Shakespeare was, she contended, a Scotchman who changed his name from Hardstaff because "Englishmen could not pronounce the 'h.'" Shakespeare, she said, came from her native village—that was why he was so well educated—and his reason for leaving his "second-best bedstead" to Ann Hathaway was that he had sent his best one back to Scotland, after stuffing the mattress with manuscripts of plays, including a revue called "Hullo, Bacon!" From these manuscripts the young wife had learned Shakespeare's recipe for physical beauty, which was, "Be good." As an example of this we are shown in a sort of dream-interlude Mary Queen of Scots (Miss Stella Campbell) and Queen Elizabeth (Miss Grace Lane). The Scottish Queen, after taunting Elizabeth with her spinsterhood, avers that she (Mary Queen of Scots) will always be thought of as beautiful because she was good! Queen Elizabeth, left alone, meditates that the war has altered this, and that her own chance has come of attracting homage.

Whether all this means anything or nothing must be left to Sir James Barrie to decide. That it means what it says is impossible, because Shakespeare never pretended anything of the kind. All he said was that "beauty doth much more beauteous seem, etc."—which is a very different thing, and quite right and sensible. Also, it is ridiculous to say that Mary Queen of Scots was "beautiful because she was good." That she was either the one or the other is still a matter of contention. There is, of course, the possibility that Sir James Barrie means the direct opposite of what he says. But if so, why the Queen Elizabeth sentiment at the finish? Can it be that Sir James is just trying to poke fun at the Shakespeare Tercentenarians or at Scotch pride? Then, why not keep to it? All told, the only solution seems to be that it is just a hoax—a little bit of bunkum knocked together in a hurry for charity's sake. Anyhow, as it is, the thing is curiously unfunny and pointless. As Sir James Barrie's young husband says of Bacon, in case he did not write Shakespeare—"What a chance missed!"—Pall Mall Gazette, April 15.

Notes About Music, Concerts and Musicians

The annual festival of the Litchfield County Choral Union at Norfolk, Ct., will be held this year on June 6, 7, 8. The program will include a new symphony, "Hora Mystica," by Charles Martin Loeffler, a new suite for piano and orchestra by Percy Grainger, Brahms's "Requiem" and Haydn's "Creation." The solo singers will be Florence Hinkle, Paul Althouse, Herbert Witherspoon, Oscar Seagle and Pasquale Amato. Other soloists will be Fritz Kreisler, Percy Grainger and Miss Guiomar Novaes. There will be an orchestra of 75 from the Philharmonic Society of New York. The conductors will be Messrs. Loeffler, Mees, Schmitt. As is well known, these festivals, encouraged and maintained by Mr. Carl Stoeckel, have much more than a local importance. It was due to Mr. Stoeckel that Sibelius was induced to visit this country and bring with him a new work. Last season, new compositions by Stock, Chadwick and Stanford were produced at Norfolk. It is a pity that Mr. Loeffler's symphony, completed last summer, was not heard first in Boston.

An opera season, Sir Thomas Beecham's, began at the Aldwych Theatre, London, April 15, with a performance of "The Magic Flute." The Times began its review: "There was a time when London would have been shocked by the idea of beginning an opera season in the last week of Lent. Now, however, with Sir Thomas Beecham as our Sarastro, we pursue the operatic quest in the pure light of nature, reason and wisdom! Like Tamino, we knock at the door of each temple in turn, and Sarastro opens the one most meet for us to enter. So London flocked to the newly opened temple of the Aldwych Theatre on Saturday night to hear 'The Magic Flute.'" The performance was in English. The Times said that every word "except a few of the hasty and unedifying words of Monostutos was clearly heard, and the most unitiated had every opportunity of puzzling over the contrast between the high morals of the Queen of Night and her ladies in the first act and their baseness in the second and third. Most people, however, know how it comes that 'The Magic Flute' is as inconsequent as it is beautiful, and all they want is to enjoy its beauty. . . . The recitatives devised by Mr. Ernle Kreuz prolong matters when one would like to get on through a few lines of dialogue to Mozart's next event. Perhaps in the final stage of our initiation we shall be allowed to learn that opera need not be always 'grand.'"

Beginning tomorrow a "Gerontius" festival, organized by Mme. Clara Butt, will take place in Queen's Hall, London. "The Dream of Gerontius" will be sung once a day for six days. The profits will go to the British Red Cross Society and the Order of St. John of Jerusalem in England. Mr. Robin H. Legge recently wrote concerning this festival:

"Since no one criticises everything English so thoroughly as an Englishman himself, it was not unexpected that criticism would arise in this particular case; and the voice of the critic (the amateur, not the professional) has been heard in the land, demanding to know if such a festival as this can be a success. Of course it can and will be a huge success if, instead of sitting down and wondering, those interested will buckle to and spread their own interest as widely as possible to bring enthusiasm to others. No good, either to native music or to the funds for which the festival is to be held, can accrue if people are intent

...ly upon sitting on the fence and watching for a possible queue of "Gerontius" enthusiasts. When writing of the meeting recently held in the matter of the forthcoming festival performances in Queen's Hall of "The Dream of Gerontius" I referred to the wonderful speech delivered by the Rt. Hon. G. W. E. Russell, but as I had no copy of the speech, I was unable to quote an extract which made a profound impression on me when I heard it. Now a copy has come into my hands. Don't you think that Mr. Russell sums up the matter in a manner many of us might have imagined, but few of us could have expressed so well? He said: "There are some who think that in ordinary times, when things are going as usual, the "Dream" is too sacred and solemn for public presentation, for it attempts to convey the experiences of the human soul during its last moments in this life and its first moments in the life beyond. But this objection does not, I think, hold good in the extraordinary times in which we live. We are living in a life of spiritual experiences and emotions such as none of us have ever known before, and at a time like this the "Dream" expresses the feelings which stir us all, but which we find it impossible to express in words of our own choosing. Let two quotations suffice. Our thoughts are day by day occupied with Death, and has the last agony ever been so forcibly depicted as in the utterance of the departing soul:

I can no more, for now it comes again,
That sense of ruin which is worse than pain,
That masterful negation and collapse
Of all that makes me man.

But the end is truly the beginning, and the word of Hope is uttered by the Guardian Angel.

Farewell, but not for ever, brother dear,
Be brave and patient on thy bed of sorrow,
Swiftly shall pass thy night of sorrow here,
And I will come and wake thee on the morrow.

I think that one of the most telling perorations I ever listened to."

Mr. Walter van Noorden, managing director of the Carl Rosa opera company, died at Halifax, Eng., April 14. He was the son of a teacher of singing, and was born in London in 1865. He was educated at the Guildhall School of Music, and had been associated with the Carl Rosa opera company for over 15 years. On the death of Carl Rosa he became managing director.

Apropos of what was written on this page a fortnight ago as to stringed instrument players and war, a very distinguished musician, who desires to remain anonymous, has written to me a letter from which I take French leave to quote the following: "My point is that if whole trades are being kept back for the country's good and on the score of being 'productive,' then some specially gifted and trained musical artists and representatives of the other arts and sciences are at least equally important for the country's welfare. It is penny wise and pound foolish to keep men back who can be replaced by others afterwards in a couple of years, while we allow to be killed off those who need 20 years of training to replace, and some who cannot be replaced at all." Most sincerely I agree with this dictum, but I doubt very much if the powers that be in, artistically, a Philistine land (so far as these said powers are concerned) can be persuaded even to consider such a matter.—London Daily Telegraph.

The Daily Telegraph, speaking of Coleridge-Taylor's violin concerto in G minor as having been neglected in London since it was produced there more than three years ago, said that the reasons for the neglect probably lie in the inequalities of the music. "It has plenty of very attractive passages, but as a whole it hardly compels earnest attention." It was played on April 13 at an All-British program concert devoted to works of Coleridge-Taylor.

Sir Edward Elgar has set music to Cammaerts's poem, "Le Drapeau Belge." The keynote of the work is a dignified simplicity. The first verse of the poem as translated by Lord Curzon reads:

Red for the blood of soldiers—
Black, yellow and red;
Black for the tears of mothers—
Black, yellow, and red.
And yellow for the light and flame
Of the field where the blood is shed!
To the glorious flag, my children, hark! the
call your country gives,
To the flag in serried order! He who dies for
Belgium lives.

Though his output has been considerably less of late than in the early months of the war, the musical patriot is by no means extinct. One of his kind is an Australian. His name is George Marsh Little, and he has written a song, "The Boys of the Dardanelles," which is said to be "Australia's greatest success" (Deane & Son, Sydney). A cutting from the Sydney Sun describes the composer at some length. He has, it appears, a real musical head—so musical, indeed, that "when he was a boy a man rushed up to him in the street, felt his bumps, and declared him to be a genuine young Mozart." After this it is rather disappointing to find no traces of Mozart in Mr. Little's music, which, however, is sufficiently simple, vigorous, and melodious to prove widely popular. —London Daily Telegraph.

The Daily Telegraph, by the way, gets its gossip about Richard Strauss from America. "A few months ago the American papers printed columns about his new Alpine symphony, and, justly or wrongly, one formed the impression that the work was hardly likely to find a place among the world's accepted musical masterpieces. And lately the music columns of the New York papers have been giving away the secrets of Strauss's new opera, "The Woman without a Shadow," which is now, it would seem, approaching completion. The book in its main outlines, reads like a truly fearful and wonderful blend of fantasy and symbolism. Listen to this: "The Emperor of the Seven Islands, an imaginary empire of the far East, while on a hunting expedition, comes across a white gazelle, which he chases and catches with the help of his falcon. As the gazelle dies, a lovely maiden emanates from its body—a fantastical, fairy-like being in human form and yet not human, although filled with longing to become a real woman. The light shines through this strange being as through a glass. She has no shadow. She is the daughter of the magician, Kleikobad, who had conferred upon her by means of a talisman the power to assume whatever form she desires. In the arms of the Emperor she becomes a woman, but loses thereby the talisman. There is a curse connected with that talisman. He who should loosen the girdle of Kleikobad's daughter is doomed to turn to stone, unless he succeeds in giving her a shadow within one year.

"All this, you may agree, sounds better adapted to the story of a ballet—of the kind, for instance, of which Stravinsky has shown himself such a consummate master—than of an opera. But you are to understand that beneath it all is a wealth of symbolism. As for the lines upon which the tale proceeds, enough that, in search of a shadow the Empress, accompanied by her nurse—"a sort of female Mephisto"—goes out among the poor people, where she meets with fantastic experiences and "learns to know what pity is," and that, having acquired that knowledge, and therewith a shadow, she is able to return home and change her husband back from stone into a human being again.

"In connection with the 'sensational' features of Strauss's score, it reminds one of old times to find the American scribes emphasizing the fact that the soaring aloft of the falcon is graphically depicted in the orchestra, and that "even the bird's bristling feathers are illustrated in tones." In these days even the most sensation-loving of our musical public can read that sort of thing without feeling a thrill.

Eugene Ysaye was playing in London a fortnight ago. The program included a piano quintet by his brother Theo; Eugene's trio for two violins and viola, and Divertimento for violin. The Divertimento was played by M. Dambois.

Elgar has composed a work "For the Fallen" (tenor solo and orchestra), also music for a poem by Laurence Binyon.

Mr. Henry Tonks wrote to the Pall Mall Gazette: "We have ready at hand in the music halls the means by which a knowledge and appreciation of British music can be spread. The music hall goers are probably just as musical as the concert goers, are much more numerous, and are more honest in that they are at once ready to say what they like or don't like. They are unconcerned about questions of taste, and attach no importance to names. Let the British composers write for the music halls, and when they have gained a position there, let them try and persuade the Salvation Army to improve its music; they will then have carried the two positions which dominate the people as a whole. But I probably have written only what must be already known to every one."

Mr. Charles Manners has always been a brave fighter in music's cause. Recently he has come forward as the champion of a ministry of music, nothing daunted by the superabundance of ministers already in existence in this much-governed country. "I wonder," quoth he, "when we shall have a minister of music—of national opera! I wonder when, instead of four or five opera companies, more or less good or bad, we shall have over 360 opera companies playing the same evening in the different towns, like they had in Italy before the war broke out." I wonder also. I wonder, further, if Mr. Charles Manners has considered the matter of the difference in temperament between the Italian and the Briton. Finally, Mr. Manners wonders "when the nation will wake up to the magnificent educational asset music could be made in this country, all solely from organization and without a farthing on the rates and taxes, which could not only pay its way but make money." Possibly something might be done if the country ever wakes up to the value of a system of education of a higher standard than that now in vogue. But, please, Mr. Manners, is it not the public imagination that requires stirring up? No ministry could do that—all ministries are unimaginative. If the public want what Mr. Manners wants all would be well, without any ministry.—London Daily Telegraph.

Edwin Evans on "The Forgotten Lilt"

It will be exactly 20 years next December since the first concerted effort to free contemporary British music from foreign domination and especially from the incubus of the German classics. Some progress has been made. In those days it was rank heresy to suggest that salvation was to be found along any path but theirs. Two years ago it was merely "advanced" to say so. Now the belief of the British public in "established" music is shaken. But it has taken a world-wide cataastrophe to do it. And even today the belief that Englishmen can make music is more widely held than the belief that they can make English music.

Yet there was a time when an English song had the true lilt of the lines that inspired it, and when our musicians, instead of being obsessed by the continent, furnished it with valued models. A French poet of the 15th century, Martin Le Franc, actually praises his countryman Dufay, commonly accepted as the founder of the polyphonic school, for his sound judgment in adopting the English method. That was a time when our composers had a pretty taste in certain devices which, after being banned for centuries by Flemish or German authority under the description of "false relations," have at last come to their own again in this generation, thanks chiefly to the enterprise of French and Russian musicians. There is much in the harmonic twang of modern music, so often treated by us as exotic, that might have originated here if our tradition had not been obliterated by our senseless acceptance of standards other than our own. And our melodic idiom has been robbed of all that was truly characteristic by being "broken in" to a series of laws which are only now being discovered to be devoid of real authority.

The question is, what is to be done? Are we, as some suggest, to retrace our steps, unearth the fragments, living or dead, of our native tradition, and piece them together as a national idiom? The prospect is tempting enough. Unfortunately for those who delight in it, the precedents are not encouraging. Attempts to revive past glory are not uncommon in the history of the world's art. Question any thinking archaeologist concerning the archaism of the Saite dynasty in Egypt or the reign of Nabopolassar in Babylon, and he will tell you why they failed, while the revival of the Aegean culture by the Hellenes was successful. Tradition may be the guide, philosopher, and friend of the young artist, but in his youth lies alike his inspiration and driving power. The composer seeking for the lost English idiom will find much to help him in the music of our ancestors; but it is the England of today that he must study if he is to express it or himself as part of it. The musical idiom that will voice this new England that is being born in the welter of war will not be Elizabethan, nor will it be the song of the countryside before it was scarred by the industrial revolution. It will express the 20th-century Englishman, or it will be stillborn.

If the well-informed Martian journalist who occasionally contributes to these columns had visited us at any time during the last 10 years in search of our musical idiom he would have met with strange adventures. Being of a logical turn of mind, he would have begun by visiting the haunts where we congregate to dance and make merry. He would probably have avoided the now strangly old-fashioned "smart set" and thus escape the tango, but he would doubtless have hesitated for a long time between ragtime and a peculiarly indolent type between ragtime and a peculiarly indolent type of waltz. On being informed that the one was transatlantic, the other Viennese and both largely of Jewish manufacture, he would have reconsidered the position and sought an acquaintance with our more domestic pleasures. Possibly he might have uttered "Eureka!" on becoming acquainted with the English sentimental ballad, only to meet with renewed disappointment on being told that the evil is shared by most modern nations, and can only be termed English in the sense that we foster an aggravated form of of it and actually regard it as art. I picture him as wandering disconsolately from pillar to post and ultimately seeking refuge in some public garden whence he would write home that the English musical idiom found its most vivid expression in the "1812" overture.

Had our Martian friend, however, come upon the scene a little earlier, he would have become acquainted with some music that had unquestionably a truly English ring about it. It began, not inappropriately, with dance measures that served as interludes to Shakespearian productions. Their artless melody was hailed with obvious delight. The British public made a noise like a fond mother and said: "Now play us your other tune, dear." But the poor thing had no other tune, and the British public grew impatient. The method still survives fitfully, though it has migrated from the Elizabethan scene to a stage Dutch garden, and from Shakespeare to the nursery, but for all progressive purposes it became rapidly exhausted, for it had no staying power. Ernest Newman wrote its epitaph in the "Contemporary Review" of November, 1901, as "the epoch of the little songbirds who really sang very prettily for a time, and of the artificial shepherds who did some quite charming tricks in the way of dancing. But," he added, "their little throats soon became very tired, and their little ways began to pall on the public. They had, however, done one service to English music; they had substituted melody and grace for stodginess and boredom." They numbered in their ranks at least one very talented musician, but if our Martian friend, his curiosity aroused, had ventured to listen to one of this composer's more pretentious works he would have understood at once why this music must pass away. It is not by being pretty that English music will recover its eloquence.—Pall Mall Gazette, April 5.

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Richard Strauss's "Alpine" symphony was not performed here, although Cincinnati and Philadelphia had the pleasure. Some of the criticisms of the work in Europe and in this country remind us of a passage in the complete works of Artemus Ward. The story is about Reuben Pettingill, who, returning to his village after Fourth of July fireworks in Boston, said, "I will make some myself."

"He said this while eating a lobster on top of the coach.

"He was an extraordinarily skilful young man in the use of a common clasp-knife.

"With that simple weapon he could make, from soft wood, horses, dogs, cats, etc. He carved excellent soldiers also.

"I remember his masterpiece.

"It was 'Napoleon Crossing the Alps.'

"Looking at it critically, I should say it was rather short of Alps.

"An Alp or two would have improved it: but, as a whole, it was a wonderful piece of work; and what a wonderful piece of work is a wooden man, when his legs and arms are all right."

"Bull Con."

As the World Wags:

Noticing your prolific correspondence regarding the origin and use of the word "bull," I am tempted to add my quota to your accumulation. Remarking upon the carelessnes of our use of slang upon finding the expression in the Saturday Evening Post, where one of your correspondents states that it first broke into print, I inadvertently tapped a source which perhaps may not have contributed so far.

The expression in the Post was "Bull Con," which I was informed is the correct version except for the fact that each word should be followed by a period, thus bull. con. The exclamation, I was further enlightened, originated in the mining camps of South Africa and traveled thence to the banking houses of Great Britain and even into the sacred Bank of England itself. The abbreviation "bull" stands for bullion, and "con." for concentrates, another product of the mining industry.

In self-defense allow me to state that it is not my intention to detract from the Chicago Stock Yards as a producer of striking vernacular.

GEO. E. HYDE.

East Kingston, N. H.

This is interesting, and we hope, for the sake of the steemed Saturday Evening Post, it is true there is nothing about "bull con." in A. J. Wilson's "Glossary of Colloquial Slang and Technical Terms in Use on the Stock Exchange and in the Money Market," published in London 1895. —Ed.

The Etymon of "Bull."

As the World Wags:

We must differ with Mr. Omikron P. Roe in regard to his etymology of the word "Bushwa." He states that it was introduced into English via Apache or Sioux from the French "Bois de vache." Our understanding is that it is derived from the French "Bourgeois," meaning middle class, second rate, or common. As "bourgeois" is more or less a term of contempt when applied to persons, it is not difficult to understand how its approximate English phonetic equivalent "bushwa" came into use as an expression of contempt or disbelief of unbelievable stories, palpably flimsy excuses, fallacious arguments and other varieties of "Bull."

We second Mr. Roe's caution to young ladies in "the best society." C. R. L.

Everett, May 4.

Bull Dope.

As the World Wags:

No matter what the derivation of the term "Bull" may be, the man who invented its present form is a world benefactor unparalleled in history. Its application to overstatements has kept the country cool-blooded at a time when it makes any man who has red-hot or red-headed blood in his veins boil with indignation and shame when he sees how gassy the political gasoline is getting. Needless to say, the present form is "Bull dope," not "Bull moose." Certainly the famous anthropologist cannot be accused of dealing in bull dope at his age. REVEREND.

Boston, May 2.

As the World Wags:

No one has asked me to offer a theory of the histology of "bushwa," a word which, it seems, has aroused the curiosity, which in itself is no startling fact of some evidently perfectly nice young lady. Probably that is why I am brash enough to suggest that a lot of romancing has been let loose concerning the origin of

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[illegible] highly utilitarian "bushwa." High class Gallic wits oft sneer at those in humbler walks of life. Superciliously they refer to them as "Bourgeois." Now, when an educated Frenchman or Frenchwoman has occasion to refer in this manner the phonetic result is considerably as if someone were saying "bushwa." No doubt at all, sir, that the inevitable corruptive influence has slowly but surely resolved the meaningful "C'est bourgeois," into the equally meaningful "hushwa." I hold no brief of royal authority for my theory, but it is yours to command.

MAGILLICUDDY REEKS.

Back Bay, Boston, May 6.

Some Irish Plays.

As the World Wags:

Along in the late seventies Thomas Grattan Riggs had a play called "Shin Fane." I wonder if that phrase isn't the same as "Sinn Fein"? From all I hear, the pronunciation is the same. Sometimes he was billed as T. G. Riggs and again as T. Grattan Riggs, but the [illegible] all spoke of him as Tom Riggs.

What a number of those Irish titles there were! "The Colleen Bawn," and "[illegible] Oge," and "Arrah na Pogue," and "Kerry Gow," and "Suil Garr," and "The Shaughraun"; and I remember one with the dreadful title, "The [illegible]naugh." I saw the latter in Providence, with C. W. Couldock in the [illegible] I doubt if it journeyed much farther. That was when Providence was [illegible]og." I saw "Almost a Life" [illegible] its start there, and "A Bunch of Keys."

QUINCY KILBY.

[illegible]line.

Those Garters Again.

As the World Wags:

Speaking of Garters—Have you heard of the Harvard students who spied a [illegible] with silver clasps in a Harvard [illegible] shop window, and thinking to raise a [illegible] at least, from the charmer at the counter, asked the price of a dog [illegible], pointing at the same time to the [illegible]clasped garter. She turned, [illegible] sweetly at the young men, and said: "We do not separate them for [illegible]."

M. E. W.

[illegible].

A Foolish Song.

[illegible] Miriam Lowell of Winchester [illegible] the origin of a song sung by painters at Lynn last summer.

[illegible] winter time, ven the vind blows
[illegible] the valley green on the vindow pane
[illegible] the vimmen folks of the vaudeville
[illegible] round the vestibule——
[illegible]men'
A[illegible]

LOYOLA SOCIETY GIVES GOUNOD'S 'REDEMPTION'

The Loyola Musical Society, under the auspices of the Post Graduate School of Boston College, sang Gounod's "Redemption" in Symphony Hall last evening. The performance was to raise funds for the establishment of a chair of philosophy.

James M. McLaughlin conducted, and the following singers assisted: Mme. Caroline Hudson-Alexander, soprano; Mrs. Lida Shaw Littlefield, soprano; Miss Nora Frances Burns, alto; Evan Williams, tenor; Frederic Joslyn, bass-baritone and Gwilym Miles, bass. Walter J. Kugler was the organist; the Boston Festival Orchestra assisted. There was a crowded house; the audience, a brilliant one, included hundreds of the Catholic clergy of the archdiocese, and many prominent in business, professional and official life of the city were present. Mayor and Mrs. Curley were the centre of a group and Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Shuman had a large party of friends.

The performance last night is one to be remembered. Mr. McLaughlin, a modest man, may well plume himself on his achievement. Many listening, wondered at the results—results that would do credit to a society with a venerable history. In fact, this society may well be reckoned in the oratorio work of this city of the future. There was a musical cohesiveness, a dovetailing of the various choirs that was clean and without the suggestion of a ragged edge. Nor were the attacks less noticeable in precision, in security. And above all the profundity of the text was lucidly conveyed.

Mr. McLaughlin's reading of the March to Calvary was a feature of the performance. there was the riotous pagan theme, the wild orgy of the crucifiers and above all the recurring brutality. All the soloists gave pleasure, despite the abundance of recitative that characterizes Gounod's work.

SUITED TO MISS BARRYMORE

By PHILIP HALE

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Our Mrs. McChesney," a dramatization of Edna Ferber's McChesney stories by George V. Hobart and Edna Ferber. Produced at Atlantic City Oct. 4, 1915, by Charles Frohman Co. by arrangement with Joseph Brooks.

Emma McChesney	Ethel Barrymore
Jack McChesney	Donald Gallaher
T. A. Buck, Jr.	William Boyd
Sam Harrison	Roy La Rue
Louie Mercer	John Wise
"Beauty" Blair	Hugh Dillman
Sid Fraser	Ernest Geyer
"Fat" Ed. Meyers	W. H. St. James
Vieva Sherwood	Mildred Barrett
Pearlie Schultz	Gwendolyn Piers
Hattie Stitch	Anita Rothe
Abel I. Fromkin	A. Romaine Callender
Ida Wenzel	Carree Clarke
Henry	Harvey Denton
Ellen McPhail	Dorothy Walters

"Our Mrs. McChesney" is a series of scenes, not a play. In these scenes we meet with drummers of various sorts, "Fat" Meyers, loyal to his house, yet despondent over the success of Mrs. McChesney's skirt; "Beauty" Blair, a would-be masher, and other knights of the road quick with compliments to the cigar girl and the stenographer of the hotel, ready in repartee. We are also acquainted with the methods of the creators and sellers of costumes for women. Readers of Miss Ferber's stories will be glad to see her characters on the stage, while those who have not read them will find entertainment in the adventures of Emma.

Truly a remarkable young woman is this Emma of the play. She is represented as irresistibly fascinating, the quintessence of tact, an audacious person, admired and envied by the male drummers and the rivals of T. A. Buck Company, the firm for which she works. No sooner has she arrived at the hotel in Sandusky than she comes to the relief of Vieva Sherwood, who has just left a theatre company; she pardons her when she learns that Vieva has married her son who, she thought was "safe in college"; she pardons her son when she finds out that he has raised her check of $20 to $200. Young Mr. Buck, who cashed the check, stands by consenting. Furthermore from a sense of duty to Buck, she refuses the flattering offer of Mr. Fromkin to go to South America for a year as his representative. All this in less than an hour.

She invents a wonderful skirt, but houses in the West will have nothing to do with it. Even Buck is inclined to think she has for once failed, but her son trusts in her. At last she exhibits the skirt, worn by her daughter-in-law, at a fashion show. Fromkin knowing that it has made a sensation, also knowing that Buck's note for $50,000 will not be renewed tries to buy all the rights. Emma is about to sell them, in order to save Buck, when she learns of her triumph at the show. Fromkin raises his price, but in vain. Then Emma determines to go West for the purpose of introducing her skirt. Otherwise what will become of Buck? Her son swears she will succeed. "Mother could sell pretzels in London."

Buck cannot raise the money. Nothing has been heard from Emma. Fromkin offers to pay the note if the firm will be reorganized with him as the dominating figure. Buck is about to consent when Emma makes her triumphant entrance with $50,000, yes, $51,000 in certified checks. Truly a wonderful woman!

In the last scene she consents to marry Buck. There is farce comedy business in this scene with a comic janitor, two comic furniture movers and a comic cook.

Many characters are introduced besides those mentioned. There is a mass of varied detail. It is not necessary to give a longer analysis of the play or to dilate on its episodic, if not incoherent character. "Our Mrs. McChesney" does not pretend to be anything more than an entertainment. It does entertain and thus it serves its purpose.

It is a pleasure to see Miss Barrymore in comedy of a frank and unsophisticated nature. She is the cool, adroit, fascinating woman on the road, quick-witted in repelling unwelcome advances and in slanging her rivals. She shows her womanly nature in giving first aid to the distressed Vieva, in taking Pearlie, the stenographer, to New York, and in forgiving and mothering her son. The part suits her; she is amusing when most resourceful; her good nature is constant; her belief in her skirt is heroic; in a word she is Emma McChesney, whose fascination and ability fill Abel I. Fromkin with wonder.

This part of Fromkin was played with marked skill by Mr. Callender. His impersonation was an unusually realistic study of shrewd and unscrupulous business methods. Fromkin was right. With Emma he would have controlled the skirt and petticoat trade of the country, if not of the world and the solar system. Nearly all of the many parts were well taken; the impersonations by Mr. Gallaher, Mr. St. James, Miss Piers and Miss Walters were perhaps especially noteworthy.

An audience that filled the theatre was greatly amused.

The great object of a wise man should be to live on a gravelly hill, without so much as a duck pond within 10 miles of him, eschewing cisterns and water butts, and taking care that there be no gravel pits for lodging the rain.

For the Browning Society.

As the World Wags:

Was it not in As the World Wags that a letter recently appeared suggesting some interesting Shakespearian emendations? The emendation game is a fascinating one; the danger is that the emendator too often emenates in the direction of a preconceived interpretation, instead of forming an opinion after an investigation along inductive lines.

I wonder whether the emendation I am about to suggest has not occurred to other lovers of Browning among the column's readers. I once took the trouble, I was so sure my copy must have been misprinted, to look through a number of editions in the Boston Public Library, only to find the texts of all the same.

The passage I refer to occurs in the poet's beautiful tribute to "E. B. B.," and thereabouts of it where he is speculating on the fate of Rafael's sonnet-volume.

"Did she live and love it all her life time,
Did she drop, his lady of the sonnets,
Die and let it drop beside her pillow,
Where it lay in place of Rafael's glory—?"

The first time I attempted to read that aloud my spirits dropped like a ton of brick. How jarring the squawking "o" is to the music of these lovely trochees! Men on the firing line drop, but ladies emphatically do not; least of all, sonnet-ladies.

Browning could make sheer music with any of them, when he wanted to; and he laid himself out on this poem. He never devoted care and space to such lines as

Full she flared it, lamping Samminiato,
Rounder 'twixt the cypresses and rounder,
Perfect, till the nightingales applauded."

unless he was out for the pure lyric strain.

How flat "Die" is after the first "drop," and how we have to slither over the "let it drop," if we keep to the quoted text. How inevitable and satisfying the "Die" is, when we read the lines as Browning must have written them:

"Did she droop, his lady of the sonnets,
Die, and let it drop beside her pillow."

The three infinitive "d's" and their sequent vowels (beginning with the gentle "oo," through the calm i, to the incisive "o" that ends the episode) form a perfect little melody, which the former reading spoils.

If the true reading is not "droop," we can only say, as Poe was so fond of remarking, that "if it isn't, it ought to be."

Better informed readers may know of some text that throws light on this matter. I should welcome information, if there is any.

I quote from memory—Browning is not included in our local library.

HAZELTON SPENCER.

Cidra, Porto Rico.

Richards and Canfield.

As the World Wags:

The announcement of the death of George Richards recalls the remarkable run which "The Temperance Town," the best of the farces written by the late Charles H. Hoyt, had at the Park Theatre early in the nineties. In this play Richards had the part of Mink Jones, the town loafer and drunkard, and it was a really clever bit of character acting. All those who saw the play will remember the scene in which the Vermont village storekeeper was being tried for selling liquor in a no-license town. Richards acted as messenger for the jury, and one of the best lines in the play was when he shambled into the court room and, assuming an air of great dignity, announced that "the jury would like Exhibit A refilled." Another hit was scored in this piece by Eugene Canfield as Bingo Jones, son of Mink and heir to all his infirmities, with his singing of that immortal classic, "The Blow Almost Killed Father." Both Richards and Canfield continued with "The Temperance Town" when it went on the road. Canfield died not many years after, but neither he nor Richards ever duplicated their successes in the Hoyt piece.

J. R. DILLABY.

Boston.

The Sheet-Iron Band.

As the World Wags:

Now that the season of open-air music is fast approaching it may be interesting to notice a few of the rules that well-regulated bandmen follow:

1. When on a march at least one member of every band should slouch along in an unconcerned manner without regard to step. This style of marching imparts at once individuality to the member and a distingue appearance to the whole band.

2. Uniforms should be worn in a slovenly manner, as any attention to such details of appearance would lend an air of smartness quite incompatible with true professional spirit.

3. Bandmen should always have some dear friend in the audience to whom they can wave their hands, or, if possible, they should rush from the bandstand and greet the friend effusively. This shows that even a bandman acknowledges a bond of fellowship with common mortals.

4. The most heinous breach of band etiquette that a bandman can commit is to evince the slightest interest in the music he is playing. To do so would brand that member with an indelible stamp of "amateurishness" that no amount of future indifference could wholly eradicate.

JEHIEL NICKERSON.

Leader of the Punktuit Brass Band.

Punktuit, May 6.

AT B. F. KEITH'S

Sylvia Bidwell and company in Langdon McCormick's "The Forest Fire," a drama of the northwestern timberlands in three scenes and two tableaux was the chief feature of the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre yesterday. Last evening the theatre was filled with a highly pleased audience. It is no exaggeration to say that the act is one of the most elaborate seen in vaudeville, and for those who love a ripping old time melodrama served in the highest style of the art there is real pleasure in store.

The piece appeals chiefly through its spectacular side, but this does not mean that it is without other merits. The dialogue is not only interesting, but holds the onlooker in suspense, and there is that indispensable essential of the melodrama of our youth—action. The author, too, has clearly individualized his types. The vernacular of the railroad, of the telephone office and of the Northwest mounted police are heard. Then there is the climax of the forest fire and the engine making its way through the flames.

Miss Bidwell as the chief telephone operator played convincingly in a trying scene. Edwin Brandt, as the vacillating Dave Bradwin, played the villain so perfectly that he was treated to the traditional contempt of the gods above.

"The Man off the Ice Wagon" is the title that hides the identity of a singer of the streets. A modest fellow, with more natural talent than training, he sings with indisputable robustness.

Others on the bill were the old favorites, Kate Elinore and Sam Williams, in their original sketch, "The Hunter and the Huntress." This is one of the real laughing acts of vaudeville and is an admirable outlet for the eccentric style and foolishly irrelevant speech of Miss Elinore. The Gaudsmidts, eccentric clowns, with their Spanish poodles, were interesting in their gymnastic exhibition, and the act was further heightened by the unusual intelligence of the poodles. Miss Dottie King and eight dancers from the ballet of the Metropolitan Opera House were seen in a group of classic and folk dances.

Ed Warren and Dill Templeton in their sketch, "By Request," introduced some new steps. Elsie Williams and company got many laughs as a reward for their efforts in the sketch, "Who Was to Blame?" a burlesque on newlyweds that aside from its exaggeration had an underlying suggestion of the truth. Marguerite Farrell, in a group of character songs, pleased with the variety of her numbers and dressed her part well, and Albert Cutler, the well known billiardist, with the air of a specially contrived mirror, made the balls do his bidding.

"TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE" AT THE CASTLE SQ.

Miss Doris Olsson Is Warmly Welcomed as the Heroine.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE: The Craig Players in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," a romantic drama in four acts by Eugene Walter.

June Tolliver	Doris Olsson
Judd Tolliver	Frederick Ormonde
Dave Tolliver	Theodore Friebus
Loretty Tolliver	Justine Adams
Cal Heaton	Bert Young
Uncle Billy Bean	George Ernst
Ole Hon	Betty Barnicoat
John Hale	David Herblin
Bob Berkeley	Robert Capron

Miss Doris Olsson returned to the Castle Square Theatre yesterday afternoon as the heroine in Mr. Walter's romantic play of life in the southern mountains. The actress was warmly welcomed. Her impersonation of June Tolliver, a child of nature, was in many respects engaging. She was successful in losing her identity in the character

15 2

... well ... been colloquial ... speech heightened ...

... the elements of ... comedy and melodrama in ... in a skilful and effective manner. The love of June and Young ... Billy Bean and his spouse, ... Bob Berkeley, the feud of the ... and the Tollivers, Dave Tolliver ... his hatred for strangers play an important part in the well contrived ... of the story.

Mr. ... appeared for the first time ... theatre. As John Hale he was ... and sincere. He read his lines ... and displayed authority ... presence.

Mr. Friebus was intense as Dave and Mr. Ormonde was appropriately gruff in speech and manner as Jud Tolliver. The other members of the cast were efficient and the play was attractively staged.

Next week "Disraeli" will be presented.

POP CONCERT SEASON OPENS IN SYMPHONY HALL

The 31st season of the Symphony Hall Pops opened last night with a Women's City Club night. The entire hall had been reserved for members of the club and their friends and both the tables on the floor and the seats in the balconies were well filled. The hall was specially decorated with cut flowers and there were bouquets on the table. Conductor Ernest Schmidt and the orchestra were greeted as old friends at the beginning of the concert. They responded with several encores during the evening. The program was as follows:

Wedding March from "A Midsummer Night's Dream"..........Mendelssohn
Overture, "The Sold Bride"......Smetana
Procession of Women to the Cathedral from "Lohengrin"..............Wagner
(Organ, Mr. Marshall)
Selection, "Madama Butterfly"...Puccini
Overture, "The Merry Wives of Windsor"......................Nicolai
Largo ....Handel
(Violin, Mr. Hoffmann; Harp, Mr. Holy; Organ, Mr. Marshall.)
Intermezzo from "The Jewels of the Madonna" ....Wolf-Ferrari
Ballet Music from "Carmen"........Bizet
a. Aragonaise. b. Intermezzo. c. Les Toreadors.
Overture "The Beautiful Galatea"..Suppe
Selection, "Sweethearts"..........Herbert
Waltz, "Wine, Woman and Song"..Strauss
March, "The Belles of Chicago"......Sousa

MENORAH SOCIETY GIVES "THE BOOK OF JOB"

Sunset, Storm and Lightning Effects Give Touch of Realism.

The pathos, tragedy and final triumph of "The Book of Job" were presented last night in dramatic form to a large Jordan Hall audience by the Harvard Menorah Society. The work closely follows the biblical story and is believed to have been first produced as a Greek play five centuries before Christ. It was prepared for presentation by Prof. Horace M. Kallen, Harvard '03, now of the University of Wisconsin, and was produced under the supervision of Samuel A. Eliot, grandson of President Emeritus Eliot, the scenery and costumes being designed and made for the performance by C. Raymond Johnson of Chicago. The play was divided into acts by a chorus, and the scene represented a village on the edge of an Arabian desert. Sunset, storm and lightning effects added to the realism of the drama. The play was presented in connection with the decennial celebration of the society and is its first step toward a revival of the Jewish drama. The cast was as follows:

Satan.........................M. Roth '17
Job....................Wm. Silverman '18
Bildad......................L. S. Levy '17
Zophar.................W. Hettleman '19
Eliphaz..................J. Auslander '17
Elihu.........................D. Lewis '16
Voice out of the whirlwind..H. Epstein '19
Choregus.............J. Watchmaker '16

NEGROES PLAY OTHELLO FIRST

Last night, for the first time since William "Henry" Shakespeare died, 300 years ago, a company composed entirely of Negro actors and actresses played "Othello" in Boston. The performance was given at the Grand Opera House before an audience that was not half as large as the excellence of the acting merited, but that made up in appreciativeness what it lacked in size.

The company was formed in New York, largely of amateurs, and after a short period of rehearsing, played a two weeks' engagement at the Lafayette Theatre there, beginning at the time of the Shakespeare tercentenary. This information is given parenthetically, and not in extenuation of anything, for the work of the players last night did not call for apology.

From Othello down to the two guardsmen in red tights who served as spearholders, the cast was surprisingly competent. The lines of the play are not the easiest among Shakespearean lines to declaim effectively, but the company at the Grand Opera House got away with them better than some other companies have done.

Boston Man Is Star.

A Boston man, Edward Sterling Wright, portrayed the noble Moor. He is a graduate of a local school of oratory, and the effects of his training showed in his superiority over his supporters in the matter of enunciation. His acting throughout was finished and efficient, and in the final great scene in which Othello murders the fair Desdemona, he rose to a height of emotional acting that was more than ordinarily dramatic.

Because of the color distinction, inherent in the plot of the play, the audience wondered a little at first how they were going to recognize Othello when he made his appearance. As it turned out, there was no difficulty. Mr. Wright's make-up as the Moor was as unmistakable as Sir Henry Irving's or Salvini's, or Sothern's. He followed traditions of the part in the cut of his beard, and somehow, as the play wore on, you got the impression that he came nearer to the ideal that Shakespeare had when he created the part than a good many distinguished actors have come.

It wasn't merely that his make-up was genuine. The character was equally genuine, and in this fact and in Mr. Wright's capability lay the real merit of the performance.

Judged by similar standards, Marion Toney's presentation of Desdemona no doubt fell short of that of some of her illustrious predecessors in the part. But she moved through the play with grace and sweetness of expression and altogether made a pleasing picture. Miss Toney shares the part of Desdemona with Margaret Brown, who will be seen in it tonight.

The Other Actors.

John H. Ramsey was a satisfactory Iago, hardly the passionless, intellectual Iago of Edwin Booth—he looked too healthy and naturally jovial for that—but on the whole a more likable villain, and there was no mistaking his villany when with glittering teeth he uttered the sinister aside after the embrace of Othello and Desdemona at Cyprus.

"O, you are well tuned now,
But I'll set down the pegs that make the music,
As honest as I am."

One of the most popular figures with the audience was that of Emelia, Iago's wife, in the person of Vincent Bradley. At a guess, one would say that Vincent was a man. Whether that was so or not, he made a great Emelia. Frank Brown as Roderigo, and Otto Foster as Cassio, shared the honors with the other principals. If less dextrous with rapiers than members of their race have the reputation of being with other sharp implements of more frequent use, nothing could have exceeded the enjoyment that their fatal duel in the last act gave the audience.

Indeed the audience insisted several times on laughing at the most tragic moments. They even laughed during the climax when Othello, leaning over the form of his sleeping wife and about to take her life, exclaimed, "O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade justice to break her sword." They tittered again when Desdemona said "Then Heaven have mercy on me," and Othello replied, "Amen, with all my heart."

A Few Slight Hitches.

The scenerfy was late in arriving at the theatre and the companw had not had a chance to rehearse with it. As a result there were a few slight hitches. For instance, at the end of the first scene in the fifth act the curtain man, instead of lowering the curtain after Iago had declared "This is the night that either makes me or fordoes me quite," left him standing for an awkward length of time with sword upraised, and finally added to the general embarrassment by raising the drop behind him, revealing the stage set for Desdemona's deathbed scene without Desdemona in the bed.

Mr. Wright came out before the audience after the second act and delivered a short address, in which he announced that Mayor Curley, who had been expected, had been unable to come, but had sent his secretary, Standish Willcox to represent him. Mr. Willcox came into some prominence in Shakespearean circles at the time that tickets were being distributed for the city's celebration to the tercentenary two weeks ago. Whether in recognition of his services to the cause on that occasion or not, the fact remains that the box placed at his disposal last night was specially draped with the stars and stripes.

"Othello" will be repeated every night during the week, with matinees tomorrow, Thursday and Saturday

7 Mch 25 1916

18TH CONCERT

The 18th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Heinrich Warnke, first violoncellist of the orchestra, was the soloist. The program was as follows:

Overture, "The Barber of Bagdad".... Cornelius
Concerto in A minor, for 'cello and orchestra ....Volkmann
"The Parting of Lancelot and Guinevere, "Symphonic Poem after Stephen Phillips, First time in Boston.......Hill
Symphony in A major, "Italian,"...... Mendelssohn

Mr. Hill's symphonic poem, composed in 1914-15, was performed for the first time in St. Louis by the St. Louis Symphonic Orchestra on the 31st of last December.

Few composers have been fortunate in the treatment of any subject taken from the Arthurian legends. With the exception of Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde"—what is there? "Merlin," "Elaine," "Le Roi Arthus," Joncière's "Lancelot," other operas by Germans or Englishmen have at once failed, or have had no long life in the theatre. The purely orchestral pieces inspired by the legends have scarcely had a better fate. Chausson's "Viviane" is at the best a pretty pastel. MacDowell's "Lancelot and Elaine" is not among his more important works, and the composer said to us more than once, that, not satisfied with it, he proposed to re-write it. "All I remember about it is that it was too full of horns." Who now knows Averkamp's symphonic poem or the cantatas by Englishmen? Guinevere, Elaine, Vivien, have been as unfortunate as Joan of Arc in music, whether they appeared in flesh and blood on the stage or were typified by themes in the concert hall.

A poem of Stephen Phillips moved Mr. Hill to write his music. Mr. Hill is known here and in other cities as a musician of pure taste and high ideals. His music for "Pan and the Star" contained pages of true fancy, music that was delicately and dexterously scored. In the symphonic poem played yesterday there are some fine moments, harmonic and orchestral. This was to be expected of a composer who has studied intelligently the compositions of the ultra-modern French. It would have been better if in writing this poem he had resolutely put out of his head any thought of modern French schemes and methods; if he had written boldly and in his own way what was within him and must out. There might then have been crudities in expression, but there might also have been a broader plan, a more virile expression, bold tonal painting instead of tints and demi-tints. The poem as it stands is lacking in line and substance. The music is too vague, too preparatory of something that does not come. There is one charming episode. The one that presumably tells of the past love scene. On the other hand there are vexing repetitions of unimportant phrases, melodic sequences that do not come to an effective climax, and an abuse of figures for horns and trumpets.

The overture of Cornelius is an agreeable pot-porri with pleasing patter, with warm and tender themes. Why did Mr. Warnke exhume the concerto of Volkmann? He had already played it at a Symphony concert, so we all knew it was in his repertoire. This concerto is amiable and weak, now sugary, now groping and dull, dismally sentimental. Mr. Warnke played with a devotion worthy of a better cause.

Nor is the symphony of Mendelssohn an inspiring one. It is known as the "Italian," probably because there is so little of Italy in it. The music is smug, always genteel in Mendelssohn's polished manner. At the Carnival at Rome he was embarrassed because some young women, whom he hardly knew, threw confetti at him. He summoned up courage to take off his hat to them, and at last, when a "delicate young English woman" pelted him, he "became quite desperate" and, clutching the confetti, he "flung them back bravely." In the same spirit he wrote this symphony. It had not been played here for nearly ten years. Let us hope that it will not be played again until 1936. Then many of us who were at the concert yesterday can say with Barzillai, the Gileadite, to the King inviting him:

"I am this day fourscore years old; and can I discern between good and evil? Can thy servant taste what I eat, or what I drink? Can I hear any more the voice of singing men and singing women?"

The orchestral performance throughout was of a high order. Dr. Muck took great pains with Mr. Hill's Symphonic poem, to bring out all possible effects. American composers owe Dr. Muck a heavy debt of gratitude. No conductor has labored more earnestly to put their works before the public in the most favorable light.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week will include Stock's Symphony in C minor and Bizet's first Suite from the music to "L'Arlesienne."

May 10 1916

Last Sunday we quoted from William Cobbett's diatribe against the potato his attack on the plays of Shakespeare. Does the potato need defenders? A poet has sung its praise. Perhaps the name of Lillian E. Curtis is no longer familiar as a household word; yet she had her admirers forty-odd years ago. In her "Forget-Me-Not," published in Albany, there are examples of "vers libre" that should excite the admiration of those now rejoicing to be free in verse. It is a pity that Cobbett did not live to read the simple stanzas in more orthodox form entitled:

THE POTATO.

What on this wide earth
  That is made, or does by nature grow,
Is more homely, yet more beautiful,
  That the useful Potato?

What would this world full of people do,
  Rich and poor, high and low,
Were it not for this little-thought-of
  But very necessary Potato?

True 'tis homely to look on,
  Nothing pretty in even its blow,
But it will bear acquaintance,
  This useful Potato.

For when it is cooked and opened,
  It's so white and mellow,
You forget it ever was homely,
  This useful Potato.

On the whole it is a very plain plant,
  Makes no conspicuous show,
But the internal appearance is lovely,
  Of the unostentatious Potato.

The useful and the beautiful
  Are not far apart we know,
And thus the beautiful are glad to have
  The homely looking Potato.

On the land, or on the sea,
  Wherever we may go,
We are always glad to welcome
  The homely Potato.

A practical and moral lesson
  This may plainly show,
That though homely, our heart can be
  Like that of the homely Potato.

A Commuter's Joy.

As the World Wags:

Why condemn the New Haven railroad for being progressive and furnishing its cars with picture advertisements? If we must ride in the same coaches that our forefathers traveled in, why not permit the company to compromise and keep the heirlooms, but to furnish them with a modern picture exhibition? Give the commuters the delights of an art gallery along with the sulphur smoke and cinder showers.

I came home from town the other day on a struggling local. The atmosphere of the train would have parbolled an Egyptian mummy. Men were coughing, women were choking, babies were squawking, trainmen were perspiring, everyone was suffocating. I tried to catch a glimpse of the scenery through the car windows, but the panes were so smeared with soot and the engine smoke flowed back in such clouds that the view was checkered.

Since I couldn't see outside and couldn't breathe inside, I was feeling wretchedly nervous and uncomfortable. Just then I glanced above the bundle-racks and saw an eye feast, for there was a row of artistically arranged posters, among which were views of men shaving and ladies holding brimful glasses of tonic to their lips, yet the train was bouncing and bounding along. One picture attracted me very much. It was a young damsel seated on the beach enjoying the fresh ocean breeze. I was one of a car full of melting travelers, yet here was a girl revelling in the pure, cool air of the out-of-doors. It kept my courage from going on a strike until the engine stubbed its toe and the cars jolted together and stopped. I was home.

If reformers must ply their trade, let them practise in Siberia, Java or Hingham, but allow the life-saving posters to remain, please.

Hyde Park. ALBERT N. LEMAN.

"Agin" Melodeons.

As the World Wags:

In the Boston Herald of July 26, 1863, a copy of which I have in my possession, appears the following item:

"The 'Anti-Melodeon' law, passed at the last session of the California Legislature; went into effect the beginning of June, and henceforth a fine of $50 to $200 and imprisonment of all parties is the penalty set against 'any place of public amusement wherein females appear on the stage or are employed as waiters or bartenders, and in which intoxicating liquors are sold.' "

Did the Boston Melodeon, then situat-

[illegible] on Washington street, next to the [illegible]on Theatre, belong to the above-mentioned class? In what respect did the so-called "Melodeons" of that period differ from similar places of amusement of the present time? W. L. L.

Melrose.

When was a music hall first called a melodeon? The word was applied originally to an early form of the American reed organ; then to a kind of accordion. It has been suggested that the meaning "music hall" originated in this country.—Ed.

The Wrong Bottle.

As the World Wags:

Caveats having been abolished by the patent office, I wish to inform "Road Breaker" that my wife antedates him.

Last summer, while living alone, I kept a small quantity of albolene in a discarded Honey and Almond Cream bottle. Also I was in the habit of using shaving powder out of a gaudily decorated screwtop box.

When friend wife returned, she essayed one morning to put some cream on her complexion (or rather her face, for the bottle says: "for face, hands and complexion"). Indignation! So she washed off the lubricant and applied powder. An excellent lather! More indignation! TIMOTHY.

Boston, May 8.

May 11 1916

M[illegible] Edward Sterling Wright is not the first of his race to play Othello. There was Ira Aldridge, the mulatto, known as "the African Roscius." According to one account, he was born near Baltimore. Apprenticed to a ship carpenter, he went as Edmund Kean's servant to [illegible]. Returning to Baltimore, he [illegible] on the stage without success, but [illegible] and a favorite tragedian in Europe. Others say he was born in New York, the son of a Senegal slave, who [illegible] a clergyman. Ira was sent to [illegible] to study as a future missionary.

[illegible] however is certain; he made a [illegible] on in England as Othello. At Belfast, Kean, who admired him greatly, played Iago to his Moor. Aldridge played [illegible] parts as Aaron in "Titus Andronicus," Zanga, Orozembo, Rolla. He was [illegible] in Russia, Germany, Austria and [illegible] he received many royal honors, [illegible] admitted to several academies. [illegible] to Russia, in August, 1867, he [illegible] a Polish city. He had married [illegible] Englishwoman. The year of his birth [illegible]ed. Was it 1804 or 1810?

Table Fungi.

As the World Wags:

In how many ways did Epicurus, Zeno [illegible] the Pythagoreans cook mushrooms? [illegible] don't New Englanders, now that [illegible] are taboo, take to these delicious [illegible] do the French, Irish, Germans and Spaniards? How do the Italians [illegible] them? Billy Parks used to broil [illegible] deliciously and serve on toast for [illegible] and Alice Lingard and several [illegible] English actors of the old Adelphi Theatre.

The Duxbury clam, too, is under the [illegible] the[illegible]. Why lose grip on these [illegible] natural gastronomic resources? Isn't it a pity that the oyster in this [illegible] coming months is one of the indelicacies of the season?

Brookline. WILLIAM B. WRIGHT.

We are not sure that Epicurus, Zeno and the Pythagoreans ate mushrooms. Many of the wise ancients looked sourly on them. Diphilus, for example, admitted that mushrooms are pleasing to the [illegible]h, laxative and nutritious, but [illegible] also said that they are hard to digest [illegible] flatulent. And some are poisonous, [illegible]e black and tough, or those that having been boiled and pressed for some [illegible] great coagulated. Galen condemned [illegible] for their cold, viscid and thick [illegible] Sarapion thought they engender h[illegible]r, but Diocles in his treatise [illegible] delightful eatables named boiled [illegible]rooms. It was supposed by many [illegible] on eating mushrooms that grew [illegible] rusty nails, putrid rags of cloth, [illegible] lodging place of reptiles, or by trees [illegible]ing bad fruit would be suffocated. [illegible] pears or their leaves boiled with [illegible]rooms take away this suffocating [illegible]ty and make the fungi beneficial. [illegible] will find many remedies [illegible] this poisoning in the works of [illegible], Aetius, Simeon, Seth, Dioscorides, Avicenna, Alsaharavius, Haly Abbas, [illegible] Paulus Aegineta. If these books [illegible] easily obtained at your bookshop, read what the late Dr. Charles [illegible]ington had to say about mushrooms in [illegible] "Hygiene."

Cooking Mushrooms.

The poet Horace speaks of the best [illegible] of mushrooms, and Juvenal mentions them as a table delicacy. The [illegible]: "Then if it be in the spring, the wished-for thunder furnishes the [illegible] with mushrooms, these are shred[illegible] in [illegible] dish" as the anonymous translator of 1777 has it. Simeon Seth advises steeping in water for some [illegible] before [illegible] them, and they should be prepared with pepper, marjoram, salt and rue. Lucases throws in a little oil and assafoetida. Apicius, a gourmet if not a gourmand, recommends pepper, oil and salt. Poliogus speaks of roasted mushrooms. If Antiphanes is to be believed, some ate them raw, but the text is not clear. Diocles prefers them boiled. All the ancients, apparently, feared poison. Epicharde relates that Euripides made an epitaph on a mother who ate deadly mushrooms in a field and was poisoned with her three children, to wit, two boys already grown up and a young girl. It begins, "O sun that runs over the eternal vault of heaven, hast thou ever seen an accident so sad!" The verse is not that of Euripides at his best. The elder Pliny speaking of "certain exercscences" growing about the roots of trees as toadstools and mushrooms, adds, "the last devices that our gluttons have invented to whet their appetite and stomache and to maintain gourmandize." He cites the melancholy case of Anneus Serenus, captain of Nero's guard, who thus came to his death "with divers coronels and centurious at one dinner, and I wonder much what pleasure men should take thus to venture upon so doubtful and dangerous a meat." Listen to this: "And now for that our fine mouthed and dainty wantons who set such store by their tooth take so great delight to dress this only dish with their own hands that they may feed thereon in conceit and cogitation all the while they be handling and preparing the same, furnished in this their businesse with their fine knives and rasors of amber, and other vessels of silver plate about them, I for my part also am content to frame and accomodate myself to their humorous fansie and will shew unto them in generale certain observations and rules how to order and use them that they may be eaten with security." He advises that "salt nitre be put to them whiles they be a boiling over the fire"; also that they be "sodden with flesh meat or with the tailes or steles of peares."

Take warning by the remark of Venner—"Via Recta ad Vitam Longam" 1650): "Many phantastical people do greatly delight to eat of the earthly excrescences called mushrums. They are convenient for no season, age, or temperature." They were then prepared as they are now.

Mushrooms were relished in France, certainly as early as 1393. In Lavarenne's cook book (1651-3) are these items: Mushrooms in ragout, stuffed, fried, a l'ollvier. There is mention of "jus de champignons," also of mushroom soup in Lent, also mushrooms with cream, also preserved mushrooms. Turn to that little but golden "Almanach des Gourmands" (1803). Mushrooms appear in February. "They are eaten a la creme, au four, au gras, en caisse, meme frits." The most common way, not the worst, is to serve them scrambled on toast. The author speaks of powdered mushrooms, "not one of the least resources of skilful cookery." There is a careful recipe in Raimbault's "Parfait Cuisinier" (1822). The mushrooms should be washed without peeling them. Put some spoonsful of good oil in a pan and cook over a very hot fire for seven or eight minutes; add, while they are cooking, salt, pepper, nutmeg, shallots and parsley all chopped fine; pour it all on buttered dry toast. This dish is called "Croutes aux champignons a la Provencale."

Let us not forget that Carlo in Massenger's "Guardian" mentions as breakfast dainties:

> 'Tis not botargo,
> Fried frogs, potatoes marrowed, cavear
> Carps' tongues, the pith of an English chine of beef,
> Nor our Italian delicate, oiled mushrooms.

And Ben Jonson's Sir Epicure Mammon includes oiled mushrooms in the list of the luxuries that will come to him with the philosopher's stone.

Let us not forget that the Emperor Claudius was poisoned: "Others report that it was at a meale in his owne house by Agrippina herselfe, who had offered unto him a mushrome empoisoned: knowing that he was most greedy of such meats."

May 12 1916

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

> Long life to the moon, for a dear noble cratur,
> Which serves us for lamplight all night in the dark,
> While the sun only shines in the day, which, by natur,
> Wants no light at all, as ye all may remark.

Changing the Clock.

We asked several deep thinkers at the Porphyry yesterday how the setting of the clock an hour forward would save a vast sum of money in Germany and England this summer. Not one of them could inform us. Simple things are mysterious phenomena. For instance, we do not understand how trolley cars move along.

In his universal and perpetual calendar published at Nice in 1863 the Commander P. J. A[illegible]on made a proposition to alter a general notion of time. He wished the week "to wax and wane, culminating on the Sunday, which comes in the middle." Thus Thursday, Friday and Saturday would be ascending days; Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday waning days. This led Augustus de Morgan to say: "Our six days, lumped together after the great distinguishing day, Sunday, are too many to be distinctly thought of together; a division of three preceding and three following the day of most note would be much more easily used. But all this comes too late. It may be, nevertheless, that some individuals may be able to adjust their affairs with advantage by referring Thursday, Friday, Saturday, to the following Sunday, and Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, to the preceding Sunday."

What would be the use? Whether the days are waxing or waning, one disagreeable thing comes after another, and life would still, as Jules Laforgue remarked, be too daily.

That Silken Halter.

We spoke last week of the popular belief that noble lords of high degree in England, if they are to be hanged, have the privilege of a silken halter. Sir Roger Casement evidently entertained this belief, which is thought to be wholly unfounded. Yesterday we came across a passage in Baker's "Chronicles" which might be cited by Sir Roger as a precedent. "In the fourth year of Queen Mary, exemplary justice was done upon a great person. For the Lord Stourton (a man in favor with the Queen, as being an earnest papist) was, for murder committed by him, arraigned and condemned, carried to Salisbury, and there in the market place was hanged, having this only favor, to be hanged in a silken halter."

This does not prove that the favor was granted because Stourton was a noble lord. Perhaps he had a delicate throat.

The "Pop" Programs.

As the World Wags:

The program for the first week of the Pop concerts has appeared with gratification to how many, I wonder, for I find only one light opera selection, the remainder being the same old round of "heavy weights." Far be it from me to advocate selections that would lower the dignity of an orchestra containing some Symphony players, but if they can seemingly play at such concerts at all they can afford to give the class of music that in my humble opinion belongs to them. I for one have been "Tannhauser-ed," "Rienzi-ed" and "Largo-ed" to boredom at these concerts, which I attend to hear popular music well rendered.

There is such a wealth of light music (comic operas, musical comedies, short orchestral pieces) that Pop conductors have hardly drawn on at all. Perhaps the conductor for the first week, who takes himself always most seriously, could hardly be expected to descend to [illegible] music, but I do hope that with subsequent conductors you and your paper will use your influence to effect a change. Respectfully,

[illegible], May 9. P. H. PARKE.

Lincoln's Biographers.

As the World Wags:

In an interesting article on Lincoln which was in the Sunday Herald of April [illegible], William Henry Herndon, who [illegible] was Lincoln's partner in the practice of law, was spoken of as "the author of the earliest biography of the martyred President." Herndon's biography of Lincoln, however, was by no means the earliest of the biographies of him, many biographies of him having been published before Herndon's work appeared. The earliest biography of Lincoln was the one which, according to its title page, was written by D. W. Bartlett, Washington correspondent of the New York Independent and of the New York Evening Post," which was published in 1860 after Lincoln's nomination for the presidency [illegible] of that year, and which is entitled "The Life and Public Services of Hon. Abraham Lincoln." Mr. Bartlett was the author of several works, his name in some cases appearing on the title page as D. W. Bartlett and in others as David W. Bartlett. I understand, however, that his real name was David Vanderwater Golden Bartlett. He being the earliest biographer of Lincoln, it would be interesting to know something about him. When and where was he born? Allibone's Dictionary of Authors says that he was born in 1828, but does not give the day or month, and does not state where he was born. Is he still living? If he is not living, when and where did he die? The preface to his work entitled, "What I Saw in London," is dated "The Pines, Avon, Ct., February, 1852," and the preface of his volume entitled "The Life of Joan of Arc" is dated "Hartford, Ct., Jan. 1, 1854." "The Carpet-Bag" (Boston) of April 24, 1852, had a poem entitled "The Bride," which was "Written for the Carpet-Bag," and which was "By D. W. Bartlett." Was that D. W. Bartlett the above-mentioned Bartlett who was the author of "The Life and Public Services of Abraham Lincoln," "What I Saw in London," etc.?

Brookline, May 10. INQUIRER.